

enough to browse on its own, and the cold stiff beauty of a fashion plate, sits him now in a very large room at a very large table.

Yea, verily I say unto thee that he worketh like one possessed ;for when he is not busy smoking a special brand of gold-tipped cigarette, then is he most damnably busy manicuring his nails.

And for this and for looking altogether too resplendant for words he draweth each month a cheque,

And on the cheque it is marked: "Three hundred dollars only."

And I, even Ole Wun Hil, did tell to him that was in sore distress one more tale, and this was the tale:

There lived before the Great War happened a very great damfool that had not even humor enough to smile at the emptiness of his own damfoolishness.

But because of it, he did have a commission thrust upon him.

And he did alter his appearance for to suit the occasion, for rings on the sleeve and stars on the shoulder and sweetly dainty spurs of silver upon his heels, demanded that his look and deportment should become intensely martial.

So he did grow upon his lip a dear little moustache, also did he throw out his chest and set back his ears, also assumed he a commanding voice and looked very fierce.

And he did become the Beau Brummel of the New Militarism.

But his skull, it was very empty! yea verily, no bullet going through it would have lain him low, for in the head of him there were no brains at all.

But he did possess a dear sweet friend and she did have brains.

And she loved him, for is it not written in the Book of Life: "The emptiness of the empty shall be partially rectified by the fulness of the overflowing."

Moreover, God alone knows what queer things women will love; yea, verily from poodle dogs to idiots.

And for the whole length of the Great War she did "wangle" it for him, so that he did do four long years of training, yea, even within the range of her sweet eyes did he train all the time.

Nevertheless, he remained inefficient!

But he did also have it "wangled" for him by the sweet one, so that his promotion came regularly and automatically.

And when the field-pieces became silent and the Hun did put down his arms, he did have his rank of Colonel used advantageously for him by her that loved him so.

And at this day he doth sit him daily in an office with his unspurred feet upon a table richly wrought in mother-o'-pearl.

And his job it is to make Returned Men see things that are not, and to induce them to have an abiding faith in that which doth not exist.

And he that was distressed spake saying: "Verily thou hast lifted the lids of mine eyes and now I see."

Yea, verily it is so; for in the Book of Worldly Wisdom, Graft is written in letters of Gold; but in the Book of Life it is not written at all.