

THE THREAD OF FLAME

convulsion of her throat that a child has after tears.

"I'm sure they would."

"I could—I could take them, some day, when you didn't want to go, if you'd let me. It's one of the few things I know something about."

"I'm afraid it would bore you."

She paused for just an instant. "Bore me? Billy, nothing will ever bore me again so long as you—you let me—"

As she could say no more we resumed our walk.

Out in the open a boy rushed up to us, a Slavic creature with huge questioning eyes.

"Peace, mister! Peace, miss! Buy one! Great historic 'casion!"

They were like doves, all up and down the avenue, white, fluttering, bearing the one blessed, magical word. They were in motor-cars, carriages, and on the tops of omnibuses—all white, all fluttering, all blessed, and all magical. Up and down and everywhere the cry burst from hundreds of raucous little throats:

"Peace! Peace! PEACE!"

"It's like coming out into a new world, isn't it?" I said.

"It is a new world, for me. Do you remember saying that day when you first came home that the new world made the war? Now it's made something else, in which it seems to me there'll be just as much struggle called for, only with a difference. Then the hard things were done to break us down; now they may be just