

The Hydra: journal of the Craiglockhart War Hospital

No. 12 September 29th 1917

CONTENTS	Page
▪ Notes And News	2
▪ Memories Pedagogic	6
▪ Wirers	9
▪ Tales of Third-Class Travel	9
▪ Craiglockhart War Hospital Concert 22 September 1917	11
▪ The Chronicles of a V.O.S.	11
▪ The Next War	18
▪ Concert	19

NOTES AND NEWS.

Editorial.

Now that we seem to be winning a larger and more interested company of readers, and have a House President who has the interests of the Magazine at heart, we hope to be permitted to improve its size and format, as well as its contents.

We make a last appeal for an attractive cover design - a promising futurist thing, if you will; anything but a future promise.

Our present cover looks like a tract, a house agent's circular, or any of those pitiful leaflets labelled "Please take one."

Winter is coming. Let us relieve the gentleman in the British Warm of his faithful post on the bowling-green. The overworked Block itself is wearing out, and as for the Editor -

As a motto for the week, he asks you to think over the profound observation of a certain stump orator, who delivered himself thus: *"What we want, my friends, what we want is more work and less of it."*

Camera Club.

The usual meeting was held on Sunday evening, and, after the business was got rid of, a very interesting paper was read on "Orthochromatism," contributed by Mr Downes. Several photos were exhibited which clearly showed the different values of yellow and purple, blue and red, when taken with equal exposure and conditions by both ordinary and orthochromatic plates; also a series of plates illustrating the effect of screening, and a further print showing the dire influence of the dark-room lamp on anything which it illumines whilst in a sensitive condition. Major Hogg won the first prize with a photo of "King Penguin," and Mr Kershaw obtained the second prize with a photo of Colinton Dell. A paper on "P.O.P. and other papers" will be contributed by Mr Kershaw at the next meeting.

Golf Notes.

The Medal Competition held at Mortonhall last Friday (21st September) produced twenty-two entries, but, owing to the high wind, poor scores were returned. In the first division Capt. Ballingall proved successful with a card of $89 - 6 = 83$, whilst the second division prize was captured by Lieut. C. Davies with a return of $96 - 16 = 80$.

We shall be having "a day out" at Bruntsfield shortly, and hope our members who have not visited these links will make opportunities of doing so.

Just along now we have a goodly number of golfers in the Hydro, and almost every day a fresh face is seen "making a trial trip" on the links. There is quite a strong demand for second-hand clubs, and officers who have clubs for disposal should communicate with the secretary (Lieut. C.B. Boak), and, if the clubs are in good condition, a speedy sale will result.

We should like to point out that only "real" golf clubs can be accepted. During the past week several merchants have turned up with weird looking weapons, which they glibly describe as "old masters", but there's nothing doing. It's golf clubs we want, not hockey bats!

Will beginners please endeavour to read up the rules of golf, and particularly "golf etiquette"? There are many pitfalls for the ignorant, and since the various clubs in the district extend full hospitality to us, to offend unwittingly would be very galling to any member of the Hydro. Very often apologies do not heal the sores caused by indiscretions.

Harvesting.

The work of gathering in the harvest still goes strong, although the weather has hindered operations of late. If conditions improve, however, the end of the present week ought to see the fields all clear and the corn all safely stacked.

The harvesters held their first meeting on Wednesday evening, the 12th inst., Major Bryce in the chair. As the response for voluntary workers met with such good results, it was decided that the responsibility for the continuation of the work should be distributed, and the following office-bearers were elected:-

Hon President Major Bryce

Chairman Mr Ridgen

Secretary Mr Young

Committee

Mr Donald, Mr Millar, Mr Clunie.

Each member of the Committee looks after the interests of a certain farm.

We should like to have seen a larger attendance at our meeting, but, unfortunately, the hour clashed somewhat with that of the Field Club. Major Bryce related quite a number of his farming reminiscences, and quite surprised most of us with his intimate knowledge of work on a farm. Mr Clunie, too, provided us with quite a lot of useful and interesting information. All honours, by the way, go to him who "gaffers" the work at Ingles Green Farm for the splendid results he has achieved.

We trust that officers will not think that, because the harvesting operations are drawing to a close, no more help is required. On the contrary, we are very anxious that more volunteers will come forward to give a hand with the turnip and potato lifting, etc. We wish, therefore, to

welcome any newcomers who, if they find it difficult to "laugh and grow fat" under present circumstances, will perhaps wax fat under the pleasant and enjoyable task of spending a few hours daily once they are "back to the land."

Workshop.

