

HE. Write me that begging chapter, then.

I. No, it belongs to another book. You'll not be let down for money while the war's on—have no fear. But there is a book to be written—a more imaginative one than this of mine—by some one who has worked for you, not merely looked on in praise or blame as I have done.

HE. What sort of a book?

I. An answer, it might be, to the question that is, I think, implicit in this one.

HE. What question?

I. Well, it has framed itself to me at the end of every chapter, asking the secret by which this Red Cross Work is done in what we're proud to call the Red Cross way. Now, we don't pretend it's always perfect work, or that every worker is a wingless angel. But there is a quality about it, isn't there? which you can't buy for money, which I think we know mere drill and discipline won't give.

HE. Yes, our rank and file are good. By Jove, they are good!

I. Well, why are they? How are they? Answer me that. Any drill sergeant can make men get up early and stay up late. But how does one make them *want* to get up earlier and stay up later still? It isn't so hard to make people do as they are told. But how do they learn to do it without telling? For it wasn't the ten minutes' training he had one wet October afternoon that turned a chemist's assistant into a smart superintendent of stores. It isn't a wish to excel in your eyes or mine that sets a golf-playing young lady to scrubbing floors and