

ARMS AND THE MAN

Sometimes the human touch breaks through the conventions, in a kiss sent to a baby or in a scrawled P.S. :

“Dear Mother,—I am very well, as I hope you are and father. And —— and ——. It has been very hot, and I have not slept in bed for four weeks. But I am all serene. Give Tom my love, and I am glad he has joined; we must all do something. Don't worry.—From your loving son,——.”

—and then a big scrawl all across the reverse sheet, and again the big scrawl across the back that brings a catch to one's throat—“Don't Worry, Mother.” “DON'T WORRY.”

I don't suppose they bothered much at home, when they got these letters, at the absence of battle news. Husband, brother, or son, the sight of his writing is enough. “I am quite well”—and for those waiting another milestone in their shadow-time has been safely passed.