Great strides are being made here. Every place appears to be busy; a large number of new enthusiasts, engaged on various constructions, are busy all day, so much so that it has been necessary to obtain more tools and more benches. A lathe has now been installed, and has proved itself of considerable value, and certainly an acquisition to the shop. Motor boat construction and yachts appear to be the favourite work, and great strides and competition appear to be the order of the day. Wood carving seems to be taking the place of fret work.

There is, of course, ample room for more beginners. It is not necessary to be an expert, as assistance is on the spot, and advice is freely given in any class of work. With the present influx of enthusiasm it is expected that the shop will be busy for some time in the future.

Field Club.

On Wednesday, 12th September, a very pleasant excursion to Dunfermline was made.

Through the kindness of Sir William Robertson we were enabled to make a comprehensive tour of the various Carnegie Institutions in the town throughout the morning. Following a substantial lunch, provided by Sir William, the party visited the interesting old abbey, and afterwards rambled through the delightful Pittencrieff Gardens with its band and gorgeous flower beds. After tea at the garden house, the band played a special item at the request of our host. An inspection of the unique collection of natural history objects exhibited in the mansion brought to a close an exceedingly enjoyable day. Our sincerest thanks are due to Sir William Robertson for his kind invitation and generous hospitality.

Two thoroughly interesting papers were given at the meetings on the 12th and 17th inst. The first of these, by Capt. Mackenzie, dealt with some notes on electricity and magnetism in Nature.

The lecturer touched upon many attractive features, phenomenon showing that electricity entered into our lives far more than was generally supposed. It was shown that animals were highly electrical, by the introduction of instances of some of the aquatic vertebrates having special organs by which electric shocks could be given through the surrounding water. The powerful electric discharge used both as a means of defence and of capturing prey of the fresh water eel from Brazil, the catfish of the Atlantic ocean, and our own common skate were mentioned. A debate followed, during which many correlative points were raised and discussed.

On Monday, 17th September, Mr Brook, in his paper on "Education after the War," laid before us some new practical ideas affecting the very vital question of the future education of the masses. The lecturer was accorded a hearty vote of thanks for his exceedingly useful and interesting paper.

Regatta held on the 18th September.

A strong, fresh, easterly breeze, developing into half a gale, seemed to favour the heavier craft. The opportunity brought the seamanship knowledge forward. Capt. Foster appeared to realise the opportunity, and was easily a winner in both events. "White Wings" did well in the first event, coming in second, and with every prospect of taking the second event, but, unfortunately, the wind fell down to almost a calm, and "Pompey," with extra sail, took the second event in good style. "Mystery" did practically nothing until the last two events, when she showed her true form as to her speed. It is evident that the owners are holding this boat back through needless experiment. The Rev. Winsor's "Dot" showed good form, although it did not develop until too late.

FIRST EVENT.

1. "Pompey." 2. "White Wings." 3. "Mystery."

SECOND EVENT.

1. "Pompey." 2. "The Scot." 3. "Dot."

Regatta held on 24th September.

The race opened out with a strong, fresh, easterly breeze. There were three new starters, viz., "Green Linnet" (Major Hope), "Rover" (Capt. Williams), "Pat" (Lieut. Brand). The running appeared as usual with the older boats, although much was expected of "Pat" and "Rover". "Pat" is, no doubt, a splendidly finished craft, but after she has had her keel increased, much can be expected of her. "Rover," owing to several fouls, did not have an opportunity of showing her form.

Much is expected of "Green Linnet" in the near future.

Lieut. Rhind's "Scot" sailed in good trim and carried off both events. Capt. Foster's "Pompey" ran well in spite of being fouled several times.

FIRST EVENT.

1. "The Scot." 2. "Pompey." 3. "White Wings."

SECOND EVENT.

1. "The Scot." 2. "Pompey." 3. "Mystery."

MEMORIES PEDAGOGIC.

The Camp Commandant was beaten, badly beaten. His victor was my collier lad from North Lancashire, who had brought him a parcel to be franked.

"Where the humpty humpty do you come from? Stand to attention man!"

"A'm thro't' Rainfoorcement Camp, sar."

"Where are the three buttons from that jacket?"

"Nay, ah dooan't knaw: ah sud guess they'n dropped orf. Y'see aw annet gotten a huss'lf: t'boss [my humble self!] as ordered one fur me, bud it 'asn't commed yit."

"And your face, man alive!"

"Well, yo' see, a'm a collier: bud yo' con see fur yersen a'm as cleen as yo' are ower t' rest of me." And Walker (we'll call him that, for I hope to meet him again under safe conditions) did at once begin to undo himself to show the pearl white skin that overlay his rough but honest heart.

"That will do: but look, man, look at those boots!"

