



SYNOPSIS.

Humphrey Van Weyden, critic and dilettante, finds himself aboard the sealing schooner Ghost, Captain Wolf Larsen, bound to Japan waters. The captain makes him cabin boy for the good of the soul. Wolf has a seaman and makes it the basis for a philosophic discussion with Humphrey. Intimacy with Wolf increases the character of brutality bordering on the masochistic. Wolf proves himself a master brute. Humphrey has made out the ship and proves that it has no right to be in the zone of the seal. He learned "to stand on his own feet." Two men desert the vessel in "the small boat." A young woman and four men, survivors of a storm, are picked up from a small boat. The deserters are a scoundrel, but Wolf saves him and leaves him to drown. Maude Brewster, the woman who was with the small boat, is given him a bath and his foot bitten. She begins to realize her danger at the hands of Wolf. Van Weyden reflects that he loves Maude, Wolf's brother. Death Larsen, comes on the sealing grounds in the summer and "meddles" with the boys. The distant threat of a "boy" the sea, and Wolf captures him in a net. Wolf furnishes him with the seal. He attempts to kill him and fails. Wolf is suddenly stricken blind by the return of a blinding head trouble. With all hands drunk and asleep Van Weyden and Maude escape in a small boat together.

CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

I had had no sleep for forty-eight hours. I was wet and chilled to the marrow. I felt more dead than alive. My body was stiff from frost-bite as well as from cold. My aching muscles gave me no respite from torture whenever I used them, and I used them continually. And all the time we were being driven off into the northwest, directly away from Japan toward black Bering sea. Maude's condition was pitiable. She sat crouched in the bottom of the boat, her lips blue, her face gray and ghastly showing the pain she suffered. But ever her eyes looked bravely at me, and ever her lips uttered brave words.

The worst of the storm must have blown that night, though I never noticed it. I had succumbed and slept where I sat in the stern-sheets. The morning of the fourth day found the wind diminished to a gentle whisper, the sea dying down and the sun appearing upon us. Oh, the blessed sun! How we bated our poor bodies in its delicious warmth, reviving like bugs and crawling things after a storm. We smiled again, said anxious things and waved optimistic over our situation. Yet it was, if anything, worse than ever.

Came days of storm, days and nights of storm, when the ocean menaced us with its raging whitecaps, and the wind smote our struggling boat with a Titan's buffet. It was in such a storm, and the worst we had experienced, that what I saw could not at first believe. Days and nights of sleeplessness and anxiety had doubtless turned my head. I looked back at Maude, to identify myself, as it were, in time and space. Again turned my face to leeward, and again I saw the jutting promontory, black and high and naked, the raging surf that broke about its base and beat its front high up with spouting foam. The black and forbidding crag flung running toward the southeast and fringed with a tremendous arc of white.

"Maude," I said. "Maude."

She turned her head and beheld the sight.

"It cannot be Alaska!" she cried.

"Alas, no," I answered, and asked, "Can you swim?"

She shook her head.

"Neither can I," I said. "So we must get aboard without swimming in that opening between the rocks through which we can drive the boat and clamber out. But we must be quick—and sure."

I spoke with a confidence she knew I did not feel, for she looked at me with that unfaltering gaze of hers and said:

"I have not thanked you yet for all you have done for me, but—"

She hesitated, as if in doubt how best to word her gratitude.

"Well!" I said, brutally, for I was quite pleased with her thanking me.

"You might help me," she smiled.

"To acknowledge your obligations before you die? Not at all. We are not going to die. We shall get out of this island, and we shall be snug and sheltered before the day is done."

I spoke stoutly, but I did not believe a word. Nor was I prompted to lie through fear. I felt no fear, though I was sure of death in that boiling surge among the rocks which was rapidly growing nearer. It was impossible to claw off that shore. The wind would instantly capsize the boat; the sea would swamp it the moment it fell into the trough; and, besides, the sail, lashed to the spar, dragged in the sea ahead of us, as a sea-anchor.

Instinctively we drew closer together in the bottom of the boat. I felt her mottled hand come out and wait for me. Any touch, any word, would wait the end. We were not far from the line the wind made with the western edge of the promontory, and I watched in the hope that some bet of the current or sort of the tide would pass us past before we reached the surf.

"We shall go clear," I said, with a

confidence which I knew deceived neither of us.

"By God, we will go clear!" I cried, five minutes later.

