

realized what was the matter, however, and held up a horse blanket over the blackboard, and under this my talk went on. Just then a tiresome press photographer took a snapshot of me in a Mackintosh under the horse-blanket. I never knew about it until I got back to the Old Country and saw my picture in the paper. But Tommy got his wish; he always does; that is why he is going to win the war (applause). After the concert the officer commanding so much appreciated what we had done for his men that by way of giving us



MUST HAVE SOMETHING TO LOVE

a treat and showing his appreciation he told us that they were going to have an operation on a horse—to remove its eye—and we could come along. We did not quite relish the idea but did not like to say so, so we went with him to the operating theatre. There we saw an animal with its eye badly shattered and the surgeon proceeded to take it out. All the instruments were sterilized and chloroform was given to the horse in a bag over the animal's nose. Hearing it coughing we ladies took advantage of the general interest and sneaked

away. They never missed us; they were so keen on their work. The gentlemen members of our party, however, told us that the operation was successful; that the horse would be ready for work in three weeks. In the old days that poor thing would have died in agony on the battlefield. So when next you hear an appeal for the Blue Cross fund think of it as being worthy of your sympathy.

From there we motored twenty-five miles nearer to the trenches, as near as tiresome civilians are ever allowed to go. The men of a concert party go nearer sometimes—very near occasionally, but they do not like to be bothered with ladies. Here we entertained another section of the same army corps—men who have horses to deal with from morning to night—loading and unloading fodder for the animals. They are a rough lot many of them—dock laborers taken from the wharves and docks of the English ports, put into khaki, and that is all they see or know about war. One of these men told me that he had slept with a revolver under his pillow for a long time because he had heard that a clergyman was coming out to do them good (laughter.) He came, however, and after a time they realized when he did his day's work with them that he was a man before he was a parson or a social worker, and then they welcomed him as a man and a brother. One of the wives in the East end of London said she hoped this war would never end. (Laughter.) You need not tell me that rough men of this kind do not appreciate good music. They do. It was amusing to hear our tenor singing some of the best airs from Grand Opera and see those men listening to the wonderful Russian music that we gave them. One big, rough fellow, with signs of hard living and drinking creasing his face—it was like a mountain sunset in color to see that face listen to us and to see him tenderly nursing the dirtiest, sickest, smallest, blackest little kitten I have ever seen was something wonderful. He explained that it had lost its mother and wandered in amongst the soldiers.

I said to him: "Whatever are you doing with that wretched little kitten?" And he replied sheepishly: "Well, Miss, a bloke must have something. The kids ain't here; the wife's at home; there ain't no one; and we can't love one another." So you see he was expending his love on that miserable three inches of kitten. I said: "But it is so dirty." And he replied: "Well, so would you be dirty if you had lost your mother." And he took a khaki pocket handkerchief out of his pocket—and proceeded to work. "We'll clean it