

The Red Cross Girl, by Richard Harding Davis

In Which the War Correspondent Tells a Tale of a Newspaper Reporter and --- Well, Read

Continued from Third Page.

party, Anita Flagg and Helen Page, booted and riding-habit, sat alone at the breakfast table, their tea before them, and in the hands of Anita Flagg was the *Daily Republic*. Miss Page had brought the paper to the table and, with affected indignation at the impertinence of the press, had pointed at the front page photograph, but Miss Flagg was not looking at the photograph, or drinking her tea, or showing in her immediate surroundings any interest whatsoever.

When she had read as far as a paragraph beginning, "When Sister Anne walked between them those who suffered raised their eyes to hers as flowers lift their faces to the rain," she dropped the paper and started for the telephone.

"Any man," cried she, to the mutual discomfort of Helen Page and the servant "who thinks I'm like that, mustn't get away! I'm not like that and I know it; but if he thinks so that's all I want. And maybe I might be like that—if any man would help."

She gave her attention to the telephone and "information." She demanded to be instantly put into communication with the *Daily Republic* and Mr. Sam Ward. She turned again upon Helen Page.

"I'm tired of being called a good sport," she protested, "by men who aren't half so good sports as I am. I'm tired of being talked to about money—as though I were a stock broker. This man's got a head on his shoulders and he's got the shoulders too; and he's got a darned good looking head, and he thinks I'm a ministering angel and a saint, and he put me up on a pedestal and made me dizzy, and I like being made dizzy, and I'm for him! And I'm going after him!"

Had the *Republic* been an afternoon paper, Sam might have been at the office and might have gone to the telephone, and things might have happened differently, but as the *Republic* was a morning paper the only person in the office was the lady who scrubbed the floors and she refused to go near the telephone. So Anita Flagg said, "I'll call him up later," and went happily on her ride with her heart warm with love for all the beautiful world, but later it was too late.

To keep himself fit Sam Ward always walked to the office. On this particular morning Hollis Holworthy was walking uptown and they met opposite the cathedral.

"You're the very man I want," said Holworthy joyously—"you've got to decide a bet."

He turned and fell into step with Sam.

"It's one I made last night with Nita Flagg. She thinks you didn't know who she was yesterday and I said that was ridiculous. Of course you knew, I bet her a theatre party."

To Sam it seemed hardly fair that so soon before his fresh wound had even been dressed it should be torn open by impertinent fingers, but he had no right to take offense. How could the man or any one else know what Sister Anne had meant to him?

"I'm afraid you lose," he said. He halted to give Holworthy the hint to leave him, but Holworthy had no such intention.

"And, instead of your fooling her," exclaimed Holworthy, indignantly, "she was having fun with you!"

With difficulty Sam smiled.

"So it would seem," he said.

"She certainly made an awfully funny story of it," exclaimed Holworthy admiringly. "I thought she was making it up—she must have made some of it up. She said you asked her to take a day off in New York. That isn't so, is it?"

"Yes, that's so."

"By Jove!" cried Holworthy—"and that you invited her to see the moving picture shows?"

Sam, conscious of the deadly blush front row seats in his pocket, smiled pleasantly.

"Did she say I said that—or you?" he asked.

"She did."

"Well, then, I must have said it!" Holworthy roared with amusement.

"And that you invited her to feed peanuts to the monkeys at the Zoo?"

Sam avoided the little man's prying eyes.

"Yes, I said that too."

"And I thought she was making it up!" exclaimed Holworthy. "We did laugh! You must see the fun of it yourself!"

"Lest Sam should fail to do so he proceeded to elaborate.

"You must see the fun in a man trying to make a date with Anita Flagg—just as if she were nobody!"

"I don't think," said Sam, "that was my idea." He waved his stick at a passing taxi. "I'm late," he said. He abandoned Hollis on the sidewalk, chuckling and grinning with delight, and unconscious of the mischief he had made.

An hour later at the office, when Sam was waiting for an assignment, the telephone boy hurried to him, his eyes lit with excitement.

