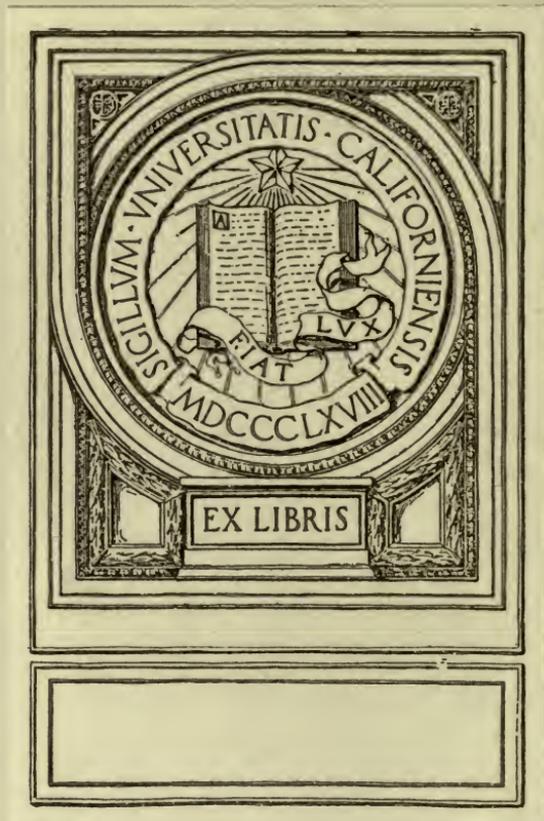


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A SCAVENGER IN FRANCE

A SCAVENGER IN FRANCE

BEING EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY
OF AN ARCHITECT,
1917-19

BY
WILLIAM BELL

(Associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects)

AUTHOR OF
"THE EXODUS FROM HOUNSDITCH."



LONDON: C. W. DANIEL, LTD.
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To
MY FELLOW-WORKERS
IN THE F. W. V. R. C.

BY
ALBERT A. ...

THE ...
...

G. F. P.

*Considerate age, my lord, views motives,
And not acts ; when neither warbling voice
Nor trilling pipe is heard, nor pleasure sits
With trembling age, the voice of Conscience then,
Sweeter than music in a summer's eve,
Shall warble round the snowy head, and keep
Sweet symphony to feathered angels, sitting
As guardians round your chair ; then shall the pulse
Beat slow, and taste and touch and sight and sound and
smell,
That sing and dance round Reason's fine-wrought throne,
Shall flee away, and leave him all forlorn ;
Yet not forlorn if Conscience is his friend.*

(WILLIAM BLAKE.)

INTRODUCTION.

WISE men tell us that a straw will indicate which way the wind blows. But when two straws point in different directions during the same storm, it is somewhat difficult to determine its true course. A well-known writer has declared that war is a great sanitary operation; while General Davidson recently stated, in the House of Commons, his belief that: "War is a most disgusting, barbarous, and preposterous state of affairs." It is no new thing under the sun for doctors to differ; so I shall steer my barque between this Scylla and Charybdis by remarking that in my opinion the disinfecting process invariably comes *after* the "disgusting state of affairs" has ceased for the time being.

It has been my privilege during the war to serve as one of the scavengers in certain of the devastated regions of France—clearing up the wreckage after the iron whirlwind had passed over the land; erecting temporary dwellings to replace the demolished homes of the patient peasants; and helping to encourage them to begin life afresh amidst the charred stumps and the cannon-swept ruins of their former happy *foyers*.

Perhaps it may be well to mention the fact of my non-participation in the active cares of war at a time when the whole world groaned under its imperious demands. But without attempting here to give all the reasons annexed to my neutrality—the question is too complex to be dismissed in a superficial manner—let me say that it was utterly impossible for me to take up work in a munition-factory—in other words, to kill by proxy, with a negligible amount of risk to oneself. Therefore, I went to France as a volunteer to do work, not of national, but of international, importance in helping to alleviate the sufferings of the civilian victims in the War Zone. To the Organising Committee of the Unit to which I had the honour to belong, I would here express my thanks for the opportunity it gave me for expressing myself in a constructive manner when the glorious youth of the nations was given over to the destructive pursuits of warfare. Being an architect, my whole life's work previously had been to build up and not to

destroy—I shall leave the psychologists to deduct what they choose from this complex of mine.

My duties as architect with my Unit took me into many corners of France; thus I had innumerable opportunities for discussing with both soldiers and civilians. For five winter months I lived amongst the soldiers in the War Zone at Ham—first with the French, then with the British troops—until the Big Push of March, 1918, sent us all trekking westward upon Amiens. I cannot adequately express my unbounded admiration of the officers and men with whom I came in contact from time to time as I moved about the country. To apply the *cliché*—"heroes all"—to them is manifestly insufficient; for heroism is a common physical characteristic of most normally-constituted soldiers. Their outstanding quality is that wonderful magnanimity of mind which enables them to "carry on" under adverse conditions which Mark Tapley himself never even imagined.

It is a merciful Providence which ensures that the men who do the actual killing in war fulfil that function without any hatred in their souls. That is one of the miracles of war. The hatred and the bitterness generally borne against the official enemy by those who have never been in the War Zone, are totally absent from the heart of the average soldier. He kills with a clean conscience—more in pity than in anger; for he realised in the trenches, if never before, that his neighbour across No-Man's-Land is a martyr to circumstances like himself. I am almost constrained to believe that Hate increases in proportion to the square of the distance of the individual from the trenches; for it is usually the old civilian who nurses his wrath to keep it warm.

I imagine the people who remained at home during the war will find themselves, as time passes, more and more out of touch with the ideals of the soldiers who have survived the rigours of the campaign. For the soldier has been putting up a fight imbued with an altruism which is more honourable than any tinsel halo that may be handed to him by a grateful patriot who has made a fortune out of the misfortunes of the actual participants in the war. The soldier gave or risked his life for a great ideal; but the predatory instincts of the average patriot at home led him to risk neither his life nor

his capital even in an effort that was said to be to save the Empire.

Burke once said: "War never leaves where it found a nation." This is generally true from a physical point of view; but particularly it cannot be said to apply to the mental equipment of those who conducted the war. For the politicians are still stuttering their pre-war platitudes with an unconscious consistency that would be humorous were it not so tragical. They still speak in terms of cobwebs, instead of statesmanship. Collectively, they appear not to have a single idea amongst them that is not Victorian. Their mental bankruptcy is even more pronounced than the financial bankruptcy which is the natural aftermath of five years of war. The old men calmly assert that they have "won the war."

But let us see to it that the young men "win the peace" —not merely temporarily but for all the generations that are yet to come. For it is utterly beside the point to permit the old men any longer to mishandle the problems of life and death of the Youth of the world. Youth must be served. Our immediate task is to drive the money-changers from the Temple of War, so that one at least of the prime causes of international strife may be removed. Then let us work together to produce a newer England in which the creative impulses shall take precedence over the destructive instincts that underlie all forms of militarism. It was William Blake who wrote: "A warlike State never can produce art. It will rob and plunder and accumulate into one place, and translate and copy and buy and sell and criticise, but not make." Let us, therefore, exorcise that spirit of militarism against which England is said to have gone to war. For only by so doing can a "clean peace" be established in the minds of men, if not in the pigeon-holes of diplomacy.

There is no longer any incentive to extricate mythical princesses from the clutches of the ogres of Castle Dangerous. There is no Helen now to rescue from the hands of the Trojans. There is no crusade necessary for wresting the Holy Sepulchre from the sacrilegious infidels of the East. Adventure is become more a spiritual than a material objective. The battle of the future is of ideas rather than of things. War may have been good enough for our fathers, who experienced it only in the

newspapers. It certainly is no longer good enough for our fathers' sons.

Those who still believe war to be the only "natural" specific would have delighted the heart of heredity-experts like Galton and Mendel. But such curious survivals of a primitive type of mind are mainly the evidences of atavism in individuals who have been born too late.

Human conflict usually arises because men's minds are at different stages of consciousness—more particularly as mass-consciousness is still in the elementary stages of that phenomenon. In the physical plane an embryo during its development ascends the scale of the animal kingdom, step by step. Likewise, what is commonly called consciousness—the main distinction between man and the lower animals—may be assumed to ascend the scale in the kingdom of mind. Hence the general level of the mass-consciousness has risen several planes since our primitive woad-painted ancestor first adopted the simple plan of clubbing his neighbour to death, when he fell out with him. If we are to believe at all in the processes of evolution—physical as well as mental—it is but rational to assume that the anachronism called war shall be repudiated ultimately by a generation whose mass-consciousness has evolved to a higher level than that to which modern society has so far attained.

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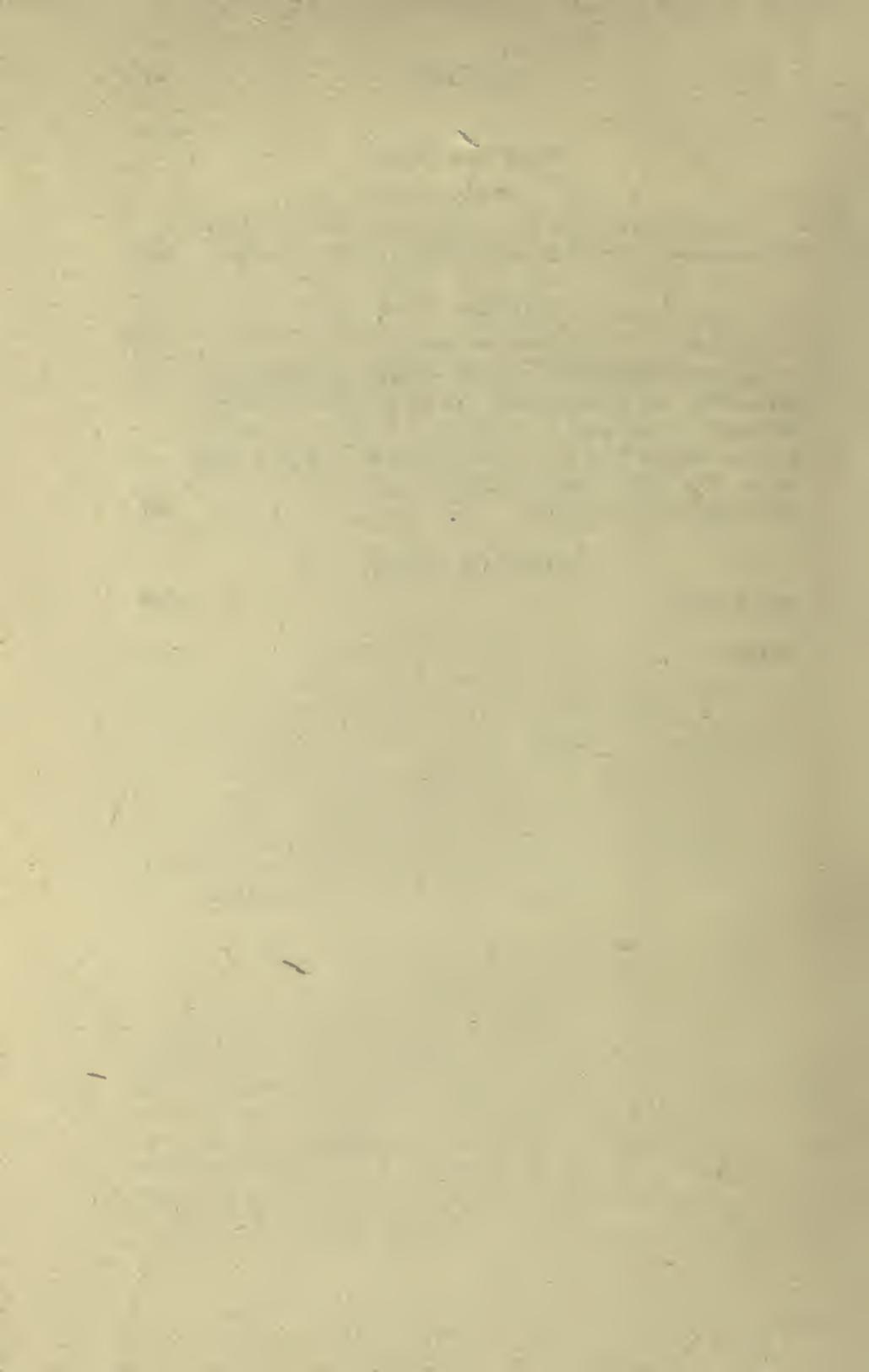
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CHAPTER I.

IN THE JURA.

27 MAY, 1917.—Having become a member of the organisation known as the *Friends' War-Victims' Relief Committee*, I arrived in *Dôle-du-Jura* in the N.E. of France to-day. It was shortly after the outbreak of the war that the F.W.V.R.C. was inaugurated; and in November, 1914, the first handful of members arrived in France to undertake the pioneer work of the *Mission des Amis*, as the unit is called by the French. This is not the first occasion on which the Quakers have sent a relief expedition to the battlefields of Europe; for, in the Franco-German War of 1870-71, the Society of Friends conducted a similar relief campaign in the devastated regions of France.

Our camp at Dôle lies on the edge of the vast *Champs de Manœuvres*, about twenty minutes' walk from our Workshop in town. We sleep in wooden huts of our own sectional type, made and erected by the boys themselves. It is an ideal camping-ground, having a southern aspect, with the various peaks of the Jura Mountains lying to the south-east, and, in the foreground, the town of Dôle, with the great *Forêt de Chaux*, 20 miles long and ten miles wide, beyond it. On clear days it is possible to see *Mont Blanc* and other Alpine peaks, from our camp—the distance to *Mont Blanc* as the crow flies being some 100 miles. The camp stands at an altitude of about 840 feet above sea-level; and the ground to the north-west gradually rises to a height of 1,120 feet—the summit of *Mont Roland* being crowned by a Pilgrim Church having a tall spire which is a landmark for many miles round.

2 A SCAVENGER IN FRANCE.

It was in August, 1916, that the pioneer group of workers arrived at Dôle to begin operations in the sectional construction of wooden houses for French refugees. The French Government supplies the F.W.V.R.C. with the timber from the State forests gratis; while my Unit gives the voluntary and unpaid labour of constructing the sections, and of erecting the houses in the devastated regions of the War Zone. Formerly the *Mission des Amis* erected the wooden houses on the actual sites in the destroyed villages, the timber having been sawn up on the spot. But the difficulties of transport ultimately became so serious that it was decided to set up a manufacturing department in the heart of the great timber district of France. The mountain would not come to Mahomet, so Mahomet had to go to the mountain. In other words, a workshop was opened at Dôle, near the wooded mountains of the Jura; and here are now made the interchangeable and demountable sections of our huts. These are transported by rail to the war-battered districts; and our erecting groups on the spot quickly run up the easily-handled sections into two, three or four-roomed huts—according to the needs and sizes of the several families.

