

wife—the poor old woman who had given him birth and had worked all her life for him . . . and Bibiche, whom he loved more than ever. Mingled with these happy thoughts was a slight feeling of regret that the war was not over and that men were still being killed.

A one-armed newsboy came by shouting "*Intransigeant! Liberté!*"

He spoke to the boy:

"Nothing new, eh? . . . The Russians are still retreating? Ah! when will they give it to them for good and end it all?"

Bibiche sighed, while Gaspard's boy repeated after his father: "When will they end it all?"

Gaspard resented this and threatened the child with dire punishment, but the youngster ran on ahead, still laughing and making fun of his father.

Gaspard was red with anger, and called out to Bibiche to slap the boy's face. The grandmother intervened:

"Oh, leave him alone. . . ."

But Gaspard insisted and Bibiche slapped the child, who screamed out at the top of his voice.

"What do you know about that!" said Gaspard. "Just about as big as my shoe and putting on airs already."

"Oh, putting on airs!" said the grandmother.

"Sure he's putting on airs just because he's got