

# 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 damned 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 horse, waiting to have 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 up town 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 this 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 feeling hurt," exclaimed Holworthy, "incredulously, '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," cried Holworthy—"and that you invited her to see the moving picture shows?"

Sam, conscious of the deeply bought front row seats in his pocket, smiled pleasantly.

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

"The did," 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," Sam said. "And I thought she was making it up!"

"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.

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For five minutes, conscious of the footlights, 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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# 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 as great electrical capacity as before the test."

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. I'll find everything and you can't find it."

Is it any wonder that the navy snatched it up for submarine use? If Thomas A. Edison couldn't find it 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 healthful life-insuring qualities it practically does 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 container 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 positive. 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 sulphuric acid type battery, sulphuric acid is carried; if in an Edison battery, potash."

"When these bubbles rise from the surface of the electrolyte and come into contact with an object they either remain until evaporation dissipates them and deposit their cargo of acid or alkali on the object, or they burst, leaving the same result. The potash, being a lead type cell is open and the acid may therefore pass through the cell away. The vent of the Edison battery is a check valve. To get on the surface of the electrolyte it is necessary to lift this valve by pressure."

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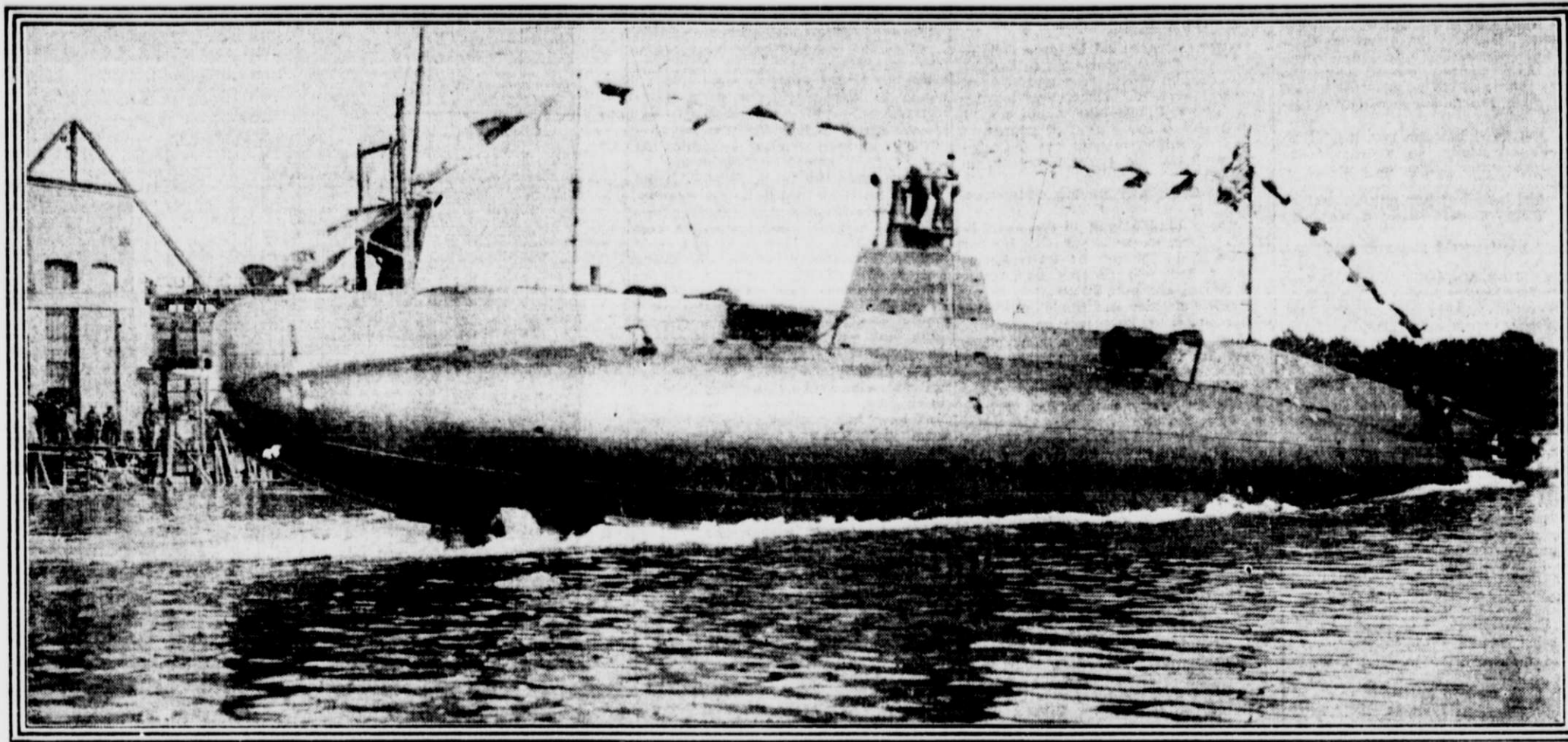
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A Holland submarine taking the water.

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 Grahame 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

of toll and \$2,000,000 in manufacturing a battery that is absolutely foolproof. Fifty thousand separate and distinct experiments were made before he completed it. Interested? Why, the curve sheets alone recording his experiments would be sixteen miles long if they were placed end to end, or would cover two acres."

