

those motion picture weekly reviews. But, believe me, that Dago cavalry has nothing on me!"

On he galloped, finding water for himself and his mount at many little streams. Every half hour or so he stopped for a short rest. For—to quote his range philosophy—he didn't believe in waiting till the horse was worn. He said that horses were cussed animals at best, and the only way to ride them was to give them a few minutes' rest before they had a chance to know that they were tired.

Once a narrow wedge of light shot from behind a heap of stones, and his mare plunged violently, switching her flat, docked tail, and looking nervously sideways to escape the glare of the light.

The cause of it, even as Tom was drawing a bead to shoot at the flash, was revealed a second later when a Bavarian infantryman, electric pocket lamp in his hand, stepped out and saluted. He had recognized the Uhlan uniform, and it did not even need Tom's snarling "Despatch rider!" to cause him to lower his rifle to the carry and step back again into the shade of the stones, switching off his lamp.

Occasionally, riding as hard as horse and leather would let him, he met long, ghostly lines of foot soldiers plodding stolidly through the star-flecked night, field kitchens on wheels, and motor caravans of the Imperial Service Corps.

But he was hardly noticed: just an officer of Uhlans, dashing into the night, like so many hundreds of others.

There were no trenches, no miles upon miles of barbed wires in those early war days to stop his progress, and he rode, rode!

Down a hill, sliding! Up a hill, bent over the mare's neck, pulling her up almost bodily, forcing her