

THE SEARCH

By Grace Livingston Hill-Lutz
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light. Even after he came from Wainwright with that stricken look, there was above it all a glory behind his eyes that not even that could change. For three days he went into the thick of the battle, moving from one hairbreadth escape to another with the calmness of an angel who knows his life is not of earth, and on the fourth day there came the awful battle, the struggle for a position that had been held by the enemy for four years, and that had been declared impregnable from the side of his allies.

The boys all fought bravely and many fell, but foremost of them all passing unscathed from height to height, Corporal Cameron on the lead in fearlessness and spirit; and when the tide at last was turned and they stood triumphant among the dead, and saw the enemy retreating in disorder, it was Cameron who was still in the forefront, his white face and tattered uniform catching the last rays of the setting sun.

Later when the survivors had all come together one came to the captain with a white face and anxious eyes:

"Captain, where's Cammie? We can't find him anywhere."

"He came a half hour ago and volunteered to slip through the enemy's lines tonight and send us back a message," he said in husky tones.

"But, captain, he was wounded!"

"He was?" The captain looked up startled. "He said nothing about it!"

"He wouldn't, of course," said the soldier. "He's that way. But he was wounded in the arm. I helped him bind it up."

"How bad?"

"I don't know. He wouldn't let me look. He said he would attend to it when he got back."

"Well, he's taken a wireless in his pocket and crept across No Man's Land to find out what the enemy is going to do. He's wearing a dead Jerry's uniform!"

The captain turned and brushed the back of his hand across his eyes and a low sound between a sob and a whispered cheer went up from the gathered remnant as they rendered homage to their comrade.

For three days the messages came floating in, telling vital secrets that were of vast strategic value. Then the messages ceased, and the anxious officers and comrades looked in vain for word. Two more days passed—three—and still no sign that showed that he was alive, and the word went forth "Missing!" and "Missing" was proclaimed in the newspapers at home.

That night there was a lull in the sector where Cameron's company was located. No one could guess what was going on across the wide dark space called No Man's Land. The captain sent anxious messages to other officers, and the men at the listening posts had no clue to give. It was raining and a chill bias sleet that cut like knives was driving from the northeast. Water trickled into the dugouts, and sopped through the trenches, and the men shuddered their way along dark passages and waited. Only scattered artillery fire lit up the heavens here and there. It was a night when all hell seemed let loose to have its way with earth. The watch paced back and forth and prayed or cursed, and counted the minutes till his watch would be up. Across the blackness of No Man's Land pock-marked with great shell craters, there raged a tempest, and even a Hun would turn his back and look the other way in such a storm.

Slowly, oh so slow that not even the earth would know it was moving, there crept a dark creature forth from the enemy line. A thing all of spirit could not have gone more invisibly. Lying like a stone as motionless for spaces uncountable, stirring every muscle with a controlled movement that could stop at any breath, lying under the very nose of the guard without being seen for long minutes, and gone when next he passed that way; slowly, painfully gaining ground, with a track of blood where the stones were cruel, and holding of breath when the fitful flare lights lit up the way; covered at times by mud, slippery and sharp and nefarious and sick, but continuing to

creep; chilled and sore and stiff, blinded and bleeding and torn, shell holes and stones and miring mud, slipper and sharp and never ending, the long, long trail—!

"Halt!" came a sharp, clear voice through the night.

"Pat! Come here! What is that?" whispered the guard. "Now watch! I'm sure I saw it move— There! I'm going to it!"

"Better look out!" But he was off and back with something in his arms. Something in a ragged blood-soaked German uniform.

They turned a shaded flash light into the face and looked:

"Pat, it's Cammie!" The guard was sobbing.

At sound of the dear old name the inert mass roused to action.

"Tell Cap—they're planning to slip away at five in the morning. Tell him if he wants to catch them he must do it now! Don't mind me! Go Quick!"

The voice died away and the head dropped back.

With a last wistful look Pat was off to the captain, but the guard gathered Cameron up in his arms tenderly and nursed him like a baby, crooning over him in the sleet and dark, till Pat came back with a stretcher and some men who bore him to the dressing station lying inert between them.