Yes, Mr. Edison is more than interested in a new submarine battery. He has actually invented one that is expected to make American submarines the safest, the most healthful and the most powerful underwater craft in the world. That is a big statement to make, but if you want to get expert opinion on it go to the navy yard at Brooklyn and ask one of the attendants to show you the big cradle that rocks to and fro in imitation of the rolling motion of a submarine. He will take you to the

basement of the administration building and if you can get him interested he'll explain to you how that cradle with a big iron weight on one end and Edison's new battery on the other has rocked day and night without a stop for three months.

The importance of that bit of information is just this. No storage battery ever used as the propelling power in a submarine, including the lead-sulphuric acid type of battery now in use, has ever rocked more than two months without losing a large part of its strength, without needing repairs of one kind or another or without slopping its acid contents over the cradle. Yet this Edison battery has rocked three months and the test has failed to impair its strength.

But this is not the only test it has been subjected to. Before Mr. Edison sent it to the navy yard, before he even considered the manufacturing of it, he sent the battery to Mr. Bachmann, the general superintendent of the laboratory, with these instructions:

"1. Mount cell in case of apparatus. No cushioning whatever between the cell and case. Run the apparatus continuously until the cell has been raised

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 Deipford 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."

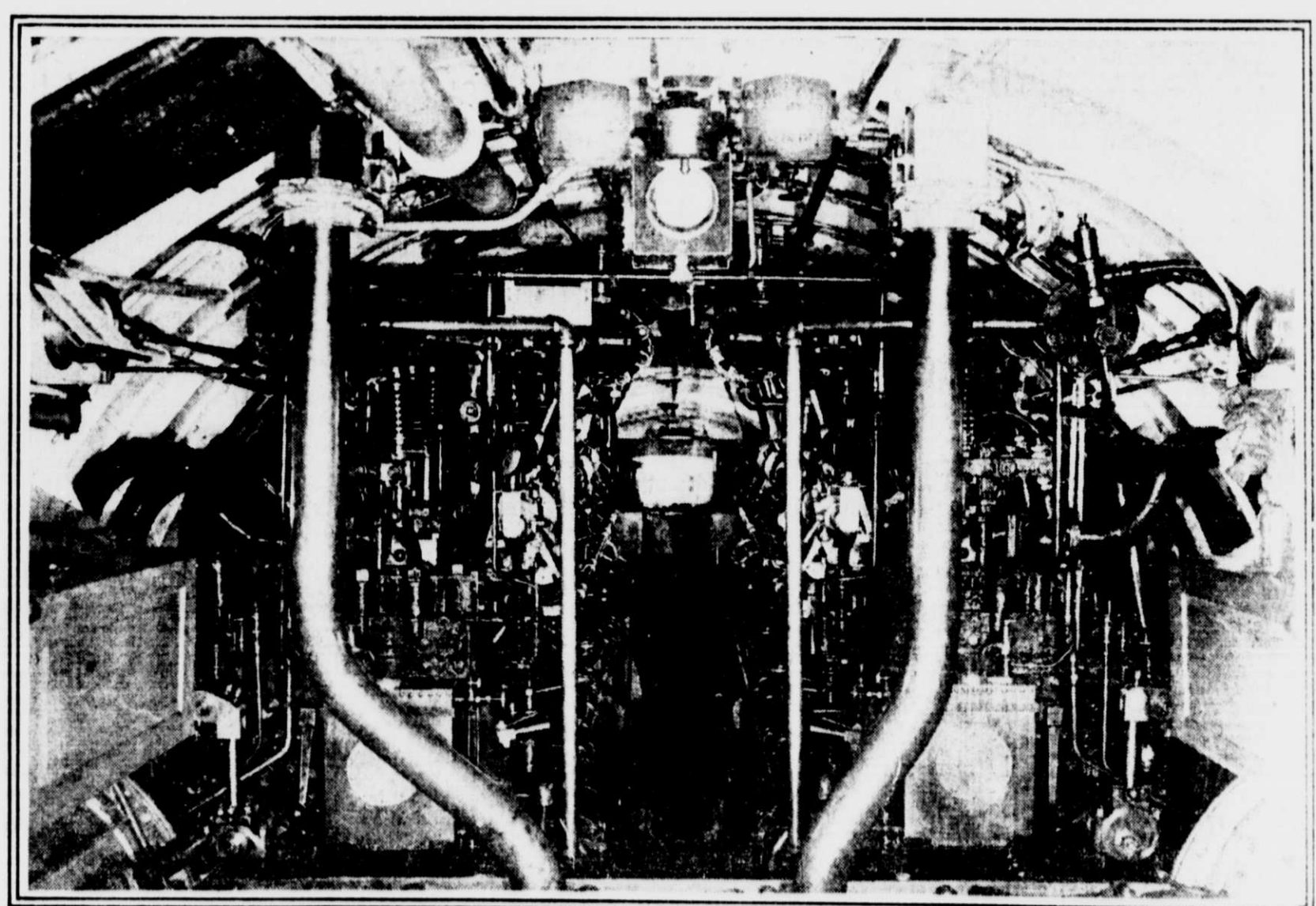
Sam felt that by a word from her a great weight might be lifted from his soul. He looked at her appealingly, hungrily.

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