

how many recruits had been secured in the last few days, and of the boys' hope that it would soon be sent to the front.

"I'm tired of hangin' around London," he said, "I want to be where somethin's doing!"

The two uniformed men — neither Baines nor Denvir are in bed—helped themselves from my cigarette box, and glanced at the slim soldier as his tall, athletic figure stood framed in the doorway on his way out.

"He wants to be where there's somethin' doin'," grunted Paddy. "He wants to be where there's some fun, and nice pretty girls and such the like. **Only Hints at What He Thinks of War**

"What do you think of it yourself, Paddy?" I parried.

"Think of it!" he exclaimed. "Look at me, and tell me what I ought to think of it! See me hobbling around here, and figure out that I'll never be able