

"Bride of Battle"

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

A ROMANCE OF THE AMERICAN ARMY FIGHTING ON THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF FRANCE.

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CHAPTER VI.
But Mark started toward him, the man seemed to take fear, and stumbled away. Something in his gait brought back to Mark's mind the recollection of the man whom he had seen outside the Misses Harpers' school.

And he began to follow him. It was a role that he had never played before, but justified, in his mind, by the necessity of discovering the fellow's identity. Without any very clear intention in his mind how he was to accomplish this, Mark made his way after the solitary figure, keeping well behind him.

It soon became clear that the man, although he looked like a tramp, had a definite objective. Mark pursued him toward Pennsylvania avenue, until he discovered that he was nearing the least desirable part of Washington, whose location, so near the residence of the chief executive, has always been the wonder and scandal of visitors.

He was in one of those streets that start bravely in the city and debouch into the low-lying land in that intermediary and heavily wooded region bordering the Potomac. The houses here were old, many appearing vacant and tumble-down, and for the most part standing each in a little garden.

Mark was beginning to think of tackling the fugitive, who, unconscious of pursuit, was about fifty paces in front of him, when suddenly the man turned in at the tiny garden of an apparently deserted house and knocked at the door, which was opened almost immediately.

Mark heard a subdued scream, and then the man's voice in angry altercation. He was talking to the woman who had opened the door. She looked about five and thirty years of age, and her face, distinctly visible against the light in the hall, was well-bred, if not attractive. She seemed one of those cosmopolitan women who frequent the capital; Mark was still uncertain whether her house was one of those residences that are still occupied in this district by the original owners, or whether she was the mistress of one of those gamblers who, in the days of the late war, had come to Washington with a wife because he came in.

"The devil's to pay, Mark," he said. "Draw up your chair. There's a leakage in the department."

"Things are getting known—by instance, our dealings with the shipping people. They've found the exact number of ships we've requisitioned. You know what I mean by 'they.'"

Mark nodded. The cosmopolitan influence extended to the ends of the earth, or at least, across the Atlantic, were busy in every drawing room extracting news, the latest and least reliable of which was not despised, since many such simple items make up a coherent story.

"The brigadier will about it," continued the colonel, pulling at his mustache. "And it seems impossible to detect how the leakage occurred. It must have been through the shipping companies, of course; yet they couldn't have picked the thing out without concerted action, which is out of the question. Let's go through the papers."

They opened the safe and went through them one by one, but nothing was missing.

"Damn it!" growled Colonel Howard. "I've been through this before. Mark—you know that. In that case there was a traitor at work. We found him. In this case there can be none, at least, in the war department. And I've told the brigadier I'll answer with my place for discovering where the leak lies."

He closed the safe and strode off into Kellerman's room, to rejoin with Kellerman, looking angrier than before.

"What are we going to do, Kellerman?" he asked.

Kellerman pursed up his lips. "Well, colonel, you know as much about it as any of us," he answered. "There's always been two of us present night and morning when the papers were transferred. I'll vouch for you, Wallace. I presume, vouch for me, and you, I presume, will vouch for Wallace."

"The sinister look on his face arrested Mark's attention. 'No great harm has been done so far, and of course none of the departmental clerks can be suspected. But it's got to stop, and we've got to find out how it originated.'"

It was on that night that Mark fell at the end of his powers.

It was early, he had dined and was sitting disconsolately in his apartment, nothing seemed of any value to him at that moment, and his thoughts were razing round their eternal subject. Had it been necessary that he should have treated Mrs. Howard and Eleanor boorishly, to protect himself?

He put on his hat and went out, meaning to walk toward their house while making his decision. He had not decided by the time he reached Massachusetts circle, and as he stepped in doubt, he saw a man across the road, staring up at the house.

BLEASE IN CHARLESTON

Candidate For Senate Makes Address To Large Audience.

HAS BEEN BADLY MISUNDERSTOOD

Former Governor Says He Has Never Criticized President Wilson and Stands Ready to Back Him to the Finish.