The local authorities have put at the disposal of my Unit, rent free, a large building that was in course of construction at the outbreak of the war. It is destined to be a new school; but its progress has been arrested until after the war. In the meantime, the half-finished premises are being used as our Workshop.

29 MAY.—When the Head of the Workshop, D*v*d H*nd*rs*n, discovered that I am an architect, and that another new arrival, D*v*d P**rc*, is a builder to trade, he at once suggested that the two of us together might complete the rather intricate “hip-

end" of a certain wing of the Workshop at present unroofed. Thus I was soon busy upon the actual manual work involved in constructing a roof, with its hips, purlins, struts, spars, and their special joints; instead of merely making the detailed drawings for the carpenters to follow. Something of the old Guild spirit of craftsmanship was gradually aroused within me as I thought out the problems of construction, and plied hammer and saw and bevel-square at my new vocation. At last I had the opportunity of giving physical expression to a building problem; and of feeling that elation of mind which arises from most intricate manual labour that is free from the taint of profit-making.

14 JUNE.—For several days I have been busy making wall-sections for the huts. It is the custom for each man to go the round of making the several types of the sections, some of which are of more complicated construction than others. This periodical change from one type to another helps to prevent a man from becoming stale in doing repetition work for too long a stretch.

18 JUNE.—Four American gentlemen arrived in camp yesterday: they are the representatives of the American Friends' Service Committee—the parallel organisation, among American Quakers, to the F.W.V.R.C. These men examined our *chantier* today, and discussed the general policy of our Unit in dealing with the question of refugee-housing in France. The underlying motive of the visit of inspection by these American organisers is to decide whether the American Unit should throw in its lot with the F.W.V.R.C., or remain independent of the British group.

7 JULY.—Owing to the expected arrival of addi

tional *personnel* before long, it has been decided to have another two-room hut put up at the camp. Four of us have been busy all the week on this job, and it is now completed. First of all we built the foundation-piers of concrete blocks, the tops of all the piers being made level with one another. Then the foundation timbers were laid from pier to pier; and the floor joists fixed upon them. Next, the floor sections were put in position over the whole area of the two rooms, giving a level raft or platform upon which to stand as we raised the wall-sections into their several positions. As each wall-section was reared into its place on the foundation platform it was secured to its neighbour by means of iron plates and coach-screws, one plate at top and another at bottom of each section. When the wall-sections had been all erected, the roof-purlins were then slipped into the notches reserved for them in the gables; and the roof-panels, reaching from the ridge to the wall-sections, were next secured in their several positions. Thus the shell of the house was completed; and the roof-tiles were at once placed on the laths so as to keep any rain out before the inside finishings were begun. These latter included the windows, doors, skirtings, cover-joints, fascia and shelving. Each room of our huts measures about 13 feet by 13 feet. The final operation of all is the creosoting of the outside of the huts to a warm brown tint, which harmonises very prettily with the rich red tiles on the roof, and the "Quaker-grey" paint on the door and the windows.

12 JULY. — At 9.30 this morning, as I was busy making floor sections, I sawed off the top of my left thumb! The cut was so clean and so quickly done that the piece of mutton was sticking on the saw itself! It was rather a stupid error of judgment to make; but

I soon grasped the situation clearly enough to enable me to overcome the pain that *tout le monde* assured me I must suffer. The First-Aid expert bandaged up the thumb immediately, and I was advised to go to the camp and rest for a day or two as, if I did not experience pain for the time being, I would ultimately have it terrifically bad, they were sure! But I asked the "Head" for another job, and was sent to town to make some purchases of ironmongery for our huts.

14 JULY.—Contrary to the generally accepted opinion in camp, I have had no pain whatever from my wounded thumb. One man said to me on the night of the accident: "I don't want to discourage you, but you are certain to have a terrible night with pain; because not long ago I had a cut not half as bad as you have, and for three nights I never slept a wink owing to the pain." When I argued that because he had had such excessive pain was no reason why I should have any, he looked puzzled and unconvinced. When I declared that I would have no pain whatever, he looked as if he thought I had become demented.

20 JULY.—Several fellows cannot understand why it is the top of my thumb should be filling out to its original shape; because by all the "laws of nature" and experience of surgery the thumb "ought" to remain flat-topped for the rest of my life. I have cut off so much flesh and nail that I had just missed the end of the bone itself. I argued with the boys that if it is possible for the lower animals to grow complete limbs—for instance, the lizard, which can grow a new tail; and the spider, which is able to put out a new limb to replace one that has been torn off—surely there should be nothing phenomenal or extraordinary in a man—the highest species of animal—being able to grow quarter of an inch of meat on the end of one of

his limbs! Perhaps, I suggested, it may be that this function of the lower animals which I have developed is convincing proof of the argument of our opponents who believe that the "conscientious objector" belongs to the reptile species! But neither theory seemed to satisfy any of them; for I realised that they were all too well-versed in the claims of the physiologists and their materialistic platform, to be aware that the healing of the future assuredly lies in the realm of Mind and not in the blood or any other phenomenon in the human composition.

28 JULY. — Since the day of the accident to my thumb I have been busy painting windows and doors. I have covered so many square yards of woodwork with innumerable pounds of grey paint that I imagine my outlook on things-in-general is already of a similar colour to the paint. I begin to realise in a small degree the drudgery which the average "working-man" has to endure in many occupations from one end of his life to the other.

3 AUGUST.—I learnt to-day that Mlle. Mata Hari, the famous dancer who is a popular favourite in Paris, had been arrested recently as a spy in the pay of Germany. Also that a well-known French colonel had recently been shot as a spy. He had apparently got into the hands of some bookmakers having German sympathies, and these gentlemen had kindly offered to liquidate his gambling debts in exchange for certain information on military affairs useful to the enemy. The colonel had succumbed to the strong temptation; the Secret Service men had discovered his treachery; and he has undergone the death penalty for his attempted betrayal of *la belle France*. . . . I would imagine that most of the *real* pro-Germans are to be found either in khaki or horizon-blue, sheltering their

double-dealing under the uniform of "patriotism." Yet there are people silly enough to believe that a man who is opposed to militarism must be a "pro-German," when in the same breath they declare that Germany is the home of Militarism! What wonderful tangles the good Patriots-at-five-per-cent. do get themselves into, at times!

4 AUGUST.—Monday being the August Bank Holiday in England, it was decided by Camp Committee that we should observe that day and Tuesday as holidays. Accordingly most of the boys set out to-day on excursions to various parts of the Jura. L**r*st*n and I arranged to go to the *Col de la Faucille*, going the first part of the way by train to *Morez*, which lies in a deep hollow of the mountains of the Jura. So sudden is the drop to the level of the town that the railway descends in a long and steep tunnel, shaped like a loop on plan, in the heart of the rock itself.

Leaving *Morez* by the road which leads to the Swiss frontier, we set out on foot through the forests and up the mountains; winding in and out the numerous gorges and along fertile valleys; passing the hamlet of *Gouland*, with its white "Crucifixion" reared in an elevated position that enables it to be seen many miles distant along the valley; here in the full glare of the summer sun, and there in the refreshing shade of the magnificent pines which seemed to pierce the blue canopy of clear sky; and eventually we landed at *Les Rousses*.

Much to our surprise and amusement, on arriving on the *Place* in this little mountain-village we found a crowd collected to receive us. This excited gathering of villagers was assembled round *Monsieur le Maire* of the *commune*, and the local *gendarmes*, who were talking with a stout old carter in the middle of the road.

As soon as my fellow-tramp and myself appeared in sight, the carter pointed triumphantly in our direction, saying confidently: "*Voilà, les gens là!*"

A few seconds reflection soon enabled us to reckon up the situation, for I at once recognised the carter, who, I remembered, had passed us with his load as we sat by the wayside admiring the beauty of the valley to be seen from *Gouland*. I hurriedly said to my companion, as we walked leisurely forward to the crowd that had now spread itself across the road, that I thought the teamster had taken us to be escaped German prisoners, and had informed the mayor and the police where he had seen us. Our grey uniforms would tend to arouse his suspicions, which would doubtless also be added to by the fact that several German prisoners-of-war are at large in the extensive forests bordering upon the Swiss frontier.

On our reaching the suspicious crowd of French villagers, one of the *gendarmes* stepped up to us and demanded our passports, on seeing which the fears of the people were at once allayed. When the worthy officials saw the signature of Arthur J. Balfour on our passports, they nearly apologised for their rudeness in asking for the papers of two Scottish tramps. Probably the fact that two "respectable" foreigners were actually tramping for pleasure, and not of necessity, was enough of itself to stir the curiosity of Redtapedom in an out-of-the-way French mountain-hamlet.

5 AUGUST.—Our second day's pilgrimage was again among the mountains and the fir forests. Not far from *Les Rousses* is the Swiss frontier—at *La Chaille*, where there is a *douane* (customs office) guarded by Swiss soldiers. At this point a stone boundary-post marks the dividing line between French and Swiss authority; and by walking round this post one has been in Switzer-

land. The French soldiers here again enquired for our passports. For several miles beyond the *douane* the road forms the boundary between the two republics, and is guarded night and day by French troops. The highway being on French soil, the land over the wall on one side is Swiss territory. The frontiersmen's duty is to prevent French soldiers from deserting into Switzerland; and also to arrest any German prisoners who may attempt to seek refuge in the small republic. These French troops kept marching half-way between the sentry-boxes, which are placed at regular intervals along the route where it skirts the Swiss frontier.

There are no villages whatsoever on the ten miles between *La Chaille* and *Le Col de la Faucille*. The route lies at a height of about 3,750 feet above sea-level, and winds in and out among the giant trees that clothe the north-west slopes of *Mont Jura*. A few farmhouses are to be seen by the wayside, generally placed in a clearing of the forest. The trees marched down into the valley and climbed to the heights above us. They seemed to be almost goat-like in their agility to find foot-hold on mere ledges of rock, and close to the giddy edge of the vertical cliffs that jutted out above the tops of the lower trees. After negotiating sundry "hair-pin" bends in the route, we eventually reach *La Faucille*, where on one side of the pass through the mountains is the fertile valley in which stands the hamlet of *Mijoux*, some 1,200 feet below; and on the other side the view includes the great plain between *Gex* and *Geneva*, some twelve miles distant, with the snow-capped peaks of the Swiss Alps, including the grizzly-headed *Mont Blanc* itself, in the distant background.

We climbed to the top of *Mont Turet*, hard by the pass, to enjoy the panorama from an altitude of 4,450 feet. The sky was almost cloudless; and the blue

waters of *Lac Léman*—as Lake Geneva is known to the French—lay like a polished turquoise in its natural setting of emerald fields and opalescent mountains clad in snow. No wonder that Ruskin declared the view from the *Col de la Faucille* to be one of the most beautiful in Europe!

6 AUGUST.—The magic change that had taken place in the atmospheric conditions during the night was the most remarkable I ever experienced. From being able to distinguish yesterday the very cattle walking about the distant fields on the great plain before Lake Geneva, and the bridges and piers of Geneva itself; to the complete cutting-off by dense mists this morning of every feature of the landscape below an altitude of about 4,000 feet, involved a suddenness of change for which I was totally unprepared. The upper side of this bank of mist or clouds was more or less level over its 500 square miles or thereby of visible surface. A wonderful effect was produced on the selvage, so to speak, of this magnificent Oriental Wishing Carpet as it glided noiselessly against the jagged crests of the mountains near by—*Mont Colomby de Gev* and *Crêt de la Neige*—and thus tore to shreds its feathery edge.

The most curious phenomenon, however, was the frequent upheaval of the floor—shall I call it?—of this aerial platform, probably caused by gusts of wind rising from the underside of the clouds. Those enormous masses of cloud rose gracefully up from the platform—at first having a regular, pear-shaped outline, but growing narrower and narrower at the base until they became completely detached. They would then float gently upwards, like phantom balloons, becoming more diaphanous as they soared, only to dissolve and disappear gradually into nothingness like gigantic, colourless soap-bubbles.

It was most entrancing to watch for the first signs of an upheaval in the floating cloud-platform, and to follow the ever-changing contour and subsequent evolutions of the filmy mass. I learnt to-day that the beauties of Cloud-Land are not all confined to its underside; but that there is an equally interesting but totally different variety of effects in constant progress on the upper surface of clouds. This weird cloudscape had the added fascination in that the higher peaks of the distant Alps were plainly to be seen, seemingly resting on the cloud-platform itself. . . . We had reluctantly to leave this unique vista of the atmospheric world, and to continue our peregrinations on the terrestrial plane westwards.

The road for the first mile or so zig-zags down the steep, wooded mountainside to the village of *Mijoux*. Then we climbed, by a footpath leading through shady glades of tall pines, until we reached the open country near to the hamlet of *Lajoux*. Here we had another little adventure with Patriotism as we stood examining our map at a fork in the route. On seeing two strangers, garbed in the suspicious grey, and busy studying a chart, an old gentleman, who was busy hay-making in an adjacent meadow along with several women, immediately took us to be "Huns." Wildly waving his rake, he galloped in our direction across the uncut portion of the field—at the same time beckoning and calling us to stop.

Before Giles reached us, we knew that he was off-his-eggs entirely—in fact, that they were completely addled before he left his nest in the hay. When he asked for our papers, we enquired in return what authority he had, since he was neither a soldier nor a *gendarme*. This tempted him to retort breathlessly that we were *Boches!* Thereupon we asked if we

looked like Germans *sur visage*—and he shamefacedly confessed that we didn't.

At this point we produced our passports, and when he discovered we were British, he almost prostrated himself at our feet in apology. On enquiring why he dared to tackle two supposed Germans—both younger by many years than himself—while armed only with a hayrake; he informed us that the authorities have issued a proclamation announcing that several hundred *francs* will be paid to anyone who can supply information that will lead to the arrest of any escaped German prisoner.

Apparently our friend, Jacques Hayseed, had a thirst for *francs* so overwhelming that he forgot in his haste to take into consideration the probability that two *real Germans*, bent on escaping at all costs when only six miles from the Swiss frontier, would have little hesitation in giving him the Knock-Out-Blow rather than leave him alive to carry the news to the military authority of the district. When we had explained this side of the situation to our bold old farmer, I gathered by the look on his face that he would not be so keen to go "Hun-hunting" with only a rake the next time his patriotic suspicions are aroused.