"Aye," murmurs Walker with most serious mien, "they're lekkin' like t' devil, boss, aren't they!"

I met that staff officer next day: he confessed himself beaten, routed, utterly vanquished. And Walker received strict orders not in future to leave our abode without first submitting himself to the C.O.'s or the Sergeant-Major's scrutiny. But Walker, and such as he, his younger and older bi-lingual brothers in Yorkshire and Lancashire, have dashed with laughter many a weary day of my schoolmaster life in the long, long ago "before the war." Closely akin is he to the moorland lad in a class of mine, which was being put through its very incipient conversational French by a dapper young inspector whose chief qualification lay, I believe, in the fact that his uncle had once dined with a Cabinet Minister. A sallow, callow youth had been asked, "Quelle heure est-il?" but no answer was forthcoming. I can see it now: the dim-lit of that Mechanics' Institute, and the class scratching its many heads as the man from Whitehall suggestively fingered his watch. At length the silence was, not broken, but scraped, by a hoarse whisper from Walker the Second: "Doesn't ta yer, yer fatyed? 'E wants ter knaw wot tahm it is!"

One of this tribe it must have been who defined a tube as "a 'oil wi' a lump o' iron rahnd it"; and the schoolmaster, now of the Admiralty, tells us of a schoolboy diplomat who stated that "A lie is an abomination to the Lord, but a very present help in time of trouble."

H.M.I., that awful personage who in pre-'95 days visited our English primary schools on a set day to examine the year's work, down to that of the veriest infants - whose advent we had

to greet in fear and trembling (we were drilled most carefully for days before), and before whom all did most indubitably get 'wind up' - H.M.I. arrived one morning in my school in what was clearly very bad humour. He at once set about to tear up the universe.

"You've got the area of this rectangle, I see. How?"

TOM: "Multiplied the length by the breadth." (Of course Tom and all his chums had been repeatedly told that two concretes cannot be multiplied together.)

H.M.I.: "And four feet multiplied by three feet yields?"

TOM: "Twelve square feet, sir."

H.M.I. (blinking with horrid anticipatory glee): "And four clocks multiplied by three clocks?"

Dick (red-haired, a dolt strategically hidden in the back row out of harm's way - so thought!): "Twelve square clocks, sir!"

Now, my dear and shell-shocked colleague, did not that inspector ask for it? Did he not get what he prayed for?

"C'est le chien le plus fidele du monde." "This is the dog that plays the violin on the ground." "O pauvre ame blessee!" Shades of Corneille! for did not my lad construe it manfully, "O poor but blessed soul"? and followed it later by asserting that "Il grimpa a petit bruit sur le toit" could be rendered by "He clambered to the little animal on the toast." (He reminds me of a fellow-student - not in *this* Hydro - who refused the lettuce in that he was a vegetarian!)

"Il se promena, un chou sous un bras, une betterave sous l'autre." "He walked about, a cabbage under one arm and his better half 'neath the other" - recalls another tumultuous scene in my steps upward in French.

A young teacher, ignorant, in large measure, of Greek, but not of "swank," most learnedly commenced a lesson - he knew the Head was lending an ear - by a disquisition on the etymology of "geography." "Now, give me another word beginning with 'ge.'" And poor Todd was ruthlessly sat upon, yea, cuffed, because he ventured "George."

It is well that the class-room tedium is at times shot through by laughter; the "howler" is a godsend, and the teacher with a sense of humour is another godsend. Such a one I had at the age of twelve; his very presence and his most palpable *embonpoint* were jokes. He had a nickname for every lad - and every lad had one for him. "Ready-for-killing" we called him; but we were his happy slaves, even when he would have us repeat fifty times, "Multiply the first divisor by the last remainder, and add the first remainder ON," the "on" being vocally emphasised a hundredfold, as well as by a tremendous whack on the desk from the thick end of his sceptre. A happy man was he. To quote R.L.S., "his entrance into the room was as though another candle had been lit." He would always relieve a lesson on Scotland by asking Green - who better named could surely not have been - "what Dundee was famous for." And Green never could remember any answer but "Marmalade." I was the "Commercial Traveller"

(his beloved enemy the Head was always requiring me to run sundry errands), and Bray, the lanky, loose-limbed, along with much of modern architecture, was insulted with the cognomen of "Buildings." Not a cultured man, "Ready-for-killing!" Well, no, if culture means that something indefinable and superficial; but he loved boys more than books, life more than learning. And, after all, again to quote the seer of Swanston, "Books are all right in their way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life." His golden rule for teaching, though he knew small Latin and less Greek, was the Latin tag, "*Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit comica veris.*"

One of the most difficult of arts is that of skilful questioning. Often have I seen a weary pedagogue aim a shaft at one part of the boy's mental background - and get a reply from quite a different part of that same background. Professor Adams, in his fine work, "Exposition and Illustration in Teaching," gives instances of this. A teacher has spoken learnedly on River Pollution, and closes his discourse by remarking that the Bruce once fished in the Clyde at Roseneath. "And why could he not fish there now?" "'Cos he's dead!" Another unfortunate asks, from a geographical point of view, where Saul was converted, and gets the answer, "In the tenth chapter of Acts." Of course he wanted "Damascus"!

