

with outrage, heartsick at the sweet, cold blooded laughter of rjorie Jones, Penrod rested his elon the effects of a leap from nd story. One of the re gave it up was his desire to live on Maurice Levy's account; already he was forming educational plans for the Child Sir Galahad.

stout man in blue overalls passed the hallway, muttering to him lantly. "I reckon they'll find that hall hot enough now!" he said, conveying to Penrod an impress some too feminine women had ent him upon an unreasonable errand to the furnace. He went into the janitor's room and, emerging a moment later minus the overalls, passed Penrod again with a bass rumble—"Dern 'em!" ned he said-and made a gloomy exit by the door at the upper end of the hallway.

The conglomerate and delicate rustle large, mannerly audience was heard as the janitor opened and closed door, and stage fright seized the The orchestra began an overture at that Penrod, trembling violent ed down the hall into the janroom. It was a cul-de-sac; there no outlet save by the way he had

ringly he doffed his mantle and arance that the stocking as obviously and disgracefully aret's as they had seemed in the or at home. For a moment he was traged; perhaps he was no worse ome of the other boys. Then be ed that a safety pin had opened; with his trunks. He sat down to fasten t, and his eye fell for the first time with particular attention upon the trunks. Until this instant he had been pied with the stocking

The Schofields' house stood on orner at the intersection of two main traveled streets, the fence was low and the publicity obtained by the washable ortion of the family apparel on Monlays had often been painful to Penrod. for hove have a peculiar sensitiveness in these matters. A plain, matter of fact washerwoman, employed by Mrs. Schofield, never left anything to the lmagination of the passerby, and of all of his father's winter wear had most abashed Penrod. One day Marjorie Jones, all gold and starch, had passed when the dreadful things were on the line; Penrod had hidden himself, shud-The whole town, he was convinced, knew these garments intimate

ly and derisively.

And now, as he sat in the janitor's chair, the horrible and paralyzing recognition came. He had not an instant's doubt that every fellow actor. as well as every soul in the audience. would recognize what his mother and sister had put upon him. For as the awful truth became plain to himself it seemed blazoned to the world, and far, far londer than the stockings, the trunks did fairly bellow the grisly secret: whose they were and what

Most people have suffered in a dream the experience of finding themselves very inadequately clad in the midst of a crowd of well dressed people, and such dreamers' sensations are compar-able to Penrod's, though faintly, beod was awake and in much

A human male whose dress has been damaged, or reveals some vital lack. suffers from a hideous and shameful unbearable until he is again as others of his sex and species, and re is no act or sin whatever too cerate for film in his struggle to at that condition. Also, there is abitely no embarrassment possible to comparable to that ices, and in this a boy nan. Gazing upon the ghastly trunks, he stricken Penrod felt that he was degree worse than nude, and a great serior of himself filled his soul. "Pearod Schofield!"

The door into the hallway opened, and a voice demanded him. He could not be seen from the hallway, but the hue and cry was up, and he knew he must be taken. It was only a question of seconds. He huddled in his sardonic sobriquet "The Little Gentle-

Rewbush angrily.

The distracted boy rose, and as he did so a long pin sank deep into his which brought to his ears a protracted

"Penrod Schofield!" Mrs. Lora Rew bush had come out into the hallway. And now in this extremity, when all honor, the dila Inspiration and action were

CHAPTER III. The Pageant of the Table Round. ENROD!" Mrs. Lora Rewbus stood in the doorway, indignantly gazing upon a Child Si Lancelot mantled to the heels. "Do you know that you have kept an audience of 500 people waiting for ten minutes?" She also detained the 500

while she spake further. "Well," said Penrod contentedly, as he followed her toward the bu stage, "I was just sitting there think-

Two minutes later the curtain rose on a medieval castle hall richly done in the new stage craft made in Germany and consisting of pluk and blue esecloth. The Child King Arthur and the Child Queen Guinevere were disclosed upon thrones, with the Child Elaine and many other celebrities in attendance, while about fifteen Child Knights were seated at a dining room a large oriental rug, and displayed for the knights' refreshment) a banquet service of silver loving cups and tro-phies, borrowed from the Country club and some local automobile manufac-

In addition to this splendor, potted plants and palms have seldom been more lavishly used in any castle on the stage or off. The footlights were aided by a "spot-light" from the rear of the hall, and the children were revealed in a blaze of glory.