Shaking hands with the old man, who kindly gave us information about the route we wished to follow, we held on our way in a bee-line across country and through trackless woods to *Septmoncel*—a pretty little village lying in a fold of the hills. Here we halted for lunch, which was as daintily served at the *Hôtel des Monts du Jura* as if it had been in the *Rue Royale* in Paris. So fine was the goats-milk cheese, and so very "loud," that it was difficult to hear oneself speak. Indeed, the dogs of the other guests seemed to

feel the presence of some unfamiliar small deer, for the hair on their necks stood erect with suspicion.

Soon we set out on the last lap of our tramp over the hills, and down through the beautiful woods which overhang the cliffs above *Saint-Claude*. The town is seen from above long before its streets are reached, for the rocks to the east of it are almost precipices. It is necessary in consequence to descend by the winding, zig-zag footpath among the trees and round the numerous gorges for several miles; though, when the town is first seen from the topmost cliffs, it seems so near that one feels almost able to jump at a single bound right into the main street.

This ancient town worships on weekdays at the shrine of My Lady Nicotine; for the chief industry of the place is briar-pipe making—the largest factory belonging to the British and American Tobacco Trust. There are pipe factories in every street and at the confluence of almost every rivulet with the river that runs through the heart of the town. Shops for the sale of pipes abound everywhere—they jostle one another on all hands; and many of them are kept by the individual craftsman who himself makes and sells his own handiwork.

7 AUGUST. — Leaving *Saint-Claude* early, we climbed the long hillside road northwards, keeping *Mont Bayard* (over 3,000 feet) and *Le Pain du Sucre* (Sugar-Loaf Hill, just under 3,000 feet) on our right. It was a beautiful country through which we strolled — open hills and wooded slopes, waterfalls and picturesque cottages and farmhouses, with wild flowers galore—and genial peasants greeted us as we passed leisurely along our way, through the cluster of houses which form the moorland village of *Valfin* to *La Rixouse*. Here we had lunch before taking the

train thence to Dôle, via Morez, Champagnole, Andelot, and Mouchard.

13 AUGUST.—The first five of the American boys arrived in camp to-day. The American Friends' Service Unit has decided to throw in its lot with the already established British organisation, the F.W.V.R.C. It was the leader of the American Unit who described the first of the American boys as being "real live wire," and "right on the ground-floor" in their capacity for work!

19 AUGUST.—I learnt to-day, from one of the men who came to Dôle in the pioneer days of last autumn, that when the camp was first begun the local women-of-the-streets used to wander round outside the huts with the purpose of plying their trade. Meeting with no success, after a few weeks the girls ceased their visits; and very soon afterwards our boys were told by residents in town that the tale had been circulated that the *Mission des Amis* is a religious body of men who have taken the vow of celibacy!

20 AUGUST.—This evening I gave a lecture at the camp on the Rebuilding of France—the title being merely a peg on which to hang my propaganda of *National Guilds*. The public discussion after I had finished the lecture was continued for an hour and a half, and I was kept busy answering the spirited questions which my remarks had aroused. Though few had even heard of the Guild idea, I believe most of my listeners are ready for it, because our own organisation is run somewhat on Guild lines.

21 AUGUST.—To-night I am pleased to learn that I shall begin on different work to-morrow, my thumb now being completely healed. I find that I have been doing the same work day after day for nearly six weeks—painting doors and windows! The experience

has been useful to me in that it has given me a clear insight into the psychological reaction on a man doing the same kind of work over an extended period. I cannot help wondering what must be the effect on the mind of a practical house painter whose job it is to keep on, year in, year out, for a life-time, slapping paint on acres of woodwork. Such deadening, mechanical labour cannot possibly have an elevating effect upon the mind. It is true, however, that constant practice with the paint brush requires in the end so little mental effort that it leaves one all the more opportunity to think. For instance, I discovered that the very monotony of the movements involved in painting enabled me to do the work almost automatically or unconsciously, while I consciously thought out the details of the lecture I gave yesterday evening. But a more complex problem in psychology would immediately arise if I were doomed to paint woodwork for the remainder of my life.

24 AUGUST.—Pasteur, the famous French bacteriologist, was born at Dôle towards the middle of last century. This evening I visited his birthplace in the "Rue des Tanneurs," which street, I presume, formerly contained the workshop-homes of the tanners. The *Maison Pasteur* is a simple building of no architectural pretensions; and was recently purchased by the "Oil King" of America, and presented by him to the French nation. At his jubilee in 1892, Pasteur declared his "invincible belief that Science and Peace will triumph over Ignorance and War, and that the future will belong to those who will have done most for suffering humanity." . . .

The finest piece of architecture in town is the *Hôpital*, which is purely Spanish in detail and character. It is a glorious relic of the Spanish occupa-

tion of the town—not as a result of military conquest, but as a consequence of an alliance by marriage between the then ruling family of the province, the Dukes of Burgundy, and the Spanish royal family. This Spanish Renaissance building has a boldly detailed stone balcony running along the entire façade, at the First-Floor level; as well as a well-designed oriel window at the same height.

It was a Dôle publisher, M. Joly, who published in 1790 the first book or pamphlet of a certain young Artillery officer of twenty-one. This literary Sub-Lieutenant lodged at Auxonne “in the house of a barber, to whose wife he did not pay the customary degree of respect.” His youthful enthusiasm was so virile that this then-unknown artilleryman used to set out for Dôle on foot from Auxonne at four o’clock every morning for several weeks. At Dôle he corrected the proofs of his *Letter to M. Matteo Buttafuoco*, breakfasted with M. Joly, and immediately began the return tramp to his garrison, where he arrived before noon, having thus walked some twenty miles in the course of the morning. The “Letter” was addressed to the Corsican Deputy, who was “not a Patriot but an Aristocrat unworthy of Deputyship.” The soldier-author was also a Corsican: his name was Napoleon Buonaparte. . . .

In the Rue de Besançon is a portal which formerly gave access to the Monastery of the Tertiaries, which was established here in 1614 by Françoise of Besançon. This Order was founded in the thirteenth century by St. Francis of Assisi for persons of both sexes. Of little architectural merit, the pediment of this door-piece contains a cartouche bearing the inscription: AMORE NON VI. This Franciscan reliance on “Love, not Force” has survived in the world for seven centuries; and the long arm of coincidence has

established in Dôle another colony of unbelievers in Brute-Force—the F.W.V.R.C., whose members have dubbed the three-century-old doorway of the Tertiaries the “ Pacifist Portal.”

1 SEPTEMBER.—I went by train to *Ornans* this afternoon to take the measurements of some oak-timber that has been offered to us by a wood merchant there. It is at this town that the F.W.V.R.C. is setting up another workshop for the manufacture of portable houses, there not being sufficient accommodation at our Dôle premises for the fifty American boys who are coming to join us before long.

Ornans is a pretty little town situate on both banks of the *Loue*, which is here spanned by two bridges. On both sides of the river the hills rise sharply to a height which makes the stranger feel that the town is somewhat shut in. The tops of the surrounding hills are all more or less level, with enormous cliffs along their rugged edges.

Having to get my passport stamped by the police on my arrival, I was surprised to find at the *Hôtel de Ville*, in the principal chamber, an interesting collection of the work of Gustave Courbet, the initiator of the naturalistic school of French painting towards the middle of last century. Courbet, I discovered, was a native of the town, the city fathers having reared a monument to his memory in the *Place Courbet*. A characteristic specimen of Courbet's art is the *Enterrement à Ornans*, which is in the Louvre. His disregard for colour is well portrayed in this example; for while the figures therein are vigorously drawn, as in all his work, they are painted in earthy colours and enveloped in sombre shadows—the subject conveniently lending itself to this treatment, it must not be forgotten. The background of this picture is a piece of *naturalisme*

intégral from his native valley, for the hills have the table-topped contour peculiar to the district.

27 SEPTEMBER.—Yesterday evening, after finishing our day's work, Paddy and I tramped to our little retreat, *Rochefort*, and sat on the cliffs for an hour. Then we called at the *Café* on the *Place*, and drank some *bon vin rouge* made from grapes grown in the district. As we sat at table in the open air, under a pergola laden with roses and creepers, the shades of night began to gather around us. Lights eventually appeared one by one in the cottage windows. Suddenly a door would open and show us for an instant the interior of a room—the light of the lamp inside gleaming across the Square and bringing into sharp outline the shrubs and foliage round the portal. Occasionally a peal of laughter would float to our ears from behind the shuttered windows, and tell of the truth of Burns' couplet—so far as the bulk of mankind is concerned—when the Ploughman Poet wrote:—

“To make a happy fireside clime to weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime of human life.”

20 OCTOBER. — About noon to-day a “Zeppelin” passed over the town. It was drifting helplessly before a northerly wind, there being no engine working at all. Late in the evening news came that this “Zep” had been brought down or landed near Dijon. It appears there is some mystery about it all, for other “Zeps” are reported to be wandering all over France, apparently those which took part in the last raid on London, when something went wrong with the engines or steering-gear that prevented the fleet of air-ships from returning direct to Germany.

1 NOVEMBER.—Yesterday I was notified by the Paris Office of my unit that my *carnet* for the War Zone had arrived. Thus I have had to wait for four or five

months instead of the usual four or five weeks. . . . This morning I left Dôle-du-Jura and travelled by train to Paris, *en route* for the *Somme*. It is not without many regrets that I leave the Jura, where I have been employed as a carpenter and joiner for several months. It is impossible to live with a band of men, enthusiastic in their efforts to alleviate, howsoever slightly, the wrongs caused by war to the civilians in the *Zone des Armées*, without becoming deeply attached to many of one's fellow workers holding similar ideals. Undoubtedly something of the spirit which animated the mediæval guilds of craftsmen permeates the workshop of *les Amis* at Dôle. Monotony there is in the work, or certain phases of it, but above it all rises the pervading feeling that it is *work* of a constructive nature. For war is "not work, but hindrance of work," as Carlyle roundly declares.

Another incentive to our labours is the fact that all is done voluntarily and not for wages or pay, and nobody is making any profit out of the sweat of our brows. I can affirm from personal experience at the bench that it is decidedly a source of satisfaction to remember that I was not toiling on extremely necessitous work the surplus value of which would be swallowed up in the shape of rent by a landlord, of interest or dividend by an unknown body of absentee shareholders, or of profit by a so-called manufacturer, who might as well be named a pedifactorer, for he certainly does not "make with the hands," as his misnomer implies, but tramples on his factory "hands" at every available opportunity. It may be, of course, that the "manufacturer" attaches an esoteric meaning to the word, and that instead of its being a synonym for handicraftsman, or a maker by hand, he now takes it to mean a maker of "hands," as he very happily calls the wage-slaves in his own private Zoo.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE SOMME.

3 NOVEMBER.—I left the *Gare du Nord* this morning by an early train to go to *Ham*, via *Compiègne* and *Noyon*, where a car met me—the railway from *Noyon* to *Ham* not yet having been restored since the Germans destroyed it before their retreat last March. . . . The *équipe* building at *Ham* is at 8, bis, *Rue de Corcy*, the house having been occupied by a German *kommandantur* before the great withdrawal in the Spring of this year. The building has been tinkered up by the group of F.W.V.R.C. workers who came to *Ham* recently to take part in the reconstruction of certain villages both in the *Somme* and the *Aisne*.

6 NOVEMBER.—Owing to the sudden departure from the War Zone of the leader of the hut-erecting group at *Ham*, I was asked to-day to take charge of this work, though I had been originally destined to run the repair group at *Gruny*. It is mainly because I am an architect, of course, that I have been made responsible for this *équipe* of American and British workers.

This evening a French officer called at the house to interview me. He had with him the copy of a letter I had written to my brother, who is in the R.N.A.S., and in which I had asked him to send me regularly a certain magazine; and that he must not in future write so freely about war and peace as he had hitherto done when I was living outside the War Zone. The British Intelligence Department had asked the French authorities to investigate my case, and to report on the result of an interview: I was mildly amused that a

harmless creature like myself should be the innocent means of setting in a flutter the military dove-cotes at *Amiens*.

13 NOVEMBER.—At present our building-groups are busy in the villages of *Villers-Saint-Christophe*, *Aubigny*, and *Tugny-et-Pont*; and it is my duty to cycle out there to keep a watchful eye on the work of erecting the huts, to arrange for the transport of the sections and the materials required for foundations, to keep the accounts of the group, interview the French officials, and conduct the correspondence with the " Building Department " in Paris, and the " Manufacturing Department " in *Dôle-du-Jura* and *Ornans*.

German aeroplanes flew over Ham at noon to-day, taking observations presumably; and there was more than ordinarily heavy shell-fire up the lines all day.

4 DECEMBER.—There was an air-raid last night, or rather this morning just after midnight; but no damage was done to our own premises.

5 DECEMBER.—Between 12 and 4 o'clock this morning there was another " enemy " air-raid; but fortunately I slept through it all, and learnt only at breakfast about its having happened.

6 DECEMBER.—There was another air-raid early this morning, and it lasted for four hours, during which the German 'planes kept coming in relays every fifteen minutes, dropping their load of bombs and returning across the lines without mishap to themselves. Naturally, considerable damage has been done to the town, though the *équipe* building in which we live has come out unscathed. It is reported that one 'plane had come very low, and flown along the whole length of the main street, all the while a machine-gun was being fired from it on the stragglers who happened to be about at that early hour.

8 DECEMBER.—I left Ham this morning to return to England on leave, going by car to *Noyon*, where I had time to look at the *Cathedral*, which is a well-preserved specimen of Gothic art, the east end being particularly fine, with its *chevet* of chapels encircling the apse, and its delicate flying-buttresses gracefully radiating around it.

19 DECEMBER.—While travelling by train in Yorkshire to-day a pompous-looking individual, resplendent with starch, gold-rimmed glasses, and gold watch chain, was curious enough to enquire to what regiment I belonged, as he had never seen my uniform before. To complete his education, I quietly informed him that I was not in any regiment or army; but that I was a "slacker" who had been working voluntarily in France for the past six months.

He did not become disdainful, however; but further enquired what was my work "before the war," and what kind of work I had been doing in France. I replied that I had been working as a carpenter making wooden huts until recently, but that I had been put in charge of the group in the War Zone at Ham, because I am an architect by profession.

