blindfolded brother replied, "The colour of the baby's eyes are blew."

And the niggers! They were, when all is said, the most satisfactory of all, for they often had new songs, and they threw up the sponge much later than the others, since when the autumn came they would take their stand in a street and make things lively there, whereas the Thought Readers and the big negro and the other sun-beetles disappeared till next year.

One or two of the niggers came to know Sarah and Rudd quite well, and had little jokes with Sarah, and they were the only performers who ever succeeded in extracting a penny from her shabby black purse. Rudd used to long for her to give the Don something, but Sarah refused. She had patriotic prejudices. She didn't hold with foreigners.

The first comic songs that Rudd heard were "Tommy, make room for your Uncle," and "Over the Garden Wall." Years after he had but to catch an echo of "Over the Garden Wall" in any more recent song to be conscious at once of the hot asphalt smell of the Front under the summer sun. The first serious song to capture him was "Nancy Lee."

There was a ventriloquist too, but Rudd had a very low opinion of him because you could see his mouth move. And a blind tenor, but his songs were sentimental, and of course the duty of singers on the Front was to be funny; and a blind whistler; and