I have poignant recollections of a boy whose very name was a negation - he was called Knott - but whose written answers to a history paper were most astounding affirmations. He was - need I add? - a very dull student indeed. To one question, "Write a short note on each of the following: - Magna Carta, Quia Emptores, the Six Articles, Wolsey," etc., etc., he replied, "Magna Carta was the second son of Henry the Fourth, and the third son of Henry the Fifth, and was the rightful heir to the throne." The last clause he inserted in every answer, and told the truth, perchance, at least once.

Of a truth, teaching is not easy. Patience, tact, and sympathy are all needed; the man not blessed with these should never think of this as a possible calling. (Moreover, he will find most other occupations are more lucrative.) And there come odd moments when a teacher feels near unto expiring, when he is faced with a blank mass of incapacity, and is convinced that nothing but a surgical operation will ever "drive the thing" into the poor lad's head. Let me ask him, then, to remember the advice invariably given by an old Scottish dominie to the backward lad:-

"Weel, if ye hav'na the wut tae *see't*, ye maun juist bide till it sipes in!"

F. BROOK.

WIRERS.

"Pass it along, the wiring party's going out" -
And yawning sentries mumble, "Wirers going out."

Unravelling; twisting; hammering stakes with muffled thud,
They toil with stealthy haste and anger in their blood.

The Boche sends up a flare. Black forms stand rigid there,
Stock-still like posts; then darkness, and the clumsy ghosts
Stride hither and thither, whispering, tripped by clutching snare
Of snags and tangles.

Ghastly dawn with vaporous coasts
Gleams desolate along the sky, night's misery ended.
Young Hughes was badly hit; I heard him carried away,
Moaning at every lurch: no doubt he'll die to-day
But *we* can say the front-line wire's been safely mended.

S.S.

TALES OF THIRD-CLASS TRAVEL.

1. THE BABY AND THE BUS TICKET.

For two very important reasons it was necessary for me to see the Forth Bridge. First, because I have seen and admired bridges great and small, from the ramshackle affair over which you creep gingerly at Rye in Sussex, to the glorious spans that enable you to cross the Aar and see the Bear Pits at Berne. Not to have seen the Forth Bridge after this would be nothing short of a disgrace. Second, bridges are symbolical of new thought and new visions, pathways to untrodden fields, heaven-sent crossings to new Utopias, and I had lately come from the war.

Thus it is that you find me paying my fare and seated beside an elderly gentleman, who is reading a newspaper, waiting for the bus to start for the Forth Bridge.

We waited for some time - to be exact, we waited half-an-hour - people meanwhile clambering in by twos and threes and filling the vacant seats.

The conductor was a man of business; he waited until the bus was full – time seemed of no importance to him, but money, everything.

Gurgling and grinding noises be-tokened a start. The driver sounded three discordant notes on a motor horn, and, before I realised that we were moving, I had to move, to "shift up," as the saying is, to make room for a woman with a baby. She squashed in between the gentleman with the newspaper and me.

"Ad such a run for it," she weezed, "and me asthma so bad...Oh, lawks!" I made no retort to this, for fear she would speak again and die of heart failure, but the baby attracted me. It was, to all appearances, very underfed, wizened, a creature of soft bones and wrinkles, the face of an old man at the end of decline, but eyes – oh! such eyes, very round and very blue and very vacant, unnaturally vacant. They did not move at all, but stared at me, and kept staring at me.

You know how uncomfortable one is capable of becoming under the steady gaze of another person. Quarter of the journey was over, and the baby still stared. I grew exceedingly uncomfortable. I coughed. I crossed one leg over the other, and uncrossed it: there was little enough room for action, we were all so squashed. And then I did the fatal thing – I gave the baby my blue bus ticket and turned to the pages of my guide book, and the study therein of the Forth Bridge.

Suddenly I became aware that something was wrong. A kind of sound that one does not expect from the mouths of babes and sucklings was issuing from this baby. In my unnerved condition I can only call it a sigh of death. I looked ... the bus ticket was gone from its tiny hands, but its mouth was wide open, and the interior thereof was stained a horrible blue!