Charleston American, Friday.
At the artillery hall last night amid much enthusiasm former Governor Coleman L. Blease, candidate for the United States senate, delivered a magnificent, inspiring and loyal address before a representative audience as ever greeted any candidate. The large hall was filled, many standing in the doorways and along the walls. Many ladies were among the crowd, which vociferously cheered the appearance of the former governor, who was introduced as one of South Carolina's most loyal citizens and the United States senator, by W. Turner Logan, friendliness for Charleston, whose people he had always loved. In this connection he said:

"In days gone by when Charleston was attacked it was my privilege and my pleasure to take her part. A few years ago a very important institution in your city was designated as a dupe factory. It was said that all it was good for was to turn out patent leather cigarette smokers. There was a danger of the appropriation of the funds of the institution and the defense and the appropriation for the Citadel. As governor I had the privilege of signing the largest appropriation the Citadel ever had, and the pleasure of signing the bill making possible the additions which now make such a handsome structure."

"Another instance I am proud of. A few years ago the Medical college was assailed as having served its purpose. It was my pleasure as governor to send a message to the senate, with the result that the Medical college was saved to Charleston."

"While others have said 'destroy,' it has been my pleasure to help in building up. When others fought to put Charleston in the 'black district' I fought against it."

Referring to charges brought against his loyalty to the government, he stated that in his Pomaria speech over a year ago he had taken the same position with reference to the war as president at Baltimore, reading extracts from both to substantiate his statements. Continuing he said:

"It has been charged that I have criticized the president of the United States. This is absolutely untrue. It was against the nomination of Woodrow Wilson in 1912—I was for Judson Harmon, of Ohio—but when Mr. Wilson was nominated I urged all my friends to register their votes for him. I have never criticized the president. I stand ready to back him to the finish."

"I was opposed to America entering the war, as were many more loyal citizens. If you are going to apply that test, what of Kitchin, of North Carolina, leader of the Democrats in the house, who voted against war? What of Fitzgerald, of New York; the venerable Joe Cannon, and the other members of congress who voted against war? Are they charged with disloyalty? They were not disloyal, and neither was I, in opposing America's entrance into the war."

For Political Purposes.
The newspaper editors charging him with disloyalty were denounced by Mr. Blease, who said, "Any editor who wrote that I was not loyal to the government had to be writing a lie. He knew that I was loyal, but for political effect they let the lie go."

"When South Carolina and other southern states seceded from the Union Robert E. Lee was an officer in the Union army and was opposed to secession but when his native state signed the declaration of secession Lee resigned from the Union army and took command of the Confederate forces. Where is the man who would dare charge Lee with disloyalty because he opposed war between the states? One of the strongest opponents to War of Secession who spoke against it and wrote against it was chosen when war was declared to be the vice president of the Confederacy, Alexander H. Stephens. Were they disloyal? No. But, forsooth, because I was opposed to this war it was a great crime."

He stated that since the declaration of war he had done all he could for the interests of his country. While he had opposed the draft law, he had refused to test it in the courts, although friends had urged him to do so, offering to put up all the money needed for the purpose. He had advised them against it.

When the famous Dick law first came up in regard to white soldiers saluting negro officers he opposed it, and fought it as long as he could. But when it became a law, he told his friends to stand by it. He opposed the passage of a similar law in this state, but it is on the books. "A company of white soldiers, whose white officers have been killed, will have to fight under a negro officer, if he happens to be next in rank, and you can thank your so-called governor for this law being passed in the state of South Carolina."

Palmetto Boys Scattered.
"Where are the Palmetto boys today?" he asked. "Scattered to the four winds of the world, sent here and there to fill up gaps. When the history of this war is written you will read of such and such a brigade, indicated by numbers, making a gallant fight. Perhaps your boys were in this regiment, but their identity is lost. You can thank Manning for not having a third regiment in this state and keeping the Palmetto boys in a unit."

He told of his going to Washington when war was declared and calling on General Crowder personally, offering to raise a regiment in this state, to go anywhere ordered. General Crowder thanked him for the offer, but it could not be done at that time.

ENGINEERS IN FRANCE

Americans DO Big Things in Big Way.

DESTROY VILLAGES AND LEVEL HILLS

Foundation for Victory Laid With Pick and Shovel—The Bigger the Enterprise These Men Have to Carry Through the Less that is Said About it Until After it is Done.

Today, writes an American correspondent from a French port, it is impossible to tell the people of the United States specifically what the American engineers are doing in France, but generally the work may be summarized up in one line: They are guarding up the fighting months ahead.