His surprise expressed itself thus: "But surely a gentleman like you has never been doing carpentering?" I asked him if he was a Christian; and he replied: "Certainly." Then I reminded him that if the First Christian did not find it beneath his dignity to do carpenter's work, I certainly did not—more especially as I have seen the untold sufferings of the French peasantry in the devastated areas. No more was said by the good patriot, and there was a glacial silence in the compartment until he eventually got out at his destination.

11 JANUARY, 1918.—I set out to-day from Paris, where I arrived from England two days ago, to return to my work at Ham, going by way of *Amiens*, where I had to wait four hours before my train was due to leave for the remainder of the journey. This interval from 12 to 4 o'clock enabled me to see the great Cathedral. . . .

In these days of tottering dynasties and shattered policies and disturbances of the "Balance of Power," the dynamic forces of war have damaged *Louvain*, *Ypres*, and *Reims* to a greater or lesser degree; but so far *Amiens* has escaped the sacrilegious shells of Armageddon, though the Germans occupied the city for some eight days in the early stages of the war in 1914.

It was Ruskin who called the statuary and carving on the portals of this architectural Queen of Picardy, the "Bible of *Amiens*." The "Huns" have therefore not followed their "usual" plan—according to the language of the correspondents of the *Daily Mailed Fist*—of systematically destroying historical examples of art which they cannot carry off as loot; for not one page of the precious Bible of *Amiens* has been torn from its lovely binding. The world has shed its crocodile tears for *Reims*: it has not yet been decreed by the God of Battles that the funeral ceremony of *Amiens* shall also be celebrated.

The zealous guardians of the Cathedral have hidden the West Portals behind sandbags up to the level of the springing of the great archivolt, in order to protect as much as possible from the rigorous fangs of war the glorious statuary that adorns the porches. Sandbags also cover up the portals of the North and South Transepts; and the early sixteenth century flamboyant choir-stalls are likewise cased in a skilfully-designed framework of steel-beams and stancheons supporting layer upon layer of carefully-placed sandbags, ready to

withstand the iron whirlwind should the rudeness of its blast threaten the carved oaken treasures within.

Dedicated to St. Firmin the Martyr, first apostle of Picardy, the early churches on the site were destroyed four times by fire or war before the present cathedral was begun in the thirteenth century. Unlike most of its great sisters, Amiens was completed in a comparatively short time—some three-quarters of a century. Those years, however, embraced the period of full-tide in the culture of the Middle Age when religion was a vital force in the western world, and found its natural expression in art.

The sincerity of a people's faith is psychologically bound up with the nature of its architecture. It is a mere platitude to remark that in mediæval times the fire of religion so blazed in the minds of men that they were impelled to rear Gothic spires to the glory of God. But during the last century of our own enlightened age—illuminated by gas and electricity instead of by the primitive rushlight of our forefathers—the lust for wealth drove men to build mill-chimneys in the service of Mammon, the modern divinity of the industrial era. To-day the clouds of smoke that pour from those towering shrines are the incense that is symbolical of the spiritual darkness which envelops a world that nowadays offers as sacrifice to the God of Battles the sacred temples of our ancestors.

Amiens has neither the ascetic dignity of Chartres, nor the passionate colour of Florence or Ravenna, yet the world could ill-afford to lose such a majestic mountain of mediæval art. For Amiens is one of the wonders of the Gothic era in France. Though the nave calls for unstinted admiration, and the great rose-windows of the Transepts glow in all their glory of gold and red and blue; though the choir-stalls are perhaps the most beautiful in existence, and the twin-

towers—of unequal height and treatment in the upper stages—of the West Front are keen rivals for the adoration of the world; yet it is to the sculptured treasures of the West Porches that one must finally do reverence. There, on tympanum, voussoir and shaft, is the Bible of Amiens, carved of stone in the universal language of art, so that he who runs may read the fascinating allegories of the Old, and the inspiring pages of the New, Testament. In arresting contrast the ascetic figures of the apostles and the saints, the prophets and the martyrs, jostle with grotesque combinations of man and beast. With the beautiful, the ugly is placed in close juxtaposition; and tranquillity adjoins the writhing tragedy of horror. Many of the subjects exhibit a "realism" to which no modern school could pretend.

The hasty observer might conclude at first sight that this strange medley of sculpture had been the production of a frenzied imagination, so incoherent and chaotic does it appear in its lavish abundance. But it is undoubtedly not the fruit of mere haphazard fancy. It is, rather, the orderly and reasoned expression of the fundamental ideology of the Middle Ages, when theology was the premier science, and the lily of religion a thriving flower. Books were rare in those remote days, and the number of illiterates was considerable. What more fitting place, therefore, than the portals of the churches upon which to illustrate the teaching of their religion, and the accepted theory of the world from the Creation to the Final Judgment? The poetry and the legends of the Old Testament, and the good tidings of the New, lent themselves admirably to the medium of the plastic art; and the creative instincts of the unknown craftsmen found joyous freedom in expressing in stone both the attenuated figure of an apostle and the plump grotesqueness of a gargoyle.

Saint or devil alike came equally within the scope of their æsthetic fancy. For those knowing old carvers of the Golden Age of Gothic architecture understood the full significance of the psalmist's exhortation:—

“ All people that on earth do dwell,
 “ Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
 “ Him serve with mirth, his praise forthtell,
 “ Come ye before Him and rejoice.” . . .

Rejoice with cheerfulness and with *mirth*, be it noted; not worship with superficial sadness and with mock solemnity, as if it were a painful duty that must be endured as a penance. Ruskin's epigrammatic advice: “ Out of your long faces, and into your long clothes,” is unmistakably in the same spirit as David's kingly counsel.

The nameless master-craftsman who breathed life, like Pygmalion of old, into the stones of the central tympanum of the West Portal at Amiens had a profound grasp of the symbolism of his subject—*The Last Judgment*. Certainly, his interpretation of that momentous event is clearer than that of Michael Angelo's version as depicted in his mural painting in the Sistine Chapel. It was when I first set eyes on those inexpressibly fine sculptures—Day and Night, Evening and Dawn—at Florence, that I realised the comparative tameness of old Angelo's mural work in the religious vein. In fact, I have a lively suspicion that the latter was merely a “ pot-boiler ” done at the behest of his papal patron. His Florentine sculptures are throbbing with life, and every curve and swell is arresting; while the wall-painting at Rome seems to be the effort of a man who did not believe in the theology of his subject, and had not that touch of humour which would have enabled him to satirise it.

At Amiens, on the other hand, I fancy that the unknown sculptor of the tympanum, full of the *joie de*

vivre, set out deliberately to poke fun at the sanctimonious "saved"; and to apply the whitewash-brush to the eternally "damned"—out of sheer fellow-feeling for the bottom dog. Observe the general poise of the several figures, the very attitude of their limbs, the sleek at-ease-in-Zion expression of the features, the prudish arrangement of the draperies of those enjoying salvation. Contrast with them the nonchalant air with which certain of the doomed step lightly along to be swallowed up in the colossal maw of the monster representing the Jaws of Hell. There is one bright-looking fellow who seems to smile to himself as he stands in the very mouth of the pit itself! These, with numerous other little quips and cranks and suggestions, go to betray the old guildsman's orientation towards the orthodoxy of his time; and make of this sermon in stone a kind of petrified "Holy Willie's Prayer" to those who can read between the lines of the illuminated stone manuscript of the "Bible of Amiens."

Architecture has been cleverly defined as Frozen Music. It is not too much to say that the ancient craftsmen who composed the architectural harmony at Amiens have given the very stone a soul. Though each of the collaborating composers was able to set the seal of individuality on his own handiwork, yet the *tout ensemble* exhibits that unity of expression which is the hall-mark of the collective artistic teaching of that early epoch.

The glass of the great Rose-window of the South Transept is a veritable Beethoven symphony frozen into resplendent colour. To-day the sunlight streamed through the *vitraux*, and projected specks of colour against the masonry of the internal arcading. Pulsating with the mellowed beauty of the ages, the glass is as enthralling to-day as on that early morning when the sun first pierced its coloured glory, and cast

its many-tinted reflections at the feet of the old monks treading their narrow way on the pavement below.

One cannot look on mediæval glass without feeling impelled to contrast its beauty with the sickly, gaudy, crudely-coloured stuff that our modern "firms," which pursue "art" for profit's sake, turn out by the acre for the whited sepulchres of Churchanity in Merrie England. Those anonymous guildsmen who set their gems in the tracery of the rose-window at Amiens must surely have lived nearer to the marrow of things than do their present-day Trade-Unionist representatives who exist on the bones.

To stand within the triforium passage of the Nave, and to look down upon the pigmies of priests and populace crawling, like so many ants, across the vast floor of the cathedral, would cause the veriest clod to shudder at the thought of the glory of Amiens being at the mercy of modern warfare. As the precious manuscripts of Alexandria were devoured by the flames of the vandals in the springtime of civilisation; so may the Bible of Amiens be doomed to mutilation or even destruction at the hands of the modern apostles of "civilised" warfare. Should a few leaves only be scorched in the heat of the present conflagration, the damage will be irreparable; and the missing pages be a perpetual reminder to future ages of the sacrilege committed during the great war of the nations. . . .

At the portal of the South Transept an old crippled woman lay in a kind of soap-box on wheels, begging alms of the passers-by. One of the priests passed into the interior before me, and he stopped a few seconds to give the unfortunate old Frenchwoman a coin. I have seen this incident so often repeated within recent years that I might reasonably be assumed to have become seasoned to the sight; but instead of that I am always filled with a wistful pity that the paid exponents of

organised Churchanity should still be satisfied to dole out the pence but not the healing—a direct reversal of the rôle of the early Christians.

It also revolts me when I find—as I did at Amiens—Romanism, with its tallow-candle-mongery and its penny-in-the-slot Confession-boxes, plying its trade within the temple gates of our great cathedrals. These side-shows always give me the impression that a bazaar is going on; and, though paying tuppence here for a candle, and 2s. 6d. there for an Indulgence, may be magnificent Romanism, it certainly is not Christianity. If I were to generalise upon the situation of Churchanity to-day, I would say that its adherents are suffering from the mental indigestion and lassitude arising from their having swallowed too many texts literally; but theological indigestion must not be confounded with Christianity, the proof of which lies in the demonstration of its healing principle. The prophets of old were able to obtain “the signs following” their understanding of practical Christianity in their healing and regenerative work; but the profits on a tallow-dip are more understandable to the modern representatives of the prophets. It is not an exaggeration to say that the confidence-trick of the Confessional is the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual bankruptcy of Churchanity. . . .

On the train between Amiens and Ham I travelled with a group of British Tommies on their way back to the trenches. They were not aware, of course, of their destination, but knew that they had to change at *Nesle* to go up the lines “somewhere in France.” As usual in the War Zone, there were no lights in the compartments; so we sat in the darkness, jolting and jogging along at a snail’s speed. The soldiers were attempting to keep cheerful by making meagre jokes amongst one another. One worthy shouted: “Are we down-

hearted?" but it was a very mild "No" that came from the poor fellows.

Another Tommy who had just returned from leave in England regaled his mates with a tale of his exploits one Saturday night. His mother had asked him to make some purchases at Lipton's, and he had found such a crowd inside the shop that he could scarcely move about. However, he managed to work his way gradually to the counter, past the tables from which he helped himself to the packets and tins displayed thereon. He stuffed his pockets with as many articles as he could cram into them, and nobody noticed him! But when he got home and emptied his pockets of the stolen prizes, he said with a laugh: "I'm damned if every bloody one of them wasn't a dud!" Apparently the managers of Lipton's know their business well enough not to place anything but dummy goods within reach of their customers in these days of food-queues.

On arrival at *Nesle* one of the wits on seeing the name of the station asked if this was the place where the condensed milk came from! They tried to sing music-hall songs, but were never able to go through with one, being too unsettled and apprehensive about their uncertain future "up the lines." Being mostly young men about 20 to 22, their youthful innocence made me indignant at the thought of the old men at home, who keep shouting: "WE must crush the Huns and give them the knock-out blow!" But while their sons do the crushing, they themselves merely *lend* their money and their "patriotism" at 5 per cent.

From the conversation of those lads, I gathered they had been making the most of their opportunities, for they exchanged reminiscences, with many a ribald joke and curse. One young fellow told me that he hoped to God he would be killed the first time he went "over the top." On my asking him the reason for

desiring such a speedy end, he said that he would not like his poor old mother, who had always thought such a lot of him, to know the condition he was in. "If I die out yonder, she'll never know," he said. I enquired further why he continued to indulge himself in such wild bouts of debauchery; but he said that the conditions under which they all existed drove many to excesses, and "we never know how soon we may be killed," he added. This young soldier told me, as many another fine fellow has done, that he would not like to die without having "lived"—meaning that his interpretation of life was in terms of embracing prostitutes. Poor devils! what an amount of thwarted affection has been squandered in brothels by the flower of British youth during the war! What an appalling chapter of tragedy lies buried in the wilderness of No-Man's-Land—unknown to the fond parents of those innocent lads who crossed the Channel to fight for the right!

It is not only the brave dead on both sides of the trenches that will be the toll paid by the world for its anachronistic belief in the necessity of force to settle international differences. But when the killing is finished on the battle-front, there will be left alive tens of thousands of young men diseased in such an unspeakable way that existence for them will be merely a living death compared to which death in the trenches is a humane ending.

The harpies behind the lines—some of them under the patronage of our own War Office, as recent questions in Parliament elicited from the Under-Secretary—have done their innocent work on many a fine lad whose future is already blighted by the fell venereal disease he has contracted abroad. Before the war the word "venereal" was not deemed utterable in the Drawing-Rooms of Mrs. Grundy; nor was it thought

“ proper ” for the “ respectable ” columns of the Gutter Press. Moreover, there was a sort of unwritten or unspoken understanding amongst parents to keep their offspring “ innocent ” on the vital questions which affect all normal people; though it is true that many parents are themselves ignorant of the subject. But before long there will be launched from pulpit, press and platform a campaign against venereal disease, with the view to arresting the aftermath of war.

There has never been a war of moderate dimensions but it has been followed by an outbreak of plague of one kind or another; and venereal disease has always been a by-product of prolonged warfare. The antagonistic state of mind of the civilian peoples of Europe has not yet reacted on their bodies; but it is a question of time only when this phase will appear at last. Then the panic will spread round the world, and the innocent will suffer like the guilty, as always. The doctors will invent new names for the epidemic, which will probably kill more people than German bullets in the war itself. The learned professors of medicine will be nonplussed with the new disease; and twenty different theories will be advanced by them as to the *cause* of it, not one of which will touch the real origin of the thing, viz., the disordered minds of those “ getting-on-with-the-war ” on both sides of the belligerents.