The oath left my lips in my excitement—the first, I do believe, in my life, unless "trouble" be an expletive of my youth, he accounted an oath.

"I beg your pardon," I said.

"You have convinced me of your sincerity," she said, with a faint smile. "We do know, that we shall go clear."

I had seen a distant headland past the extreme edge of the promontory, and as we looked we could see grow the intervening coastline of what was evidently a deep cove. At the same time there broke upon our ears a continuous and mighty howling. It paroled of the magnitude and volume of the storm, and it came to us directly from leeward, rising above the crash of the surf and traveling directly in the teeth of the storm. As we passed the point the whole cove lay open before us. A wide, white sandy beach upon which broke a huge surf, and which was covered with myriads of seals. It was from them that the great howling went.

"A danger!" I cried. "Now are we indeed saved. There must be men and crabs to protect them from the seal-hunters. Possibly there is a station ashore."

But all I studied the surf which beat upon the beach, I said, "Still bad, but not so bad. And now, if the gods be truly kind, we shall drift by that next headland, and it will come to us a perfectly sheltered beach, where we may land without wetting our feet."

And the gods were kind. The first and second headlands were directly in line with the prevailing wind, but once around the second—and we went perilously near—we picked up the third headland, still in line with the wind and with the other two. But the cove that intervened, I perceived, set deep into the left, and the tide, setting in, drifted us under the shelter of the point. Here the sea was calm, save for a heavy but smooth groundswell, and the surf lay in the sea-anchor and began to row.

Here were no seals whatever. The boat's stem touched the hard shingle. I sprang out, extending my hand to Maude. The next moment she was beside me. As my fingers released her, she clutched for my arm hastily, as about to fall to the sand. This was the startling effect of the sea-anchor. We had been so long upon the moving, rocking sea that the stable land was a shock to us. We expected the beach to lift up this way and that, and the rocky walls to swing back and forth like the sides of a ship; and when we braced ourselves, automatically, for these various expected movements, their non-occurrence quite overcame our equilibrium.

"I really must sit down," Maude said, with a nervous laugh and a dizzy gesture, and forthwith she sat down on the sand.

I attempted to make the boat secure and joined her. Thus we landed on Endeavor Island, as we came to it, landlocked from long custom of the sea.

CHAPTER XXV.

I boiled the water, but it was Maude who made the coffee. And how good it was! My contribution was canned beef fried with crumbled sea biscuits and water. The breakfast was a success, and we sat about the fire much longer than enterprising explorers should have done, sipping the hot black coffee and talking over our situation.

I was confident that we should find a station in some one of the coves, for I knew that the rookeries of Bering sea were there guarded; but Maude advanced the theory—to prepare me for disappointment, I do believe, if disappointment were to come—that we had discovered an unknown rookery. She was in very good luck, however, and made quite merry in accepting our plight as a grave one.

"If you are right," I said, "then we must prepare to winter here. Our food will not last but there are seals. They go away in the fall, so I must soon begin to lay in a supply of meat. There will be huts to build and driftwood to gather. Also, we shall try our seal fat for various purposes. Altogether, we'll have our hands full if we find the island is uninhabited. Which we shall not, I know."

But she was right. We sailed with a beam wind along the shore, searching the coves with our glasses and landing occasionally without finding a sign of human life. There were no beaches, no huts, no signs of life.

Early afternoon we rounded the black promontory and completed the circumnavigation of the island. I estimated the distance in ten hundred miles, its width varying from two to five miles; while my most conservative calculation placed on its beaches two hundred thousand seals.

It was in very good luck that Endeavor Island merits. Damp and soggy where it was not sharp and rocky, buffeted by storm winds and lashed

by the sea, with the air continually streaming with the howling of two hundred thousand amphibians, it was a melancholy and miserable sojourning place. Maude, who had prepared for disappointment, and who had been sprightly and vivacious all day, broke down as we landed in our own little cove. She strove bravely to hide it from me, but while I was kissing another first I knew she was stifling her sobs in the blankets under the sail.

It was my turn to be cheerful, and I played the part to the best of my ability, and with such success that I brought the laughter back into her dear eyes and song on her lips; for she sang to me before she went to an early bed. It was the first time I had heard her sing, and I lay by the fire, listening and transported, for she was nothing if not an artist in everything she did, and her voice, though not strong, was wonderfully sweet and expressive.