"You're wanted on the phone," he commanded. His voice dropped to an awed whisper. "Miss Anita Flagg wants to speak to you!"

The blood ran leaping to Sam's heart and face. Then he remembered that this was not Sister Anne who wanted to speak to him, but a woman he had never met.

"Say you can't find me," he directed.

The boy gasped, fled, and returned precipitately.

"A lady says she wants your telephone number—says she must have it."

"Tell her you don't know it, tell her it's against the rules—and hang up."

That night Elliott, the managing editor, sent for Sam, and when Sam entered his office he found also there Walsh, the foreign editor, with whom he was acquainted only by sight.

Elliott introduced them and told Sam to be seated.

"Ward," he began abruptly, "I'm sorry to lose you, but you've got to go. It's on account of that story of this morning."

Sam made no sign, but he was deeply hurt. From a paper he had served so lovingly this seemed sneering treatment. It struck him also that considering the sport in which the story had been written, it was causing him more kinds

of trouble than was quite fair. The loss of position did not disturb him. In the last month too many managing editors had tried to steal him from the *Republic* for him to feel anxious as to the future.

For five minutes, conscious of the foot-lights, Miss Flagg maintained upon her lovely face a fixed and intent expression, and then slowly and unobtrusively drew back to a seat in the rear of the box. In its darkest recesses she found Holworthy, shut off from a view of the stage by a barrier of women's hats.

She lifted her face to his. She was very near him—so near that her shoulder brushed against his arm.

"It's not Anita Flagg at all," he said. "It's Sister Anne come back to life again!"

The girl shook her head.

"No, it's Anita Flagg. I'm not a bit like the girl you thought you met and I did say all the things Holworthy told you I said; but that was before I understood—before I read what you wrote about Sister Anne—about the kind of me you thought you'd met. When I read that I knew what sort of a man you were. I knew you had been really kind and gentle, and I knew you had dug out something that I did not know was there—that no one else had found. And I remembered how you called me a sister. I mean the way you said it. And I wanted to hear it again. I wanted you to say it."

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So he accepted his dismissal calmly, and could say without resentment:

"Last night I thought you liked the story, sir?"

"I did," returned Elliott; "I liked it so much that I'm sending you to a bigger place, where you can get bigger stories. We want you to act as our special correspondent in London. Mr. Walsh will explain the work; and if you'll go you'll sail next Wednesday."

After his talk with the foreign editor Sam again walked home on air.

Had Sister Anne lived, she would have understood, and he would have laid himself and his new position at her feet and begged her to accept them—begged her to run away with him to this tremendous and terrifying capital of the world, and start the new life together.

Among all the women he knew, there was none to take her place.

As a matter of fact, in approaching her in the belief that he was addressing an entirely different person, Sam had not nearer to the real Anita Flagg than had any other man. And she knew it; but Sam did not know it. And so—when on arriving at the office the next morning, which was a Friday, he received a telegram reading, "Arriving to-morrow nine-thirty from Greenwich; the day cannot begin too soon; don't forget you promised to meet me. Anita Flagg"—he was able to reply: "Extremely sorry; but promise made to a different person, who unfortunately has since died!"

When Anita Flagg read this telegram there leaped to her lovely eyes tears that sprang from self pity and wounded feelings. She turned miserably, appealingly to Helen Page.

"But why does he do it to me?"

Before Miss Page could venture upon an explanation, Anita Flagg had changed into a very angry young woman.

"And what's more," she announced, "he can't do it to me!"

She sent her telegram back again as it was, word for word, but this time it was signed, "Sister Anne."

In an hour the answer came: "Sister Anne is the person to whom I refer. She is dead."

Saturday night he went to the theatre for which he had purchased tickets. And he went alone, for the place that Sister Anne was to have occupied could not be filled by any other person. It would have been sacrilege. At least, so it pleased him to pretend.

He was glad he was going where nothing would remind him of her. And then he glanced up—and looked straight into her eyes!