16 JANUARY.—This is said to be the official date of the taking over from the French by the British military authorities of the Saint-Quentin sector of the battle-front in Picardy. Apparently the French are being so reduced in numbers by the natural incidence of the war; and the increased strength of England is such that she can relieve France of another twenty miles of trenches.

There are the usual conflicting tales floating around, the chief of which is that a Big Push by the Germans is expected at the end of winter, and the British are being put into this sector of the lines to take the first shock of the coming struggle. I find that to enquire merely if there is any likelihood of the "enemy" breaking through this particular sector is taken almost as an insult; though one can readily understand that an admission of uncertainty would tend to deteriorate the *moral* of the army. I remarked to one man that it seemed to me, speaking as a rank outsider, that the weakest link in the line might be where the French and the British joined hands, especially as the two armies are still being handled as separate organisations—there being *two* commanders-in-chief instead of one, which would surely be the more statesmanlike policy. But he just shook his head wisely and said that: "Our G.H.Q. knows what's what!" All seem to share the belief that they have the official enemy in the hollow of their hands.

24 JANUARY.—To *Esmery-Hallon* in the forenoon, where I found the boys battling with the elements, which have been extremely wintry of late. The hut they were putting up to-day is for a woman and her daughter of about 17, both of whom are at present "living" in an out-house 10ft. by 8ft., their home having been blown to bits. As these two women returned in the spring of last year, soon after the German retreat, they have been existing in this out-building for some nine months—the last three in winter conditions. This tiny shed has to serve them as kitchen, scullery, larder and sitting-room; and they sleep in the adjoining stable. They seem to move about their work with that calm, patient bearing which stamps those who have experienced something of which they do not wish to speak.

If the people at home only knew what awful conditions those poor peasants are existing under, probably they would cease their grumbling about food restrictions, and the other brakes on luxury that have been applied as a result of the war. The curious thing is that when I mentioned to the average "patriotic" civilian when on leave a month ago in England, the miserable conditions of living of the French peasantry in the War Zone, he usually embarked upon an outburst of "poison-gas" against the "Hun." When I tactfully suggested to such a person that the best way of proving the sincerity of his profession of sympathy with the innocent sufferers was not by foaming at the mouth against the "Huns," but by subscribing to the funds of the F.W.V.R.C., he generally subsided into the silence of the tomb. It is instructive as well as amusing to find that when "patriotism" has to be expressed in terms of £ s. d., the worthy "patriots" usually want five per cent. for their pity.

25 JANUARY.—A German aeroplane flew over Ham at mid-day, taking observations. The anti-aircraft batteries opened fire on "Gerry," but he kept on his course while the puffs of smoke from the bursting shells kept spluttering round him. Not once have I seen a German 'plane brought down by either the French or the British gunners.

26 JANUARY. — An enemy 'plane passed over the town at noon; and again the British anti-aircraft guns kept shooting at it for a full hour without avail. What a notorious waste of ammunition a single enemy aeroplane can produce! But one must keep the poor munition manufacturer from the perils of the workhouse, at all costs; for he is busy killing two dogs with one brick—"winning the war" and winning a fortune.

29 JANUARY.—Last night at 8.30 there was an air-raid on Ham, and it continued for three hours, during which time squadrons of aeroplanes kept coming in relays at fifteen minutes' interval, dropping their freight of bombs and then returning across the lines. After seeing most of the group, as well as several French civilian women and children, into the cellar of the *équipe* house, I went to bed and got to sleep in the middle of the racket.

No damage was done to the house; but in an adjoining street a house was completely wrecked, and a little girl, who had been in bed on the upper storey, was killed; while the old people, who had taken refuge in their cellar, were safe.

30 JANUARY.—Another air-raid took place last night, commencing at nine o'clock. My group escaped again, as well as the house; though bombs had fallen in our immediate vicinity.

31 JANUARY.—For the third night in succession there was an air-raid, beginning about 9.30 last evening; but while there had been no material damage done to either the *personnel* or the premises of the group, I discovered this morning that some of the boys are getting concerned about my habit of going to bed at the usual time—air-raid or no air-raid.

Fortunately for my argument, an event happened last night which enabled me to “point a moral and adorn a tale.” It appears that a woman had been in bed in the second storey of her house when the raid began. She had not had time to dress and retire to the cellar before a torpedo-shell struck the house, passed through the floor of her bedroom, bored its way through each floor to the cellar, and burst there, killing two other people who had not been in bed but had gone immediately to the cellar, and thus met their

death. The lower rooms of this house were reduced to a heap of broken bricks and plaster and splintered wood; while the rooms in the upper part were scarcely any the worse except for the hole in the floor through which the shell passed. To complete the irony of the circumstances, this morning there was still a silly little clock sitting on the mantelpiece, and ticking away as if nothing had happened.

Only three days ago the person in the upper storey had been killed, while those in the cellar had escaped.

In the face of such absolutely contrary results, I pointed out to my well-meaning friends that it is useless to tell me that it is "safer" in one place rather than in another. They were obliged to acknowledge the force of my reasoning; but one of them said he was unable to overcome his apprehensiveness by means of reason. . . .

The civilian population of Ham is getting alarmed at the frequency of the air-raids; and several people have already left the town to sojourn in more peaceful surroundings. By the look of many, it is evident that the strain of the last three nights is beginning to tell upon them. . . .

To *Beauvois* to-day by car, with the *institutrice* from *Ollezy*, for whose parents our boys are erecting a hut at the former village. *Mademoiselle* had remained with the Germans from 1914 till March, 1917; and while she had had no ill-treatment at their hands, she had spent several days in a police-cell for refusing to salute the German flag. Naturally she is rather proud of her exploit; but seems to bear no malice against the enemy on account of her imprisonment. She looks about 40, and is a big, powerfully-built woman of a cool, sanguine temperament; and is anxious to re-open the school at *Beauvois*, so that the children may continue their education as soon as possible.

What a tragedy it is that the kiddies should have been running wild for three years and a half, at the most impressionable period of their lives! This is an aspect of war that cannot be computed in terms of "indemnity" money. It is simply so much dead loss to the world that will never be accounted for. How many "mute, inglorious Miltons" and "village Hampdens" have been denied their birthright of education, because their fathers have gone out to fight for "civilisation"?

5 FEBRUARY.—At eight o'clock this morning a *boche* 'plane flew over the town, making the usual observations. *Tout le monde* expects an air-raid this evening, and many good citizens have "got the wind up"—as the air-men put it. . . . In the morning, however, I learnt that "Gerry" had not come during the night; so I presume many people lost a night's sleep through sheer fear. It is almost axiomatic that half the troubles of man never happen!

9 FEBRUARY.—For the past two months our work of hut-erecting for the civilian population has been considerably hampered by the pilfering of materials by the French as well as by the British soldiers in the villages in which we are operating. Nobody, of course, ever *does* steal our stuff, when we begin making enquiries. An innocent French *poilu* would never dream of walking off with a roof-section as a souvenir of the Anglo-Americans; or with a packet of cover-joints to serve as pipe-lighters in these days of match scarcity. It also goes without saying that Tommy Atkins is above suspicion in this respect; for if his pockets be searched with the view to finding an odd floor-section or a packet of foundation-timbers, one would discover instead a packet of "Woodbines" and

a miscellaneous collection of souvenirs gleaned from "enemy" sources.

Perhaps those ingenious fellows on the other side of "No-Man's Land" may descend at dead of night in their "Zeppelins" and aeroplanes, and help themselves to our innocent sections lying naked and unadorned—except with Somme mud—to the pitiless skies. Or mayhap the leprechauns, the brownies, or the fairies of Picardy may spirit away our precious sections upon which our Dolomite friends in the Jura lavish such motherly care. Suffice it to say that although it takes an effort equal to the Twelve Labours of Hercules to accomplish the transportation of our materials to the several sites, yet sections for half-a-house are in the wicked habit of disappearing in the twinkling of a star-shell, entirely without human aid.

Nevertheless it is somewhat annoying that soldiers should continue to appropriate materials intended for housing the homeless refugees living in damp and mildewed cellars, stables and other disease-traps. After all, the soldiers are better off in the matter of housing accommodation than the peasants; and it is utterly selfish of them to commandeer the sections which we have brought here, not without much trouble and battling with red-tape and sealing-wax. But this is an instance, though only a slight one, of the autocratic methods of military organisation or the lack of it.

It is a mere straw, but sufficient to indicate which way the wind will blow "when the boys go marching home." For it is a fact that the British Army has pilfered more of our stuff than the French did in the same villages. I suppose the *poilus* realised that the materials were for the good of their own compatriots; and that the British wherever they go apparently believe they can take what they like. For this attitude

is fostered by the system followed by their "competent military authority," whose last act, before a regiment or other unit marches out of a town or village, is to invite claims for missing goods from the inhabitants, and to pay such claims if fully substantiated. The natural result is that the average Tommy thinks it doesn't matter what he takes—"wins," is Tommy's own phrase—so long as the military authorities pay for all in the end. Thus the British taxpayer foots the bill of the brave lads "sent" by him to fight for the right in France, whilst he spits out his daily chunk of hate and endeavours to "keep the home fires burning" with coal at 40s. per ton.

What a different tune will the British "patriot" play on the outbreak of peace! For then the soldiers will return, after two, three or four years spent in destroying both men and things. They will not be the same docile lambs of the dull old days before the war. They have not the same regard for human life, after all those years of existence amidst mud and blood; for human flesh has been worth only 1s. a day in the War Zone, while mutton itself has been selling at 2s. 6d. a lb. outside the danger zone. Our men have certainly got little respect for property, for they have destroyed millions of pounds worth, without turning a hair. They have eaten up village after village many weeks on end with their big guns, just as lightheartedly as they ate their porridge in days gone by.

The On-with-the-Warriors at home will have a rude awakening, all in good time; and their surprise will be greater than that of Rip Van Winkle himself. They set the Russian "steam-roller" in motion, ignorant of the fact that the brake was not in working order; and now that lumbering war-machine has run away from them. There is little left of the "steam-roller" now, but—the Red Flag.

When the soldiers begin to be demobilised and the munitioneers are being turned adrift from the factories, then will the storm-clouds break and the " patriots " show themselves in their true five per cent. colours. Every soldier who does not go straight back to his pre-war job on the old conditions will be denounced as an " agitator." Every man who does not hold up his ankles to have the rusty shackles of 1914 refastened upon them will be proclaimed an enemy of " Law and Order." The chains of wage-slavery will doubtless be gilded with pensions, demobilisation grants, and other forms of political tinsel. Bones will be thrown to the young dogs of war in the shape of higher rates of pay for the standing army of undemobilised men; facilities for going on the land to become life-long drudges; assisted passages as emigrants to the colonies; opportunities of learning a trade will be given to all and sundry; and a hundred and one other sops will be ladled out to narcotise the awakened heroes. But these political soporifics will *not* pacify the men, for something has happened out in the trenches that has not been reckoned on by the stay-at-homes, whether in khaki or in " civies." The men are not the same, either in heart or in head. There is a lively fermentation of thought in process, even amongst men who have never had to think very seriously at any time in their lives before. Men who have hitherto been more or less inarticulate are now finding their voices. They are finding themselves; for the spirit of unrest is abroad in Europe—in the whole world.

The arm-chair warriors at home innocently imagine that their boys will return with the light of religious crusaders in their eyes. What a disillusionment will be theirs! For it will be an economic crusade that will be the residuum of Armageddon. It will not be in the form of any milk-and-water churchaniteering revival;

but rather a whisky-and-soda campaign against our political masters who fozzled their obsolete policy of handling international affairs. The young men are suspicious of the old men, who, like political green-grocers, still continue to tinker with the Balance of Power, instead of attempting to administer economic equity to all with the Scales of Justice.

Doubtless, if any "Labour trouble" manifests itself on the Clyde or on the Tyne, in South Wales or in Yorkshire, soldiers will be called upon to keep "law and order," backed by machine-guns and probably the smaller tanks. It will be marvellous if within two years of the signing of the so-called Peace Treaty, there has not been bloodshed somewhere in the more "advanced" Labour zones of the country. What a tragedy if the heroes of Armageddon be commanded to shoot down some of their own demobilised comrades—at the behest of the Big Interests bent on stamping out the first signs of "Labour Unrest," and in producing the Servile State on the iron-heel of the Great War!

12 FEBRUARY.—Last night at seven another air-raid began, and it continued till after midnight. Lately we have been in the habit of letting several civilians sleep in the cellar of our *équipe* premises—mostly women and children. They have brought their bedsteads from their homes, and our cellar is filled to the door every night with beds ranged side by side. The people go back to their homes during the day, but every evening, or on the first sound of the *Boche* raiders—we can always hear the hum of the engines up in the darkness, long before any bombs are dropped—the women and children flock to our cellar for safety and for warmth, for the fire is kept burning all night. The stove-pipe passes through a window: and the ceiling being low, the cellar is soon warmed up—especially when some fifty people are packed into it. At the present time one

of our nightly visitors to the cellar is an old lady of about 70, suffering from rheumatism, and quite unable to walk. Our boys fetch her across from her house every evening, on a stretcher.

When the cellar had got its motley population settled into it last night, and during the second hour of the raid, I went down to observe the effect upon the people of the bombing going on outside. At every crash, terror seemed to grip the women in its red claws; while the kiddies were almost frantic with fear. Most of the smaller ones whimpered or cried; and the rheumatic old lady moved convulsively in bed at every bang. Weird, animal-like sounds came from some of the women and children all the time.

I was impressed by the stoicism displayed by a bright little fellow who nursed his still smaller sister. Though only about eight years old, he managed to cover his fears very bravely in order to encourage the poor little mite in his charge—his mother nursing the youngest one in the meanwhile.

I went to bed about 9.30 p.m., the winged engines of destruction still hurtling their deadly loads of bombs upon the little town beneath them. . . .

One of the bombs had fallen in a garden across the *Boulevard du Nord* from our house. It had torn the front door clean off its hinges; pulled the wooden staircase out of its position by about twelve inches, leaving a gap at the stair-head; splintered the furniture in every room and piled it in a heap on the floors; smashed the pictures and crockery and kitchen utensils and the nick-nacks of the household; and of course all the window-panes had been shattered in fragments. The gable of another house adjacent to the shell-hole had been razed to the ground, exposing the three floors of the house, the furniture of which was thrown higgledy-piggledy into the middle of the rooms, and the floors

themselves sagged for want of the gable support. Several of the pictures were still hanging awry on the walls, producing a strange grimace as of a small boy putting his finger to his nose!

