

"I expect they'll have a hot old time down at that training camp," drawled Mayberry.

Barton did not seem to hear him. His hand came to salute as the colors went by.

A volume of voices rose from below as the band music drifted into the distance.

"And mebbe marching to their graves!"

"It's a shame that some that can least be spared have to go while them that would never be missed keep out of it."

"You're right! Some of 'em's got fathers an' mothers, an' wives!" cried a shrill voice, "while them that ain't got a soul dependent on 'em——"

"There's one yonder," was the quick rejoinder. "And had all the benefit of Guard training too!" And the speaker, a woman, directed the gaze of her companions to the office window.

Mayberry chuckled. "They've pinned you to the wall, Frank," he murmured in the ear of the white-faced manager.

Ethel Clayton had turned suddenly from the window. "Have you time to sign these checks and letters before the outgoing mail, Mr. Barton?" she asked.

He took the papers, but did not verbally reply for a moment. His countenance had become calm again, if still pale, when he had seated himself in his chair and turned in it so that the others could both observe him.