"Poison," I thought. "I have poisoned the baby!" "Madam," I gasped, "forgive me ... but the child ..."

She needed no further hint, and was busy at once with her forefinger around and about its gums.

"This is not the Forth Bridge," said the conductor, "two more stops before..."

"I know," I murmured in agony "Urgent appointment ... meeting a gentleman ..."

I was out of the bus and into the portals of a friendly inn.

"A stiff drink and a taxi," I shouted to the startled female behind the bar.

"Which first?" she said.

"The taxi," I yelled. "Tell him – Craiglockhart." And I promptly fainted.

COCKBURN HARVEY.

CRAIGLOCKHART WAR HOSPITAL

CONCERT

SEPTEMBER 22 1917

<http://ww1lit.nsms.ox.ac.uk/ww1lit/collections/document/3135/1953> &
<http://ww1lit.nsms.ox.ac.uk/ww1lit/collections/document/3135/1954>

THE CHRONICLES OF A V.O.S.

(Very old Subaltern)

By "JACK POINT"

CHAPTER XVII.

A-DRAFTING WE WILL GO!

You can always tell when a draft leaves Springley, because the band always plays the same tunes. From my billet I can hear the fame of "Private Cassidy, V.C." "Sister Susie," and other famous persons blaring out louder and louder, to the accompaniment of hoarse cheers as the draft, headed by the orderly officer approaches from the parade ground.

I do not really know why "Sister Susie" should always have the privilege of speeding our brave lads to glory, dead or alive, as the case may be; but still, I suppose she is a very nice sort of girl in her way, and, at any rate, she ought to be pretty adept at the work by now!

The D.C.O. does not have to march with the party - he goes independently to the station, and there receives the nominal rolls, free warrants, and other papers connected with his office from George or the adjutant. I met Major Waters outside the ticket office, and for a little while we stood and waited, whilst the draft indulged in part-songs of the dreariest kind, irrespective of the band, which was still occupied with the doings of the heroic "Cassidy."

At last the train steamed in, the draft was deftly inserted into it by the regimental sergeant-major and his minors, and we were free to seek the officers' carriage. Here Major Waters met several old cronies of his caste, and there was I introduced to the celebrated and select club of the "Young Old Boys."

At the next station two other D.C.O.'s tried to get in, but we showed them the way to the next carriage, which Major Waters grimly remarked must now be getting crowded.

Further down the line we got out for refreshments - soda-water and buns. The "Young Old Boys" never buy their whisky at railway stations, besides which, it was "out of hours."

The "Young Old Boys" were all personal friends of the stately beings who deigned to serve us with food and drink, and had you been listening at the keyhole of the door - unable to see how old we all were - you would have imagined that not a man of us was over seventeen!

This was the last stop, and after it we retired to roost. Major Waters had a wonderful way of sleeping in the train. First, he put his portmanteau between two opposite seats, then he piled the cushions on top of it, so making a fairly level surface long enough for a man to lie on. He and the other "Young Old Boy" next removed boots, puttees, collars, ties, and coats, and wrapped themselves in their blankets. Thirdly, they arranged themselves side by side, each with his head against an opposite side of the carriage to the other, and five minutes later they were asleep.

I and the other "Young Old Boys" subaltern tried to do the same, but we had no blankets and no portmanteaux, and so we were not altogether successful.

I remember that in the middle of the night some one tried to get in, but Major Waters sat up, and was so rude to him that he fled into outer darkness, and probably ended by swelling the crush next door.

The next thing I knew was that Major Waters was standing over me, fully dressed, and saying it was time to get up, as we were nearing the post.

The men were soon paraded on the platform and marched to the rest camp on the sea front, after which we all retired to the hotel for breakfast.

I cannot say much for the breakfast. It might have been excellent if it had been served more quickly, but then you know what a horrible way fried bacon has of congealing on one's plate if kept waiting too long in a cool climate!

I wrote to Pauline and fixed up our meeting in London, and also sent a wire to poor old Hammond. I asked Major Waters if he would like to put in a message for him, but being half asleep in his chair, and quite convinced that I was wiring to a girl, he merely answered, "Give her my love, bless her," which might, as I told Hammond afterwards, be taken any way.

Soon it was time to embark, and we left the hotel and collected our men from the rest camp. When I call this particular rest camp a "camp," I may be giving you a wrong impression. It was only a row of empty houses commandeered by the Government, in which men passing through the post might stop and break their journey agreeably on cocoa and the usual ration breakfast.

The men were ensconced in the bowels of the ship, and Major Waters found himself ship's C.O.

