

HE. It mustn't. We've work that stretches years ahead already. Think of that "Star and Garter Home"! Five hundred men and more it's to hold, men paralysed for life. But somehow we must make it life for them and not the living death it otherwise will be. Then there's St. Dunstan's with its blind men. Not the greatest victory we can win will give them back their eyes. Boys, some of them are yet, and looking forward—for that saddest sort of vision is always left you—to long years. If their old age finds them forgotten, England will be shamed for ever. Think of the thousands and thousands of men that the war will leave helpless and half helpless in all sorts of other ways. The Red Cross must help them, and go on helping them, and keep on helping them.

I. Yes, the fighting men can be out of khaki long before your Red Cross army can disband. And even then—even when the last piece of patching-up is done—why should such a fellowship finish? This war was to end war, wasn't it? But not all war; only this stupidest sort. For there's the other war at home—longer and bitterer that may be. But these two years have proved, it seems, that to win anything in the world at all we have to fight and win *that* war day by day. We needn't name the enemies.

HE. Do we quite agree yet who—and what—they are?

I. No; that—to those who needed a proof—has been the difficulty, hasn't it? And still for want of agreeing on what else to fight we fight each other! But my personal gain from doing this little job