While men worked over his silent form his message was flashing to headquarters and back over the lines to all the posts along that front. The time had come for the big drive. In a short time a great company of dark forms stole forth across No Man's Land till they seemed like a wide dark sea creeping on to engulf the enemy.

Next morning the newspapers of the world set forth in monstrous type the glorious victory and how the Americans had stolen upon the enemy and cut them off from the rest of their army, wiping out a whole salient.

But while the world was rejoicing, John Cameron lay on his little hard stretcher in the tent and barely breathed. He had not opened his eyes nor spoken again.

CHAPTER XX.

A nurse stepped up to the doctor's desk:

"A new girl is here ready for duty. Is there any special place you want her put?" she asked in a low tone.

The doctor looked up with a frown:

"One of those half-trained Americans, I suppose?" he growled. "Well, every little helps. I'd give a good deal for half a dozen fully trained nurses just now. Suppose you send her to relieve Miss Jennings. She can't do any harm to number 29."

"Isn't there any hope for him?" the nurse asked, a shade of sadness in her eyes.

"I'm afraid not!" said the doctor shortly. "He won't take any interest in living, that's the trouble. He isn't dying of his wounds. Something is troubling him. But it's no use trying to find out what. He shuts up like a clam."

The new nurse flushed outside the door as she heard herself discussed and shut her firm little lips in a determined way as she followed the head nurse down the long rows of cots to an alcove at the end where a screen shut the patient from view.

Miss Jennings, a plain girl with tired eyes, gave a few directions and she was left with her patient. She turned toward the cot and stopped with a soft gasp of recognition, her face growing white and set as she took in the dear familiar outline of the fine young face before her. Every word she had heard outside the doctor's office rang distinctly in her ears. He was dying. He did not want to live.

With another gasp that was like a sob she slipped to her knees beside the cot, forgetful of her duties, of the ward outside, or the possible return of the nurses, forgetful of everything but that he was there, her hero of the year.

She reached for one of his hands, the one that was not bandaged, and she laid her soft cheek against it, and held her breath to listen. Perhaps even

now behind that quiet face the spirit had departed beyond her grasp.

There was no flutter of the eyelids even. She could not see that he still breathed, although his hand was not cold, and his face when she touched it still seemed human. She drew closer in an agony of fear, and laid her lips against his cheek, and then her face softly, with one hand about his other cheek.

Her lips were close to his ear now.

"John!" she whispered softly, "John! My dear knicker!"

There was a quiver of the eyelids now, a faint hesitating sigh. She touched her lips to his and spoke his name again. A faint smile flickered over his features as if he were seeing other worlds of beauty that had no connection here. But still she continued to press her face against his cheek and whispered his name.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

By Arthur Brisbane.

Give credit to England, old and wise. She, at least, has a definite policy. She knows that for 2,500 years the civilization of Europe has depended upon its ability to keep out Asia, and England is determined that Asia shall not come in now. She tells the Turks, "Keep out, that last war, however big, did not destroy my fighting courage."

Englishmen are digging in along the Bosphorus. They have sent their ships to the eastern end of the Mediterranean, where sails were hoisted on the first ships that ever sailed to England.

The English will defend the soil of Europe against Turkish invasion, as Greeks and Hungarians, French and Russians defended that soil in centuries past. Honor to England for her courage in undertaking this most important task of Europe.

In South America they occasionally find along the rivers and little pebbles that cut up into diamonds. No one knows from what particular spot they have been washed down. Miss Gwen Richardson, an English girl, is going with a party of natives to find the home of the diamonds if she can.

She may not find diamonds, but it is a trip worth taking, one on which American rich men that wonder what to do with their boys might well send those boys. More would be learned, more character acquired traveling up the inland rivers of British Guiana, looking for diamonds than galloping a polo pony over the grass at Biarritz, for example. Rich fathers of idle boys do nothing to develop character in those boys, they wonder why they lack character and drink and otherwise play the fool.

The Protestant Episcopal church officially approves healing by faith. Clergymen and laymen who think they have healing powers are now allowed "by care and prayer and theological and medical study," to prepare for proper safe faith healing.