The surface of the ground and of the street in the vicinity of the crater was covered with a sprinkling of earth thrown from the garden by the force of the explosion. The branches of the trees on the *Boulevard* had been snipped off by pieces of the flying shrapnel; and the trunks themselves and the wooden posts and railing of the fence were literally full of chunks of metal embedded therein. The walls of the neighbouring houses bear the marks of the iron fragments that have ricocheted off them.

The crater of the bomb that had done this damage is about ten yards across and some four yards deep; and this morning there is a pool of water at the bottom of it. From this crater to the nearest corner of the *équipe* house is exactly 90 yards, our backyard being strewn with the *débris* and the dust thrown by the explosion. Fortunately the tenants of the worst damaged cottage were sleeping—or rather they were *in* our cellar at the time of the dropping of the bomb.

14 FEBRUARY.—A German 'plane again flew over the town at noon; but despite a vigorous cannonade from the batteries of defence, "Gerry" completed his observations, wheeled calmly round, and disappeared over the lines as majestically as ever.

An attack on *one* "enemy" aeroplane always induces the same feelings in me as I experience in these latter years when I witness a fox-hunt. I always entertain a secret hope that the poor little animal may escape in spite of the dozens of howling dogs that thirst for its blood. In the same way when I see shells bursting round a single 'plane, snapping and barking at its

heels like a pack of hounds, I would be quite disappointed if the minority suffered. It would, of course, be the same thing if I saw an English 'plane being fired at by a lot of German guns; for my sympathy invariably goes out to the *minoritaires*, no matter the circumstances.

Though I know that "Gerry" to-day is probably taking observations with a view to bombing the town to-night, I cannot admit that this circumstance makes me wish that he should be brought down by the guns. People have often argued at home that if one were in danger he would soon change his attitude on the question of war. But I must here write down, for future reference when I am no longer in so-called danger—that this subjective sensation called fear does not agitate me at all in cases like the present. I have often speculated on the phenomenon of fear; and have written my analysis of it elsewhere.* Since I came to the War Zone and have experienced the ordinary risks attaching to existence behind the lines, I find that I have no need to alter one word that I have written upon the subject of fear. On the contrary; for I have proved from actual experience what I had already accepted from philosophical reasoning and intellectual speculation.

15 FEBRUARY.—About 11 o'clock this forenoon another German aeroplane passed over Ham, circling all round it, and returning into the clouds in the direction of St. Quentin. The anti-aircraft guns kept up a running fire at it for an hour, but nothing happened, as usual.

At exactly seven in the evening there was the expected air-raid, which lasted till about ten. Again our house escaped being damaged, though frequently we could hear pieces of flying shrapnel strike the shuttered windows. Our cellar was crammed with the

*The Exodus from Houndsditch.

neighbouring civilians; and if a torpedo-bomb had bored its way through the three-storey building, there would have been a heavy toll of deaths to record.

16 FEBRUARY.—At noon to-day another German observation aeroplane flew over the town for an hour; but the batteries of artillery again failed to fetch it down, and it again returned to the Fatherland without being hit.

Punctually at seven this evening, as we sat at our evening meal, the air-raid commenced; and the usual pilgrimage to the cellar at once took place. Our civilian neighbours came scurrying from all quarters in the darkness, clambering down the cellar-steps in great trepidation, and searching out each her own bed in the dimness of the lamplight. The youngsters having no mental fortifications to aid them in their almost daily panic, must inevitably suffer some harmful physical reaction as a result of their fears.

17 FEBRUARY.—This morning I found that a house in the *Rue de Corcy*, not far from our own house, had been demolished last night by a torpedo-bomb. The latter had fallen in the garden just clear of the house, and the force of the explosion had completely undermined the foundations, tearing them from under the walls, and thus bringing the entire structure to pathetic ruin. It was a curious sight to see portions of splintered furniture and the twisted ironwork of bedsteads lying mixed up with brick and plaster fragments, and bed-clothes and articles of clothing.

At ten o'clock this morning we had our daily visit from "Gerry" in the clouds; but he sailed steadfastly on his way across and around the town, what time the anti-aircraft guns again fruitlessly attempted to fetch him down.

The sequel happened at eight this evening, when the air-raiders began their fell work on the darkened town. I went to bed in the middle of the raid, the bomb-dropping not ceasing until eleven o'clock.

18 FEBRUARY.—The raid last night had lasted three hours; and though bombs had been dropped all round our house, we had escaped serious damage as usual. . .

As I sat writing letters after our evening meal, a terrific crash occurred just outside the window. We could hear the splintered shell striking the walls and shutters, and the noise of falling masonry was also audible after the explosion. Fragments of glass fell upon the floor of the room; and the oiled-linen bulged and tore from its place in the windows. The dishes on the sideboard rattled, and the house itself shook; but the next bomb sounded further away, and we knew that the house was safe in the meantime. As the first bomb exploded, a combined shriek and moan rose from the refugees in the cellar, testifying to the agony that was being undergone there. The attack lasted until midnight; but once more our *personnel* and premises came through it safely.

24 FEBRUARY.—From *Gruny*, where we are staying the week-end, T. E. H*rv*y and I cycled over to look at the old trenches held by the Germans from 1914 till March, 1917, near to *Damery*. Passing through the villages of *Frenesnoy-lès-Roye* and *Damery*, beyond the latter we struck the great main road from Noyon to Amiens; and turning to the right on joining this highway, we soon reached the famous trenches which are cut on either side of the road as far as the eye can see.

On the crest of the hill to the right of the highway is the site of the hamlet of *Le Quesnoy*, but nothing remains of the buildings save a few heaps of bricks—

the ground having been churned up time and again by the heavy artillery shells until it is difficult to believe that a village ever stood upon such a blasted heath. The very road through the village is obliterated; and were it not for the fact that it is possible to see the road leading to and from the site of the former village, the position of the roadway would be undistinguishable from the ruins of the cottages themselves.

Some shattered trunks, sticking up amongst the shell-craters, tell us where the landscape has been adorned with trees; but to-day there is not a tree to be seen within half-a-mile on either side of No-Man's-Land. The latter is swept absolutely bare of every object that may have once been there. Every inch of the ground has undergone a three years' rotation of intensive culture; and has been ploughed by big guns to a depth comparable to which ordinary two-horse ploughing is but the mere surface scratching of an old hen.

Barb-wire entanglements zig-zag their clumsy way in front of both sets of trenches, sprawling their forbidding length across the desolate landscape like a gigantic snake. The wire is now a mass of red rust: very pretty to the eye, but at the same time very deadly for any poor devil who might happen to become impaled upon it, should the fortunes of war eventually bring this old "Hindenburg line" of trenches into use again.

The German trenches are very much wider and deeper than the French—they are about 12 feet deep and about 12 feet wide at the top; and at the present time the sides are completely over-grown with grass and weeds. They must have formed a hideous eyesore on the beautiful Picardian countryside when first the armies dug-themselves-in during 1914. To-day they look more like the remains of an ancient Roman camp,

Dame Nature having been quietly at work for three summers endeavouring to cover up the gaping wounds on the bosom of France.

At intervals along the main-line German trenches, there are elaborately formed dug-outs capable of housing every man in the line. A wide staircase of wooden risers leads straight down to the extensive dug-outs some 20 to 30 feet below the normal ground level. All these dug-outs are fitted up with box-beds arranged in tiers, made of wooden rails and wire-netting to take the place of spring-mattresses. The whole plan of these cleverly-arranged dug-outs appears to have been made on a definite system; for a corridor six feet wide runs along the entire front of the dug-outs, which open into it at regular intervals. We walked about a half-mile underground along this main connecting passage from which the flights of steps led upwards to the trenches.

In the dug-outs were to be seen the usual evidences of occupation—cigarette boxes, tobacco tins, empty bottles by the hundred, cartridges by the thousand, miscellaneous articles of uniform, newspapers, magazines, portions of books, discarded boots, pieces of rifles, packing cases, broken crockery, dilapidated cooking utensils, cracked stoves, and the other lumber of a deserted dwelling-place.

The nature of the soil must have made it comparatively easy for the Germans to excavate such elaborate dug-outs in the bowels of the earth. It is of a friable, chalky substance throughout; and already many portions of the unsupported roof have fallen in. Not many years will pass before the whole of these cleverly contrived underground caverns will be entirely obliterated, except for the series of depressions that must inevitably be left above-ground as the dug-outs

fall in. The labour of thousands of men has gone to the making of those intricate subterranean shelters.

It is a strange fact that modern man should have transformed himself suddenly into a species of human mole; that he should have harked back to the customs of his remote ancestors, the cave-dwellers who hewed themselves dwellings out of the virgin rock of the mountains. That all this painstaking effort on the part of man as a killing animal should be accomplished regardless of its productive value is one of the curiosities of human endeavour. Yet in times of peace it was in England deemed impossible from a social and financial standpoint to set the unemployed upon the laudable work of pulling down the slums and building sanitary dwellings in which to rear healthy citizens.

Doubtless when this war is over there will be a national campaign of building undertaken by municipalities through State Grants-in-Aid. For it will be necessary to house the wage-slaves rather better in future in order that as much first-class cannon-fodder as possible may be at hand for the next war. But an A1 nation cannot be reared on C3 doctrines as antiquated and moth-eaten as a bit of Egyptian papyrus.

To witness the evidence of this futile effort of civilised man to settle his differences with his neighbour, only goes to quicken one's impatience with the whole system of social values upon which modern society is based. War may be likened to a horrible skin-disease. Men are the tiny microbes who burrow under the earth's skin, causing eruptions and disfigurements thereon, and devouring one another with all the gusto of a well-behaved, death-dealing, functioning microbe. Armageddon, therefore, in this last analysis, is a kind of international epidemic of erysipelas. But how fatuous it all is that the flower of Youth should

have to be cut down like the trees and the wild flowers and the happy homes of little children that once adorned this cannon-swept corner of Picardy. Why? Because the species erroneously known as "statesmen" failed ignominiously to reach a common understanding. Matthew Arnold defined culture as a state of mind in which "sweetness and light and the love of God" prevailed. Inversely, therefore, the alleged statesmen of Europe have betrayed their lack of culture, for the world is now full of bitterness and darkness and the love of the Devil!

To stumble about in those trenches and dug-outs sets one thinking of the comparatively ignoble form which modern warfare has taken. In olden days men used to fight each other *above* the daisies, not under them as now. There was a certain amount of chivalry in meeting an opponent under level conditions; and it was even the custom that if a knight dropped his sword accidentally, his opponent magnanimously waited until he had picked it up again.

But to-day men burrow underground and count it a part of the ordinary game of war to shoot the other fellow when he isn't looking. If a sniper can manage to bag a dozen or so of unfortunate "blighters" on the other side of No-Man's-Land, he is often rewarded with an "Iron Cross" or a "Military Cross" or a "Croix de Guerre" for his wonderful astuteness. The main part of the programme is always to be slick and sly enough not to expose one's anatomy to the enemy, but to shoot him before he shoots you. This method of war may be magnificent, but it certainly is not chivalrous.

Again, it was formerly the custom in England that the actual owners of the land went themselves personally forth to battle, the serfs and the proletariat not having the privilege to bear arms. Indeed, it was part

of the conditions under the old manorial system of land tenure, that the lord of the manor himself must engage in battle. But nowadays the lords of the manor, the lords of the banking-house, the lords of the shipping-ring, and the lords of commerce generally remain safely at home—some of them sitting on Military Tribunals which send their wage-slaves from the fields, factories and workshops to fight-for-the-right in defence of their native land of which they may not own a yard, except perhaps in the local cemetery.

In the Middle Ages, let me reiterate, men built cathedrals to the glory of God; but to-day they build munition factories and battleships for the glory as well as the profit of themselves. For the profits of the market-place are always more attractive for a Five-per-cent.-Patriot than the prophet's doleful tale contained in the Old Testament. Prophets are all very well in their place, but not in "Society," please. They must, moreover, be kept in their place—inside the Bible, chained to the pulpit by a very short leash. But profits, excess or otherwise—ah, these are the life-blood of all good profiteers who, by easy stages through the peerage, hope to join the prophets aloft one fine day.

27 FEBRUARY.—On returning from *Douilly* to-day I remarked the enormous amount of trench-digging and the accompanying barb-wire defences that have been accomplished since the British took over the lines. Thousands of men are engaged digging trenches right across the great expanse of wheat fields recently sown by the French. This wheat is already sprouted—the delicate shoots beginning to transform the drab of Winter to the green of Spring. Miles of telephone wires are also being rigged up across these wheat-fields in all directions. Who said Food Production was a vital factor in the winning-of-the-war?

1 MARCH.—“Gerry” celebrated the beginning of a new month by throwing shells at his official enemy. Perhaps the same spirit which prompted the “Publicity Expert” to conceive the famous placard, announcing the beginning of the Conscription of Life in England, also animated the German Win-the-War Party. Instead of the query: “Will you march too on March 2?” the Germans may have decided to: “March one step further on March 1.” The military machine runs best in grooves, and each side is continually taking a leaf out of the other’s book.

Exactly at eight this evening the bombardment by the Germans began—the heaviest, almost continuous, that I have experienced so far. It was just as if a thunderstorm was in progress, but with no interval between the peals and crashes. The whole of the house trembled—in the upper floor the vibration seemed almost to be inches at a time.

Civilians and soldiers alike think it is the beginning of the long-expected Big Push. Probably it is the preliminary round of the “Spring Offensive” that we hear so much about. Perhaps it may prove to be the curtain-raiser before the final act of the drama of Armageddon: the overture to the opera played by the so-called European Concert of Great Powers. Anyhow, it is the tocsin which announces that another bout in the merry game of war has begun.

2 MARCH.—The weather this morning was anything but promising for Big-Pushing, and shortly after noon snow began to fall until a blizzard set in. This sudden change in the climatic conditions effectively put an end to the bombardment, which means, I suppose, that the Great Offensive has fizzled out for the time being.

4 MARCH.—Yesterday it snowed all day, more or less; and this morning there was so much snow lying

that the boys could not go to work in the villages as usual. All was quiet up the lines.