I will not dwell upon the crossing, as I am not a good sailor (now Pauline shall know how much I suffered for a sight of her face!) but will whisk you over the Channel in the twinkling of an eye to a big harbour where swarms of people jabbered in both English and French, and

where magnificent individuals with blue tabs on their collars bawled orders at us from the shore.

There was just time for a quick cup of coffee at the hotel there before we rejoined our merry men, who were arriving by twos and threes at the point on the road from which we should commence our march up the hill to the rest camp.

A "Blue-Tab" came dashing up to inquire where the "Greens" were, and Major Waters gave it to him short and sharp.

"The *Green Fusiliers*, young fellow my lad, are *here*, and if we are not put at the head of the column instantly you'll hear more about it. I am senior officer, and the Fusiliers is senior regiment."

Need I say that the first to enter the rest camp after this *were* ourselves? "Blue-Tabs" was no match for Major Waters, I can assure you.

The camp was a camp this time, and no mistake, dark as pitch and muddy as the trenches. Major Waters and several "Young Old Boys" went half-way down the hill again to sup at a restaurant where some extra special burgundy was to be got, but I supped in the Salvation Army Hut.

It is not for me to bring to your notice the good work done by this magnificent organisation, either in the field or elsewhere; it is, I am sure, quite well enough known already.

The supper, which mine host told me was only a scratch affair, and not up to his usual standard, proved first-class.

The night was very cold, and the butter had to be warmed at the stove before being placed on the table, and I regretted to see that it had been a little over-cooked - but what of that? Heaven knows, what I was eating then would have been a municipal banquet to the fellows in the Wipers trench line.

Next day we marched down the hill, trained to a place on the sea which had once been very fashionable, and there said good-bye to our men.

Returning to the French harbour, we passed the night at the hotel, dining on mussels and burgundy at a little cafe up a back street.

Oh, what a foolish gourmet I was to give way to my feelings thus - how I regretted the mussels and burgundy next day, half-way back across the Channel!

I was so busy being ill that I almost lost Major Waters, which would have been disastrous, as he alone knew the whereabouts of his servant, and the servant alone knew the whereabouts of our luggage. But I found him in the end all right, on the platform of the station, which was on the quay, and we were soon well on our way to London.

A telegram to the adjutant was to be my next move, then a bath and change at my club; then a heavy tea to make up for not having had lunch; and in the evening a good dinner - and Pauline's new play.

On the morrow I should meet Pauline, as it would be a Sunday, and she would be free from the stage.

Major Waters awoke with a start.

"Victoria, my boy - and thanks for all your help - have a good time - enjoy yourself, and give her my love."

We got out and collected servant and luggage; then the Major vanished into a taxi on business of his own, and I was left standing beside my bag, with my forty-eight hours' leave all before me.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PAULINE AGAIN.

I need not bore you with a description of all I did on that Saturday afternoon - nor even with a description of Pauline's new play which I witnessed the same night. You have had three whole chapters already in which to find out how she looks from across the foot-lights, and I can hardly believe that you, who possibly have never seen her at all, and so are not likely to share my feelings with regard to her, can want any more!

My club gives its members quite the heaviest tea procurable in London, and that at a ridiculously small price. I have only once seen that tea done full justice to, and Pauline, who, on the occasion in question, had missed her lunch and breakfasted very lightly indeed, was the person who did it.

If I take Christina there her efforts are so puny that by the time she has finished no one but an expert can tell that she has ever started.

I played havoc with the club tea though, on this day of days, and to such effect that I could find but little appetite for my dinner.

The play was by the same great master who had written the immortal Christmas play in which, if you remember, I had got my first glimpse of Pauline's marvellous talent.

She was not doing the chief part - she couldn't well have done it, for it would not have suited her, but for all that she was superb.

Yes, without doubt Pauline had "arrived" in the world of limelight, and looked well on the way to remaining there.

After the play I walked back to my hotel so immersed in thought that I cannoned into a lamp-post. You will see how deeply immersed I must have been when I tell you that I merely stared stupidly at the annoying thing for a few moments, rubbed my forehead, and then went on my way without a word.

I was thinking of all the beautiful things I should have to say to Pauline when we met - a thing I had often done before - in fact, I might say that I had done it with unfailing regularity before each and every one of our meetings.

The queer part of it was, that whenever we did meet all these beautiful things - and some of them really were beautiful beyond doubt - went clean out of my head, and our conversation resolved itself into the commonplace in a way which annoyed me sorely as soon as I was away from her again.

I suppose this is one of the symptoms of being in love - and now that I come to think it over I remember I used to find myself in much the same sort of predicament when that ridiculous boy-and-girl affair with my cousin Joan was at its highest.

