

*Knights Who Fought the Dragon*

"Some of them there are doing that now," said Ray. "Such emaciated, famished-looking creatures!"

"Haven't they any meat, Douglas?" asked Mrs. Gilmour.

"It takes more than we have to supply between two and three thousand people once a day. They are killing the large dogs for them now."

"Ugh!" said Duke, with a gesture of horror.

"You needn't pity them for that, Duke," said Douglas. "The Chinese consider the ham of a dog a great delicacy. The only trouble is we have so few."

Beauty stood up on his hind legs beside his master, and Paul fed him, looking perturbed.

"We have been having a holiday in our sewing to-day, Elsie," said Mrs. Gilmour. "Our last machine needle broke."

"No wonder it's worn out," said Ray. "We have made over seven thousand sandbags on it since we came."

"Somebody has written a song," said Paul, "about Mr. Gamewell needing a million sandbags, saving ten."

"I was struck with the picturesqueness of the sandbag barricades," said Duke. "They are as gayly colored as a tulip bed."