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late next day which he could take to make proper through connections, he put off making final arrangements until morning.

A boy entered the rotunda hawking an early edition of the afternoon paper just off the press. Morris bought one, sat down to read.

"Russians Vacate Warsaw." "Three British Steamers Sunk." "Canadian Casualties Over Ten Thousand."

These and other glaring headlines met his gaze. With a strange feeling of sadness Morris presently laid down his paper, staring thoughtfully out into the street. Certainly things were not going any too well. Of course, the Allies would win in the end. But the Empire was going to need all her men and resources to win; and, after all, it was upon Britain that success really depended. Again Morris picked up the paper, this time to see how the local "Machine Gun Fund" was coming along. A local paper had started it a few days back, and Morris daily watched with interest the different names and the sums they donated. Money seemed to come in awfully slow, he thought—and it took only \$850 per gun! To his way of thinking the money should have been oversubscribed long ago to buy the guns asked for.

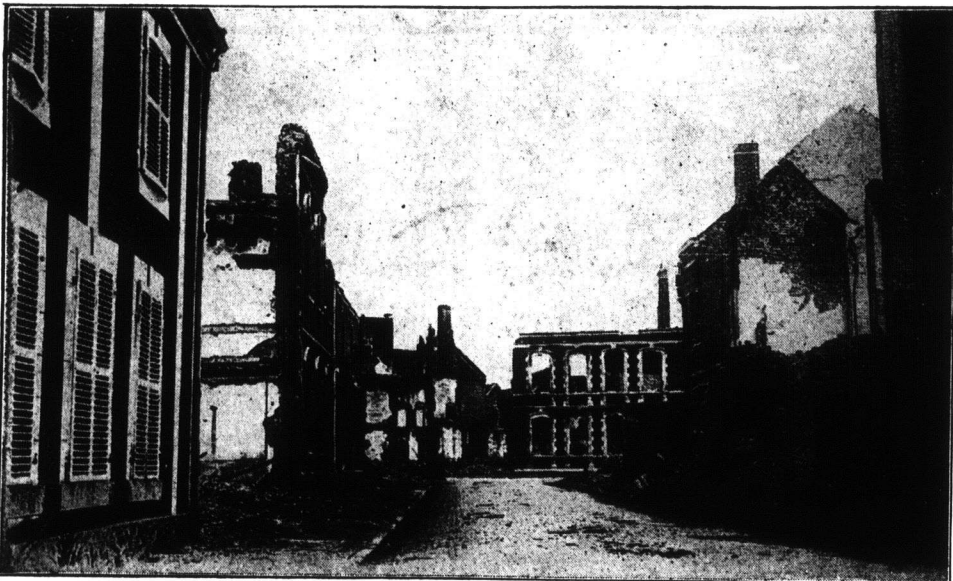
Presently he laid the paper down, went out onto the street. Deep in thought he turned off the busy thoroughfare upon which his hotel faced, passed on toward the residential section. The now familiar, many roaring sounds of traffic grew fainter as he passed along

line of marching, brown suited men.

Almost opposite him he heard the commanding officer give the order to "fall-out." The straight, stiffly moving line became all in a second a formless medley of figures, some sitting some standing at ease. Presently, from all sides, Morris saw the women of a hundred households coming forward. They carried tin buckets, pitchers, glasses, cups, pots, every kind of utensil that would hold cooling drink. They had been watching for the soldiers' return, knowing the half trained recruits would be hot and thirsty after their arduous ten mile march under broiling summer sun. The soldiers marched homeward this way every day, always stopping at this corner for a minute's rest before continuing their walk to quarters. Coming to know it, the women had made preparation—now served an endless assortment of beverages, varied cooling concoctions prepared with loving thoughtfulness and care.

Morris watched it all in wondering interest. These sweating, dusty men were preparing to do their bit, and these women, in their humble way, were, doing theirs. Yes; it was a national thing! Everyone was doing something! Again came over him a strange feeling of alienism.

Suddenly he caught his breath sharply. "No! No! God, he couldn't do that!" A lonely cabin loomed up, gaunt and bare among close standing spruce, forbidding, ever dark and gloomy with hanging shade. Again the man saw swaying door, heard creak of its leather hinges,



A Street in Bapaume, after the Bombardment

neatly boulevard walks and quieter streets unmarred by street car tracks.

Soon, with the dying of the traffic's roar, he became conscious of new sounds around him—women with babes in arms and carriages went by, chatting gravely; tots, varying from two to five years of age, played on lawns and in front of many doors, the air filled with their callings, the noisy cheerfulness of youth. Young boys and girls in the springtime of life caught his eye as they hurried along with firm, unwearied tread of those within whom the ferment of life is still fresh and vigorous, untouched as yet by rot of coming age.

Yes; it was here—life; all around him was life, some new budding, some partly matured, it passed in review before him. Came memory of recently read heading: "Canadian Casualties Over Ten Thousand." What a funny old merry-go-round life was; hundreds, thousands, yes, millions of men were dying; and yet, ever moving on was life, implacable life, irresistible life, knowing no restraint. And that these young lives might go on, might mature to live in happiness and freedom, other men were dying there across the water. Well, that too was life—men died that men might live.

Suddenly Morris stopped. He had gone far out, almost to the outskirts of the town. From ahead, beyond the suburbs and coming towards the city, sounded music. "Oh!" he heard a "motherly woman cry from her doorstep, 'the soldiers are coming.'"

The music drew nearer. Around a bend of the street Morris saw the first of the battalion come into view. Then more and more, a long, slowly moving

mournful sound against the stillness of the wilderness.

Yet that new come thought persisted. Cold sweat stood out upon his brow, furrowed in expression of almost pain. A long while he stood the fight raging within. At last, after perhaps three long dragging minutes his face cleared. He drove right hand vigorously into open palm of left, as if thereby clinching some bargain with himself.

An hour later, Jack Laurison, financial editor in charge of the Northtown Daily Journal's "Machine Gun Fund," looked up inquiringly at a tan faced man moving slowly into the room, with odd, titubating gait of one whose feet or foot has been deformed. Reaching the edge of the editor's desk the stranger halted, fumbled a moment in inside pocket, bringing forth an oblong bit of yellow paper. Gravely, in silence, he handed it over.

Laurison accepted it carelessly; then, as he read, became all attention. "What's this for?" he asked wonderingly, turning a keen, searching look upon the face of the man before him.

"That?—Why it's a check for twenty-five, hundred and fifty dollars to buy machine guns,"—then, more slowly, almost naively—"it's for the cause—everyone must do their bit—this is mine."

Abruptly Morris turned away. As he did so came regretful memory of having left the cabin door open. Well, after all, it did not matter; there was no one within a hundred miles to steal what little he had left. Besides he still had five hundred dollars; it would grubstake him for another year.

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