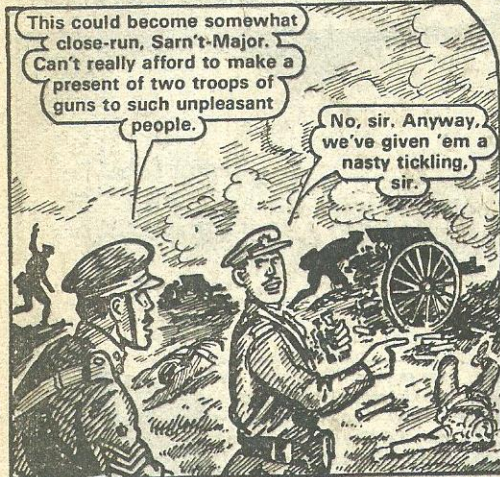
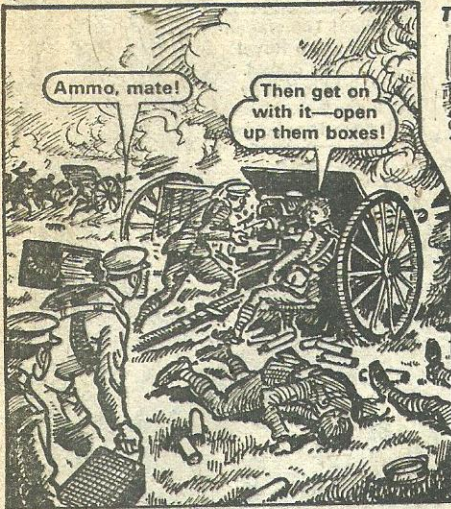
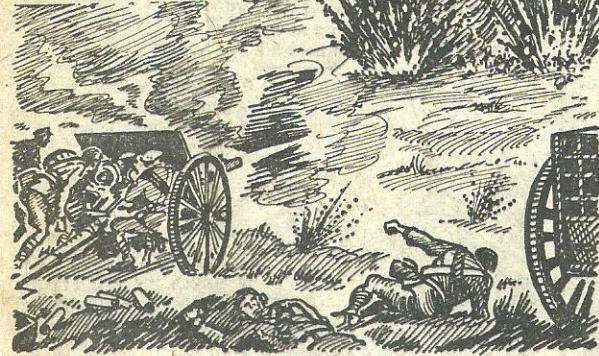


The Galloping Gunners!

The troop was firing point-blank.



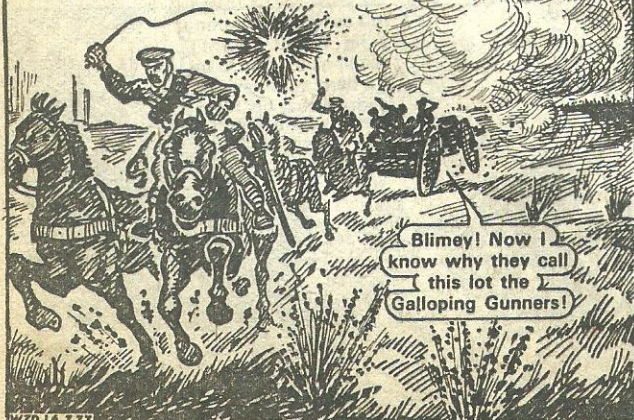
A last salvo exploded among the advancing enemy.



The drivers were ordered up from the wagon-lines.



The Lancer volunteers hitched a bumpy ride back to the wagon lines.



Stubbins mounted his patrol.



NEXT WEEK—Captured by the enemy!