

We allowed repeating too- all they wanted- and even gave cups of chocolate out the windows to the French children.

I'm so glad we did it! I had been frightfully puzzled as to how to manage to give it free when I knew I shouldn't - the Y couldn't afford to do it all over France and Mr. Helms doesn't think it fair for the secretaries who can afford it to pay - it makes it too hard on the secretaries who can't for of course you can't say "See here, boys, I'm paying for this!" so they think its all the Y and feel that a but is cheating them, when they don't get it. I was puzzled, but I suddenly remembered the school children. I could say, "See here, boys, this is on someone else" So I hung the blackboard over the counter and wrote on it "The hot chocolate is donated tonight by a lot of little American girls who want to help "our boys" I know the Brearley children will be pleased, and I was so thankful for the loophole.

Well - it all ended - even though it was an hour later than usual. And I don't dare look at my watch now, but I had to write and tell you all about it while the iron was hot. The floor is getting pretty cold now and I ought to be in bed - but such a day will never come again and I hate to end it.

Its such a satisfaction to be right in the middle of the army even though we're such a weensy village that we miss all the big glorifications. I don't care, not many of you have had the privilege, as I had last night, of being the first to tell real soldiers of the Kaiser's abdication. I leap for any news I can get and often know more than even the officers, so the men have fallen into the way of asking me whats happening - and its lots of fun.

Dear people, I must stop!

The war is over - Thank God,

Goodnight

Mildred.