He was seated in the front row, directly on the aisle. The seat Sister Anne was supposed to be occupying was on his right and a few seats further to his right rose the stage box, and in the stage box, almost upon the stage, and with the glow of the foot-lights full in her face, was Anita Flagg, smiling delightedly down on him. There were others with her. He had a confused impression of bulging shirt-fronts, shining silks and diamonds, and drooping plumes upon enormous hats. He thought he recognized Lord Deputford and Holworthy; but the only person he distinguished clearly was Anita Flagg.

The girl was all in black velvet, which was drawn to her figure like a wet bathing suit; round her throat was a single string of pearls, and on her hair of golden-red was a great hat of black velvet, shaped like a bell, with the curving lips of a lily. And from beneath its brim Anita Flagg, sitting rigidly erect with her white gloved hands resting lightly on her knees, was gazing down at him, smiling with pleasure, with surprise, with excitement.

When she saw that, in spite of her altered appearance, he recognized her she bowed so violently and bent her head so eagerly that above her the ostrich plumes dipped and courted the wheat in a storm. But Sam neither bowed nor courted. Instead he turned his head slowly over his left shoulder as though he thought she was speaking not to him but to some one behind him across the aisle. And then his eyes returned to the stage and did not again look toward her.

It was not that; out direct, but it was a cut that hurt; and in their turn the

"Your friend Mr. Ward," she began abruptly in a whisper, "is the rudest, most ill bred person I ever met. When I talked to him the other day I thought he was nice. He was nice. But he has behaved abominably—like a boor—like a sulky child. Has he no sense of humor? Because I played a joke on him, is that any reason why he should hurt me?"

"Hurt you?" exclaimed little Holworthy in amazement. "Don't be ridiculous! How could he hurt you? Why should you care how rude he is? Ward's a clever fellow, but he hasn't a heart. He's conceited. He's too good looking, and a lot of silly women have made such a fuss over him. So when one of them laughs at him he can't understand it. That's the trouble. I could see that when I was telling him."

"Telling him!" repeated Miss Flagg. "Telling him what?"

"About what a funny story you made of it," explained Holworthy. "About his having the nerve to ask you to feed the monkeys and to lunch with him."

Miss Flagg interrupted with a gasping intake of her breath.

"Oh!" she said softly. "So—so you told him that, did you? And—what else did you tell him?"

"Only what you told us—that he said 'the day could not begin too soon'; that he said he wouldn't let you be a manicure and wash the hands of men who weren't fit to wash the streets you walked on."

There was a pause.

"Did I tell you he said that?" breathed Anita Flagg.

"You know you did," said Holworthy. There was another pause.

"I must have been mad!" said the girl. There was a longer pause and Holworthy shifted uneasily.

"I'm afraid you are angry," he ventured.

"Angry?" exclaimed Miss Flagg. "I should say I was angry—but not with you. I'm very much pleased with you. At the end of the act I'm going to let you take me out into the lobby."

With his arms tightly folded, Sam sat staring unappetily at the stage and seeing nothing. He was sorry for himself because Anita Flagg had destroyed his ideal of a sweet and noble woman—and he was sorry for Miss Flagg because a man had been rude to her. That he happened to be that man did not make his sorrow and indignation the less intense, and, indeed, so miserable was he and so miserable were his looks that his friends on the stage considered sending him a note offering, if he would take himself out of the front row, to give him back his money at the box office.

When the curtain fell he remained seated. He knew before the second act there was an interminable wait; but he did not want to chance running into Holworthy in the lobby and he told himself it would be rude to abandon Sister Anne. But he now was not so conscious of the Imaginary Sister Anne as of the actual box party on his near right, who were laughing and chattering volubly. He wondered whether they laughed at him—whether Miss Flagg were again entertaining them at his expense; again making his advances appear ridiculous. He was so sure of it that he flushed indignantly. He was glad he had been rude.

