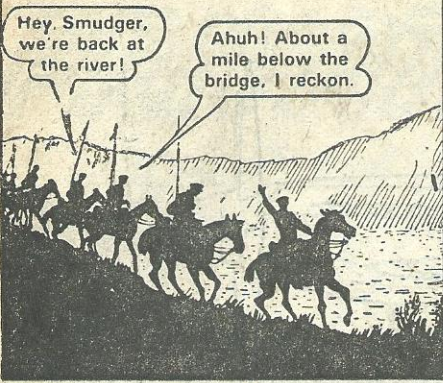


Lances against machine-guns!

Half an hour later—



Hey, Smudger, we're back at the river!

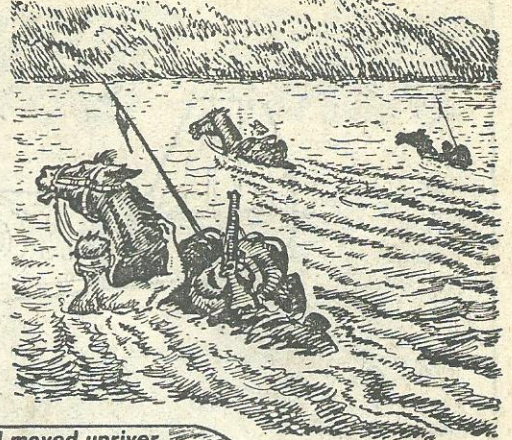
Ahuh! About a mile below the bridge, I reckon.



This time I'll lead the scout, Sarn't. Detail me two men.

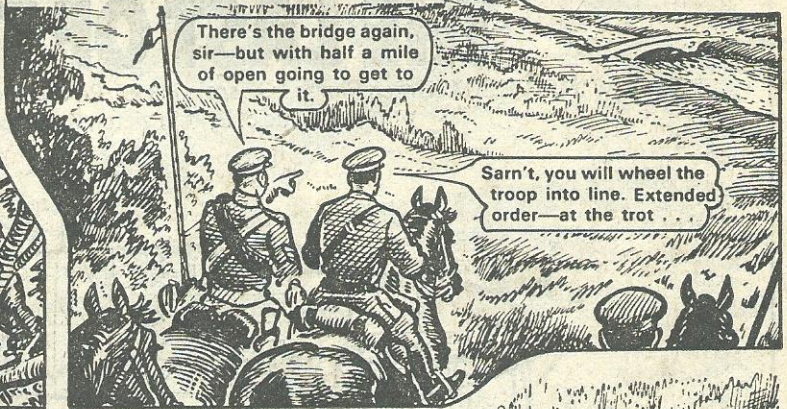
Yessir. Smith! Logan!

The scouts swam the Marne.



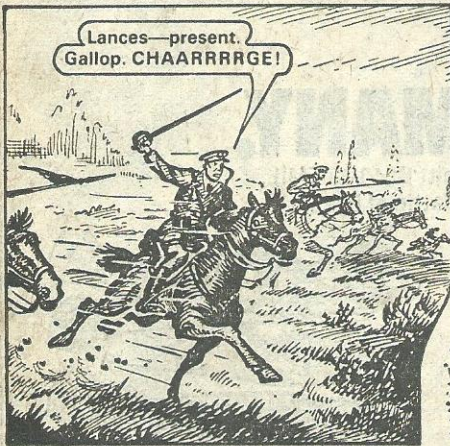
All clear. Call the troop across.

Bhutan Troop crossed and moved upriver.



