

the trenches, the hospital. War has made a different man of him, physically and mentally. Let me quote from my own experience.

When I first awoke in hospital, it was to the dull apathy of numbed horror, unable to reason, afraid to if I could, for fear of what I should discover in my own mind. And all about me were other men, thinking these same thoughts, or fearing to do so, staring at one another with that dull look of ineffable sorrow common to soldiers who have just come out of their "bad time." The haunting horrors of those days I shall never forget! Yet they were sweetly mingled with so many precious things which we had never thought to see again, the lovely laughter of little children, the undisturbed song of birds, flowers bursting into bloom, and all other things of peace and that old forgotten world which we had thought had surely died.

And then the nostalgia of bitter longing for our own folk that swept over us, for the dear irregularities of our own speech, the faces of those we knew, the sounds of their voices, the sights, the smells of home.

"These alien people about us; they do not understand our thoughts but those at home will. And then we will be happy!" So we thought.

LACK OF UNDERSTANDING AT HOME.

And then, when we get home at last. We don our "civies" and never shall I forget how I looked forward to that great occasion. There was only one other event in my life comparable to it, and that was in those palpitating days of the long-ago that preceded my discarding of skirts for my first pair of pants.

When I first put on civilian clothes again, I felt myself to be the cynosure of all eyes. It was much more strange and embarrassing than the first wearing of a uniform had ever been. I had longed so desperately to get into "civies," out of that uniform and away from the sight of it and all other uniforms and all other things that might remind me of the army or the war. For I was sick to the soul of the sight of a uniform.

To forget: That was the thing. To forget that there was a war or that I had ever been in it or in the army. But I could not. The thing rode my shoulder like a