A hushed, multituding

dmiration came from the decorou



Do you know that you have kep

Chuldrun of the Tabul Round, Lit-tul knights and ladies we, Let our voy-siz all resound Faith and hope and charitee!" The Child King Arthur rose, extend his scepter with the decisive gesture semaphore and spake:

s noble deeds to perform thee child-world of shoullree, matter how small his share may be, t each advance and tell in turn The Child Sir Mordred the villain of is piece, rose in his place at the Table

Round and piped the only lines ever written by Mrs. Lora Rewbush which Penrod Schofield could have pronounc a really angelic boy, had been selected for the role of Mordred. His perchair. man' among his boy acquaintances.

"Penrod Schofield!" cried Mrs. Lora (Naturally he had no friends.) Hence the other boys supposed that he had been selected for the wicked Mordred as a reward of virtue. He declaimed

serenely: "I hight Sir Mordred the Child, and I teach Lessons of selfishest evil, and reach Out into darkness. Thoughtless, unkind. and sonorous ripping, too easily to-cated by a final gesture of horzon.

tower shap the miner

The Child Mordred was properly re ouked and denied the accounde, though sumed the title already. He made a plotter's exit, whereupon Maurice Levy rose, bowed, announced that he highted the Child Sir Galahad and continued with perfect sang froid:

"I am the purest of the pure,
I have but kindest thoughts each day. give my riches to the poor And follow in the Master's way."

This elicited tokens of approval from the Child King Arthur, and he bade Maurice "stand forth" and come near the throne, a command obeyed with the easy grace of conscious merit. It was Penrod's turn. He stepped ack from his chair, the table between aim and the audience, and began in a igh, breathless monotone:

"I hight Sir Lancelot du Lake, the Child. Gentul-hearted, meek and mild What though I'm but a littul child, Gentul-hearted, meek and mild, I do my share, though, but—though

Penrod paused and guiped. The voice of Mrs. Lora Rewbush was heard from the wings, prompting irritably, and the Child Sir Lancelot repeated: "I do my share, though, but—though i pray you knight Sir Lancelot!"

This also met the royal favor, and Penrod was bidden to join Sir Gala-had at the throne. As he crossed the stage Mrs. Schofield whispered to Mar-"That boy! He's unpinned his man-

tle and fixed it to cover his whole costume. After we worked so hard to make it becoming!" "Never mind. He'll have to take the

cape off in a minute," returned Margaret. She leaned forward suddenly. narrowing her eyes to see the better. "What is that thing hanging about his left ankie?" she whispered uneasily. "How queer! He must have got tan-gled in something." "Where?" asked Mrs. Schofield in

"His left foot. It makes him ble. Don't you see? It looks-it looks

like an elephant's foot!" The Child Sir Lancelot and the Child Sir Galahad clasped hands before their child king. Penrod was conscious of a great uplift; in a moment he would have to throw aside his mantle, but even so he was protected and sheltered in the human garment of a man. His stage fright had passed, for the audience was but an indistinguishable blur of darkness beyond the dazzling lights. His most repulsive speech (that in which he proclaimed him "tot") was over and done with, and now at last the small, moist hand of the Child Sir Galahad lay within his own. Craftily his brown fingers stole from Maurice's palm to the wrist. The two boys declaimed in concert:

"We are two children of the Tabul Round Strewing kindness all around. With love and good deeds striving ever

for the best,
May our littul efforts e'er be blest.
Two littul hearts we offer. See,
Inited in love, faith, hope and char—C

Two littul hearts we offer. See, Inited in love, faith, hope and char—Owi" The conclusion of the duet was marred. The Child Sir Galahad suddenly stiffened and, uttering an irrepressible shriek of anguish, gave a brief exhibition of the contortionist's art. ("He's

twistin' my wrist! Dern you, leggo!") The voice of Mrs. Lora Rewbush was again heard from the wings. It sounded bloodthirsty. Penrod released his victim, and the Child King Arthur, somewhat disconcerted, extended his scepter and, with the assistance of the enraged prompter, said:

eet child friends of the Tabul F "Sweet child friends of the Tabul R.
In brotherly love and kindness abour
Sir Lancelot, you have spoken well,
Sir Galahad, too, as clear as bell.
So now pray doff your mantles gay,
You shall be knighted this very day,"

And Penrod doffed his mantle. Simultaneously a thick and vasty gasp came from the audience, as from 500 bathers in a wholly unexpected surf. This gasp was punctuated irreg-ularly over the auditorium by imperfectly subdued screams both of dismay and incredulous joy and by two dist shrieks. Altogether it was an extraordinary sound, a sound never to be forgotten by any one who heard it. It was almost as unforgetable as the sight which caused it, the word "sight" being here used in its vernacular se for Penrod, standing unmautled and revealed in all the medieval and artistic glory of the janitor's blue overalls, falls within its meaning.