In the old days described by the bible there was less caution and preparation. If you had faith as big as a mustard seed, mountains would move at your command. "And He sent them to preach the Kingdom of God, and to heal the sick."—St. Luke, IX, 2.

France will borrow—chiefly from United States probably, four or five thousand million francs. That borrowing tells the situation in Europe, for it represents a deficit in the French budget for this year.

In France, the standing army of 700,000, including hundreds of thousands of black men from Africa, enlisted and in reserve, goes hand in hand with the deficit of four or five billions.

The French pay their debts, their bonds are good, probably. But if a man, instead of a nation, wanted to borrow four or five thousand millions from you, explaining that during the past year he had spent that amount in excess of his income, you would lend slowly.

The seriousness of the Turk-bolshevist menace is brought sharply to attention by the invitation of Great Britain to Rumania and Serbia to join her in keeping the Turks out of Constantinople. If Rumania makes a move, Russia may start an invasion of Rumania, and a move by Serbia bids an attack on it by Bulgaria. The sparks are flying over Europe, likely to start a conflagration wherever they light. If, as General Townsend fears, the fighting develops into a "holy war," America will be drawn in. After that, those who are left will be willing to unite to keep the peace.

The request of western railroads that they be permitted to reduce freight rates is due to competition of boats traveling through the Panama canal. If the Great Lakes waterway were opened, all the railroads would be clamoring before the Interstate Commerce commission for permission to cut the high rates on products from the farm and on manufactured goods destined for the same territory.

A telephone call in Brooklyn cost a man a \$50 fine. He used a brass slug instead of a nickel in paying for the call in a booth.

A gold pill fell from the fingers of a mother in an eastern city and lodged in the throat of her nursing infant, who choked to death.

Insurance against divorce, the innocent party to receive all paid-in benefits of the policy in event of decree, is proposed by the Insurance Press.

An 81-year-old inmate lost her place at the county old folks' home at Muskogee, Okla., because a wine making apparatus was discovered under her bed.

ORDERS ALL VESSELS TO CLOSE BARS

Chairman Lasker Uses Wireless to Notify Boats of Attorney General's Ruling—Plan Fight in Courts.

BY WILLIAM P. FLYTHE, Universal Service Correspondent. Washington, Oct. 9.—Chairman Lasker of the United States shipping board Monday sent wireless messages to all American vessels on the high seas directing them to close their bars immediately and dump their liquors in the sea. Ship masters were warned that no liquor can be served after receipt of the dispatch. So anxious are officials that the decision of Attorney General Daugherty be enforced that Mr. Lasker demanded acknowledgement of the order.

Chairman Lasker's message follows:

Sends Drastic Order.

"The sale, transportation or possession of liquor on ships operated by you is prohibited. I want to make it clear that the sale or service of liquor on American vessels should be stopped at once, whether in port or at sea."

"I want to have it thoroughly understood by every one concerned. If you have not already done so, wireless and cable to all ships at sea or in foreign ports and secure acknowledgement to be sure there is no misunderstanding."

This hasty action was made necessary because of some confusion concerning the hastily drawn up regulations, it was said. Many operators believed they could serve liquors on board ship until they reached an American port and telegraphed for instructions.

Shipping board officials said that they intended that as fast as ships picked up the message their bars would be closed. Parties in progress are to be halted. The bartender is to untie his apron, get from behind the mahogany, and the door is to be sealed, they say.

Prepare Legal Opinions.

Officials of the treasury and state departments put in most of the day in conferences trying to straighten out many of the tangles in the new ruling.

Department of justice experts were busy preparing legal opinions in anticipation of court action. American ship owners as well as foreign governments are confidently expected to violate the regulation to force a test case. In this way, it was said, it could be rushed to the supreme court and a final decision made.

Officials were not clear on the regulations concerning Panama and the Philippines. The Canal Zone is exempted from the provisions of the Volstead act insofar as the transportation of liquor is concerned. The Panama Railroad is permitted to transport liquor.

Secretary of War Weeks takes the view that while ships may pass through the canal with liquor on board, they may not dock at American wharves. He said there are no others and that unless this phase of the situation is cleared up the republic of Panama will have to go without its liquor. The zone is under army administration.