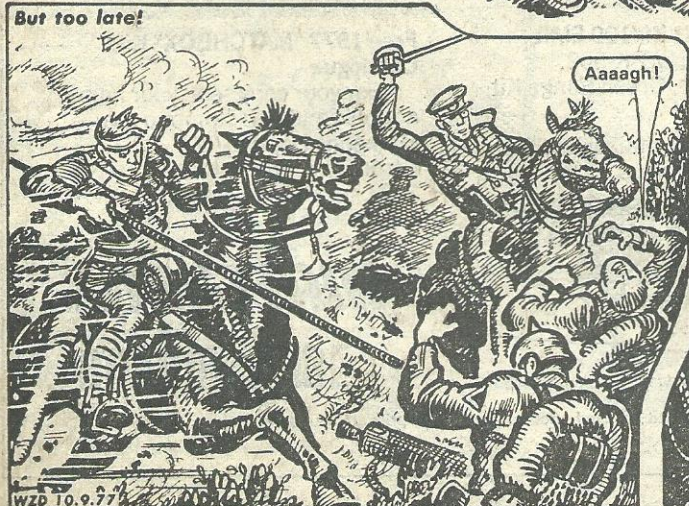
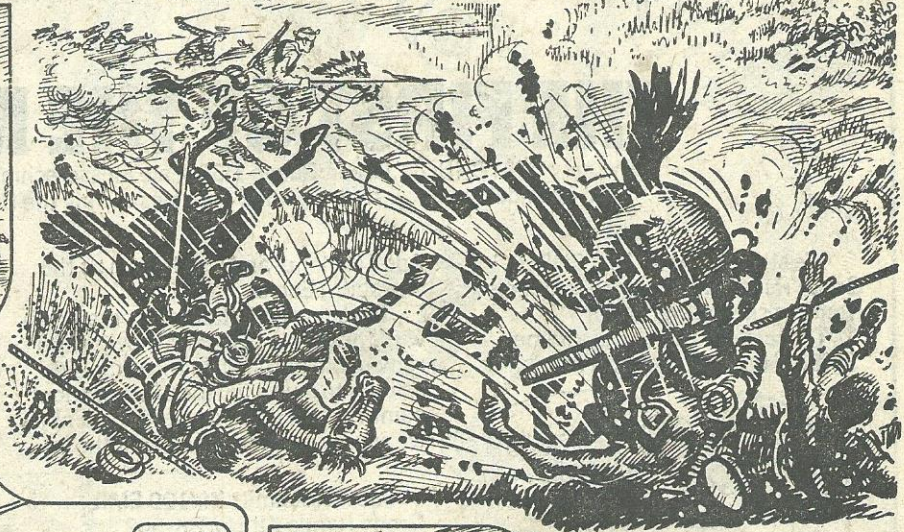
There's the bridge again, sir—but with half a mile of open going to get to it.

Sarn't, you will wheel the troop into line. Extended order—at the trot . . .



Lances—present. Gallop. CHAARRRGE!

The enemy machine-gunners awoke to their danger and swung their weapon . . .



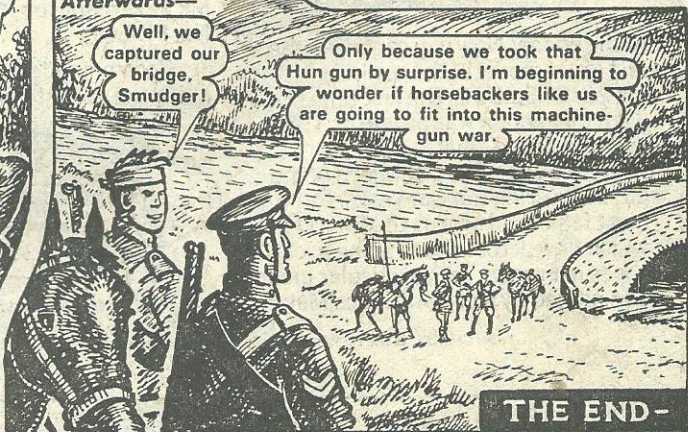
But too late!

Aaaagh!

Afterwards—

Well, we captured our bridge, Smudger!

Only because we took that Hun gun by surprise. I'm beginning to wonder if horsebackers like us are going to fit into this machine-gun war.



THE END—

"Warrior Breed" returns NEXT WEEK!