The fanitor was a heavy man, and his overalls upon Penrud were merely and vast saggings, and the left leg, noticed it casually and a little drowsitoo hastily rolled up, had descended with a distinctively elephantine effect, as Margaret had observed. Certainly the Child Sir Lancelot was at least a lit was a sigh of pure ennul.

It is probable that a great many is that hall must have had even then a consciousness that they were looking on at history in the making. A supreme act is recognizable at sight; it bears the birthmark of immortality. But Penrod, that marvelous boy, had begun to declaim, even with the gesture of flinging off his mantle for the accolade:

"I first, the Child Sir Lancelot du Lake Will volunteer to knighthood take, And kneeling here before your throne I vow to"

He finished his speech unheard. Th audience had recovered streath, but nad lost self control, and there ensued omething later described by a particl ant as a sort of cultured riot.

The actors in the "pageant" were not so dumfounded by Penrod's costume as might have been expected. A few precocious geniuses perceived that the overalls were the Child Lancelot's own omment on maternal intentions, and were profoundly impressed. they regarded him with the grists admiration of young and ambitious rinduals for a fall mate about to be distinguished by hanging. But most

case (a little strange, but startling) that Penrod's mother had dressed him ike that-which is pathetic. They ried to go on with the "pageant" They made a brief, manful effort.

ime Sir Lancelot dn Lake the Child mouth the great, she use fell into an appear and the children into confusion. Such and brave girls in the audience went out into the lobby, shricking and clinging to one another. Others remained, their seats, helpless and field and Margaret became tactfully hitherto unknown phase of Mrs. Lora Rewbush. They said afterward that she hardly seemed to know what she was doing. She hegged to be left alone somewhere with Penrod Schofield, for just a little while. They led her away.

CHAPTER IV.

HR sun was setting behind the back fence (though at a con-siderable distance) as Penrod Schofield approached that fence looked thoughtfully up at the top lly up at the tor of it, apparently having in mind some ourpose to climb up and sit there. De bating this, he passed his fingers gent-ly up and down the backs of his legs, and then something seemed to decide him not to sit anywhere. He leaned against the fence, sighed profoundly and gazed at Duke, his wistful dog. The sigh was reminiscent. Episodes

his inward eye. About the most painful was the vision of lovely Marjorie Jones, weeping with rage as the Child Sir Lancelot was dragged, insatiate, from the prostrate and howling Child Sir Galahad, after an ouslaught delivered the precise instant the curtain be-gan to fall upon the demoralized "pageant." And then-oh, pangs! oh, wo-manf-she slapped at the ruffian's cheek, as he was led past her by a resentful janitor, and turning, flung her

"Penrod Schofield, don't you dare ever speak to me again as long as you Maurice's little white boots and gold tassels had done their work. was consigned to a locked clothes closet pending the arrival of his father. Mr. Schofield came, and shortly after there was put into practice an old patriarchal custom. It is a custom patriarchal custom. It is a custom of inconceivable antiquity — probably primordial, certainly prehistoric, but still in vogue in some remaining citadels of the ancient simplicities of the

And now, therefore, in the dusk, Penrod leaned against the fence and

adult who could have survived a simi-ar experience. Looking back to the ust box, fancy pictures this comparable adult a serious and inventive writer engaged in congenial literary activities in a private retreat. We see this period marked by the creation of some of the most virile passages of a work dealing exclusively in red corpuscles and huge primal impulses. We see this thoughtful man dragged from his calm seclusion to a horrifying publicity; forced to adopt the stage and. himself a writer, compelled to exploit the repulse sentiments of an author conally distasteful to him. but whose whole method and school in belles-lettres he despises.

