

**MILDMAY PARK: EPISODES
OF A DOUGHBOY
IN A LONDON HOSPITAL
BY MY SERGEANT**

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Mildmay Park: Episodes of a Doughboy in a London Hospital by My Sergeant by Granville Forbes Sturgis

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GRANVILLE FORBES STURGIS

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MILDMAY PARK

*Episodes of a Doughboy in
a London Hospital*

BY
MY SERGEANT

"With all thy faults, I love thee still"



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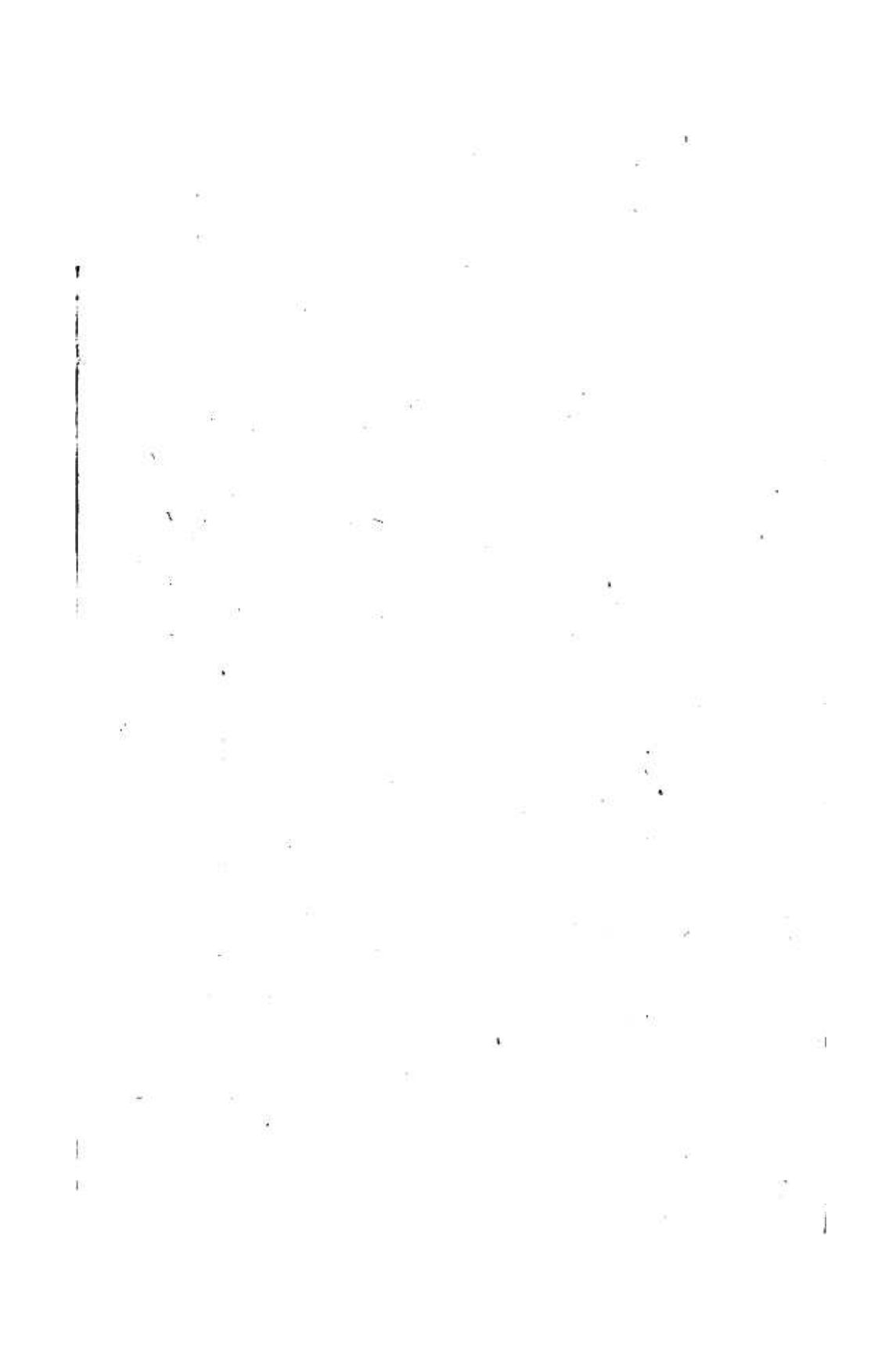
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MILDMAY PARK



MILDMAY PARK

I

MILDMAY PARK

IT was springtime in Mildmay Park; Springtime in London! The season when all the world breathes of romance and fond hearts beat in fond rhapsody beneath a starlit heaven, as they lie close together on a moon-flooded lawn!

Mildmay Park, as you all know, is one of the prettiest spots of all the pretty spots London has created for young love's mad dreams. It is not such a very big park and it lies in the embrace of myriads of red-brick, bay-windowed houses peculiar to suburban London. Crowded busses careen madly on its all four sides, and cynical, but envious belated spring-time individuals, whose youth has been nipped by over-zealous moralists like some peach-orchard nipped by frost as its pink petals were about to unfold to dazzle the eyes with their voluptuous beauty, gaze down in disapproval upon the countless budding

young things who sprawl on the grass at risk of rubbing off some of their velvety youth, or who loll in unconventional attitudes on the long rows of benches. Later in the day, these same critical individuals may be seen sauntering along the walls of Mildmay with eagle eye of disapproval resting upon these unfortunate happy ones who look up at them and laugh rudely in their jealous, zealous faces.

It is a park made for love. It occupies about twenty city squares, perhaps, but has the most entrancing winding paths, between hedgerows of box and privet, and sometimes of laurel. The roses crawl all over it—over its walls, its imitation fallen ruins, its chopped logs which are strewn with artistic disarray in secluded nooks—for landscape gardeners are of one mind with youth; perhaps, because the most successful have never outgrown that youth! To live amid the mysterious miracles of nature keeps the heart young and brimming o'er with romance.

There is a tiny pond overwhelmed with the name Mirror Lake, because its waters are of a mirror-like quality, into which gaze lovers' eyes, as they lean over the side of a punt, forgetful of a punt's treacherous habit of spilling young love into that laughing mirror of three feet of water! In its crystal surface these fond young hearts see their own laughing eyes mirrored back, and draw closer in their embrace, heedless of those sour ones stalking the shores of the