BRIDE of BATTLE

had been fair.

ard.

"If there's been a leak," he said "it

eems to me it's up to the Brigadier

to discover it. It's outside; it isn't

our business to locate it. We're doing our part-what more can we do?"

Brigadier was more furious than How-

"I don't know how it happened, Col-

onel, and I don't care!" he cried,

we've got to find out how it originated."

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

ranging round their eternal subject.

Had it been necessary that he should

have treated Mrs. Howard and El-

He put on his hat and went out,

meaning to pay them a visit, or, at

least, to walk toward their house while

making his decision. He had not de-

cided by the time he reached Massa-

chusetts circle, and, as he stopped in

doubt, he saw a man across the road,

Of a sudden Eleanor's story recurred

to his mind with vivid force. The man

was obviously watching the house, and

But, as Mark started toward him,

brought back to Mark's mind the recol-

And he began to follow him. It was

a role that he had never played before.

but justified, in his mind, by the neces-

sity of discovering the fellow's identi-

ty. Without any very clear intention

in his mind how he was to accomplish

this, Mark made his way after the soli-

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

He was in one of those streets that

start bravely in the city and debouch

into the low-lying land in that interme-

diate and hardly reclaimed region bor-

dering the Potomac. The houses here

were old, many appearing vacant and

tumble-down, and for the most part

Mark was beginning to think of

tackling the fugitive, who, unconscious

standing each in a little garden.

the wonder and scandal of visitors.

tary figure, keeping well behind it.

outside the Misses Harpers' school.

staring up at the house.

he meant to stay there.

eanor boorishly, to protect himself?

that," suggested Howard.

at the end of his powers.

"Come along and tell the Brigadier

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

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

(Copyright, 1918, by W. G. Chapman.)

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I-Mark Wallace, a young officer in the United States army, 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 hospi-tal and announces his intention of adopt-ing her.

CHAPTER II-His commanding officer, Major Howard, tells him that the dead man was Hampton, a traitor who sold war department secrets to an interna-tional gang in Washington, and was de-tected by himself and Kellerman while they were working in the same office with him. 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.

CHAPTER IV-Years pass. Wal-lace is stationed out West. On the out-break of the European war Colonel How-ard secures him a staff post in Washing-

CHAPTER V-He finds Eleanor there, the center of attraction, also Kellerman, a whom he discerns an antagonist.

CHAPTER VI.

But Mark refused Colonel Howard's invitation to become his guest, and avoided the house in Massachusetts circle as much as he could with decency. He was courageous enough to analyze his reasons and he did not conceal the result from himself.

He wanted Eleanor with all the pentup longing of the denied years in the desert. His love was the strongest passion that he had ever felt, and yet, strangely for a man of his years, it had in it much more of the paternal element than of the lover. All his life he had been almost kinless, his only sister was dead, he wanted Eleanor's presence, Eleanor with him, to see her every day, whether as wife or daughter. Yet he was brave enough to acknowledge that this love, selfless in a measure, threatened to become a consuming passion if he did not hold himself rigidly in check.

He, the middle-aged captain, and Eleanor, with her station, her prospects and her beauty-it was an impossible dream, or one that would ruin the girl's life if, in some wild moment. she made it truth.

Mark looked into the keen, apprais- CLOWN PRINCE WRITES TO PAPA morning when the papers were transing eyes of Mrs. Kenson with dislike ferred. I'll vouch for you, Wallace and disgust. will, I presume, youch for me, and you, "You'd better let him go, Major Kelpresume, will vouch for Wallace."

lerman," he said. As he spoke he caw The sinister look on his face affect-Mrs. Kenson bite her lip vindictively. ed Mark more disagreeably than ever. "Oh, I'll leave him to you," respond-Mark felt nettled, though the words

ed Kellerman airily. "You'll excuse me, Wallace, I'm sure, but Mrs. Kenson's auto will be here in a few moments."

Mark, hot with indignation, answered nothing, but raised the man from

Mark, nothing loath, accompanied him to the General's room. But the

thumping the table. "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 It was on that night that Mark felt ing at him directly for the first time. What were you doing in that place?"