We see him reduced by desperation

and modesty to stealing a pair of overalls. We conceive him to have ruined, then, his own reputation and to have utterly disgraced his family; next, to have engaged in the duello and to have been spurned by his ladylove, thus lost to him (according to her own declaration) forever. Finally, we must behold imprisonment by the authorities, the third degree and flagellation. We conceive our man deciding that his career had been perhaps too eventful. Yet Penrod had condensed all of

shadowy perception of a recent full-ness of life, for, as he leaned against the fence gazing upon his wistful Duke, he sighed again and murmured

"Well, hasn't this been a day!" But in a little while a star came out, freshly lighted, from the highest part oceanic. The boy was at once swad-freshly lighted, from the highest part died and lost within their blue guifs of the sky, and Penrod, looking up,

Next day Penrod acquired a dime by simple and untique process which was without doubt sometimes practiced by the boys of Babylon. When the teacher of his class in Sunday school requested the weekly contribution Pen-rod, fumbling honestly (at first) in the wrong pockets, managed to look so emharrassed that the gentle lady told him not to mind and said she was often forgetful herself. She was so sweet about it that, looking into the future, Penrod began to feel confident of a small but regular income.

At the close of the afternoon serv ices he did not go home, but proceeded to squander the funds just with-held from China upon an orgy of the most pungently forbidden description. In a drug emporium near the church he purchased a five cent sack of candy onsisting for the most part of the eavily flavored hoofs of horned cattle, but undeniably substantial, and so generously capable of resisting solu-

avaricious beyond reason who did not ealize his money's worth. Equipped with this collation Penrod

seventh day by the legal but not the moral authorities. Here, in cozy dark-ness, he placidly insulted his liver with jawbreaker upon jawbreaker from the paper sack and in a surfeit of content watched the silent actors

One film made a lasting impres pon him. It depicted with relentless athos the drunkard's progress, beginning with his conversion to beer in the company of loose traveling men, pur suing him through an inexplicable lapse into evening clothes and the society of some remarkably painful ladies. Next, exhibiting the effects of alcohol on the victim's domestic disposition, the unfortunate man was seen in the act of striking his wife and, subsequently, his pleading baby daughter with an abnormally heavy walking stick. Their flight through the snow to seek the protection of a



equipped With This Collation Penrod Contributed His Remaining Nickel to

elative was shown and, finally, the unkard's picturesque behavior at the portals of a madhouse.

So fascinated was Penrod that he tooned his departure until this film round again, by which time he had finished his unnatural repast and nost but not quite, decided against llowing the profession of a drunkard

hen he grew up.

Emerging, satiated, from the theater,
public timepiece before a jeweler's shop confronted him with an unexpected dial and imminent perplexities How was he to explain at home thes hours of dalliance? There was steadfast rule that he return direct from Sunday school, and Sunday rules were important because on that day there was his father, always at home and at hand, perilously ready for ac-tion. One of the hardest conditions of boyhood is the almost continuous strain put upon the powers of invention by the constant and harassing necessity for explanations of every natural act. Proceeding homeward through the deepening twilight as rapidly as possible at a galt half skip and half canter, Penrod made up his mind in what manner he would account for his long delay and as he drew nearer rehearsed words the opening passage of his

"Now, see here," he determined to begin. "I do not wish to be blamed for things I couldn't help nor any other boy. I was going along the street by a cottage and a lady put her head out of the window and said her hus-band was drunk and whipping her and her little girl, and she asked me wouldn't I come in and help hold him. So I went in and tried to get hold of this drunken lady's husband where he was whipping their baby daughter, but he wouldn't pay any attention, and I told her I ought to be getting home, but she kep' on askin' me to stay"—

At this point he reached the corner of his own yard, where a coincidence not only checked the rehearsal of his eloquence but happily obviated all ocdrew up in front of the gate, and there descended a troubled lady in black and a fragile little girl about three. Mrs. Schofield rushed from the house and enfolded both in hospitable arms. They were Penrod's Aunt Clara and

ousin, also Clara, from Dayton, Ill. and in the flurry of their arrival everybody forgot to put Penrod to the ques tion. It is doubtful, however, if he felt any relief; there may have been even a slight, unconscious disappointment, not altogether dissimilar to that of an actor deprived of a good part.