There is a sharp division on whether the regulations apply to the Philippines. Treasury officials hold the view that foreign ships will not be permitted to touch at the islands with liquor aboard.

ARREST FOUR AT U. S. CONSULATE IN ERIN

Believe Youths Were Seeking Passports to Buy Ammunition Here.

Dublin, Oct. 10.—Dublin detectives Monday afternoon arrested four young men in the premises of the American consulate.

They had just arrived apparently to have their passports vised when the detectives, who were following them in a car, rushed into the consulate and without any parley, arrested the four.

There was some sensation created, but no explanations were given and the reasons for the arrests, according to Dr. Hathaway are still unexplained.

It is believed the men were going to America to buy ammunition and that they have been engaged in gun running from Hamburg and New York. They landed from an American steamer on the southern coast of Ireland. It is also thought that they are bearers of dispatches from DeValera to friends in America.

ASK \$35,000 DAMAGES.

Madison, Neb., Oct. 10 (Special).—Howard Graham and the Graham Ice Cream company, of Omaha, and C. E. Burnham, Norfolk banker, were made defendants in a damage case filed here by the Norfolk Ice Cream company, who claim the defendants conspired fraudulently to secure plaintiffs' ice cream factory in Norfolk. They ask \$35,000 damages.

SINGLE BULLET WOUNDS MAN, WIFE AND BABY

Rockford, Ill., Oct. 10.—Joe Provno his wife, Katherine, and their daughter, 6 months old, all were seriously wounded Monday by a bullet from the gun of a stranger who entered Provno's store and fired at the group. Provno recently received threatening letters demanding \$500.

The British have discovered that Americans are using American vessels in preference to British ships for freight shipments.

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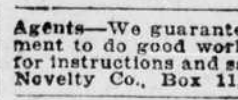
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Recipe of Success.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., said in a Y. M. C. A. success talk in New York: "Brilliance without energy is no good. Ability without action is no good."

Mr. Rockefeller thumped the table with his fist.

"It is not enough," he cried, "for a man to know a good thing when he sees it. He must also seize it."

The thief generally suffers in the end. Even the fellow who steals a kiss may be obliged to marry the girl.

Together for Once.

"For goodness sake," scolded the irate wife after having asked her husband for the fifth Sunday to accompany her to church, "the neighbors will soon be talking about us as they did about poor Mr. and Mrs. Jones. The only time they went out together was when the gas stove exploded."—Judge.

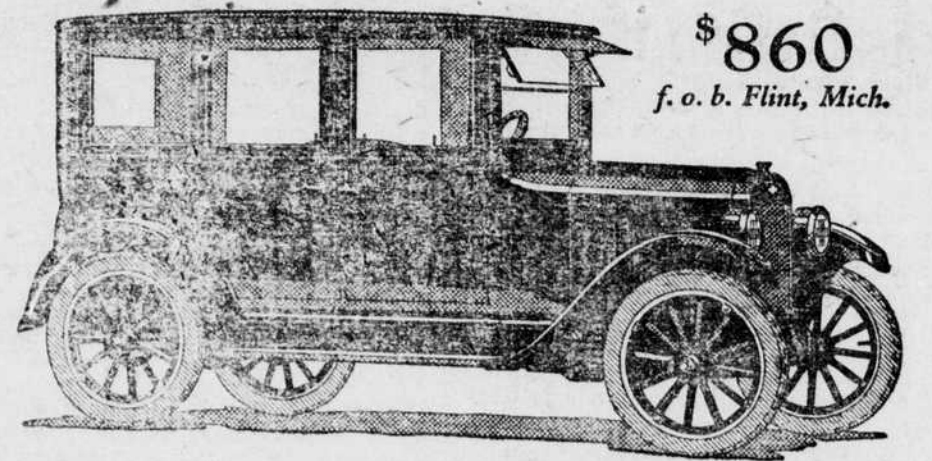
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Failing.

"Gabe Gunshorn must be losing his mind," said Mrs. Johnson. "His wife told me yesterday that he actually can't remember what year he was married."

"That's nuth'n," replied Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge. "The blame fool says himself that half of the time he forgets when he swapped for his best dog."—Kansas City Star.



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