I slept in the boat, and I lay awake long that night, gazing up at the first stars I had seen in many nights and pondering the situation. Responsibility of this sort was a new thing to me. Wolf Larsen had been quite right. I had stood on my father's legs. My lawyers and agents had taken care of my money for me. I had had no responsibility at all. Then, on the Ghost I had learned to be responsible for myself. And now, for the first time in my life, I found myself responsible for someone else. And was required of me that this should be the gravest of responsibilities, for she was the one woman in the world—the one small woman, as I loved to think of her.

No more, we called it Endeavor Island. For two weeks we toiled at building a hut, Maude insisted on helping, and I could have wept over her bruised and bleeding hands. And she was proud of her because of it. There was something heroic about this gently bred woman enduring our terrible hardship and with her pitiful labors.

And all I studied the surf which beat upon the beach, I said, "Still bad, but not so bad. And now, if the gods be truly kind, we shall drift by that next headland, and it will come to us a perfectly sheltered beach, where we may land without wetting our feet."

And the gods were kind. The first and second headlands were directly in line with the prevailing wind, but once around the second—and we went perilously near—we picked up the third headland, still in line with the wind and with the other two. But the cove that intervened, I perceived, set deep into the left, and the tide, setting in, drifted us under the shelter of the point. Here the sea was calm, save for a heavy but smooth groundswell, and the surf lay in the sea-anchor and began to row.

Here were no seals whatever. The boat's stem touched the hard shingle. I sprang out, extending my hand to Maude. The next moment she was beside me. As my fingers released her, she clutched for my arm hastily, as about to fall to the sand. This was the startling effect of the sea-anchor. We had been so long upon the moving, rocking sea that the stable land was a shock to us. We expected the beach to lift up this way and that, and the rocky walls to swing back and forth like the sides of a ship; and when we braced ourselves, automatically, for these various expected movements, their non-occurrence quite overcame our equilibrium.

"I really must sit down," Maude said, with a nervous laugh and a dizzy gesture, and forthwith she sat down on the sand.

I attempted to make the boat secure and joined her. Thus we landed on Endeavor Island, as we came to it, landlocked from long custom of the sea.

CHAPTER XXV.

I boiled the water, but it was Maude who made the coffee. And how good it was! My contribution was canned beef fried with crumbled sea biscuits and water. The breakfast was a success, and we sat about the fire much longer than enterprising explorers should have done, sipping the hot black coffee and talking over our situation.

I was confident that we should find a station in some one of the coves, for I knew that the rookeries of Bering sea were there guarded; but Maude advanced the theory—to prepare me for disappointment, I do believe, if disappointment were to come—that we had discovered an unknown rookery. She was in very good luck, however, and made quite merry in accepting our plight as a grave one.

"If you are right," I said, "then we must prepare to winter here. Our food will not last but there are seals. They go away in the fall, so I must soon begin to lay in a supply of meat. There will be huts to build and driftwood to gather. Also, we shall try our seal fat for various purposes. Altogether, we'll have our hands full if we find the island is uninhabited. Which we shall not, I know."

But she was right. We sailed with a beam wind along the shore, searching the coves with our glasses and landing occasionally without finding a sign of human life. There were no beaches, no huts, no signs of life.

Early afternoon we rounded the black promontory and completed the circumnavigation of the island. I estimated the distance in ten hundred miles, its width varying from two to five miles; while my most conservative calculation placed on its beaches two hundred thousand seals.

It was in very good luck that Endeavor Island merits. Damp and soggy where it was not sharp and rocky, buffeted by storm winds and lashed

by the sea, with the air continually streaming with the howling of two hundred thousand amphibians, it was a melancholy and miserable sojourning place. Maude, who had prepared for disappointment, and who had been sprightly and vivacious all day, broke down as we landed in our own little cove. She strove bravely to hide it from me, but while I was kissing another first I knew she was stifling her sobs in the blankets under the sail.

It was my turn to be cheerful, and I played the part to the best of my ability, and with such success that I brought the laughter back into her dear eyes and song on her lips; for she sang to me before she went to an early bed. It was the first time I had heard her sing, and I lay by the fire, listening and transported, for she was nothing if not an artist in everything she did, and her voice, though not strong, was wonderfully sweet and expressive.