In the course of some really necessi ry preparations for dinner he stepped white bedchamber of his sister and addressed her rather thickly through a

"When'd mamma find out Aunt Clara and Cousin Clara were coming?" "Not till she saw them from the window. She just happened to look out as they drove up. Aunt Clara telegraphed this morning, but it wasn't delivered."

"How long they goin' to stay?" "I don't know." Penrod ceased to rub his shining face and thoughtfully tossed the towel through the hathroom door. "Uncie

John won't try to make 'em co nome, I guess, will he?" (Uncle John was Aunt Clara's husband, a success ful manufacturer of stoves, and his lifelong regret was that he had not entered the Bantist ministry, "He'll let em stay here quietly, won't he?" What are you talking about?" de-

Margaret, turning from her "Uncie John sent them here. Vhy shouldn't be let them stay?"
Penrod looked crestfallen. "Then be sn't taken to drink?"

"Certainly not!" She emphasized the denial with a pretty peal of suprano

"Then why," asked her produc-cloomily, "why did Aunt Clara look so worried when she got bere?" "Good gracious! Don't people worry about anything except somebody's drinking? Where did you get such an

"Well." he persisted, "you don't know it ain't that."

She laughed again, whole heartedly "Poor Uncle John! He won't even allow grape juice or ginger ale in his house. They came because they were afraid little Clara might catch the measies. She's very delicate, and there's such an epidemic of measies among the children over in Dayton the schools had to be closed. Uncle John got so worried that last night be ed about it, and this morning he ildn't stand it any longer and packed them off over here, though he thinks it's wicked to travel on Sunday. And Aunt Clara was worried when she got here because they'd forgotten to check her trunk, and it will have to be sent by express. Now, what in into your head that Uncle John had

"Oh, nothing!" He turned lifelessly away and went downstairs, a newborn hope dying in his bosom. Life seems so needlessly dull sometimes,

CHAPTER V.

EXT morning, when he had once more resumed the dread-ful burden of equivation, it seemed infinitely duller. And yet what pleasanter sight is there than a schoolroom well filled with ch of those sprouting years just before the teens? The casual visitor, gazing from the teacher's platform upon these busy little heads, needs only a blunted memory to experience the most agreeable and exhibarating senations. Still, for the greater part the children are unconscious of the happiess of their condition, for nothing is more pathetically true than that we "never know when we are well off."
The boys in a public school are less aware of their happy state than are the girls, and of all the boys in his room probably Penrod himself had the ast appreciation of his felicity.

He sat staring at an open page of a textbook, but not studying, not even reading, not even thinking. Not was ne lost in a reverie. His mind's eye was shut, as his physical eye might well have been, for the optic nerve flaccid with ennul, conveyed nothing whatever of the printed page upon which the orb of vision was partially focused. Penrod was doing so very unusual and rare, something almost never accomplished except by colored people or by a boy in school on a spring day—he was doing really nothing at all. He was merely a state of being. From the street a sound stole in

ring nature began to fill the vacuum called Penrod Schofield, for the sound was the spring song of a mouth organ coming down the sidewalk. The windows were intentionally shove the level of the eves of the seated pupils, but the nicture of the musician was plain to Penrod, painted for him by a quality in the runs and trills partaking of the oboe, of the callione and of cats in nguish-an excruciating sweetness obained only by the wallowing, wallopng yellow-pink palm of a hand whose pack was Kongo black and shiny. The nusic came down the street and passed beneath the window, accompanied the care free shuffling of a pair of old shoes scuffing syncopations on the cement sidewalk. It passed into the listance: became faint and blurred: was gone. Emotion stirred in Penrod a great and poignant desire, but (pernaps fortunately) no fairy god haps fortunately) no fairy godmother made her appearance. Otherwise Penrod would have gone down the street in a black skin, playing the mouth organ, and an unprepared colored youth would have found himself enjoying educational advantages for which he had no ambition whatever. Roused from perfect apathy, the boy

wearied to nausea by the perpetual vision of the neat tencher upon the platform, the backs of the heads of the pupils in front of him and the mo-notonous stretches of blackboard threateningly detaced by arithmetical formula and other insignia of torture. Above the blackboard the walls of the high room were of white plasterwhite with the qualified whiteness of old snow in a soft coal town. This dismal expanse was broken by four lithographic portraits, votive offerings of a thoughtful publisher. The por-traits were of good and great men. kind men, men who loved children. Their faces were noble and benevo ent. But the lithographs offered the only rest for the eyes of children fatigued by the everlasting sameness of the schoolroom. Long day after long day, interminable week in and interminable week out, vast month on vast month, the pupils sat with those four portraits beaming kindness down upon them. The faces became perman in the consciousness of the children herame an obsession. In and our of school the children were never tree The second second

