

## Cafard

Mr. B., the second member of the mission, is in direct contrast, a birdlike little man, who twitters about the room, from group to group.

"Oh! If you boys only knew how *splendid* you are! How much we in America — You are our *first* representatives at the front, you know. You are the vanguard of the *millions* who —" etc.

Miller looks at me solemnly. His eyes are saying, "How long, O Lord, how long!"

Mr. C., the third member, is a silent man. He has keen, deep-set eyes. "There," we say, "is the brain of the mission."

Tea is served very informally. Mr. A. is restless. He has something on his mind. Presently he turns to Lieutenant Talbott.

"May I say a few words to your squadron?"

"Certainly," says Talbott, glancing at us uneasily.

Mr. A. rises, steps behind his chair, clears his throat, and looks down the table where ten pilots, — the others are taking a constitutional in the country, — caught in *négligée* attire by the unexpected visitors, are sitting in attitudes of polite attention.