

cheering, and all were very much excited. But after a minute or two they got together again and the last thing I heard was the song about packing up your old kit bag, and then, "Are we downhearted?—No!" They were certainly game lads.

They did not take me straight to the station, but led me through all the streets they could find, and, as usual, the women were there with the bricks and spit. But I did not mind: I was used to it, and, besides, it was the last time. So I just grinned at them and thought that I was better off than they, because they had to stay in the hole called Germany.

I was still half naked, but I did not mind the two-hours' wait on the station platform. I noticed a little sign that read, "Berlin 25 miles north," and that was the first time I had much of an idea where Brandenburg was.

When we got into the compartment and I found that the windows were not smashed, I could not believe it at first, until I remembered that this was not a prisoner-train. We had a forty-eight hours' ride to Lindau, which is on the Lake of Constance, and no food or water in that time. But still I did not mind it much. At Lindau they conveyed me into a little house and took away all the addresses that I had, and then marched me over to the boat which crosses the lake.

As I started up the gangway the last thing I re-