He grasped Mark by the arm. "Are you another friend of hers?" he asked. "Or didn't you know that it's the swellest gambling house in Washington? Mark took him by the shoulders. "What's your name and where do you

live?" he asked. "I haven't time to waste on you, but I'm ready to help you if I can."

"My name? Hartley. Good enough name, isn't it? Live? I haven't lived for more years than I remember. I'm corpse-see? 1 wanted to live, That's why I came here when I heard she was in Washington. Walked from New York. Why should she be here now, unless there's another poor young fool like me for her? Where the carcass is, there are the eagles-or is It

vuitures?" Mark drew the man's arm through the man seemed to take fear, and his and led him away. Presently a shambled away. Something in his gait cab came crawling up. He hailed it and gave his address. lection of the man whom he had seen

He took him home and played the Good Samaritan, washed his wounds,

"Now, please understand," said Mark, "I've brought you here because you seem to me to be up against it. The door's unlocked. And I'm trusting you with my things. Those cups are silver, Hartley-1 won them at West Point. That little picture is by Griffin and worth about seven hundred. That's about all, I think-but I want you to understand you're free, and I'll help you if I can."

Hartley flushed rather oddly, Mark thought, but said not a word. It was a foolish act, he thought repeatedly before he fell asleep; but he must win the man's confidence if he was to learn the mystery. And he was satisfied that his interest in Eleanor's movement boded no harm to her. In the morning, Hzriley was gone,

Special Delivery Letter Meeting Ignorant Yanks. After

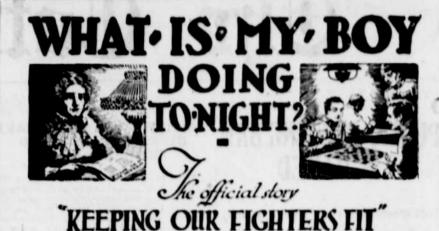
[Reprinted for the third time by request.]

On the Run, Somewhere in France.

"Everywhere in France "All the Time "Dear Fadder: I am writing on der run, as der brave and glorious soldiers under my command have not seen der Rhine for so long dat dey have started back dat vay and of course I am going Mark, hot with indignation, answer-ed nothing, but raised the man from the ground and got him outside the gate. As he did so he heard the door of the house close softly. The tramp was half unconscious, and muttering vaguely. "Four years since I've seen her," he mambled. "I didn't want money. Only the word. God knows I wouldn't have taken money from her as he said, the cur-" "Was she your wife?" asked Mark, thinking that he saw light. "God forbid !" ejaculated the man with convincing spontaneity. "Who are you, anyway?" he demanded, lookdere," or some odder foolish song, and some of dem were laffing like fools. Dey are so ignorant. But dey are so offel reckless mit dere guns, and ven dey come toward us it vas dat my men took a notion dey wanted to go back to der dear old Rhine. Ve don't like de little dirty Marne river anyvay. And little dirty Marne river anyvay. And oh, fadder, dem Americans use such of-fel language. Dev know notting of kultur, and say such offel dings right before us. And dey talk such blasphemy too. Vat you tink dey said right in front of my face? One big back for the front of my face? One big husky from a blace dey call Missouri, he said—oh, fadder, I hate to tell you vat an offel ting he said, but I can't help it—he said 'To hell mit der kaiser:' Did you ever hear anyting so offel? I didn't tink anybody could say such a offel ting. It made me so mad. I vouldn't stand and hear such an offel ting, so I turned around and run mit der odder boys. Vas I right! Vat! And oh, fadder, you know dem breastplates vat you sent us -vou can send some to nut on our -you can send some to put on our backs. You know ve are going de odder vay now, and breastplates are no good for de cowardly Americans are shooting us right in der back. Some of our boys took der breastplates and put 'em on behind, but der fool Americans are playbeind, but der fool Americans are play-ing 'De Star Spangled Banner' mit ma-chine guns on dem breastplates. Can't you help us! You remember in your speech you said nothing could stand be fore de brave German soldiers! Oh, fad-der, I don't believe dese ignorant Amer-icans war raad your speech for de sur plastered them, and gave the man a bed in his living room. Hartley had subsided into a state of frightened si-lence. He looked dubiously at Mark all the while he was receiving his min-istrations, and would say nothing. "Now, please understand," said vat dem Belgians can bring against us. But dese fool Americans are so rough. Ve can't make 'em understand dat ve are der greatest soldiers on earth, and ven ve try to sing 'Deutschland uber alles' dey laugh like a lot of monkeys. But ve are getting de best of de Ameri-cans. Ve can outrun 'em. Fadder, if ve are not der best fighters on earth ve are der best runners sure. Nobody can keep up mit us ven ve tink of der dear old Rhine, and my army never tink so much of dat dear old river. Let me right avay "July 20 times." CLOWN PRINCE VILLIE.

CHESTER'S PLAGUE OF CATS

Felines Set Ancient City on the River Dee in an Uproar, Following Call for Rat Killers.

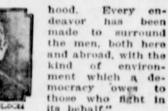


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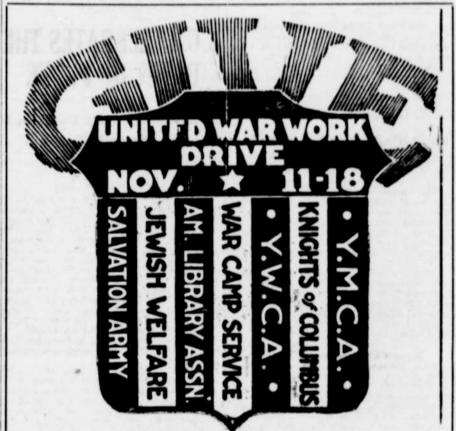
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He had his reward in Eleanor's increasing restraint, her quite visible indignation. They had fallen apart again, after that single meeting. It was a poor reward, but the sort that Mark had received all his life from fortune.

But there were lonely nights when life seemed unbearable, and he had to exert all his will power to keep himself in check. Mark had rented a little furnished apartment in the Northwest section, off Pennsylvania avenue, and he had found the desert more companionable.

One night he felt at the end of his powers. That was after a grilling day in the war office, one of those days that sometimes come in Washington toward the middle of September, when everything is as sticky as the asphalt sidewalks.

It had been a day of evil portent besides. Colonel Howard, who had seemed of late to reflect Eleanor's coolness in some measure, had greeted him with a wry face when he came in.

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

"What?" cried Mark.

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

Mark nodded. The cosmopolitan influences in Washington, whose ramifications extended to the ends of the earth, or, at least, across the Atlantic, were busy in every drawing room extracting news, the tinlest and least reliable of which was not despised, since

many such single items make up a coherent story.

"The Brigadier's wild 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 pleced the thing together 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 return with Kellerman, looking angrier than before.

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

Kellerman pursed out 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

ot 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 other her face, distinctly visible against the light in the hall, was well-bred, if not attractive. She seemed one of those cosmopolitans 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 pay. They will be coming back before long.

bling establishments that flourish of necessity along the avenues of the earlier alphabet.

The man seemed to be pleading with her, his gestures were growing frantic. He looked about five and forty years of age; his face struck Mark with a certain odd familiarity, though he had never seen him closely before,

either by dissolute habits or by misfortune. The woman answered him in tones of quick anger, and made a gesture of dismissal. The man held his ground doggedly, the voices became angrier. "No! No, I tell you!" the woman cried. "I don't know who you are! Will you go?"

Suddenly a man came along the passage behind her, carrying a walking-cane with a heavy handle. He raised it and brought it crashing down on the other's head.

The man fell to the ground, evidently half stunned by the blow. The man were patriotic and started to sing "The with the cane raised it and brought it Finest Flag That Flies." Their leader head and face, in a succession of sickening crashes.

Mark ran to the garden gate. The man with the stick paused, raised his head, and looked at him. Mark recognized Kellerman. As Kellerman, in chagrined at the sudden, unexpected turn, recognized him, an angry sneer spread over his face.

