

seeing in a full-fledged army nurse a strangely superior being. What makes men line up in the soaking wet beside their cars, semi-millionaire and paid mechanic shoulder to shoulder, any self-importance that the one once had packed home (oh, no doubt kept there tidily ready for him to reclaim !); but all that's important now for them that their engines should be spotless—and it isn't always the mechanic's engine that shines the best. Surely there never was to a mere Census-taking mind such a hodge-podge of ability and disability, of the expert and the amateur, of likely and unlikely, of simply preposterous people (so a mere drill sergeant would say) doing credit to the Red Cross in six or seven countries at this moment as we sit and talk. How then; and why?

HE. I think it's very simple. They've got the right Idea.

I. That best commander in the world. And what a thousand pities if they ever lose it! It has taken War to pull them together, these several thousand men and women of such different ages, classes, opinions—radically, quarrelsomely different. And most of them are dumped in dreary holes with what is—to say the truth—most devilishly uninteresting work to do, work they wouldn't look at if you offered to pay them for it. They keep their differences of mere opinion still, and you'll hear hot argument; but they're working with a sense of fellowship they've never known till now, and being—I make bold to say—individually more efficient than they ever were before. Why must Peace drag them, in any final sense, apart?