

his discharge this time, and then your worry will all be over. After all, that is all we can look for in these days of tragedy."

She could not help wondering what had come into her life to bring her into such close contact with this factory worker from the slums of the city, with her strange speech and her uncouth manner. But a common sorrow had bound them together, breaking down all social barriers and they found themselves members of that great army of suffering womanhood that knew no nationality and no class. She, too, had sent her lover in all the bloom of successful manhood, and he had willingly paid the greatest price of all, the price of his life. She came each morning to wait with the others and to lend a helping hand to the other heart-broken sisters in their pain.

"I wonder who that girl is over there; she seems to be strange to this life, and appears to be quite nervous. I'll go over and see if I can help her; after all, it's all we can do in these days—just help each other out. God bless you, my dear; I hope he will not be so bad after all; cheer up for his sake."

Without waiting for a reply she made her way over to the girl who had attracted her attention. She was a small, fresh-faced girl about her own age, but whose manner and habitue proclaimed to the world that she had come from some other land. In her hands she clutched the permit until it had almost lost its very shape and had become a mere pulp rather than a respectable card, and she looked at the crowd with a look of great consternation. "You are new to the city, aren't you?" she said in a voice that immediately brought confidence and set the stranger at ease.

"Yes and to the country, too," was the reply.

"You see I'm not expected here, but I just had to come to be near him when he came home. But oh, I wonder whether he'll be pleased to see me now?" she said as she held back the tears which threatened to break out.

"You see we had waited so long for each other—five years, while he finished his course at college, and then the war came; he so much wanted to go. We talked the matter over and I grew tired of the whole thing and said that it meant either what he thought was his duty to the Empire or me, and he chose—his duty to the Empire. I shall never forget the look of disappointment when he told me about his choice—it was awful."

"He went away a few weeks after with the other men of his class, and I saw them go, but I would not let him see just what I felt then; I thought I could forget. I tried to just have a good time—but, oh, somehow one does not forget—you know."

"Then I thought I would train for a nurse and come out here to forget. I heard a few days ago that he had been badly wounded, so I came down here to meet this train to be near him when he arrived. Do you think he will want me now after the way I treated him back there, do you think he will want to see me?"

"Yes, my dear, you just go to him as though nothing had ever happened. You see out there they see life as it really is, and when they come back they are all changed. Oh yes, I'm sure it will be all right. But here comes the train; keep a smiling face for his sake."

The clanging of the great train drowned all other sounds as it made its way into the sheds, and the crowd seemed to have taken to itself new life. The barriers which had been set up by the officials threatened to break down before the pressure of the throng, while on every hand people were asking a thousand impossible question of the porters, who seemed to have forgotten their usual brusqueness and to have become the very element of kindness. Gradually the train came to a standstill, and almost before it had stopped the platform was crowded with men who in other days had dropped off the morning trains to the city in an effort to be first at the barrier. Their heads were mostly swathed in bandages, and their arms were in slings. They were the cases which are officially designated "slightly wounded," and who to some degree are able to care for themselves. They were received by friends who had waited so long on the cold station and who now, with little cries of joy noticed their heroes and were willing to care for them until they were able once again to take their place on the dread battle line.

The middle-aged couple had seen their son and the mother was holding him to her despite his six foot of stature and the tears were streaming down her careworn cheeks.

"Thank God, Bill, it's not so bad after all, eh, I'm so glad to see you home again,"

and making their way through the crowd they carried him off, proud that their boy had had his part in the great struggle for the larger rights of humanity.

Very soon the stream of pain seemed to have been staunched, as all the walking cases were disposed of. Many of the watch-

ers turned away sick at heart that their loved ones had not come—turned away to come another day to wait in the crowd or to go home and wait the dread news of a great sacrifice. This, after all, is the saddest sight of all in the great tragedy. Very soon, from the far end of the train



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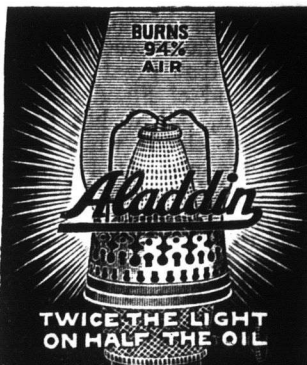
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