

# 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 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?

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"Yes, that's so."

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"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."

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"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, chucking 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.

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

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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.

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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 matutinal 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 break it."

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

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 a gas 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.