9 MARCH. — Having been elected to represent the Ham group of workers at the half-yearly General Committee Meeting in Paris, I travelled to Paris, via Amiens, on the 6th. The Committee broke up to-day after a 2½ days' session at the central offices of the F.W.V.R.C. at 53, Rue de Rivoli. . . .

Last night there was an air-raid on Paris, but it was quite a tame affair compared to the full-size attacks we are subject to at Ham. It was curious to witness the terror the raid caused amongst the good citizens of Paris, for they swarmed into the depths of the underground railway, and into cellars by the thousand.

10 MARCH.—Being Sunday to-day, I went with two other architect members of my Unit, *ng*s and D*nn, to *Versailles* for the day.

Begun on a small scale by the architect Lemercier at the behest of Louis XIII. in the second quarter of the 17th century, the great *Château* at Versailles was completed by Mansart in the grand manner for Louis XIV., who took up residence there in 1682. It is rather disappointing from an architectural standpoint; and the result is probably the reflex of the conditions under which the place was built. For Louis seemed to experiment with architecture and landscape-gardening as a kind of hobby. He caused the erection of a wing of the *Château* in a certain manner, then had it torn down when completed, only to rebuild it after another design. One day there would be fountains and pools of water; gardens and shrubberies; groves and groups of statuary; well-trimmed borders and giant trees in a certain corner of the vast demesne. A month later thousands of labourers would be busy tearing up, transplanting, draining away, and gener-

ally transferring the paraphernalia to a new site perhaps a mile distant. This constant changing of plans, this stupid waste of labour, this lack of judgment, must have given plenty of employment to the French subjects of the all-powerful king; but what utter slaves they must have been to submit to such silly forms of extravagance! In this way Louis XIV. spent the equivalent of some £20,000,000 of the then currency. No wonder that as he was digging and paving and building in the forest at Versailles, he was unwittingly also paving the way for the digging of the grave of French monarchism. There were 36,000 workmen employed at one time on this great mansion and its grounds; and Louis XIV. granted the princely sum of twelve shillings to the dependents of each wage-slave who was killed while at work. What kingly munificence!

There is a monotonous appearance about the architecture, as also about the setting of it—with its water-basins, balustrades, staircases, statuary, flower beds and vistas. It seems to wear a tired look as if something of the weariness of the workers had somehow been expressed in their handiwork. For instance, the façade fronting the gardens has an uninteresting, flat and insipid appearance. There is nothing to relieve the dull monotony of the skyline, which is almost level from end to end of its great length. It produces the uncomfortable impression that the architecture had been manufactured by the mile; and that anyone who wanted two or three hundred yards of elevation had only to turn the handle of the architectural machine to obtain what he wished, or as much as he could afford.

The *Grand Trianon* is another design by Mansart which somehow does not “come off.” Begun in 1687, just 100 years before the Revolution, there is here also

too little relief at the ends of the façades, resulting in a monotony that spells mediocre design and wasted opportunity. The featureless elevations again give one the idea that the architect had put his design through the sausage-machine, and cut off a rectangular chunk when the king who paid the piper called him to stop! The sky-line is almost level, hence as uninteresting as man could possibly make it. What an opportunity Mansart missed! How many men there are—not only architects—who have golden opportunities thrust upon them but fail to rise to the occasion! The curious, reddish, potted-meat-looking marble used for the main pilasters gives a restless effect to the elevations. It seems to strike rather a vulgar note in the architecture, the brighter colour being pitched in a slightly higher key than the rest of the façade. The large scale of this *Palais* of Louis XIV., with the gaudily-coloured marble pilasters, will probably hide from the layman the poor quality of the architecture.

The *Palais* known as the *Petit Trianon* is undoubtedly the most successful piece of architecture at Versailles. Designed by the elder Gabriel—the architect of the *Place de la Concorde* at Paris—this palace was built for Louis XV. in 1766. Perhaps the only fault to be found in the design lies in the architrave of the upper windows being kept close up to the entablature which crowns the façade. Had the windows been lowered to leave about a foot of space between the bottom of the entablature and the upper edge of the window architrave, the design would have benefited considerably, from an academic standpoint. The heightening of the façade itself would, of course, have achieved the same result. . . . This little palace was the favourite retreat of Marie Antoinette, who retired here from the more exacting life of the court at Paris or of the larger *Château* at Versailles.

Near by is the *Hameau du Petit Trianon*—a hamlet of farm buildings, mill, chapel and cottages built in the “rustic” manner, at which Queen Marie Antoinette and her “Maids-of-Honour” were wont to play at farming and the country life. It is significant to remember that the cost of those extensive rustic buildings was borne by the long-suffering *sansculottes* who ultimately rebelled, under the tyrannical yoke of monarchism, to the point of Revolution. No longer would the breechless proletariat continue to work merely to enable those courtly idlers to play at being hay-makers and milk-maids—*à la Watteau*. How inexorable is Fate in at last transforming the private residences of functionless sovereigns and their “workshy” hangers-on, into the public playgrounds and national museums of later generations!

The gardens and the extensive park at Versailles were laid out by Le Nôtre, who must have often been exasperated by the weather-cock changes in taste of his royal patron. The lay-out is on too great a scale to be grasped thoroughly as one walks about the hundreds of acres; but it is apparent that the main avenues and vistas radiate from the garden terrace of the *Château* itself. The avenues and lawns are punctuated with a numerous population of white marble statues, antique and modern, as well as simple copies of the antique, which enliven the landscape and relieve the rigid lines of the green vistas everywhere. What a background for displaying the beauty of a Madame du Barry to the doting monarch who uttered the famous dictum: “*L’Etat? C’est moi!*”

Before the *Château* gates is the great *Place d’Armes* planned by Mansart. History has been made on its vast slope since Louis the Grand first looked out upon it from his palace windows. It was here that the revolutionaries foregathered when they marched from

Paris to take back with them Louis XVI. and the hapless Marie Antoinette. It was here that the victorious German Army halted before the walls of Paris besieged, in 1870. It is across this square that the members of the Allied War Council to-day pass on their way to the meetings in the Palace itself. It will probably be here also that the delegates to the coming Peace Conference will meet; for the war *must* be ended round the green-baize table as usual.

11 MARCH.—There was another raid on Paris this evening about 9.30. Just as I was about to step into my virtuous couch, one of the maids in the hotel began to bang on my door. On my opening it, she commanded me, in a semi-hysterical voice: “*Descendez au cave tout de suite, monsieur!*” But I told her I was going to bed to sleep, and wished her good luck in the cellar. She retired immediately with a look that plainly meant: The man’s mad!

16 MARCH. — This evening C*rt*s Pr*st*n and I went strolling to the *Château* of Ham, which is lying in ruins as a result of the Germans having blown it up before the great retreat about a year ago. Gangs of Kabyle workmen are to-day busy clearing away the thousands of tons of debris which have fallen into the canal that skirts the massive walls of the old *Château*.

Originally, it was the State prison of the High Constable of France; and consequently its dungeons have from time to time confined many famous political prisoners. Louis Napoleon (afterwards Napoleon III.) was a prisoner here from 1840 to 1846, when he contrived to escape, disguised as a workman carrying a plank.

17 MARCH. — Several of us this afternoon, being Sunday, attended the Horse Show held by the various

regiments stationed in and around Ham. The show-ground was on the Aviation Field about five minutes' walk from the station at Ham, on the road to Esmery-Hallon. The show was patronised by sundry important military-men who rode about on their chargers.

Numerous hurdle-leaping competitions took place—all strictly classified as to rank; officers, N.C.O.'s and privates taking part in different events. Some of the horses performed in such a way that it was plain they had been trained to jump, before the war: others had never before attempted a hurdle, for they simply walked through the "brush" hurdles like an old sheep.

A military band played the usual patriotic airs during the course of the afternoon, to the huge delight of the citizens of Ham. Most of the French people had apparently never seen horses jumping until to-day, judging by the surprised expressions they wore, especially when a rider came a cropper.

The show struck me as being a strange performance so close to the lines; but presumably it is quite a usual feature of army life at the back of the front during the summer months. This method of getting-on-with-the-war is doubtless meant to maintain the *moral* of the men—on the *Panem et Circenses* principle. A German observation 'plane passed over the field during the course of the show; and the observer would probably see the curious performance going on below.

18 MARCH.—Near *Villers St. Christophe* the British are forming camps for German prisoners. These are in the form of tall barricades of barb wire and wooden posts. Apparently a goodly capture of "Huns" is expected before long, for several of those prison-pens, each capable of holding 100 men, have been made. It was interesting to observe that all of the pens are

formed on recently sprouted wheat! The military authorities are beyond the jurisdiction of the Food Controller in these parts; and stern "military necessity" must always over-ride such trivial affairs as food production, for it is a well-known fact that the military powers-that-be are so keen on getting on with the war that they never even stop for meals. . . .

To-day we got word from the British Military Headquarters that five of us Britishers are to be allowed to remain in this sector of the War Zone, along with the American boys. Ever since the British took over this sector of the lines, there have been rumours that all the British members of the F.W.V.R.C. would have to leave the district. Though the French military authorities have raised no objections whatever to our presence amongst their troops, the British apparently think differently. . . . It seems that I am to be permitted to remain in charge of the work in this sector, in spite of the fact that I have already been the subject of a military enquiry from G.H.Q.

19 MARCH. — Having occasion this morning to interview the genial *Sous-Préfet* of Saint-Quentin, at his temporary bureau in Ham, I set out from the Rue de Corcy about ten o'clock. On reaching the *Place du Général Foy*—the principal square in the town—I was surprised to find that almost every building was decorated and festooned with flags and bunting, the French tricolour being most frequently in evidence.

Could all this gaiety of colour on such a beautiful Spring morning actually mean that the war had suddenly ended overnight, and that we had not heard the good tidings? For, as if to give emphasis to the surmise, there was no sound of bombardment up the lines. It was only when I was reminded that to-day is the anniversary of the German retreat from Ham last year,

that my doubts were resolved. Everyone seemed to be greeting his neighbour; and there was much hand-shaking and kissing on both cheeks—the usual French custom—and drinking of *bonnes santés*. Indeed, the people were openly hugging themselves with joy that they had been in possession of their more or less damaged homes for a whole year, or nearly so, and had quite settled down again after their long and enforced absence. Many of them had, of course, remained behind during the whole of the German occupation of the town—some 2½ years.

To-day was one of the finest we have had this Spring—warm and sunny, with a slight mist overspreading the great rolling landscape that is characteristic of this nook of Picardy. There is a strange fascination for me in that expansive openness, that absence of restraining hedges and fences, in that broad undulating bosom of Mother Earth laying bare her charms to the beneficent embraces of Old Sol. There is none of that patchwork quilt appearance which is peculiar to southern England by reason of the multiplicity of her hedges. Here there are seldom any hedges or fences whatever—the chief break in the vista being achieved by the variety in the colours of the several crops. At present the delicate greens of the sprouting wheat and oats are still unspoilt by the dusts of early Spring; and the good brown earth is gradually disappearing under the mysterious sea of green which is daily creeping o'er the land and giving promise of the harvest to come. But who shall reap the harvest on these Picardian plains this year? Germany or France—which? The long-expected "Spring Offensive" will decide that momentous question all in good time.

A German aeroplane passed over the town about noon to-day, taking the usual observations. It must have been with mixed feelings that the observer on high

saw the bunting displayed in the streets of Ham in commemoration of his countrymen's retreat, while at the same time probably knowing the date on which the German offensive is to begin.

CHAPTER III.

EXODUS FROM HAM.

20 MARCH.—The Spring-like tendencies of yesterday were to-day drenched in rain. Having made an appointment with the officer in charge of the *Chantier* at Nesle, I had to cycle willy-nilly through the rain to keep it. On my outward journey I called at Esmery-Hallon to see the building group there. I was informed of a little incident that might serve to illustrate how the sentimental tales as to the systematic bombing of Red Cross Hospitals by the despised "Huns" may be set agoing. It appears that two soldiers had contracted measles, and that the R.A.M.C. had stuck these men in a great hut at the lower end of the village *Place*, in order to isolate the patients from their mates. When the invalids became convalescent, finding time to hang rather heavily on their hands, they set about one day to make a Red Cross on the ground outside their hut, as is the usual practice outside all genuine hospitals in the War Zone. This cross was formed of broken red bricks on a background of broken stone of a whitish colour taken from the demolished houses near at hand; and it measures about 20ft. in diameter.

I can well imagine the howl of indignation that would arise in England if the Germans dropped bombs on Esmery-Hallon to-night, and the newspaper correspondents sent word home that the "Huns" had again been shelling a Red Cross Hospital! But I suppose that any excuse is considered good enough for "copy" written with the laudable purpose of maintaining the *moral* of those civilian warriors who make a practice of swallowing a dose of "hate" dope each morning.

Exactly at eight this evening the normal roar of the cannonading up the lines increased considerably and suddenly; and we seemed all to take it for granted that the rumours of the past few weeks were about to materialise. The BIG PUSH had at last begun in earnest—there was no mistaking the symptoms this time. Every window in the house rattled; the house itself perceptibly rocked; people rapidly collected in the streets and excitedly discussed the situation. Even “Mouton,” our watch-dog puppy, seemed to realise that something unusual was about to happen, for he slouched round the house in a half-frightened attitude as if he scented impending danger.

As darkness gathered it rendered visible the glare of the fire from the heavy artillery up the lines, as the guns poured forth mutual destruction upon the unfortunate sons of Adam, both in field-grey and in khaki.

21 MARCH.—As has been my custom, I succeeded in going to sleep in the midst of the noise of battle last night; but at 5 a.m. this morning I was awakened by the terrific roar of the “drum-fire” that had apparently begun about daybreak.

Numerous rumours kept reaching our ears all the forenoon, as to the military having ordered the evacuation of all civilians from the villages on the north bank of the Somme, including all those in which my unit is at present working. The boys went out to work this morning as usual; but at 1 p.m. one of them arrived back from Villers Station to tell me that the evacuation of the French civilians had already been carried out. The competent military authority had given his orders early this morning that all civilians must leave the district by 11 a.m., a refugee train having been provided for that purpose. Before Madame Capron—at whose restaurant our men used to lunch when working

in that district—had boarded the train, she had asked P*rn*ll to beseech me to send one of our cars to rescue some of her more valuable belongings at her little shop at Villers-Saint-Christophe—her stock of wines being the most costly item.

Having no objection to save wines from either friend or foe, since Madame's wealth had been spent in stocking her cellar, I set off at once with a car and two of the boys to Villers. Arrived there, we proceeded to ransack the house systematically — carrying off the bedding, clothing, and the contents of the cellar, which consisted of several dozen bottles of champagne and other wines.

