

appeared as it came through the cutaway, but its silvery plume of smoke rose straight into the bright air, and the big black engine pulled panting into the station as car after car passed us. The doors opened and uniformed men began to come quickly down the steps.

"I see him!" Mark called in a voice as shrill as a siren. "It's Jack!"

The days that followed are confused in my mind like a happy dream. Jack was so glad to be back, so pleased with everything and took the greatest interest in getting back into civilian clothes. His tin hat was presented to Mark, who wore it all day and had to be forcibly separated from it at night. We thought his craze for wearing it would wear out in a day or two, for it was a heavy weight on his young head, but he declared he couldn't feel its weight at all. When we insisted that it was too heavy for him, he carried it on his arm like a shield.

We felt that life had dealt bountifully with us, in letting us have our boy back from the inferno of war. From December 1915 to March 1919 he had been away from us, spending three birthdays in the trenches, and now he was back and had come through without a day's illness or even a scratch.

He had changed, of course, grown taller and filled out, and in many ways he seemed older than either of us.

Another incident of which the blue delphiniums reminded me was that the mother of Jack's friend, Freeman Kelley sent me roses for Jack's homecoming. Her beloved Freeman, her only boy, the gentle, dark-eyed Freeman, was not coming back. He had come through the war safely until November the 11th and then in the last minutes of the last hour had been shot down.

And yet his mother, with her own heart breaking, could think of flowers for me and mine in our hour of rejoicing! I have received flowers many times and on