On the night I am telling you about I thought out no less than twelve beautiful things, and each one was more beautiful than the last. And the most beautiful one of all was the one which came to me just after my collision with the lamp-post.

I kept on saying them over and over to myself all the way back to my hotel and all the way up to my room so as to get them into my head. And to make assurance doubly sure - for I remembered with deep annoyance my failures of the past - I made a tabulated list of the entire dozen and left it overnight on my dressing-table, putting my cigarette case on top of it, so that in the morning I should be certain not to forget it.

I argued that it was impossible for me to go without my cigarette case, and that as the paper was under this I should see it and put it in my pocket also.

Imagine my vexation when, half way between my hotel and Pauline's flat, I found myself in possession of neither cigarette case nor list, the beautiful things having, needless to say, gone clean out of my head.

When I got back that evening I found that the chambermaid had put my cigarette case safely away in a drawer, and had removed my list of beautiful things entirely.

I have since recognised one or two of them in a low paper which I occasionally read, and I hope that the wicked chambermaid is happy in the ill-gotten gold which the editor has paid her for them.

Anyhow I am too proud to try and find out.

At the moment I was, by a lucky chance, in Piccadilly and just opposite my club, so that I was able to get some cigarettes to go on with.

Pauline and I lunched together at a quiet little restaurant where there is a string band just loud enough to enable one to talk without the next table hearing.

She was full of her new part, and we discussed it from every point of view.

For one moment the conversation slackened, and I remembered with gall the list of beautiful things which would have come in so opportunely had I only had it by me - but no matter, we got on very well, all things considered, without it.

I think one of the most delightful traits in Pauline's character is her power of seeing and of sympathising with other persons' point of view.

For instance, our conversation, being as usual of the commonplace type, turned on my work at Springley, and somehow or other the subject of military discipline cropped up. This is a thing which most girls do not seem to understand at all, and even Pauline, when we had gone into the subject a little, asked for an example by which she might the more readily grasp the rule.

The first one which occurred to me was the story of Hammond and Peter Threadneedle, and I told her the second half of it - the part where Peter let himself down so badly - omitting names, of course.

I did not really expect that she would see Hammond's point of view as she did - as I say, so few girls can grasp these things.

But she expressed her sympathy for him openly, and then - just like a girl - forgot the moral of the story and wanted to know how it all ended.

I know you will disapprove strongly of my next move, but then you may not have been tempted as sorely as I was at the time.

Just imagine yourselves, my male readers, at a dinner with a girl whom you love - a whole page of beautiful and wonderful things which you might have said to her, lost, and then, given a chance to tell her, at her own request, the part of a story which redounds in a small way to your credit and which you feel sure will appeal to her.

Tell me, if you wish, that you are capable of holding your peace under such circumstances - but do not expect me ever again to call you truthful men!

With fiendish glee at doing the wrong thing I told Pauline how I had lectured young Master Peter and with what result.

I have no doubt the recording angel gave me a very bad mark for self-glorification, but it was worth it. Her criticism on my action in the matter made me out to be not only wise but also good, and this was quite enough for me.

She prophesied (girls seem to love prophesying) the most excellent results on Peter's character - and I am glad to say that since this a good many of her words have come true.

But the wonderful part of it all was that my tongue became suddenly loosened, as if by magic, and all at once I said to her no less than fifteen beautiful and wonderful things which, to judge by the samples of the old dozen which I have seen in the cheap newspaper, were of a far superior nature to them - not silly love phrases, I would have you understand - Pauline is much too sensible a girl for that - but just enough to -

What am I trying to say?

Well, anyhow, when we parted I had called her "Pauline" to her face for the first time and she had called me "Sam."

I have never since used the words "Miss Naysmith" in the vocative case.

CHAPTER XIX.

PAULINE COMES TO COALVILLE WITH A STORY.

In course of time the new play went on tour, and Pauline, contrary to all my expectations, accepted the leading part. I had a horrid feeling when I read of this that she would be a failure, but I am glad to say that I was wrong.

Pauline, I had yet to learn, was no "single part" artist; her genius was of that true kind which has only to be given the script of a new part, and the time in which to study the lines, and, hey, presto! the fortunate owner of that genius *is* the part, let it be what you please, from Lear to Stephano, from Portia to Lady Macbeth.

The new play toured the provinces for a week or two and then came to Coalville.

All good touring companies come to Coalville sooner or later, and you may be sure that I was waiting and ready when Pauline wrote to announce the date of her arrival.

The best night for sneaking out of the orderly room to do a theatre is Saturday night, and, accordingly, on the Saturday night of the new play I was there to watch and wonder.

I would, of course, have gone far oftener had not Pauline put a stern veto on my neglecting work to see her act.

