

High Adventure

"And without it, she has a mighty good chance of winning this war —"

When the talk begins with the uselessness of wristers, shifts from that to democratic inefficiency, and from that to the probability of *Deutschland über Alles*, you may be certain of the diagnosis. The disease is *cafard*.

The sound of a motor-car approaching. Dunham rushes to the window and then swears, remembering our greased-cloth window panes.

"Go and see who it is, Tiffin, will you? Hope it's the mail orderly."

Tiffin goes on outpost and reports three civilians approaching.

"Now, who can they be, I wonder?"

"Newspaper men probably."

"Good Lord! I hope not."

"Another American mission."

"That's my guess, too."

Rodman is right. It is another American mission coming to "study conditions" at the front.

"But unofficially, gentlemen, quite unofficially," says Mr. A., its head, a tall, melancholy-looking man, with a deep, bell-like voice.