This is a big thing to say, but because the engineers cannot alter the days of great deeds and great works also, with the hope of the world set on the accomplishment of the American army. Its job is just beginning. The job their brothers of the pick and hammer and shovel and riveter began a few months ago has become so extensive, so gigantic in plan and realization that it is not the heat of patriotic fire, but the cold and stone which inform the astonished eye that the men of the rear are winning their half of the war.

And yet the generals and the colonels and the captains who with a sweep of the hand and a nod of direction, order the making of cities and the destruction of villages in their way, and who have seen hills torn down and docks sprung up and locomotives arrive which were ordered by mail, say merely, "the work is going on" as if to blanket the enthusiasm of the visitor.

And the boys fresh from home, young lads, whose hearts still beat for the states, all those thousands who along with their officers want America to know what is going on in France, because they are proud of their work, realize that for the present the facts must remain behind the curtain of military secrecy.

For several days I have been visiting all the camps and works in this French port, and of the things which I have seen and of the operations which the engineers are engaged upon, little can be told, for the greater they are the less must be said. This is a thunderous city. It is an American city, roaring with work and with traffic, and inland for many miles in a line that leads eventually straight across the heart of France to its battle front, the Americans are at work.

Railroads, wharves, docks, terminals, locomotives—some have been built, some are under way, some are yet on blue print paper, and it is because the job is still unfinished, and will be for several months, that the men whose duty it is to build characteristic reports from upon enthusiastic reports and say "wait until we are through, and have moved out of here to the front."

Concentration on Supplies.
All energies are concentrated on providing supplies for the American army. Tonnage, army tonnage, includes almost everything in the world of peace and war: "of shoes and ships—and sealing wax—of cabbages and kings," modernized into something like "of tanks and trains and tooth paste (ins) of chewing gum and guns."

Provide for tonnage for 12,000,000 men—that is the problem of the engineers. Twelve million, because they figure that if the nation puts 2,000,000 men into France, it will require exactly six times the amount of supplies per man as at home. The soldier eats more, he wears out more—and he shoots off millions of tons of steel and explosive. So if there are to be 2,000,000 men in the army in France, they will need just as much in weight and bulk as all the inhabitants of New York city, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston or Pittsburgh—the food, equipment, houses, furniture and traveling accommodations of a city or nation of 12,000,000 men, and the engineers are preparing for the day when such an army will be here, and preparing in such a manner that there will be no delays, no breakdowns, no stoppage in the vast supply.

At the port which I can describe only in part the work under way provides for only part of the army, and the rest will be cared for at and from many other ports at each of which there are already improvements in harbors, docks, wharves and terminals. In this one anonymous port the warehouses alone will hold several weeks' reserve supply for the army.

The colonel of a certain regiment stationed here introduced me to a captain whose most famous work in the United States was the building of the railroad along the Florida keys. He took me to see the work here, not the French. I doubt whether you know how many American engineers and nurses have been serving in France, not alone since you came into the war, but since the war began. Another thing that has helped in the immense stores of medical supplies you have sent over and are sending over.

"We hear a lot about German efficiency. It is over emphasized. In the conservation of life in this war the Germans have some things to learn from the French. So have we. I believe the French system will be adopted by the British."

"What percentage of the wounded are saved? I have not seen any official reports, but I have been told that the French approximate 90. In the first year of the war, I am told, it was below 70. Isn't that a magnificent achievement for the medical men of France?"—Commerce and Finance.

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RAID ON ZEEBRUGGE

British Captain Gives Details of Heroic Achievement.

Aboard H. M. S. Vindictive in Dover Harbor, April 25—A correspondent of the Associated Press visited the cruiser Vindictive today as the guest of Capt. Alfred F. B. Carpenter, who commanded her in the expedition last Tuesday against the German submarine base at Zeebrugge on the Belgian coast.

Captain Carpenter received the correspondent with his arm in a sling from a shell splinter wound. The ship showed innumerable signs of conflict, her decks and superstructure being covered with the scars of shells and machine gun hits. The commander during the attack was at the end of the bridge in a small steel box or cabin which had been specially constructed to house a flame-thrower. In the course of a long account of the part taken by the Vindictive in the raid, Captain Carpenter said to the Associated Press:

"The chief purpose in the expedition was to distract the attention of the battery while the block ships ran in, especially the battery of 11-inch guns which occupied a commanding position at the tip of the mole. Our business of landing soldiers on the mole, which is of stone 40 feet high and 15 feet above the Vindictive's top deck at the stage of the tide when the attack took place."