On Sunday I met her at the Coalville Hotel, and we had lunch together before she started off for the next post of call; the hotel joins on to the station and so is very handy.

I could give you an accurate record of all we said to one another on this occasion, but what would be the use?

I cannot reproduce Pauline's way of talking, and could not do so even if I had the pen of Shakespeare, Milton, and Dickens combined.

But, for all that, the main gist of it is of no little importance to such of you as this story may interest, and so I will give you that instead.

Just before the new play went on tour Pauline had been engaged on some theatricals in aid of the Red Cross - the kind in which society and the stage mix, society, very rightly and properly, taking all the chief parts, and the stage being humbly content with the other ones.

A Miss Joan Broadacres had acted in these theatricals (just fancy - a mere "miss!"), and, in one of the conversations which they had had together, had claimed me as her cousin.

I acknowledged the relationship, and, having once upon a time acted with Joan myself, offered Pauline my sincerest condolences.

In return for this I got a well-deserved snub.

"Joan," she said, "was sweet -" I supposed she was.

"She acted quite charmingly."

Of that I had my doubts. Next came the important part of Pauline's story.

A young Mr Ormiston, lately back from the front with bad gas poisoning, which it was feared, would render him unfit for further service abroad, had been Joan's constant companion during the whole time that Pauline had been in a position to observe her.

He had always accompanied her to rehearsals - though too ill to act himself even had he possessed the necessary talent - and had always seen her home again.

His demeanour with regard to her had been, in Pauline's opinion, distinctly affectionate, and there were even rumours of an engagement between the two.

I asked Pauline exactly how sure she was on this point, and she replied scathingly that it was just like a man to ask such a question. "Could I not be content with the story as it was?" Well, you see, I just couldn't.

(To be continued.)

THE NEXT WAR.

"War's a joke for me and you

While we know such dreams are true." - SASSOON.

Out there, we've walked quite friendly up to Death;

Sat down and eaten with him, cool and bland, -

Pardoned his spilling mess-tins in our hand.

We've sniffed the green thick odour of his breath, -

Our eyes wept, but our courage didn't writhe.

He's spat at us with bullets and he's coughed

Shrapnel. We chorused when he sang aloft;
We whistled while he shaved us with his scythe.
Oh, Death was never enemy of ours!
We laughed at him, we leagued with him, old chum.
No soldier's paid to kick against his powers.
We laughed, knowing that better men would come,
And greater wars: when each proud fighter brags
He wars on Death - for Life; not men - for flags.

CONCERT.

September 22

For the Henry VIII. dances and similar fine music - conducted, as usual by Capt. Williams, and led, as usual, by Miss Grieve - we must crib a mis-quotation from "Twelfth Night":-

"That old and antique thing we heard last night,
Methought it did relieve our talking much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times."

Similarly, of Miss Aitken's dreamy, old-world singing we cannot do better than quote:-

"That song we had last night is old and plain.
It dallies with the innocence of love
Like old age,"

- which cannot be said of Mr Hyam's songs - though "he hath a mellifluous voice, very sweet and contagious," as Aguecheek would squeak. Those encouraging verses of his about the Craiglockhart Menage called forth the most uproarious applause of the evening.

Mr Mathews and Miss Hirt gave a clever rendering of the operatic-domestic duologue, "Naggleton." We hope to hear Mr Smith again. Miss Ogilvie did some lively and elegant dancing.

Mr Isaacson's production of scenes from "Twelfth Night" would have won the approval of Benson himself. Our scenic artists have our compliments - and our thanks that the "limelights" are at last properly manipulated.

Mr Mayes, as "Sir Toby Belch," excelled himself, if not, indeed, the other players. We can still see the brave swagger of his drunken gait, hear his deep, bellowing laughter, and feel the mighty slaps with which he sportfully belaboured "Sir Andrew Aquecheek" (Mr Bussell). No

doubt this treatment helped Mr Bussell to play the weakling part so well. Their by-play behind the hedge with "Fabian" (Mr Catt, a delightfully natural actor), was genuinely funny, and more than once it drew all our attention from the soliloquising "Malvolio." This personage shown us, which is saying a good deal. The same, we think, is true of Mrs Isaacson (as "Viola"), who fitted her part, enjoyed it, and *was* the youth "Caesario" and the girl "Viola" in a manner seldom seen on any stage. Nothing but admiring praise can be said of Miss Jackson's "Olivia" or Mrs Alan Williams' "Maria."

So we suppose that, if the final applause was not so hearty as expected, it was because the audience were not sure that, when the curtain fell, it fell on the last scene.

MUSTARD SEED.