And then, at his elbow, there was the rustle of silk, and a beautiful figure, all in black velvet, towered above him, then crowded past him, and sank into the empty seat at his side. He was too startled to speak—and Miss Anita Flagg seemed to understand that and to wish to give him time; for, without regarding him in the least, and as though to establish the fact that she had come to herself, she began calmly and deliberately to remove the bell like hat. This accomplished, she bent toward him, her eyes looking straight into his, her smile reproaching him. In the familiar tone of an old and dear friend she said to him gently:

"This is the day you planned for me. Don't you think you've wasted quite enough of it?"

Sam looked back into the eyes and saw in them no trace of laughter or of mockery; but, instead, a reproach and appeal—and something else that, in turn, begged of him to be gentle.

For a moment, too disturbed to speak, he looked at her, miserably, remorsefully.

When they reached the rear of the house she halted.

"We can see this act," she said, "or my car's in front of the theatre—we might go to the park and take a turn or two—or three. Which would you prefer?"

"Don't make me laugh!" said Sam. As they sat all together at supper with those of the box party, but paying no attention to them, whatever, Anita Flagg sighed contentedly.

"There's only one thing," she said to Sam; "that is making me unhappy, and because it is such sad news I haven't told you. It is this: I am leaving America. I am going to spend the winter in London. I sail next Wednesday."

"My business is to gather news," said Sam, "but in all my life I never gathered such good news as that."

"Good news!" exclaimed Anita.

"Because," explained Sam, "I am leaving America—I am spending the winter in England—I am sailing on Wednesday. No, I also am unhappy, but that is not what makes me unhappy."

"Tell me," he said to Anita.

"Some day," said Sam.

The day he chose to tell her was the first day they were at sea—as they

going to be shown through the storage battery plant."

"You mean to say the old man is interested in war implements? I thought he was against war."

"He most certainly is."

"Hm-mm-mm!" sniffed the Jerseyite.

leaned upon the rail, watching Fire Island disappear.

"This is my unhappiness," said Sam—and he pointed to a name on the passenger list. It was: "The Earl of Deputford and valet." "And because he is on board."

Anita Flagg gazed with interest at a pursuing seagull.

"He is not on board," she said. "He changed to another boat."

Sam felt that by a word from her a great weight might be lifted from his soul. He looked at her appealingly—hungrily.

"Why did he change?" he begged.

Anita Flagg shook her head in wonder. She smiled at him with amused despair.

"Is that all that is worrying you?" she said.

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Edison Battery Promises to Revolutionize Submarines

Wizard's Latest Work Expected to Make American Craft Safest and Most Powerful in World

AFTER the Erie Terminal in Jersey City had taken on its mutual bustle the other day and while suburbanites by thousands were tramp, tramp, tramping their way from train to tube, the shrill notes of a bugle rang out and 200 sleek, bright looking young men from Uncle Sam's electrical class at the Brooklyn navy yard marched up the underground passage in military formation to a special train that was waiting to take them to

and after thanking the Lieutenant, went his way.

Thomas A. Edison interested in a submarine storage battery? Interested? Well, rather. He has spent eight years

three-quarters of an inch and passed on a solid block two million times.

"2. There must be no sediment in the bottom of the can after this test and the cell must have a great electrical capacity as before the test."

"3. Secure cell to truck and impact truck against a brick or stone wall five hundred times at a speed of thirty miles an hour at moment of impact."

The battery met these tests as easily as it met the one later on at the navy yard, proving that it could withstand vibration, concussion and abuse. It was only very recently that Mr. Edison, Secretary Josephus Daniels of the navy and Rear Admiral Frank Fletcher, commander in chief of the Atlantic fleet, paid a visit to the navy yard and watched the cradle and battery.

"Make it rock faster," shouted Mr. Edison. "Give 'er a big tip. Keep it. Do anything you want with it. Hit it everything and you can't fix it."

Is it any wonder that the navy snatched it up for submarine duty? If Thomas A. Edison couldn't fix it was on earth could?

