

HEADQUARTERS

Windenberg in October, flyin' over the English lines, droppin' bombs."

"That was where you were——?"

"But I never hit anythin'. Wouldn't do, you know. Then when I came back I told the War Office. They sent me for the papers. You know the rest."

"O Cyril, I'm so glad it's all over. You'll go to England now and rest."

"For a while." And then, "Will you marry me, Doris? Soon?"

"Yes," she said softly. "Whenever you want me."

"Here? Now?"

"But, Cyril——"

"There's a parson chap about here somewhere. I saw him browsin' in here the other day."

"Isn't it a little——"

"Say you will, there's a dear."

"Yes, if you wish it. But——"

"What?"

"Clothes."

"Nonsense. You're jolly handsome in those togs—— handsome no end," he repeated. "Marry me tomorrow, Doris. There's a dear."

She leaned her face down upon his hand.

"We're already married, Cyril. Up there I felt it. Even death couldn't have separated us."

"Thank God! Kiss me, Doris." She obeyed.

"I'll see Jackson," he whispered. "He'll manage it. Resourceful chap, Jackson. He'll get us a chaplain like pullin' a rabbit out of a hat."

She laughed.

"I don't suppose I'd ever have known you, Cyril, over there in England. You always did wonderful things carelessly, Cyril."