

eyes, and that indescribably cute little nose." Then he would laughingly muss her hair, and nonchalantly stroll off, leaving her with brush in hand and a happy twinkle in her eyes.

They had had their baby all right—a girl, with fair hair and blue eyes. They had named her Barbara Ann, who soon came to be called Bobbie, after her father. The child's stay on earth had been very brief, but they had loved her enough for a lifetime. Her presence had given them a little taste of heaven.

Mariann remembered the weeks of loneliness after Bob was drafted. Her mother had wanted her to come and stay with them, but she had refused, saying that she felt she would be happier in her own home. Only then did she take a job. Of course, these were altogether different from normal times, and she knew that after the war her place would again be in her home.

At last she went to the kitchen to eat her solitary meal. She didn't feel much like eating, but she knew she should eat something. So she busied herself with preparing supper, and tried to throw off her terrible feeling of loneliness.

She had just washed the dishes and, as she sat down at the desk to write a letter, she heard a light knock at the front door. At first she thought it was probably her mother or one of her neighbors dropping in to spend the evening. But when she opened the door, a young man smiled up at her, extending an envelope in his hand.

"You Mrs. Robert Kirby?" he inquired.

She nodded, and he handed her the telegram. Even as she gripped it in her hand, as she closed the door and sank onto the couch, she knew that its message would explain much. And she knew that, as before, her premonition had been correct. She read as far as "... MISSING IN ACTION." Already tears were on her cheeks. She didn't want to be weak, but she

couldn't help it. She could feel the blood rushing from her head, could see waves of darkness engulfing her. She was falling, the crumpled message slipping from a limp and open hand.

She awoke to the sound of voices, and, glancing around the dimly lighted room, she vaguely wondered how she had got there. Turning her head a little to the right, she met her mother's eyes. Next to her mother sat Dr.

I have nothing at all to live for now. My baby is gone, and now my husband." She was sobbing uncontrollably, "Go away! Go away! I never want to see you again. You let my baby die."

Alarmed, her mother sprang to her side. "Mariann! Mariann," she shook her, "you don't realize what you're saying. Dr. Barton is one of the best friends you've ever had. You shouldn't

have stayed here alone after Bob left. You should have moved in with Dad and me. You've been alone too much. And now you're shocked; but, darling, you mustn't ever talk like this again." Tenderly she stroked the girl's fair hair back from her forehead. "Mother will stay here with you till you are feeling better."

"No, no, I'll never feel better. I can't—I won't go on without him." The sobs racked her body again.

"You mustn't—Mariann, you mustn't feel that way. After all, the telegram said 'missing' not 'killed.' You mustn't give up like this; it isn't like you. Bob wouldn't want you to carry on this way. He loves you and has faith in you. You

shouldn't let him down now."

Gradually the sobbing ceased. Doctor Barton took her pulse and gave her a hypo, so she would rest. Presently she was asleep, and her mother and the doctor quietly tiptoed out of the room.

"I'm sorry, doctor, about the way she talked to you."

"Nonsense, nonsense," he said. "She didn't realize what she was saying. She's had quite an emotional shock and I'm afraid she's been working a little too hard. She'll have to take it easy for a few weeks. But it's a good thing you came in when you did. It wouldn't have been good for her to have been alone tonight. If she isn't any better by morning, call me. . . ."

Next morning Mariann awoke to the cheerful singing of birds in a tree near

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## Your Face

Your face is just a tattle-tale  
Of everything you're feeling,  
Though seldom do you realize  
It is so self-revealing.

The eyes will squint, the brows will frown  
And look as rough as thickets;  
The lips will droop, turn sadly down  
To look like croquet wickets.



Through twitch of muscle, change of line,  
Your face will give expression  
To everything you think and feel  
Without the least discretion.



Ah, you should make this tattle-tale  
More poker-faced and knowing  
And not allow it to go out  
With all your feelings showing.  
—Helen Howland Prommel



Barton. She wished—oh, how she wished—that she had never awakened. If she could only have gone on sleeping forever. This was the end of everything for her. Quick tears filled her eyes. The doctor quietly moved to the side of her bed and looked earnestly into her eyes.

"Mariann," he said.

The grieving young wife gave no answer, but turned her head away to avoid seeing the pity on his face.

He laid a hand on each side of her face, and turned her head so he could look directly into her eyes. "Mariann," he said again.

But Mariann couldn't stand the sight of the sympathy in his eyes.

"Go away, please, and let me alone! Let me alone! I tell you there's nothing you or anyone can say that will make any difference—nothing.