

misunderstood. Some much greater word is needed for this pervading essence of chivalry; but, even though one may lack the adequate word, I do believe the idea was perfectly sound and correct.

On a wet and moonless night not many weeks ago, when the only available starlight was the ghostly, intermittent sort which comes from Boche star-shells, soaring and hanging over the gruesome wreckage of "No Man's Land," the writer had occasion to make his way from one French company headquarters to another along a much-battered firing line, "somewhere in France." As guide, one had been fortunate enough to borrow the services of a corporal who had some little English. Himself, in civil life, the trusted servant of a Paris bank, this corporal had a brother acting as deputy manager in a famous London bank. My guide had never, himself, been in England, but as we threaded our way behind the watchful sentries and around the shell-scarred traverses of a line which was too close to the Boches to permit of the use of an electric torch, we spoke in whispers of Paris, of Algiers, of British rum and French wine, of the curse that came with the building of the Tower of Babel, and of other things equally varied.