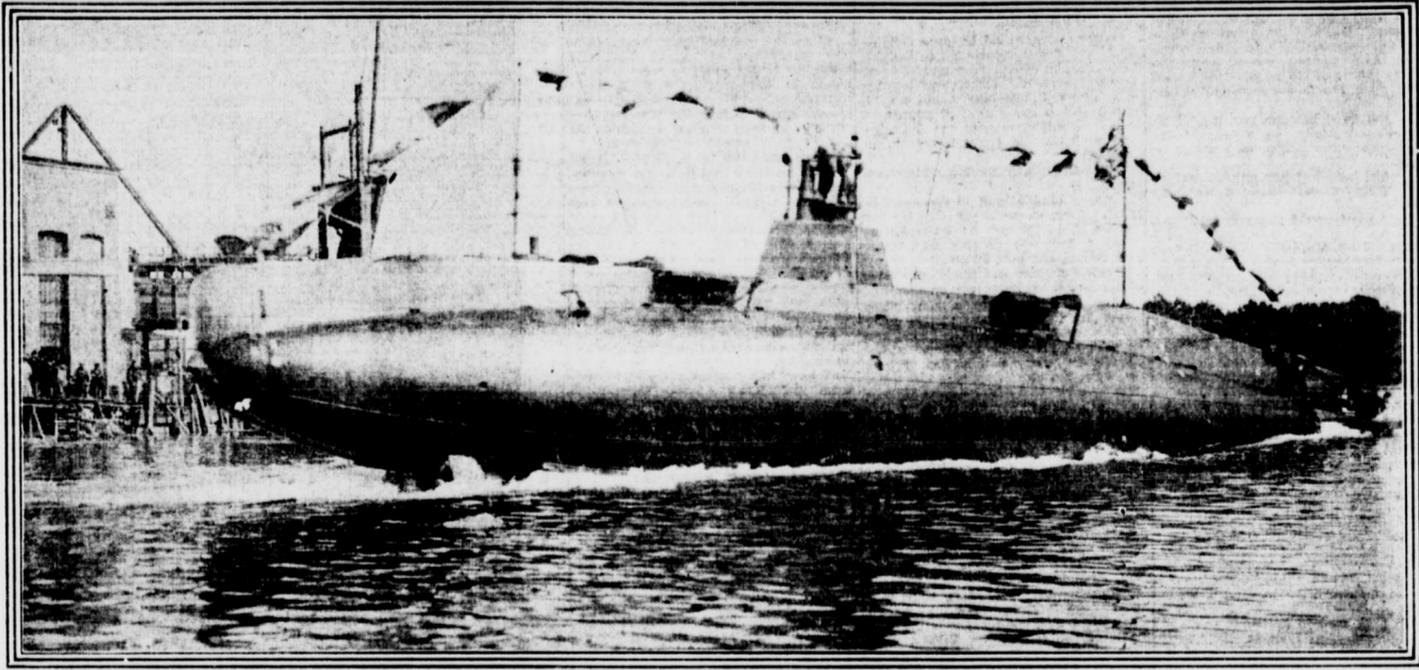
The Edison battery not only makes the submarine habitable, but it prevents asphyxiation of a submarine crew in event of a prolonged enforced submergence because of the affinity of the battery solution, potash, for carbon dioxide. In addition to its health and life-insuring qualities it practically insures the strategic efficiency of the submarine, for it will outlast any boat in which it is installed.

There isn't a piece of lead or a drop of sulphuric acid in it. It is composed of but four things—nickel, iron, zinc and steel in a solution of potash, and surprising as it may seem, the potash is a preservative of all the elements entering into the combination; thus the battery elements do not destroy each other. Sulphuric acid attacks steel, potash preserves it. The acid battery is a generator of noxious and at times deadly fumes. The Edison battery is fire proof, gas proof, a hermetically sealed containing can making it so. Even if the potash gases could escape they would do no harm. Potash is an excellent disinfectant.

Mr. Edison has explained this as follows:

"When a storage battery is charged," he said, "hydrogen gas forms on the negative plates and oxygen gas on the positives. These gases, in the form of minute bubbles, rise to the surface of the solution, and, being lighter than air, float away. Being formed in and subsequently passing through the electrolytes these minute bubbles convey each a small quantity of whatever chemical the solution is composed of if they are formed in a lead sulphate acid type battery, sulphuric acid is carried; if in an Edison battery, potash."

