

guns and the screaming shells will get on his nerves! He was always so particular, too, about his linen. Everything had to be just so. And now he will be caked all over with Flanders mud, and perhaps no dry place even to sleep in. And then, there is always the danger. But I must not dwell on that." She smiled mistily. "All we women at home can do is to be brave, work and pray."

Bishop felt his throat tighten sympathetically. The sight of Penelope in distress caused to surge up in him an almost uncontrollable longing to take her in his arms and comfort her as one would a little, sad child. To return to safe commonplaces, he inquired about the box she was preparing for Jack, and presently she was laughing and chatting quite brightly with what he called the "shine" restored to her eyes.

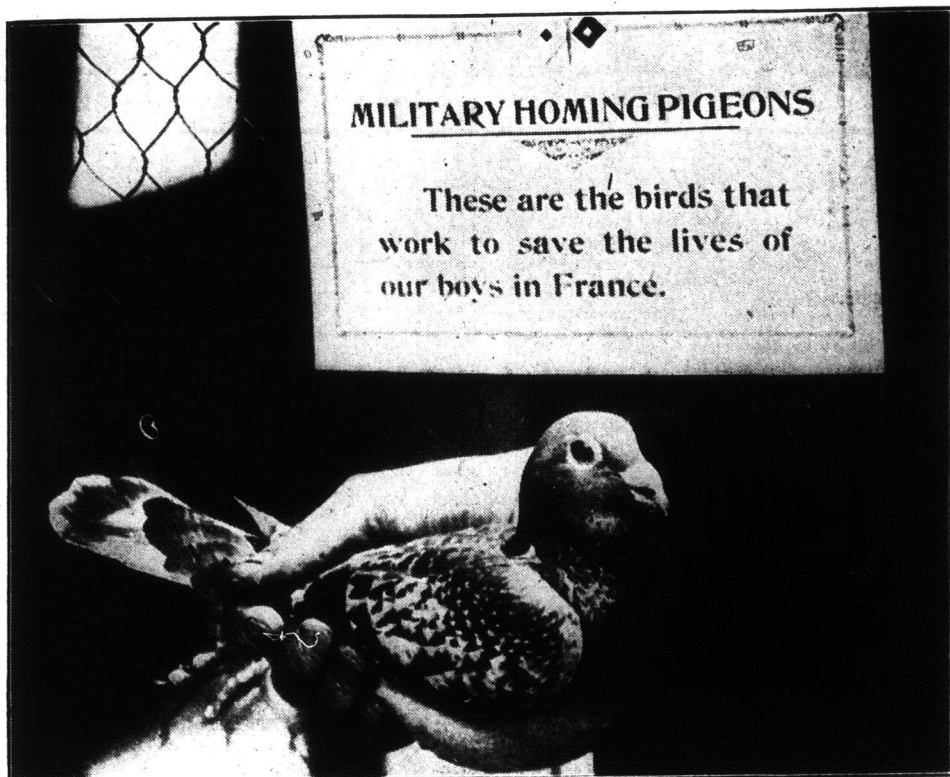
Bishop wondered sometimes what the girl would do if her brother should fall. He recalled a remark dropped by a woman at his boarding house concerning a mother lately bereaved in the war. "She was too proud of him. I believe it is downright sinful to be so set up in a boy. She thought him perfection itself." While disagreeing with the sentiment, Bishop admitted that there were cases which appeared to warrant it, and he disliked to think that Penelope's might be one; but he knew that from the girl's trusting heart prayers for the boy's safety went up without ceasing, and did not God answer prayer?

Jack had been in France just two

less demonstrative. Penelope was by nature a being of light and joy, under normal conditions exhaling happiness as a flower fragrance, and to see her brightness dimmed by a crushing sorrow was to feel the pang with which one views the untimely blighting of a rose.

As time went on she became her cheerful self again, almost, to her fellow-workers. Only to Bishop she spoke out the pain in her heart.

"I think I would rather know for certain he were dead. At first, I used to lie awake at night thinking, thinking. I used to wonder, if he were dead, would someone take the time to straighten his body gently, fold his hands on his breast and brush back the hair from his forehead; or would he just lie as he fell—perhaps all doubled up, all stiff and cold—dear, dear brother! My little brother, Norman, that I mothered from a baby. How I used to hear his prayers every night, and tuck him in, and now maybe he is over there in a cold dark grave, so cold, and no flowers on it. Oh, I know it is too late for flowers to bloom this year, but some might be planted to blossom first thing in the spring. I would like to know if there were flowers on his grave. . . . He liked to be warm and comfortable, too. He was such a boy to be comfortable. And then, maybe he is a prisoner in a horrid German camp, half-starved. Or maybe he died in awful pain, alone, in the cold dark, no one there to lay a hand on his head. He used to get such headaches, and I



The Allied forces facing the Teutons all along the western front, are relying more and more on the homing pigeon as an indispensable means of communication. Uncle Sam's men will have them, too, and when a company goes into the trenches the birds will go with it. Their homing instinct is unerring, and a message entrusted to them is sure of delivery. When telephone, wireless, or any other means of communication breaks down, "the winged wireless" will be relied on to keep communication open between the fighting front and headquarters.

months to a day when word came that he was missing. Bishop was out of town at the time on a short business trip, and picking up a paper on the train, saw the boy's name in the casualty list. He left the train at the next station, took the next back to the city and went immediately to see Penelope. She was pale and heavy-eyed. The telegram had reached her the evening before and she had not slept. At sight of her wan little face he opened his arms, and she crept into them. It was all settled then and there, though no word was spoken. Presently Penelope began to sob, and the tears relieved her. When she was quiet again she told him "I think I should have died if you had not come," and Bishop glowed at the thought of her need of him.

Penelope went back to her work the following day. More than ever she felt the need of mental occupation. She was touched by the expression of sympathy which came to her on all sides from her co-workers in the office. The manager cabled to England for further information, but the reply held no hope. The girls came and mutely pressed her hand, or went out of their way to perform little services of goodwill, and the men of the staff were no less sympathetic if

could always cure them. . . . The uncertainty of not knowing is so hard. But I won't believe he is dead till I hear for certain."

Bishop had need to be very wise and tender upon these occasions, and always he comforted her. She spent a great deal of time looking at the photograph which he had taken of the missing boy just before he left for overseas, and if ever man rejoiced in action of his own it was Bishop in the success of that photograph. He had talked for over an hour with Jack Bateman before he had been able to summon that lofty look, and now it was there on the pictured features for all time, and Penelope would have her hero to the last. She, who in life had never seen the fatal weakness of his face, would never now be deceived.

At length the girl settled into a state of resignation to the will of the all-wise Being whose ways are so mysterious to our finite understanding, and a year from the day of Jack's disappearance she and Bishop were quietly married.

The Bateman home belonged to Penelope, having been bequeathed her by her mother, and after her marriage, though Bishop would have preferred a bright little bungalow in the suburbs, Penelope

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