east about the schoolroom an eye

The four faces baseing minds of children falling asleep. They hung upon the minds of children wakhung upon the minds of childre ing at night; they rose forebod morning; they became monstrous alive in the minds of children lying sick of fever. Never while the children of that schoolroom lived would they be able to forget one detail of the four lithographs. The hand of Long-fellow was fixed for them forever in his beard. And by a simple and un-conscious association of ideas Penrod Schofield was accumulating an aptipathy for the gentle Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, and for Over Wendell Holmes, and for John Green-leaf Whittier which would never permit him to peruse a work of one of those great New Englanders without a

feeling of personal resents His eyes fell slowly and inimical from the brow of Whittier to the braid of reddish hair belonging to Victorine Riordan, the little octoroon girl who sat directly in front of him. Victo

fine's back was as familiar to Penrod as the necktie of Oliver Wendell Holmes. So was her gayly colored plaid waist. He hated the waist as he hated Victorine herself without knowing why. Enforced com ship in large quantities and on an equa basis between the sexes appears to sterilize the affections, and schoolroom romances are few.

Victorine's hair was thick and the brickish glints in it were beautiful, but Penrod was very tired of it. A tiny knot of green ribbon finished off the braid and kept it from unraveling, and heneath the ribbon there was a final wisp of hair which was just tong enough to repose upon Penrod's desk when Victorine leaned back in her seat. It was there now. Thoughtfully he took the braid between thumb and forefinger and, without disturbing Victorine, dipped the end of it and the green ribbon into the inkwell of his desk. He brought hair and ribbon forth dripping purple ink and partially dried them on a blotter, though, a moment later, when Victorine leaned forward, they were still able to add a

from Penrod, watched the operation with protuberant eyes, fascinated. Inspired to imitation, he took a piece of chalk from his pocket and wrote "Rats" across the shoulder blades of the boy in front of him, then tooked across appealingly to Penrod for to-kens of congratulation. Penrod yawned.

Half the members of the class p through the ordeal of trial by m deeper in his seat, limply ab effort. His eves re but saw nothing. The routine of the arithmetic lesson reached his ears familiar, meaningless sounds, but he heard nothing, and yet, this time, be was profoundly occupied. He had drifted away from the painful land of facts, and floated now in a new sea of fancy which he had just discover

Maturity forgets the marvelous rea ness of a boy's day dreams, how end they glow, rosy and living, how one one the curtain cla between the dreamer and the world. That curtain is almost proof, too, and causes more the trouble among parents than is su

The nervous monotony of the schoolom inspires a sometimes unbearable longing for something astonishi happen, and as every boy's fundamental desire is to do something astonishing himself, so as to be the center of all human interest and awe, it was not ural that Penrod should discover fancy the delightful secret of self levi-tation. He found, in this curious sebe navigated as by a swin water, but with infinitely greater eas and with perfect comfort in In his mind he extended his are gracefully, at a level with his she ders, and delicately paddled the air with his hands, which at once caused him to be drawn up out of his seat at elevated gently to a position about a way between the floor and the cell where he came to an equilibricated; a sensation not the quisite because of the screams Miss Spence herself was amazeu a frightened, but he only smiled dev then, when she climbed upon a de to pull him down, he quietly padd self a little higher, leaving his to just out of her reach. Next he swa through a few slow somersaults u show his mastery of the new art, and with the shouting of the dumfounded scholars ringing in his ears, turned on housetops, while people in the street below him shricked, and a trolley car stopped dead in wonder. With almost no exertion he paddled

himself, many yards at a stroke, to the girls' private school where Marjerie Jones was a pupil-Marjorie Jones of the amber curls and the golden voice! Long before the "Pageant of the Table Round" she had offered Penrod a hundred proofs that she considered him wholly undesirable and ineligible. At the Friday afternoon dancing class she consistently incited and led the laughter at him whenever (To be Continued)

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PETRO patch says pursuit of re Russian adv Rizeh, thirty are reported valuables.

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