

things for me to come to you!—and Margot and her boy . . . for there is a boy—a regular topper—born last November—with eyes just like poor Franky's! And you're to come back and be kind to him and his mother—because you promised Franky you would! So that old ghost of your succession to the Viscounty is laid—and I'm glad of it! Another stone heaved out of the way that leads me back to you!"

She went on, holding him as he held her embraced, pouring herself out in a swift rush of eager utterance:

"Come back and help us readjust values. Everything's changed—everything's altered—since the beginning of the War. We women have found out—even the idlest and the vainest of us—that the things we used to live for really meant nothing! What we have called Society is a box of broken toys. The plays we have laughed or cried at—the books we have read—the music we have gone rabid over—the frocks we have sported—the flirtations we have revelled in—the scandals we have discussed—none of these mean anything, count for anything—weigh anything! Nothing is real but Life—and Love—and Death. Not life like the life we used to know—nor love like the love we talked of. A life of work, and help, and prayer, and hope—and courage—and the kind of love that has wings and doesn't crawl in the mud. Nothing like the Death we used to dodge and blink and dread so, but something nobler. Something that leads through the Gate of the Grave—to God! Don't you see that the War was sent to change us?—don't you see——"

He cried out:

"I shall never see again!" An ugly spasm wrenched his jaw aside. "*They* think I take it pluckily. But every night I dream it over once more—and the sky is rushing back, and the ground is swirling up—and the Bird is toppling, spinning downwards, in a trail of smoke and fire. I can hear my observer screaming, poor, poor fellow! How I