

responsibility. Thank Heaven, I was straight. I'd worked hours on the blooming things on Wednesday and couldn't balance. I had Fr. 2/20 too much. Mr. Randall was awfully amused at my efforts, and said I might count it in with the last day's receipts, so I came out OK. Mr. Cary (the accountant) was very nice, so I came through that ordeal all right. It was especially bad, because at the end of each month we have to inventory stock, and it's some job! And it was especially bad this time, because prices have all changed and everything had to be doubly listed. However, I lived through it.

One day last week, at about 1:30, just when Marie had left and I was fishing the last of a batch of doughnuts out of the fry preparatory to getting luncheon not more than an hour and a half behind time, Mr. Randall turned up. "Can you get lemonade for 150 men down to the public square within an hour?"

Well, it didn't seem as if I could, but I didn't say so. I've been expecting some such hurry call - it's hard on arriving troops after a long march to stand in the sun waiting - so I'd saved a lot of lemon skins. I'd put them through the meat-chopper and bottled them, covered with water. If the stuff hadn't fermented I'd be all right.

Just at that moment two soldiers turned up - good friends of mine - and I put them both to work - one squeezing fresh lemons, the other straining old juice. Thank heaven, it was OK. In one-half an hour we had enough juice and sugar in a big ash can. There wasn't time to find a conveyance for it, so my men each grabbed a handle and carried it down the street, while I jumped on my bicycle and dashed down to the hospital for the chloride of lime (or something like that) we have to put in all unboiled water.

I had a barrel waiting by the town pump, and I bought two big tin pitchers on the fly. Well - we did it. Inside of an hour from Mr. Randall's appearance, it was all over. All the men had had all the lemonade they wanted, and there was enough left over for a general treat all round. It was pretty good stuff, too. You have to make it strong, to hide the horrid chloride taste. The soldiers didn't say much then, but I've heard since that they were awfully pleased - I was a good deal more so. It was ~~lots~~ of fun, and thoroughly satisfactory. I've made arrangements now, so that I can turn out enough for about 350 men in about an hour.

Now I'm going to try to write in intervals behind the counter, as I'm not good for awfully hard work to-day. My right hand is very nearly OK now, but I got a sting yesterday on my left that has swelled it up so that it's hard to use. My little Charles Beaty has been moved to another camp nearly four miles away; but he walks in whenever he gets a holiday, and turned up this afternoon; so he's been doing all the things this afternoon I'd meant to do myself - putting linoleum along the shelves under the counter, opening cases of lemonade, etc. There's nothing really the matter with my hand - it's just a sting; but it's stiff, and it's much pleasanter to tell Charles what I'd like than to do it myself. One of the men here had a swollen hand the other day which he exhibited with pride. I'm crazy to show him mine, but he hasn't been around to-day.

Two things have happened here this week that I think the censor would cut out if I tried to tell them. One is a conversation I had with a soldier, just back from the Front. I think I may say that the things that he told me sounded just like the newspaper stories. The other thing had to do with a passing automobile, at which I stood and stared like a zany instead of bowing properly. We, Mr. Randall and I, were smiled at and waved to out of the side window and again from the back - and I just stood with my mouth open. Of course, the smiles were for the Y uniform - but I was thrilled. The two Lockies start the name - you can guess the rest.

Every time a newspaper comes in nowadays, we shake hands all round or drink to victory in lemonade. It's been grand lately, hasn't it?