

in his arms, he had felt the chill clutch of fear, and then, as the boy had known, he opened his eyes, and, smiling wistfully, snuggled closer.

How thankful they had been when the boy began to display his old, impatient, domineering spirit! Both mother and father had laughed immoderately when the boy first grumbled about his food. It was the infallible sign of convalescence.

The low murmur of voices broke across his reverie. Mother and the boy were talking to each other. A sudden impulse to share their confidences seized him. He accused himself now of lack of fatherly interest. He arose from the chair and was

walking across the room when he heard the sound of footsteps on the path leading to the house. A knock at the door. . . . He switched on the porch light. There was a lady standing outside—a stranger.

He opened the door and looked enquiringly at the visitor. She broke the news rather ungently:

"Your boy threw a stone through my dining-room window this afternoon and smashed several pieces of my china tea set. It was a gift and I valued it very highly. Really, I—"

"One moment, madam," said the father, quietly, but his next words sounded like pistol shots: "*Andrew, come here!*" —T. W.

The Book World

"THREE TIMES AND OUT"

"**T**OLD by Private Simmons, written by Nellie McClung," a Canadian Soldier "Boy's" book—and a book likely to lure young folk as well as men and women—is one of the most graphic stories yet published of prison and other experiences in Germany.

Because of their two attempts at escape, Private Simmons and his companions underwent treatment the record of which at times suggests that they were in an earthly purgatory run by Huns of Hades. So realistically are the experiences related that not only will the interrupted reader be impatient to learn more, but after perusal of the book he will, if possessed with any imagination, find himself picturing the prisoners in their narrow escapes from discovery during the day, and in their nightly adventures by hill

and dale and river—as they take farmers' field gates as rafts for their clothes in crossing rivers, and occasionally get milk "straight from the cow" in the fields.

In these days, when a dominant idea in the minds of many is that it would not be right to let Germany and the German people escape some form of atonement for their unspeakable crimes, it is gratifying to get evidence at first hand that even in that commonsense-forsaken land there are still some men who, while under the heel of brutal militarism, exercised humanitarian feelings, and were ready to "do good by stealth" even at the risk of "blushing to find it" not "fame," but infamy in the eyes of their autocratic superiors.

Private Simmons tells of a conversation he had with one German