

telephone asking for Ada Ward to come and cheer up some patients in a place where artists rarely went. This was in a small hospital where all the cases were what is known as "jaw cases." There was not a boy there but had the lower part of his face blown away—not a boy there who was not terribly mutilated. Those who asked me to go there said: "You will be prepared for it; you will do your best." But although I did try to prepare I could have screamed when I got there and saw what had happened those dear boys. But they were doing wonders for them with that new plastic surgery, and many of them were getting well and strong again. Oh! the laughter in their eyes—it gave me an idea of how they could endure. It was a wonderful thing to me. Another time I was lecturing and the boys were so eager to see my sketches that some of them got up into the rafters and crushed and squashed until at last the rafters came down altogether, and for the first and last time in my experience I could truthfully say that I had brought the house down. I was a little disconcerted at this, but someone in the heap of skuffling, scrambling boys said, "It's all right; go on Miss; no casualties."

That is their great word, "Go on; go on." You must go on. I remember one difficulty we had. It was at a crowded concert where the boys were uproarious and were singing "Ips-witch" at the top of their voices. I saw a big sergeant elbow his way into the room. Now, the boys are so keen on these concerts that they do not miss a single word that is sung or said, so that when anyone interrupts they put him on the floor and sit on him. When I saw this big sergeant pushing his way up the room unchallenged I saw that something was the matter. As soon as he reached the officer who was doing duty as chairman he spoke a few words to him amid a silence that could be felt and the next moment that merry drama was turned into one of the most terrible I have ever known. As the sergeant came up the boys bent over just like the wind bends over a field of corn. Some of them had to fall in at once and leave for duty. We heard the words on the platform. After consulting with the colonel the sergeant said: "Coldstream and Scots Greys, Sir." The colonel sat up and asked, "Any men of the Scots Greys or the Coldstreams here?" And without a moment's hesitation from every part of the room splendid fellows got up and went out. They were wanted immediately in the trenches. Think of it! Think of the contrasts—the men who, a moment before, were enjoying themselves with merriment, mirth, music and brightness, and

then to go out into the dark to meet death in a hundred terrible forms. There was no hesitation. How could we go on with our evening's enjoyment after that?

I suggested to the pianist to play the National Anthem, but some of the men caught my words—"National Anthem," they said, "Half way through the concert. No fear. If a few chaps do go out it leaves all the more room for those that are left. It's orl right. Go on; go on." And there is the cry again: "Go on; go on!"

It is the cry I give to you. We cannot stop in our task because a few slip out into the dark. The king is dead but long live the king. The courage and example of our boys nerve us to do things that at the beginning of the war we could never have done.

One day we left the camp altogether, left the towns and went right away from civilization to entertain the men who do duty behind the trenches. It was at a horse hospital. We are all apt to forget that the men employed in this kind of work have a terribly monotonous work—such work as at times must almost drive them to despair. In one camp, for instance, every day they make 250,000 loaves of bread. In another they manufacture or remake 33,000 pairs of boots—for there is no waste and old boots are used up to make new ones. Indeed it is sometimes said they would make a boot out of a lace hole. Think of the appalling monotony of that kind of work. So we went up there and took our songs and material for the boys to amuse them. It is something marvellous at these hospitals to see how carefully and well the animals which have been wounded in the war are treated and made well again. Some of them suffer from shrapnel wounds, and at this hospital we went to there were 500 of them being tenderly cared for. The men there managed them splendidly, and some of them could even take care of a mule. And if you can manage an army mule you can manage anything created. This performance we had to give outside on the grass, and all around were the men and the stables. I can see it now, I can smell it. I never get a whiff of the stables now but I think of that wonderful audience. When it came to my turn it began to rain, and I can assure you that talking in the open in rainstorm is not easy. My chalk would hardly make a mark on the blackboard. The worst of it was that the men thought I was frightened of the weather, and they said, "Go on, it's all right, miss. It's only rain. We do not stop in war time for a drop of rain. Say, Miss, you're awful sweet." "You ain't made of sugar," and so on. They