



# The Conflict

FROM NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS  
Compiled by Wm. R. Mackrill.

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

James Adams, European representative for American manufacturers and graduate of West Point, is in Paris at the outbreak of the great war between France and Germany. He engages in a balloon reconnaissance for the French and barely escapes capture, being swept into northern France, where he is wrecked in the grounds of the Chateau Lagunay. He is rescued by the daughter of the Count Lagunay, Aimee, with whom he falls in love. The Germans advance; Adams defends Aimee from insult at the hands of Griesman, Colonel of Cavalry. Adams joins the Hussars, under Lowenberg, an old friend, and later assists in an ambush of the French. Word reaches him at camp that Aimee is again in the hands of Griesman. With Fleischmann, a gigantic sergeant of the Emperor's gigguard, he impresses an automobile and goes to her rescue. In a terrific sword fight he kills Griesman and two others, and proceeds with Aimee to the home of her cousin at Bethel.

### Chapter VI.

For two delicious days I remained at Bethel with Aimee. Then early in the afternoon Fleischmann, his eyes twinkling, big as we set out for camp, for obvious reasons taking a direct road that did not pass the Chateau Lagunay. When I was finally unseated from the camp we found a host of balloons inflated and ready for ascent. Others were already soaring above us, and looking far to the south we saw the French balloons, high in air, observing the German movements. As we went further south (for the camp covered an area some ten miles square) we found that a large part of the army had moved. It was evident that events were approaching a crisis.

At headquarters I sent in my name to the Emperor, Fleischmann posing up and down, and looking for the sovereign's wrath. As for myself, certain of my ability to make satisfactory explanation, I waited calmly. When I was finally ushered into the august presence I saluted and related my story. The Emperor waved his hand as though to dismiss me. But I persisted; and when I finally drew from my pocket the documents I had taken from Griesman's pocket, brief notes of the German scheme of invasion; data concerning the German forces; and realizing that Griesman was really in league with the enemy, I told him that I alone was responsible for Fleischmann's leave without permission—that I had really abducted the big sergeant against his will. A little smile flickered over his face at this. Then he sobored again.

"You will rejoin Lowenberg," he said in dismissing me. "There is work for you on the right wing. We will be in action to-morrow on the right wing. You and Fleischmann can redeem yourselves at the front. Until you offend again I forgive you both."

When we had patiently endured Lowenberg's scolding he had been very much afraid for my safety. That order was issued for the advance. I learned that the enemy was assembled in force between our camp and the Marne river. The first contact had occurred the day before, when a German brigade of armored automobiles undertook to reconnoiter to the south. The French had sent out a similar brigade for the same purpose, and they met near a small village. The two forces came together in a mad charge. The steel conical groves of the great cars rained at high speed, crashing into and over one another and finishing in a tangle of wreckage from which but one German machine had emerged in condition to return to camp. An assault with such a force upon cavalry or infantry would be irresistible; but upon an enemy of its own kind it meant mutual annihilation. It was a striking example of the unfitness of such machines for general warfare.

At dark we were ready for the advance, moving under cover of night to avoid the all-seeing eyes of the airplanes. A brief statement of the military situation seems necessary in order that the reader may understand the nature of our undertaking. As has been stated, the French occupied the Marne River, from Chalons-sur-Marne to Bar-le-Duc. Between these towns the south bank of the Marne rises sharply from the water to a

height of perhaps two hundred feet, falling away at the rear in a sunny slope covered with vineyards and orchards. On the edge of this cliff the French had constructed sunken fortifications, manned by great cannon mounted on disappearing carriages, alternating with mortars for hurling novel projectiles of which they had a choice collection, as we afterward learned. In all this precipitous bank comes down to the river, crosses a narrow stone bridge and turns toward Heims.

On the north side of the river the bank is low and the land stretches away for miles to the north east and west, forming the great Catalunian Field, an ideal place for military operations. Here, resting on the river and protected by the great guns on the fortified cliffs, the French had massed their second and third armies, and were working north with rifle pits and earthworks, expecting to overwhelm the German invaders.

The German advance had moved south some ten miles, the right resting on Sillery, the left on the Aisne River. It was planned to send strong detachments east and west to hold the banks of the Marne,

along the line. Fleischmann had fallen back, slipping on a loose stone. Now he fairly leaped ahead of us, his great nose sweeping down a row of bayonets as a scythe in ripe wheat. The French stood in a pit dug around the brow of the hill, and the German demons were hurled upon them. Our revolvers were emptied immediately, and it was then a primitive light—hand to hand, face to face, shoulder to shoulder. I struck out to right and left with but one idea—self-preservation. As in a dream I heard the grating of a scythe, the puffing and grunting of straining men; the blasphemy; the shriek of the wounded.

"The two forces came together in a terrific charge,"

He put the glasses to his eyes. "Ah, Himmel," he groaned. "It is dynamic, lightning-like, some terrible explosion. They are sprinkling it from above. Our boys are being blown to pieces. We cannot escape. Before we could reach the sky being black with the approaching storm and the rain came down in sheets, shutting out the plain and the doomed army.

It, fearing to let go, My feet dragged over the ground, and the next moment I swung off into space, but I kept my wits, and, throwing a leg over the edge of the basket, clambered in. Through it was intensely dark I knew that I was rising. I felt around the basket. It was unoccupied save by myself. In one corner a small motor sparkled, going at high speed. I had been sufficiently associated with aeronauts to know that this controlled the steering fans, but that the ship would float without operation. I was struck by a shrewd suspicion that I might want the power later. I switched off the current. The humming stopped and I floated as in a subterranean lake.

I was very tired. My head was aching and I realized that I had not eaten for a day, and a night. Fumbling around I found another switch, and, turning it, was delighted by the illumination of the interior of the basket from several tiny incandescent lamps. In one corner stood a wicker hamper, labeled "Provisions." I opened it eagerly and found a supply of crackers, cheese, sardines, canned meat and sweet chocolate. A rack on the side held three tins of water. So, in reasonable comfort, I sat there in the basket and ate my lunch. The rain had ceased; the wind fell; far above me appeared a pale mist, through which the moon broke in mellow light. The mysterious silence, the absence of apparent motion as I sailed through the ether, I thought quietly of Aimee; of Lowenberg, dead and gone; of brave Fleischmann left behind in the little fort; of all the happenings of that terrible fight. It seemed far away, as though in the dead past a thousand years ago.

And when I thought until I was weary, I sent up to God a little prayer for courage, knowing that my life was in imminent danger, and then lay me down to sleep.

When but a child he had been branded as a "bad boy," and other children were forbidden to play with him. He had grown up asking himself why no one loved him. That he was bad he had learned as a parrot would, but the real meaning was too vague to be understood by his childish mind.

At school no one had understood him. Once, when he was disobedient, a plan had been conceived to punish his favorite teacher. He was so grieved that he ran away for fear he might again cause pain or punishment to the one he loved. No one came and asked why he did so—he was expelled.

That to starve, to die, was better than to live without sympathy, had been his early conclusion, for truly was he being eaten up with gnawing hunger for sympathy and companionship.

Once, when he was a young business man, successful, indeed, because he gave his life—his whole energy—to work, some one started a report that he was dishonest in a deal. He cried out against the injustice of a world which would not see. He was tried, and the judge, who, no doubt, meant to be honest, decided against him, because circumstances were not in his favor.

It, fearing to let go, My feet dragged over the ground, and the next moment I swung off into space, but I kept my wits, and, throwing a leg over the edge of the basket, clambered in. Through it was intensely dark I knew that I was rising. I felt around the basket. It was unoccupied save by myself. In one corner a small motor sparkled, going at high speed. I had been sufficiently associated with aeronauts to know that this controlled the steering fans, but that the ship would float without operation. I was struck by a shrewd suspicion that I might want the power later. I switched off the current. The humming stopped and I floated as in a subterranean lake.

## AND THEY NEVER KNEW.

### A Little Story of Real Life.

The great financier buried his face in his hands as a great flood of bitterness crowded his soul. He had locked the door of his private office and denied himself to every one all morning.

When but a child he had been branded as a "bad boy," and other children were forbidden to play with him. He had grown up asking himself why no one loved him. That he was bad he had learned as a parrot would, but the real meaning was too vague to be understood by his childish mind.

At school no one had understood him. Once, when he was disobedient, a plan had been conceived to punish his favorite teacher. He was so grieved that he ran away for fear he might again cause pain or punishment to the one he loved. No one came and asked why he did so—he was expelled.

That to starve, to die, was better than to live without sympathy, had been his early conclusion, for truly was he being eaten up with gnawing hunger for sympathy and companionship.

Once, when he was a young business man, successful, indeed, because he gave his life—his whole energy—to work, some one started a report that he was dishonest in a deal. He cried out against the injustice of a world which would not see. He was tried, and the judge, who, no doubt, meant to be honest, decided against him, because circumstances were not in his favor.

Not one came to say, "I know, I believe you are honest." No wonder, like a haunted thing which would fly to shelter from the eyes of the world, he lived alone in his grief of being misunderstood.

# PALISADE PATTERNS.



**A MAJOR DRESS FOR THE BOY OR GIRL.**  
Mother is always glad of new ideas in frocks for her young offspring and the one sketched here is excellent in style and practicality. The frock is in one piece and thus easily put off and on. It has the further advantage of closing on the shoulders, being slipped on over the head and buttoned along shoulder pieces which resemble epaulettes and give a broadening effect. A pretty stitched cuff completes the sleeve and reinforces a place which is subject to much wear. The frock is belted in long waisted manner and leather is the best material for the belt. A crash or serge would serve as a resister of wear and soil, and with a belt and shoulder buttons of red, the frock would be quite fetching. For the medium size a yards of 3/8-inch material are needed.  
4770—size 2 to 6 years.

**PALISADE PATTERN CO.,**  
17 Battery Place, New York City.  
For 10 cents enclosed please send pattern No. 4770 to the following address.  
SIZE.....  
NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....  
CITY and STATE.....