I slept in the boat, and I lay awake long that night, gazing up at the first stars I had seen in many nights and pondering the situation. Responsibility of this sort was a new thing to me. Wolf Larsen had been quite right. I had stood on my father's legs. My lawyers and agents had taken care of my money for me. I had had no responsibility at all. Then, on the Ghost I had learned to be responsible for myself. And now, for the first time in my life, I found myself responsible for someone else. And was required of me that this should be the gravest of responsibilities, for she was the one woman in the world—the one small woman, as I loved to think of her.

No more, we called it Endeavor Island. For two weeks we toiled at building a hut, Maude insisted on helping, and I could have wept over her bruised and bleeding hands. And she was proud of her because of it. There was something heroic about this gently bred woman enduring our terrible hardship and with her pitiful labors.

And all I studied the surf which beat upon the beach, I said, "Still bad, but not so bad. And now, if the gods be truly kind, we shall drift by that next headland, and it will come to us a perfectly sheltered beach, where we may land without wetting our feet."

And the gods were kind. The first and second headlands were directly in line with the prevailing wind, but once around the second—and we went perilously near—we picked up the third headland, still in line with the wind and with the other two. But the cove that intervened, I perceived, set deep into the left, and the tide, setting in, drifted us under the shelter of the point. Here the sea was calm, save for a heavy but smooth groundswell, and the surf lay in the sea-anchor and began to row.

Here were no seals whatever. The boat's stem touched the hard shingle. I sprang out, extending my hand to Maude. The next moment she was beside me. As my fingers released her, she clutched for my arm hastily, as about to fall to the sand. This was the startling effect of the sea-anchor. We had been so long upon the moving, rocking sea that the stable land was a shock to us. We expected the beach to lift up this way and that, and the rocky walls to swing back and forth like the sides of a ship; and when we braced ourselves, automatically, for these various expected movements, their non-occurrence quite overcame our equilibrium.

"I really must sit down," Maude said, with a nervous laugh and a dizzy gesture, and forthwith she sat down on the sand.

I attempted to make the boat secure and joined her. Thus we landed on Endeavor Island, as we came to it, landlocked from long custom of the sea.

CHAPTER XXV.

I boiled the water, but it was Maude who made the coffee. And how good it was! My contribution was canned beef fried with crumbled sea biscuits and water. The breakfast was a success, and we sat about the fire much longer than enterprising explorers should have done, sipping the hot black coffee and talking over our situation.

I was confident that we should find a station in some one of the coves, for I knew that the rookeries of Bering sea were there guarded; but Maude advanced the theory—to prepare me for disappointment, I do believe, if disappointment were to come—that we had discovered an unknown rookery. She was in very good luck, however, and made quite merry in accepting our plight as a grave one.

"If you are right," I said, "then we must prepare to winter here. Our food will not last but there are seals. They go away in the fall, so I must soon begin to lay in a supply of meat. There will be huts to build and driftwood to gather. Also, we shall try our seal fat for various purposes. Altogether, we'll have our hands full if we find the island is uninhabited. Which we shall not, I know."

But she was right. We sailed with a beam wind along the shore, searching the coves with our glasses and landing occasionally without finding a sign of human life. There were no beaches, no huts, no signs of life.

Early afternoon we rounded the black promontory and completed the circumnavigation of the island. I estimated the distance in ten hundred miles, its width varying from two to five miles; while my most conservative calculation placed on its beaches two hundred thousand seals.

It was in very good luck that Endeavor Island merits. Damp and soggy where it was not sharp and rocky, buffeted by storm winds and lashed

by the sea, with the air continually streaming with the howling of two hundred thousand amphibians, it was a melancholy and miserable sojourning place. Maude, who had prepared for disappointment, and who had been sprightly and vivacious all day, broke down as we landed in our own little cove. She strove bravely to hide it from me, but while I was kissing another first I knew she was stifling her sobs in the blankets under the sail.

It was my turn to be cheerful, and I played the part to the best of my ability, and with such success that I brought the laughter back into her dear eyes and song on her lips; for she sang to me before she went to an early bed. It was the first time I had heard her sing, and I lay by the fire, listening and transported, for she was nothing if not an artist in everything she did, and her voice, though not strong, was wonderfully sweet and expressive.

I slept in the boat, and I lay awake long that night, gazing up at the first stars I had seen in many nights and pondering the situation. Responsibility of this sort was a new thing to me. Wolf Larsen had been quite right. I had stood on my father's legs. My lawyers and agents had taken care of my money for me. I had had no responsibility at all. Then, on the Ghost I had learned to be responsible for myself. And now, for the first time in my life, I found myself responsible for someone else. And was required of me that this should be the gravest of responsibilities, for she was the one woman in the world—the one small woman, as I loved to think of her.

