

LONDON, A YEAR LATER

when in his rare barytone and rare brogue
he whispered rather than sang the lines:

“ Good-by, Piccadilly—
Farewell, Leicester Square,
It’s a long, long way to Tipperary ”

— all of his unseen audience hastily fled.

There was also Private Watts, who was mending shoes. When the week before Lord Kitchener visited St. Dunstan’s, Watts had joked with him. I congratulated him on his courage.

“What was your joke?” I inquired.

“He asked me when I was a prisoner with the Germans how they fed me, and I said: ‘Oh, they gave me five beefsteaks a day.’ ”

“That was a good joke,” I said. “Did Kitchener think so?”

The man had been laughing, pleased and proud. Now the blank eyes turned wistfully to my companion.

“Did his lordship smile?” he asked.

Those blind French officers at the Crillon

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