"We had a special super-structure over the upper deck and three long gangways or 'brows' which were designed to take the men up to the level of the mole and to reach us along the mole. Exactly according to plan, we ran alongside the mole, approaching it on the port side where we were equipped with specially built buffers of wood two feet wide.

"As there was nothing for us to tie up to, we merely dropped anchor there while the Daffodil kept us against the mole with her nose against the opposite side of our ship. In the fairly heavy sea two of our three gangways were smashed, but the third held and 500 men swarmed up this on to the mole. This gangway was two feet wide and 30 feet long.

"The men who went up it included 300 marines and 150 storming seamen from the Vindictive and 50 or so from the Daffodil. They swarmed up the steel gangway carrying hand grenades and Lewis guns. No Germans succeeded in approaching the gangway, but a hard hand-to-hand fight took place about 200 yards up the mole toward the shore.

"The Vindictive's bow was pointed toward the shore so the bridge got the full effect of enemy fire from the shore batteries. One shell exploded against the plating, killing nearly all of its 10 occupants. Another burst in the fighting top, killing a lieutenant and eight men who were doing excellent work with two pomps and four machine guns.

"The battery of 11-inch guns at the end of the mole was only 300 yards away and it kept trying to reach us. The shore batteries also were diligent. Only a few German shells hit our hull because it was well protected by the wall of the mole, but the upper-structure, masts, stacks and ventilators showed above the wall and were riddled. A considerable proportion of our casualties were caused by splinters from the upper works.

"Meanwhile the Daffodil continued to push us against the wall as if no battle was on, and if the Daffodil had failed to do this none of the members of the landing party would have been able to return to the ship.

"Twenty-five minutes after the Vindictive had reached the wall the first block ship passed in and headed for the canal. Two other ships followed in leisurely fashion while we kept up the fight on the mole. One of the block ships stranded outside of the canal, but the two others got two or three hundred yards inside where they were successfully sunk across the entrance.

"One difficulty we had in preparing this expedition was that we could not have open practice of what we contemplated doing for fear the enemy might get information of the plan. Our preparation, therefore, was limited to a certain amount of intensive training at night fighting and bombing, while officers were carefully drilled in dealing with all exigencies likely to occur.

"All the men were tuned up to a high pitch and it was with very anxious hearts that we waited for the first hours of the day. We waited there was a greater chance of our secret leaking out.

A Strike That Didn't Go.—Several hundred German prisoners employed in the handling and discharging of cargoes at a French port recently went on a strike because they were asked to assist in handling supplies from America to be used against their country, according to officers of an American ship which arrived at New York a few days ago.

"The strike was instigated by some of the German officers who were acting as foremen," one of the Americans said.

"It did not last long, however, as a dozen or so Americans doing police duty, assisted by French soldiers, promptly took the matter in hand. The German officers responsible were hustled away and the business-like night sticks about the size of a baseball bat carried by the American military police conveyed conviction that it would be better for the Germans to reconsider—which they did."

"I regret that I have but two sons to offer my country." This sentiment was expressed by Mrs. J. A. Wells, of Bryn Athyn, Pa., on receipt of news that her son Lero had been killed in the battle of Ploegrynd and that her other son had left France. "I had looked forward to the day when Lero would return from France victorious, but now that he has been killed in his country's service I am quite satisfied that his life could not have been dedicated to a greater cause. My answer is to give my other son to the same great cause."

ATTENDING THE WOUNDED

French Soldiers Head and Shoulders Above Others.

An English officer is authority for the statement that the French field and base hospital service is as near perfection as possible.

"The French," he says, "have introduced the more orderly and systematic methods into handling the wounded. Their doctors and stretcher bearers work close to the lines. Their work is extraordinarily rapid and good. The physicians are selected for quickness of perception. It is remarkably how rapidly they work. Immediately upon examining a wounded man a tag is placed on the soldier that designates his character and seriousness of his wound. Those who are severely wounded are taken up to the hospital at the earliest possible moment."

"The percentage of recoveries is extraordinarily high. It wasn't so in the beginning, but it is now. The Americans have been of very great aid to the French. I doubt whether you know how many American surgeons and nurses have been serving in France, not alone since you came into the war, but since the war began. Another thing that has helped in the immense stores of medical supplies you have sent over and are sending over."

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