No more, we called it Endeavor Island. For two weeks we toiled at building a hut, Maude insisted on helping, and I could have wept over her bruised and bleeding hands. And she was proud of her because of it. There was something heroic about this gently bred woman enduring our terrible hardship and with her pitiful labors.

And all I studied the surf which beat upon the beach, I said, "Still bad, but not so bad. And now, if the gods be truly kind, we shall drift by that next headland, and it will come to us a perfectly sheltered beach, where we may land without wetting our feet."

And the gods were kind. The first and second headlands were directly in line with the prevailing wind, but once around the second—and we went perilously near—we picked up the third headland, still in line with the wind and with the other two. But the cove that intervened, I perceived, set deep into the left, and the tide, setting in, drifted us under the shelter of the point. Here the sea was calm, save for a heavy but smooth groundswell, and the surf lay in the sea-anchor and began to row.

Here were no seals whatever. The boat's stem touched the hard shingle. I sprang out, extending my hand to Maude. The next moment she was beside me. As my fingers released her, she clutched for my arm hastily, as about to fall to the sand. This was the startling effect of the sea-anchor. We had been so long upon the moving, rocking sea that the stable land was a shock to us. We expected the beach to lift up this way and that, and the rocky walls to swing back and forth like the sides of a ship; and when we braced ourselves, automatically, for these various expected movements, their non-occurrence quite overcame our equilibrium.

"I really must sit down," Maude said, with a nervous laugh and a dizzy gesture, and forthwith she sat down on the sand.

I attempted to make the boat secure and joined her. Thus we landed on Endeavor Island, as we came to it, landlocked from long custom of the sea.

says that paths are left between the harem, and that as long as the hol-luschucke kept strictly to the path they are unmolested by the masters of the harem.

"There's one now," I said, pointing to a young bull in the water. "Let's watch him, and follow him if he hauls out."

He swam directly to the beach and clambered out into a small opening between two harem, the masters of which made warning noises but did not attack him. We watched him travel slowly toward, threatening about among the harem, about what must have been the path.

A quarter of a mile inland we came upon the hol-luschucke—flock young bulls, living out the loneliness of the harem, and gathering strength against the day when they would fight their way into the ranks of the benefactors.

Everything now went smoothly. I seemed to know just what to do and how to do it. Shouting, making threatening gestures with my club, and even prodding the lazy ones, I quickly cut out a score of the young bullchuckers from the harem. Whenever one made an attempt to break back toward the water, I headed it off. Maude took an active part in the drive, and with her cries and beatings of the harem our work was considerably assisted. I noticed, though, that whenever one looked tired and lagged, so let it slip past. But I noticed, also, whenever one with a show of fight of the harem, that her eyes glinted and showed bright, and she rapped it smartly with her club.

"My, it's exciting!" she cried, pausing for their sheer weakness. "I think I'll sit down."

I drove the little herd (a dozen strong, now, what of the escapes she had permitted) a hundred yards farther on; and by the time she paused I had found the water and was beginning to skin. An hour later we went proudly back along the path between the harem. And twice again we came down the path burdened with skins. The world of books and bookish folk is very vague, more like a dream memory than an actuality. I surely have hunted and forayed and fought all the time of my life, and you too, seem a part of it. You are—"I was on the verge of saying, 'my woman, my mate,' but glibly changed it to—'standing the hardship well.'"

Her ear had caught the flaw. She recognized a flight that mistook broke. She gave me a quick look.

"Not that. You were saying—" "That the American man, Maude, was a lot of a savage and living it quite successfully," I said easily.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

RELICS OF ROMAN LONDON

Interesting Discoveries Made When For Any Purpose the Soil Is Dug Into at Some Depth.

Roman London lies buried about sixteen feet below the level of Chertsey. In nearly all parts of the city there have been discovered the remains of Roman life. Roman tombs, lamps, vases, sandals, keys, ornaments, weapons, coins and statues of the Roman gods.

When, a little over a century ago, deep sections were made for the sewers in Lombard street, the lowest stratum was found to consist of tessellated pavements. Many colored tiles were found, and scattered about, and above this stratum was a thick layer of wood shavings, suggesting the debris of charred wooden buildings.