"When these bubbles rise from the surface of the electrolyte and into contact with an object they either remain and evaporate, or escape and deposit their cargo of acid



A Holland submarine taking the water.

The young people in the front row did not know they were observed. They were alone—as much alone as though they were seated in a plane, sweeping above the clouds.

"Say it again," prompted Anita Flagg. "Say Sister."

"I will not!" returned the young man firmly. "But I'll say this: he was wonderful, the most beautiful and the finest woman who has ever lived!"

Anita Flagg's eyes left his quickly, and, with her head bent, she stared at the bass drum in the orchestra.

"I don't know," she said, "but that sounds just as good."

When the curtain was about to rise she told him to take her back to her box, so that he could meet her friends and go on with them to supper; but

Thomas A. Edison's new storage battery plant at West Orange.

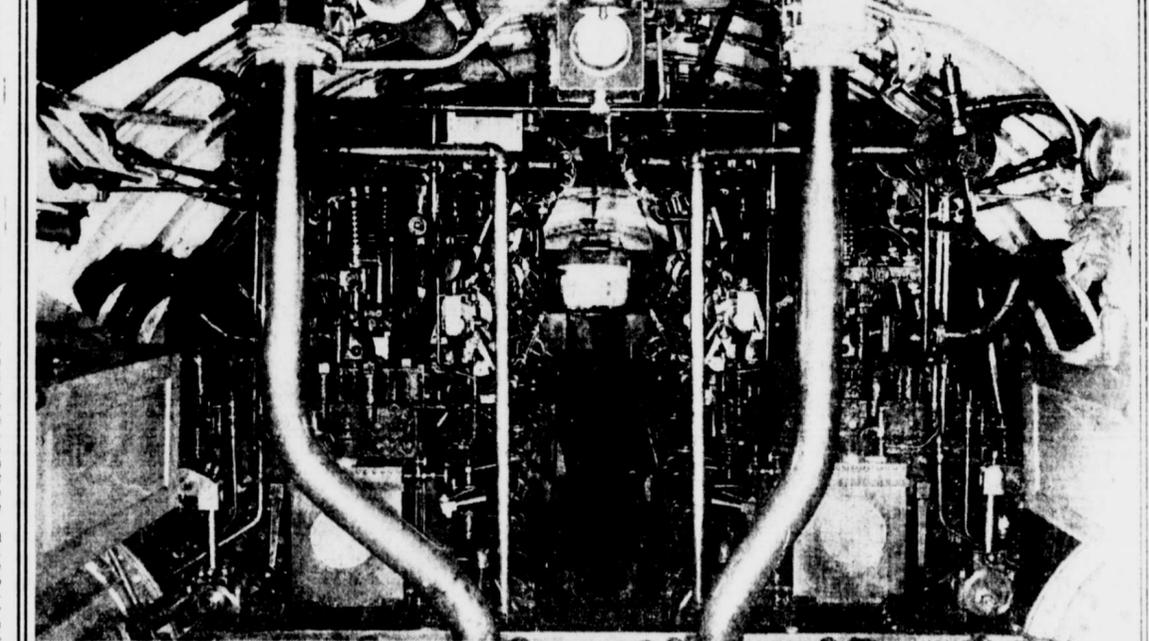
A few members of the suburban infantry stopped long enough to watch and wonder what it was all about. One Jerseyite in the human stream forgot about office work and hurried alongside one of the officers in charge of the class.

"Beg pardon," said he to Lieut. Archibald Graham Stirling, "but would you be so kind as to inform me where these fellows are going?"

"Out to West Orange," replied Lieut. Stirling. "Mr. Edison has supplied a special train for them."

"Moving picture war, eh?" he volunteered.

"Not much," smiled the Lieutenant. "These boys are going to hear a lecture on Edison's new submarine storage battery by Miller Reese Hutchinson, Mr. Edison's chief engineer, and then they're



Interior of a submarine. No beds, no seats, just a network of machinery.

when they reached the rear of the house she halted.