

them and "Lend a hand to our brave boys at the Front." Harold replied that he was sorry, but could not stop then, being in a hurry to keep an appointment.

And so, by various excuses, Harold managed to keep out of the army and avoid serving his country, until it seemed that nothing on earth could induce him to change his aspect and "do his bit" voluntarily. After the war had been on about twelve months, however, an event happened which suddenly altered his horizon.

One night, after going to bed, Harold was suddenly awakened by the sound of a loud explosion, which rocked the house and cracked the window of his room. He scrambled out and threw on his clothes as another, and still another, deafening report was heard. Looking out he could just make out the dim outline of a great Zeppelin high up in the air, whilst below half-a-dozen fires had already broken out where incendiary bombs had fallen. Shaken to the core, and frightened almost out of his wits, he rushed out into the street where a grim sight met his startled gaze. The bombs had indeed done their deadly work. Every window in the street was broken, and there was a great hole torn in the roadway, while on the opposite side of the street were the remains of what had been a couple of pretty suburban villas. The back walls were still partially standing, but the whole front and roof had been blown out and was a mere mass of débris lying across the roadway. Broken pieces of furniture were scattered all over the ruins, and sticking up in the middle of one heap were the shattered remains of a brass bedstead.

The victims of this awful crime were great friends of Harold's, and he felt dazed with horror. While wandering around, he caught sight of a little wooden horse, which had been the property of a little child whom he had often amused and played with. The sight of this toy seemed somehow to bring home to him the mean and cowardly nature of the despicable attacks on innocent women and children. It broke down his self-control, and, filled with blind hatred, he cursed the devilish blackguards and murderers who were responsible for such foul crimes, venting his feelings of rage as only a maddened man can do. No longer was he the quiet,