

"What! I ain't never to go back again?"

Now what do you think he did, stood first on his hands and then on his head, then fell over on his back amid a shower of small change and knives and mouth organs and tops that in some miraculous way had grown up in those pockets. The shame-faced way in which he picked all these little treasures up and said, "Must I give 'em all back," then such a whoop of joy when she shook her head. Now into a car she rushed us and off to a real home where a sweet old silver haired lady just naturally opened her arms and took the waif in. He seemed to take to kissing and cuddling so naturally that she promptly christened him "Full heart and empty arms."

All this happened many years ago. Now I am several thousand miles from where the sweet old lady sleeps her last sleep, and on my desk lies a group of letters, from Nimmy. He tells me of his life in a great American city, how he promptly enlisted as early as he could after the declaration of war, of his life in the great soldiers' camp, one sentence rings in my ears, "The proudest moment of my life has come. I'm selected to go to France on the staff of the C.O. We'll be his bodyguard, too, and won't we guard him." By now he has made that wonderful trip of the modern Armada

of strays and the 'bump-bang' of H. E. I took a header into a shell hole when in some smoke, and my silly mask came off so I let it hang as I had to catch 'Mazeppa the Wild Horse.' It took the last bit of choc. I had been nibbling when the C.O. handed me the lines. Yes, I read them three times and 'carefully' put them away. No! I'm not going to tell you what I did with them. Well, I got on that bucking beast and we did a mile of craters at a gallop. Say! it could dart down a crumbling crater, plunge in, swim across and climb the bank just as it did on practice stunts, and to see it go over low wire was the joy of my life. I was now ahead of our last barrage, ahead of the Huns' ditto and going like the wind, when I ran into infantry of ours with their faces pointing the same way I

was going. The Col. was still further on, suddenly our men melted off that road into a field of grain, like shadows of the clouds passing over, and down the road came a company of ours at the full gallop, a wonderful sight I tell you, everything clanking and flying, and the horses throwing clods like so many machines. Once past the hidden infantry they too took to the grain, clearing the fences like herds of deer, and just then I saw and heard the cause, and I, too, went after that grain like an anxious farmer. A beautiful squadron of enemy planes were swooping down and sweeping along that road like so many great hawks in pursuit, much more so as the only prey now was the thousands of swallows that curved and swung above the road. My horse fell into its place as

naturally as it would lie down in its stall. Then they saw us and such a rattle. Ours got busy, too, and one lucky chap found a weak place and got his into a tank and a streak of fire and a wobble and a crash was all there was to it, and there on the dusty road, sprawled out like a drunken man lay the pilot, and I, being nearest made my first prisoner. Yes, we saved the old bus, too, she kicked up so much dust as she struck that it only took a few spadefuls more to put out the fire. She's a bit knocked out but still in the ring. I gave the poor chap a swig of my tin, he was only stunned I think, and off I set after that Col. I found him just this side of Russia and hiked me back for a little snack." So the dear boy seems to be yet "Full Heart and Empty Arms."



The snow girl.

with its outstanding and leading and trailing guard ships, its darting destroyers, its swiftly launched sub. chasers, its mighty winged host above, a thing even Jules Verne never dared to predict in his then improbable writings. He reached the greatest modern port France has ever seen, passed through a wonder of a railroad yard. Had three months bombing, rifle, machine gun, mortar and fire and gas drill, it must sound fearsome to the Germans—The Fire and Gas Division of the U.S. Army. You see Germany lightly gave birth to these monstrosities. Then back on the staff he went a fully developed pte.—No, he is a private still, and very proud of it, too. Yes, he has met the sweet black eyed French girls and can parlez-vous a bit, too. I notice he always says bon instead of good. How is this for an event in the life of a wee bit waif.

"The C.O. put me on communications in a bit of a dash we made. We had gone ahead of our objectives and the staff was even then in the German staff H.Q. 'Take this to Col. Thurston,' he said to me, just as if he had asked me to take it over to the post office back home. The Col. was ahead and still going at last reports and all wires down, the Huns were using all the cannon we had not captured, and we've got a park of the I can tell you. So I took a horse and off I sped through the white

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