While building the Exchange works came upon a gravelly soil of oyster shells, bones of cattle, old sandals and shattered pottery. Two pavements were dug up under the French church in Threadneedle street, and other pavements have been cut through in several parts of the city. The soil seems to have risen over a foot a century. Still further the searchers dig to find the third London, the earliest London of the Britons.

Kitten Saves Girl's Life.

Out in California a little saved a little twelve-year-old girl from probable death. The girl and the kitten went for a walk. After a short time the kitten returned alone and kept walking up and down in front of the girl's mother crying piteously. It was trying to attract the attention of the mother, and every time it thought it succeeded it would walk off and not seeing the mother follow, would return and cry all the harder.

Finally the mother noticed the performance and decided to follow the little creature the next time it repeated the affair, as she thought it strange it should act so.

The kitten led the way to the end of a recreation pier, where the child was found hanging head downward from a large spike in a pile. She had fallen from the pier and her clothing had caught on the spike.

Her mother immediately rescued her, but she was barely conscious. Had she remained in that position five minutes longer she would have been dead.—Our Dumb Animals.

The South has approximately 240,000 acres of undeveloped land.

Vom Schauplatz des europäischen Völkerrkrieges.

Zeit der Einnahme von Sancerre durch die Deutschen im Juni 1918.

Der jenseitige General-Liebesbrief bedarf nicht, nicht vorzulegen. Während der französischen Generalität nämlich bisher hartnäckig geweigert hat, auch nur die geringsten Zugeständnisse zu machen, ist er jetzt dem Galle von Sancerre zu folgen bereit. Sein Zug ist jetzt der Eroberung Sancerres, der gegen, an dem der französische Reichstag die letzten gemachten Fortschritte der Deutschen gegeben hätte, ohne dazu durch vorhergehende Verträge des deutschen Generalstabs gezwungen worden zu sein. Einmalig ließ sich diese bedauerliche Zeitlichkeit dadurch erklären, daß die Generale der österreichisch-ungarischen Armee eine große Entschlossenheit gezeigt und die für die Verträge weiterer Verhandlungen, wie z. B. die Räumung von Sancerre, und der ganzen französischen Stellung nördlich von der Linie Sancerre-Genes-Challant.

Diese Linie in deutschen Händen würde eine Angriffsfront von rund 10 Kilometern darstellen, gegen deren Widerstand die größten französischen Einheiten nicht zu überwinden vermögen würden. War doch selbst die letzte Front zu hart, um am Vorstoß nach Süden aufgehalten werden zu können. Jeder ist von dem früheren Reich der französischen Front, der sich mit Sancerre als Spitze in die deutschen Linien stützte, nicht mehr übrig geblieben. Durch den Fall von Sancerre, Sancerre und die südlich davon gelegenen Stellungen in der Hand, nicht nur seiner gefährlichen Spitze beraubt, sondern demnach eingedrückt worden, daß der nördliche Teil der alten Stellung, der bei Verdreumont zu finden ist, in der größten Gefahr steht, abgegriffen zu werden. Einmal in Sancerre, ist der Berglande der Befehrs des Reichs verfallen, es verbleibt nur noch den deutschen Batterien, die in unmittelbarer Nähe, wenn dies bisher aus größerer Entfernung nicht möglich ist.

Unter diesen Verhältnissen ist das langsame aber unaufhörliche Vorrücken der deutschen Kriegsmaschine gegen die belgische Front, eine wirksame und große Gefahr für die französische Stellung, und jeder Schritt vorwärts bringt diese Gefahr. Dies erklärt auch den bedauerlichen Widerstand der Franzosen, das hartnäckige Anhalten an das alte Defensivsystem, der Stellung in Verdreumont, die der Wäldchen den Weg nach Süden verlegen soll.

Und doch sind alle Bemühungen vergebens. Alle Synchronisierungen bedingen aber tiefere Bewegungen nach Süden, und für die Franzosen gibt es kein Entkommen. Wenn je noch Zweifel über das Schicksal der belgischen Fronten, die demnach der letzten Woche haben je endgültig befestigt, weil sie bemerken haben, daß die selbst allerhöchsten Anstrengungen der Franzosen, die Deutschen aufzuhalten, vergebens gewesen sind, und weil die letzten Tage gezeigt haben, daß die Wäldchen des Defensivsystems nicht mehr zu halten sind, als sie es früher schon war.

