"Well, are you going to take me to an officers' van?"

The orderly hesitates and says:

"Orders were to bring you in here"—he hesitates and adds—"sir."

The subaltern looks beyond him as though he were an automaton and says:

"I wish to see the commanding officer of the train."

The orderly leaves to find the medical officer in charge.

There is a tense silence in the van. The subaltern lies on his stretcher unconcerned.

In a little while the orderly returns and the German is carried into another van.

From one of the upper berths a voice, choked with hatred, says:

"God—seems like only their bloody privates is Huns—their officers is"—he spits the last word out with disgust—"gentlemen." After a moment he adds: "And we're—we're—" He cannot find the word and lapses into silence.

Another voice says: