

minute and hit the earth with a nasty bump!"

"I'm a little dazed myself," I admitted, "but it's all a part of the soldier-game. Some other day we'll find the cards reversed, and have to play it just the same."

Our host, however, was not German, although that was his native tongue. He came from that little-known country of Luxembourg, which, sandwiched in between France and her Teutonic enemy, has still maintained a weak and unavailing neutrality. Being too small and unprotected to resist, the German army marched unmolested across it in the early days of war.

'Alvred,' who was a French-Swiss, and spoke more languages than I can well remember, waited upon us at table. We were just finishing an excellent five-course dinner with a tiny glass of *coin-treau*, when the sound of a motor-car stopping at the door aroused us from our dream of heavenly isolation.

As we stepped into the hall, the door opened, and in walked the colonel, the senior major and the quartermaster, who had followed us from Boulonge by road.

"Well, how do you like our new hospital?" the colonel demanded with a satisfied smile.

"We love it," Burnham exclaimed. "It is weird, romantic and altogether *comme il faut*."

I suggested that a liqueur and a cigar might not be unacceptable after their long drive. The colonel smiled appreciatively as he replied:

"We are a bit chilly after our journey; I think a little drink will do us good. What do you say, Major Baldwin?" This question was addressed to the senior major, who, with the others, had now entered our dining-room.

The artistic surroundings drove the major into poetry at once. He exclaimed:

Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past regrets and future fears.

"Splendid!" cried Burnham enthusiastically. "Now, let's have Gunga Din. You do it so well! How does it go? You're a better drink than I am, Gordon Gin!"

"No, no!" said the major deprecatingly. "You mustn't abuse Kipling—it's too early in the evening."

Whether the major intended abusing that famous author at a later hour, or merely reciting from him, we didn't inquire. We talked until late, formulating our plans for the morrow and for many days to come. We made a tour of inspection about the building. The colonel unfolded his plans as we walked along the halls.

"This suite," he said as we came to the end of the hall, "will make a splendid pair of operating-rooms, an anæsthetic and a sterilizing-room. The fifth will do for a dressing-room for the surgeons, and in the sixth Reggy will have full sway—that will be his eye and ear reformatory. On the left we'll install our X-ray plant, so that all surgical work may be done in this one wing."

"What about the hotel furnishings?" I inquired, "are they to remain in place?"

"Everything must go, except what is absolutely necessary to the comfort or care of patients," he replied. "It seems a pity, but we are here not only to cure patients, but to protect the Government from needless expense. In the morning set the men to work dismantling the entire building."

We walked along to the opposite end of the hall.

"Here's a fine room," exclaimed Major Baldwin, as he peeped into the dainty boudoir which I had chosen as a bedroom. "Who sleeps in this luxurious state?"

"I do—for to-night," I replied.

"I want that room for myself," he declared. "It looks like the best in the place."

How is it we always want that which the other fellow has? Its value seems enhanced by its inaccessibility.