

"Holy smoke!" I gasped, as we turned to go over the Townley Castle bridge, "Lord Devonport and this Prothero chap sure are some hustlers."

As we passed through the doorway of the doll's castle the violent crowing of a virile rooster smote my shell-shocked ears. Brooding ducklings, floating feathers and concentrated poultry odors were in the air. The asphalt court, the former seat of the tent colony, had been gravelled and netted over as a scratching yard, and the range of outhouses converted into populous henhouses, which, under sergeant's direction, I presently found myself scraping out. The picturesque little Chinese pagoda on the lawn, I learned later, was reserved for the nests of the hens showing the best weekly laying average.

From Sergeant Fowler I learned some more revealing information about the economic revolution at the Granville hospitals. All the Yarrow grounds had been put into root crops, and instead of raking up leaves or whitewashing pathway stones, the patients had to hoe turnip and potato hills or corn and bean rows. Over at the Granville, I was told, the roof court had been turned into a hot-house where Burbank experiments were carried out under electrical stimulus, on a system devised by Corp. (now Sgt.) Higgins. All the balconies at Granville and Yarrow were lined with seed boxes cared for by patients confined to wheel-chairs.

Sgt. Simonson and his minions of the Orthopaedic Gymnasium, I also learned, now conducted their classes in the hospital fields. Tibial cases were strengthened by spade work in the harder soil. Quadriceps cases were required to squat on their haunches and weed so many square yards of vegetable beds. Shoulder cases were put to wielding the hoe and manure fork; while wrist cases were found to be marvellously improved by being required to squeeze with the weak hand one quart of milk from one cow's teet.

Just here the "cookhouse door" blurted out, and I beat it for the dinner queue. I fought my way in eventually, and presently found myself confronted with a bowl of transparent soup. "Third degree soup, today," I heard the fellow opposite me growl. "What's that?" I asked him.

"Oh, don't you know that they're not allowed to throw out any soup now, and that what's left over must always be warmed up for the next meal. It's all shepherd's pies, fish balls and bread puddings we get now. The pigs only get potato skins these days, and some of their own rind back."

"What's happened?" I spluttered through my tablespoonful of soup.

"Why, don't you know that they've replaced all the cooks here with 'hash-house' mistresses who get a commission on what's saved."

I arrested a spoonful of soup half way down my oesophagus.

"I see where we are going to win the war now," I gurgled, as I let the "third degree" slip down the rest of its course. PSMTYH.