

that made me feel that life had its compensations, as Emerson was wont to write.

With all her accomplishments she will attempt to climb a tree that a climbing elephant—were there such a beast—would stand aghast before. She treats her offspring, not as do most animals but as do many humans. She is as independent as Lucifer when she has weighty matters on hand but very lonesome and sad when bed-time comes and no one is around to welcome her to a down quilt.

You will say that I'm a low nature-faker to make my claim for her humanness and that I am sentimental as well. Nay, nay, Pauline! Hillery is more human than most people and that is why everyone loves her so much and she is always welcome on any lap, be it silk clad or white flanneled—newly washed.

To have known her and watched her grow, to have lost her and felt the grief of losing a comrade, to have found her again and fought for her when she was abused,—all have been worth while for it is only by giving that we receive, and the love and friendship we give a pup rebounds multiplied many times in joy and the stuff that makes souls sweet and good to live with.

Hillery must be six years old now, but the wise round eye looks up at me from behind a corner of the blanket where she is lying on the floor, and I can tell by the glint in her eye and the slow rhythmic wag of the perfect tail that she knows that I have been talking about her and human-like she is proud, but she knows me well and I doubt not that she has misgivings as to what I have said. And now one white paw has slipped over my wrist and Hildred has invited me to a search for a chipmunk and a climb up a hundred foot tree.

So long as millions of men gain a living by evolving the machinery of war, and training for war—we will occasionally have war.