"My dear Wallace, what the dickens are you doing here?" he demanded.

"Are you trying to kill this man?" asked Mark. Kellerman seemed nonplussed for

the moment. "I hope I've given him his lesson,"

manded money, and nearly frightened war.-Indianapolis News, Mrs. Kenson out of her senses. Let

me present you-"

as he expected. But he had taken nei ther the cups nor the picture.

(Continued next week.)

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME.

[By Bruce Barton.] I lifted the receiver of the telephone and almost dropped it again in surprise. For the voice was that of my good old friend, and I supposed him far away in France

"What, back so soon?" I exclaimed. Detailed for special duty?" "Yes, back," he answered; and it

struck me that his voice was slow and older, as though the weeks of his ab-sence had been years. "Back—but not for special duty. There—there is an-

reason And then I knew that he must be ounded. Wounded-while here at home, I still

pursued my ordinary course. Wounded-to protect my home. Wounded-to keep children safe. -so the story runs-a curious hand-

It came over me of a sudden, as it never had before, that I am debtor to him to an amount that I never can rebill was circulated up and down the old Rows of Chester. It stated, in effect, that the Island of St. Helena had

Some wounded. Some grown strangely old. But most of them well and normal enough, thank God. been found to be dreadfully infested with rats; that his majesty's ministers And we will stand along the sidewalks had determined that It should be forth-

see them pass. How shall we feel that y, I wonder. with cleared of these obnoxious ani-mals; and that an agent had been apday, I wonder. Will their eyes say to us "We were hungry for a bit of sweet, and you did not think to send it." "We were cold and you let the hut "We were cold and you let the hut "We were cold and you let the hut "We were wore longerome, and the fires die; we were lonesome, and the movies stopped because there were no

to bring them to the market place, and bore traces of breeding, blurred funds to carry on." Will that be the message of their where the purchase would be made. or shall we stand confidently in their At the time appointed the staid old

or shall we stand confidently in two presence, greeting them as men who have nothing to repent? As men who, in their absence, gave freely of wealth and time, that there or baskets from which issued fearful town of Chester presented a curious might be warmth and cheer and comfort noises. As the crowd grew denser over there? and the people jostled against each They are coming back some day-per. other the cat concert grew louder. And

haps sooner than we think. And what will be the message of their as the people themselves grew excited eves to you?

by the din, they also grew quarrelsome. At last they dropped their bur-

Why They Stopped. One morning recently the children of

mage was the result. the Indianapolis Orphans' home were assembled in the auditorium. They as fond of amusement as American boys would be, opened the sacks and down again and again upon the other's and planist had them sing the first baskets, and several thousand of frightverse. They did that so well she

asked for the second stanza. They and scratching through the streets of started. Suddenly every child stopped the city. The excited citizens opened -not a sound escaped their lips. The their windows to see what was the leader, very much surprised and matter, and in rushed the cats, breaking china, overturning furniture and

silence, said, "What is the matter?" making a general uproar. In one accord they replied, "We Then the people, roused to vengeance, joined in a defensive warfare can't sing that next line." She looked at the words and the against the disturbing fellnes, and in next line read, "Dear old Germany."

"Certainly not," she told them, "we will leave that entire stanza out." She river.

had not thought of finding anything like that in an American flag song. It he answered. "He came here and de- had been written before the world

Classy job printing. The Sentinel. **

About fourteen miles from Liverpool on the River Dee stands the city of Chester, which was founded by the Romans. It is surrounded by a high wall of old masonry, and contains the celebrated "Rows of Chester," which ire arched passageways higher than the street, through which the sidewalks run. There are also many other peculiar features in this sleepy, antique and very interesting city.

One of the historic legends of old Chester is an amusing story relating to cats, Mary Hall Leonard writes in Our Dumb Animals. When Napoleon was defeated by the

English at Waterloo, in 1815, he was sentenced to exile at the Island of St. Helena, where he finally died, May 15, 1821. Just before the ex-emperor and his escort were embarked at Plymouth

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the morning the bodies of some hundreds of cats were floating down the

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