

**THE OUTDOOR GIRLS IN
ARMY SERVICE,
OR, DOING THEIR BIT
FOR THE SOLDIER BOYS**

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The Outdoor Girls in Army Service, or, Doing Their Bit for the Soldier Boys by Laura Lee Hope

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LAURA LEE HOPE

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THE FAME OF THE GIRLS HAD SPREAD ALL OVER THE
BARRACKS.

The Outdoor Girls in Army Service.

Frontispiece (Page 188)

The Outdoor Girls In Army Service

OR

DOING THEIR BIT FOR THE
SOLDIER BOYS

BY

LAURA LEE HOPE

AUTHOR OF "THE OUTDOOR GIRLS OF DEERDALE," "THE
MOVING PICTURE GIRLS," "THE BOBBSEY TWINS,"
"BUNNY BROWN AND HIS SISTER SUK," ETC.

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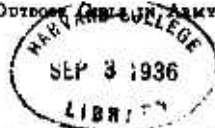
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THE OUTDOOR GIRLS IN ARMY SERVICE



Lucy S. Goodfriend

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I "I'VE VOLUNTEERED!"	1
II GRIM SHADOWS OF WAR	10
III NEWS FROM THE FRONT	21
IV THE POWDER MILL	30
V A SHOT IN THE DARK	39
VI MOONLIGHT AND MYSTERY	47
VII ROBBED	56
VIII THE BIG GAME	65
IX GAY CONSPIRATORS	74
X MAGIC LANTERNS	83
XI A SLACKER?	94
XII HONOR FLAGS	104
XIII "SMILE, GIRLS, SMILE"	112
XIV THE SPY AGAIN	119
XV MORE SURPRISES	126
XVI THE HOSTESS HOUSE	133
XVII HELPING UNCLE SAM	140
XVIII THE EVENING GUN	147
XIX FLAMES	155
XX THE RESCUE	163

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXI ALLEN A HERO	171
XXII MAKING GOOD	179
XXIII JUST FRIENDS	187
XXIV CAPTIVE AND CAPTORS	195
XXV THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED	201

THE OUTDOOR GIRLS IN ARMY SERVICE

CHAPTER I

"I'VE VOLUNTEERED!"

"WELL, who is going to read the paper?"

Amy Blackford stopped knitting for a moment, the half-finished sweater suspended inquiringly in the air, while she asked her question and gazed about impatiently at her busy group of friends.

"It's your turn, anyhow, Mollie," she added, fingers flying and head bent as she resumed her work. "You haven't read to us for five days."

"Oh, don't bother me," snapped the one addressed as Mollie. She was black-haired and black-eyed, was Mollie Billette, with a little touch of French blood in her veins that accounted for her restless vivacity and sometimes peppery temper. "You've made me drop a stitch, Amy Blackford, and if anybody else speaks to me for the next five minutes, I'll eat 'em."

"Well, as long as you don't eat any more of

my chocolates, I don't care," remarked Grace Ford, lazily helping herself to one of the threatened candies. "I had a full box this morning, and now look at them."

"Haven't time to look at anything," returned Mollie crossly, fishing in vain for the lost stitch. "If the poor soldiers depended upon the sweaters you made, Grace, I'd feel sorry for them, I would indeed!"

"Oh, dear, girls, now what's the matter?"

Framed in the doorway of the cottage stood Betty Nelson, their adored "Little Captain," fresh and sweet as the morning itself, smiling around at them inquiringly.

"What is the matter?" she repeated as they moved up to make room for her on the veranda steps. "I'm more afraid than ever to leave you alone these days when every dropped stitch means a quarrel. Give it to me, Mollie, I'll pick it up for you."

With a sigh, Mollie relinquished the tiresome sweater and Betty went to work at it with a skill born of long practice.

"There you are," she announced triumphantly, after an interval during which the girls had watched with eager eyes and bated breath. "That was a mean one. Thought it was going to make me rip out the whole row—but I showed it!