Von Wichtigkeit ist in dieser Beziehung die von Berlin gemachte Feststellung, daß sich der westliche Teil der letzten Front, die gegen die allernächsten Anforderungen der Franzosen, die Deutschen aufzuhalten, vergebens gewesen sind, und weil die letzten Tage gezeigt haben, daß die Wäldchen des Defensivsystems nicht mehr zu halten sind, als sie es früher schon war.

Von Wichtigkeit ist in dieser Beziehung die von Berlin gemachte Feststellung, daß sich der westliche Teil der letzten Front, die gegen die allernächsten Anforderungen der Franzosen, die Deutschen aufzuhalten, vergebens gewesen sind, und weil die letzten Tage gezeigt haben, daß die Wäldchen des Defensivsystems nicht mehr zu halten sind, als sie es früher schon war.

Von Wichtigkeit ist in dieser Beziehung die von Berlin gemachte Feststellung, daß sich der westliche Teil der letzten Front, die gegen die allernächsten Anforderungen der Franzosen, die Deutschen aufzuhalten, vergebens gewesen sind, und weil die letzten Tage gezeigt haben, daß die Wäldchen des Defensivsystems nicht mehr zu halten sind, als sie es früher schon war.

Von Wichtigkeit ist in dieser Beziehung die von Berlin gemachte Feststellung, daß sich der westliche Teil der letzten Front, die gegen die allernächsten Anforderungen der Franzosen, die Deutschen aufzuhalten, vergebens gewesen sind, und weil die letzten Tage gezeigt haben, daß die Wäldchen des Defensivsystems nicht mehr zu halten sind, als sie es früher schon war.

Von Wichtigkeit ist in dieser Beziehung die von Berlin gemachte Feststellung, daß sich der westliche Teil der letzten Front, die gegen die allernächsten Anforderungen der Franzosen, die Deutschen aufzuhalten, vergebens gewesen sind, und weil die letzten Tage gezeigt haben, daß die Wäldchen des Defensivsystems nicht mehr zu halten sind, als sie es früher schon war.

Von Wichtigkeit ist in dieser Beziehung die von Berlin gemachte Feststellung, daß sich der westliche Teil der letzten Front, die gegen die allernächsten Anforderungen der Franzosen, die Deutschen aufzuhalten, vergebens gewesen sind, und weil die letzten Tage gezeigt haben, daß die Wäldchen des Defensivsystems nicht mehr zu halten sind, als sie es früher schon war.

Von Wichtigkeit ist in dieser Beziehung die von Berlin gemachte Feststellung, daß sich der westliche Teil der letzten Front, die gegen die allernächsten Anforderungen der Franzosen, die Deutschen aufzuhalten, vergebens gewesen sind, und weil die letzten Tage gezeigt haben, daß die Wäldchen des Defensivsystems nicht mehr zu halten sind, als sie es früher schon war.

Von Wichtigkeit ist in dieser Beziehung die von Berlin gemachte Feststellung, daß sich der westliche Teil der letzten Front, die gegen die allernächsten Anforderungen der Franzosen, die Deutschen aufzuhalten, vergebens gewesen sind, und weil die letzten Tage gezeigt haben, daß die Wäldchen des Defensivsystems nicht mehr zu halten sind, als sie es früher schon war.

Von Wichtigkeit ist in dieser Beziehung die von Berlin gemachte Feststellung, daß sich der westliche Teil der letzten Front, die gegen die allernächsten Anforderungen der Franzosen, die Deutschen aufzuhalten, vergebens gewesen sind, und weil die letzten Tage gezeigt haben, daß die Wäldchen des Defensivsystems nicht mehr zu halten sind, als sie es früher schon war.

Von Wichtigkeit ist in dieser Beziehung die von Berlin gemachte Feststellung, daß sich der westliche Teil der letzten Front, die gegen die allernächsten Anforderungen der Franzosen, die Deutschen aufzuhalten, vergebens gewesen sind, und weil die letzten Tage gezeigt haben, daß die Wäldchen des Defensivsystems nicht mehr zu halten sind, als sie es früher schon war.

Von Wichtigkeit ist in dieser Beziehung die von Berlin gemachte Feststellung, daß sich der westliche Teil der letzten Front, die gegen die allernächsten Anforderungen der Franzosen, die Deutschen aufzuhalten, vergebens gewesen sind, und weil die letzten Tage gezeigt haben, daß die Wäldchen des Defensivsystems nicht mehr zu halten sind, als sie es früher schon war.

Von Wichtigkeit