STORY OF HEROIC SUZANNE SILVERCRUYS, BELGIAN GIRL
Her Graphic Description of the Hun Invasion, His Brutality and Insolence

By Col. E. I. Peabody

[Photograph of Suzanne Silvercrusy]

The hero of this story is a woman. There are many. They are few in number. There are many who have given their lives in the cause of the Allied nations. And there are many who, like those of the war, are without our ken. Their sacrifices are not known to the world. Our story is one of them. Her story is a story of sacrifice and of courage. She is the daughter of a Belgian farmer, and was born in the town of Arc. She was eight years old when the war began. She is now 20.

Her father was a farmer of moderate means. He had a large family. Two of her brothers were in the Army. One was killed in the fighting. The other was wounded and returned home. Her mother died when she was a child. She was left with her father and her brothers. She helped her father in the farm work. She also worked in the fields. She was a good worker. She was a good student. She was a good girl.

When the war began, she was in school. She was sent to a convent school. She was happy. She was content. She was proud. She was proud of her country. She was proud of her mother. She was proud of her father. She was proud of her brothers. She was proud of her friends. She was proud of her country. She was proud of her mother. She was proud of her father. She was proud of her brothers. She was proud of her friends. She was proud of her country.

When the war began, she was in school. She was sent to a convent school. She was happy. She was content. She was proud. She was proud of her country. She was proud of her mother. She was proud of her father. She was proud of her brothers. She was proud of her friends. She was proud of her country. She was proud of her mother. She was proud of her father. She was proud of her brothers. She was proud of her friends. She was proud of her country.

When the war began, she was in school. She was sent to a convent school. She was happy. She was content. She was proud. She was proud of her country. She was proud of her mother. She was proud of her father. She was proud of her brothers. She was proud of her friends. She was proud of her country.

When the war began, she was in school. She was sent to a convent school. She was happy. She was content. She was proud. She was proud of her country. She was proud of her mother. She was proud of her father. She was proud of her brothers. She was proud of her friends. She was proud of her country.