Number 4770.  
PRICE 10 CENTS.

## Gray Hair Restored.

**"WALNUTTA HAIR STAIN"**  
Restores Gray, Straggled or Thinned Hair. Wonderful Instantaneously. Gives any shade from Light Brown to Black. Does not wash or rub off. Contains no poisons and is safe for the scalp. Sold by all druggists, or we will send you a Trial Size for 25c. postpaid, by mail. Write for particulars. 165 Barket St., New York City. For a full-size bottle for 50c. WALNUTTA CO., 1406 R. Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

## SONG-POEMS

and music published ON REALITY. We write music and popular songs. Popular Music Publishing Co., 222 Enterprise Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

## AGENTS

wanted to sell Redden's Freckles Removed. Write for particulars. Redden's Freckles Removed, 115 W. Wabash St., Chicago, Ill.

## FRECKLES REMOVED

We can positively remove any case of freckles with REDDEN'S FRECKLE CREAM. This is a strong assertion, but we will refund your money if not satisfied. Our cream is prepared for thousands of years. Write for particulars. Redden's Freckle Cream, Dept. 110, Aurora, Ill.

## THIS BOOK FREE

How to select a good fur. No. 41. Leader steel furniture. No. 42. Other articles. Write, Wm. W. & V. Co., 744 Tacoma Bldg., Chicago.



**THIS is not a toy, but a LARGE and BEAUTIFUL TONED instrument.** It is made of highly polished seasoned wood, beautifully varnished. The post, finger-board and tail-piece are ebony finished. The violin is complete, with one silver and three gut strings, and a set of white horsehair and bow of red wood. Write today for only two dozen pieces of our best instruction book free. These are GENUINE GOLD PLATED ARTICLES and everybody will be very glad to buy from you, as our goods are worn by the very best people. Return our \$1.00 and we will immediately send you the violin and complete outfit just described. Write today. Address: FRIEND SUPPLY COMPANY, Dept. 777, No. 1 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

## HOW TO GET THESE PREMIUMS FREE

**FOR SELLING OUR FAST-SELLING ARTICLES AT 10 CENTS EACH.**  
You can earn them in one day. No money required; we trust you. Send your name and address, we will send you the articles by mail, sell them at 10c, and return us the money. Then we will send you Premiums you choose. We take back goods not sold. Send your order now, a postal card will do. TRUE BLUE CO., Dept. 834, Boston, Mass.

**Complete Base Ball Suit.**  
Base Ball Outfit. Each outfit contains 23 pieces: 12 Ball Caps, 10 Bats, 10 Goggles, 10 Socks, 10 Pairs of Shoes, 10 Pairs of Socks, 10 Pairs of Undershirts, 10 Pairs of Undershirts, 10 Pairs of Undershirts.

**FREE**  
Shirt, Pants, Cap, Belt, and Rule Book.

**GENUINE INDIAN WIGWAM.**  
Every boy or girl should have one. It is made of real wood, and is a perfect model of an Indian wigwam. It is 4 feet high, 3 feet in diameter, and is made of real wood. It is a perfect model of an Indian wigwam. It is 4 feet high, 3 feet in diameter, and is made of real wood.

**HERE IS A BARGAIN**  
A boy's bag, and the additional fun derived from the possession of a real Indian wigwam. It is 4 feet high, 3 feet in diameter, and is made of real wood. It is a perfect model of an Indian wigwam. It is 4 feet high, 3 feet in diameter, and is made of real wood.

**UNEXCELLED HAMMOCK.**  
Large size, very handsome. Keep cool, take comfort. Earth's hammock and best buy. Give us \$1.00 for selling 25 articles at 10c each.

**LARGE, POWERFUL ACHROMATIC TELESCOPE.**  
3 1/2 FEET LONG.  
Made by one of the largest manufacturers of Europe, measure 3 1/2 inches, and open over 3 1/2 feet in diameter. With Powerful Lenses. Guaranteed by the Maker. Every instrument in the country or at sea is made to order. It is one of the best instruments. Objects miles away are brought to view with astonishing clearness. Given Free for selling 25 articles at 10c each.

**FITS**  
Permanently Curled. No. 51a or 51b or 51c or 51d or 51e or 51f or 51g or 51h or 51i or 51j or 51k or 51l or 51m or 51n or 51o or 51p or 51q or 51r or 51s or 51t or 51u or 51v or 51w or 51x or 51y or 51z. Write for FREE 25-cent trial bottle and treatise. R. H. Kloss, Ltd., 51 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**THE FENCE.**  
The fence it runs around the yard; It has a swinging gate; All day all night, it stands on guard— Such is the picket's fate. A better servant it than most— The fence it never leaves its post. —Saturday Evening Post.

You can have any of the above premiums absolutely free. Measure and write at once. It is easy to send quick-acting articles and we will send you a postal card, \$1.00 and we will send you the articles post-paid at 10c each. Address all orders TRUE BLUE CO., Dept. 834, BOSTON, MASS.