What a pathetic sight to look round the deserted home of those poor people! The evidence of their hurried departure only a few hours previously was to be seen on every hand. . . . The breakfast table left just as they rose from their last hasty meal . . . the unmade beds . . . the coffee-pot and the kettle sitting on the stove over the blackened fire . . . and, at the side of the door, the typical *sabots* which the French peasants wear over their slippers when out-of-doors.

It was a curious mission that we "foreigners" were engaged upon—packing up the goods of a French household in the absence of the proprietors, in order to save their chattels from the advancing German soldiers, or perhaps from the retreating Tommies.

The village was destitute of civilians, save ourselves; and the Military Police were in possession of the place. A knot of the latter collected outside the house as we hurriedly loaded the car. It was more than they could properly comprehend that a group of men in strange uniforms should be deliberately helping themselves to the contents of a French restaurant. At last one M.P., bolder than the rest with whom he had been consulting,

mustered up a little brief authority and came across to ask me who we were and what we were doing there.

Probably those soldiers had already had an eye on the village wine shop, and seen visions of revelry that same evening in the quaffing in imagination of brimming goblets of the good red wine—all for the uncorking of the bottles! Small wonder, therefore, that dismay should grip their hearts as they saw case after case of the luscious stuff disappear under the hood of our car, before their very eyes, while they stood helplessly looking on. Ye gods! it was more than British flesh and blood should be called upon to stand! It was simply to out-Tantalus Tantalus himself!

So when I told our plucky M.P. that we were acting on the instructions of our friends, the proprietors of the house, the poor fellow mournfully turned on his heel, reeled out of the yard, and tottered back to his expectant comrades, standing under the shadow of the church, to break the doleful news to them as best he could. Alas! the best-laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley!

At length we swung out of the village and on to the Saint Quentin road, which was by this time covered by a continuous stream of motor traffic. Ambulances kept steadily passing us—their open backs enabling us to see the bleeding and mangled atoms of humanity whom the God of Battles had seen fit to knock out of action during this latest round of Armageddon. A long convoy of old London busses, transporting reinforcements up the line, was rather an unexpected sight. Those busses were all painted khaki, but were so much weather-beaten that the familiar advertisements showed through the paint in many places and unmistakably betrayed the origin of the vehicles.

Labour battalions and engineers were busy digging trenches and fixing the accompanying barb-wire

obstacles upon the crest of the hill, near the little cemetery of Saint Sulpice. The brick boundary wall of this burial ground—on the side facing Saint Quentin—is methodically loop-holed at regular intervals to serve for defending the town against the advancing enemy. These holes were formed by the French themselves in the summer of 1914, when first the German hordes swept over the plains of Picardy dealing death in their train.

The iron whirl-wind continued all day without a moment's pause; and the constant vibration and the terrific clangour that never ceased gradually forced many inhabitants of Ham to flee from the town during the course of the afternoon.

22 MARCH.—At 4.15 a.m. I was suddenly awakened and slowly became conscious of certain phenomena not exactly habitual at that early hour. The swaying of the house under the abnormal concussion caused by the still further augmented firing of heavy artillery soon "put me wise" to the fact that something unusual was happening up the lines. The roar of the guns was continuous, like long drawn-out thunder, punctuated by sudden angry snarls and barks from weapons of smaller calibre. From time to time the whiz of the shells could be heard as they hurtled through the air, uttering their portentous warning note—like some gigantic mosquito seeking its prey—first in a piercing crescendo, tapering off into a shrill diminuendo, and ending in BANG!!!

The sound of voices from the floor above, and on the landing, told me that the others were also awake—in fact, most of them had never been asleep. At last someone knocked at my door to ask me to get up, as "the whole town" seemed to be evacuating. I rose at once, hurriedly dressed; and almost immediately

upon going out, an " M.P. " stopped at the corner of the street and cried out that all civilians must leave the town either by the 7 or the 9 a.m. train, both of which were to be specially run to take away the non-military population. On hearing the order announced I went at once to the office of the A.P.M. to find out if possible how critical the military situation had become. Being primarily a *relief* unit, I decided to remain behind with the cars after the last refugee train had departed, so that a few of us might render what assistance we could to the civilians in the great retreat.

Returning to the *équipe* I gave orders that all must pack their personal belongings only, and be prepared to leave for Paris on the second train. Seven of us remained behind to transport civilians to the trains, pay our legal debts to those tradespeople who had not already left town, load up the two cars with the personal luggage, and lock up the house before leaving Ham. The remainder of the *personnel* went on the second refugee train at 9 a.m. via Amiens to Paris.

About 8 o'clock an officer from the A.P.M.'s office came to ask if I could lend him a car to transport his maps and other equipment from Ham to Nesle, where his new headquarters had to be instituted. Both our cars being busy at the time transporting civilians to the train, I could not lend him one at the moment; but I bethought me of a motor-lorry lying at the American Red Cross headquarters. I at once sent two of the men to ask the Captain at the A.R.C. for the loan of this car, and within half-an-hour they brought it back to our yard. Though friend H*nsh*w had never seen the car before, he volunteered to pilot it to Nesle for the A.P.M.; so jumping up beside him, I took him round to the A.P.M., who was standing in the middle of the street anxiously looking out for our arrival.

It was rather an ironical fate that the British Army should seek help from a notoriously pacifist organisation like the F.W.V.R.C. But needs must when the devil (*i.e.*, the Kaiser) drives! The reason behind this request of the A.P.M. for a car was that the ambulance service had completely broken down and utterly failed to cope with the enormous number of casualties. Every available car, including the A.P.M.'s own, had been requisitioned for ambulance duty.

I despatched one of the boys to Golancourt to warn the men of the Agricultural group there to retire to Gruny, and await further developments. One of the Esmery-Hallon workers was waiting at the house on my return from the A.P.M.'s. He had come to Ham to do the usual foraging for his group, and was quite surprised to hear that the evacuation of civilians from Ham was in full progress. His fellow-workers had gone to work this morning as usual, little dreaming that the more than ordinary cannonading meant retreat. I learnt at the A.P.M.'s that Esmery-Hallon would be on the official list of villages to be evacuated of civilians to-morrow. Convinced of the seriousness of the situation, I gave my cycle to my friend, and asked him to take word back to his *équipe* that the men should also fall back on Gruny, some ten miles to the rear of their village, and fifteen miles from Ham.

Before ten o'clock the first of the retreating soldiers appeared. Two of them arrived in the yard as we were busy loading up the cars. They said they had been stationed at Tugny-et-Pont; and had swum the canal there what time the Germans were firing on them. Both were drenched to the skin, chattering with cold or fear, or both, and had no equipment but what they stood up in. They asked for "something hot to drink"; but our kitchen fire had long since gone out.

Remembering, however, the wines we evacuated from Villers-St.-Christophe yesterday, I sought out a bottle of brandy, and gave each of the men "a good stiff tumblerful" to warm the cockles of his heart—whatever that phrase means. These two soldiers said that ours was the first inhabited house they had seen since leaving Tugny.

Parenthetically I may remark that some hundred bottles of wine would be a very questionable and suspicious-looking item of provisions to be found in a Quaker establishment—either by the retreating Britons or the invading Germans. Foreseeing that such incriminating evidence might be erroneously believed against the Society of Friends, I took the precaution of making an inventory of the wine yesterday evening; and on each case I printed in bold lettering the following words: "This wine is the property of Madame Capron of Villers-St.-Christophe." Thus I saved the fair name of the *Société des Amis*—if the soldiers in their hurry to have a free drink had time to read the legend! Perhaps the house may have been blown to pieces by shell-fire, the wine perishing with it?

Having completed the loading-up of the two cars, I locked the front door of the house, then the back door, and left the key of the latter in an out-building so that it could be found readily on our return to Ham in the near future! When the cars had pulled out on to the street, I finally closed the yard-gates carefully. All the while the shells were whistling upon the town, and the noise of the bloody carnage was getting ever louder and nearer. Out there amidst the inferno of clamour and smoke were somebody's sons shooting and bayonetting the young lives out of one another. Out there the glorious youth of both nations were dying violent deaths, and staining with their life's blood the

beautiful Picardian countryside. Alas! what a costly pigment—the crimson blood of men—the belligerent scene-painters were lavishly employing on the foreground of their great dramatic *chef d'œuvre* called “Armageddon.”

It was exactly 11.30 a.m. as we passed up the Rue de Corcy to the *Place*: three of us to go to Noyon, and the other three to Nesle, there to pick up the seventh member who had taken the car-load of stuff for the A.P.M.

On the nine miles between Ham and Nesle there was a ghastly procession of fleeing people—all wearing the same pallid, stunned look; some almost desperate but nevertheless not willing to remain behind with the Germans. Most of the civilians were on their *second* flight from their broken-up homes in what was once Fair Picardy. No one can adequately conceive who has not experienced it, the horror or the desolation that modern warfare brings upon the heads of the civilian population in the area of the battlefields. . . Mounds of red-raw brick taking the place of once smiling hamlets. Wooden crosses piercing the chaotic piles of moulded masonry and cut brickwork that indicate the sites of the churches and graveyards. . . . The charred stumps of the barn-posts and the roofless quadrangles marking the farms of the happy-go-lucky past. The war-battered towns punctuated throughout with totally demolished houses. . . . Gables completely ripped down and exposing the rooms of the home, tier on tier, to the curious eyes of the passing throng. Windows smashed or cracked, with shrapnel wounds on the neighbouring walls, and the tell-tale shell-crater near by—in road or garden. . . . The peasants living in the dark and damp cellars of their vanished homes, or in some tiny corner of the out-buildings that had escaped the surge of war.

Those peasants in the Somme had so eagerly returned just a year ago to patch up their ruined homesteads and to make a fresh start in life. After lavishing their loving care and affection on the scorched remains of their cherished cottages, to-day they were leaving them all once more for a destination in the Great Unknown; for the Civil Authorities collect the *évacués* at certain points and bundle them off in refugee trains to the *Midi*, well away from the ravages of war.

In quick succession we would pass farm-carts laden with household goods and chattels, piled higher above the "side-boards" than the depth of the cart itself. Great round bundles, obviously bedding, generally crowned those gaily-coloured piles; while smaller packages, pots, pans, saws, boots, *sabots*, sacks of dried vegetables and legumes, panniers, kettles, and the like, were tied on to whatever would hold them. Often a cow, sometimes two or three, would be fastened to the rear of the carts; and "Old Crummie" would gaze about her with that air of ruminating unconcern which cows alone of all domesticated animals seem to be able to wear quite naturally. Occasionally the cow would be led by a little damsel seated on a ladder projecting behind the cart as it bumped along the dusty road in the direction of safety.

Next would come perhaps a batch of wounded Tommies helping one another along the road, the more optimistic cheering up their comrades who were probably more badly hurt than themselves.

A herd of goats in charge of some shouting youngsters not fully cognisant of the mental agony through which their old folks were passing.

An old man, bent nearly to a right-angle by hard work and age-long exposure, wheeling a barrow containing the precious bits of furniture saved from his abandoned home.

A flock of frightened sheep, clinging together in a helpless huddle, and driven by the *berger communal* in the typical garb of the country.

A file of German prisoners in their bright green uniforms, stamped all over back and front with the bold letters—P.G. (*prisonnier de guerre*)—and under an escort brandishing fixed bayonets, which scintillated in the strong sunlight; for the weather was glorious beyond the ordinary for the season.

Field ambulances speedily carrying their groaning loads of “stretcher-cases” back to the Dressing Station at Nesle.

Staff officers’ cars whirling past, leaving their usual offensiveness hanging in the dust-laden air behind them.

Moroccan soldiers, like stately bronze gods in red turbans, and wearing their picturesque long cloaks. . .

Chinese and Annamites, with their sphinx-like visages defying the attempts of their pale-faced allies to discover their innermost thoughts or feelings. Probably some were comparing in their minds the pacific teaching of Confucius and Buddha with the evidences of so-called Christianity around them.

Negroes from “Darkest Africa” helping to bear the “White Man’s Burden” in electrically-enlightened Europe; and assisting the self-styled Christians to kill off their “enemy” co-religionists.

Indians, in their highly-coloured uniforms, passing along in that characteristic, gliding manner which seems to be the result of their physiological formation.

All those representatives of the “backward races” of mankind had been serving in the ranks of Labour Battalions, which are responsible for road-mending, navvying for railway construction, sanitary work

behind the lines, handling shells at the ammunition dumps, and other labour of a like nature.

Caterpillars—the familiar name of the tractors which haul the heaviest guns—kept lumbering along, jerking and rattling in all their metallic clumsiness, like leviathans amongst the pygmies.

Tractor-ploughs ambling amongst the crowd, their glittering “ molds ” telling of the honest work that had been done with them of late in safe-guarding the food supply of France.

Horse-ploughs gliding forward, drawn by excited teams, and ploughing their way to safety through the fleeing multitude.

Italian soldiers in their specific greenish-grey uniforms and their soft, round-topped caps—particularly handsome fellows and typical descendants of the Roman legions that once overspread all Europe.

French *poilus* in all their fascinating innocence and genial sang-froid—taking the altered circumstances with that natural philosophic calmness which seems to be one of the most deeply engrained qualities of the nation. *C'est la guerre*, they say, concerning every fresh abomination which the progress of the war produces on their native land.

English soldiers—Cockney, by their dialect, many of them; Irishmen doing their best to retain their reputation for wit and good humour under conditions that might have put a strain even on Mark Tapley; and “ Jocks ”—some English by their speech, others Scottish by their Doric and their physiognomy.

Canadians and Americans—unmistakable by their uniforms—were also observed in this helter-skelter from Ham; the “ Amexes ” being mostly engineers.

That such a variously coloured collection of men should be drawn together from the uttermost ends of the earth, and dumped down in a remote corner of

Europe for a season, was a Fact towards which the evolution of centuries had contributed. In the face of that mysterious Thing which kept creeping ever nearer from out the rattle of guns and the hot, fierce clash of bayonets, the One Instinct that was uppermost in the minds of all was Self-Preservation. The East and the West had at last one common ground of agreement; the twain *had* met, in spite of Kipling's poetic couplet. Both Orientals and Occidentals were mutually concerned in moving backward as that avalanche of Germans moved forward from Saint-Quentin towards the sea.

Here would be seen a half-distracted woman carrying nothing but a hand-saw. . . . There, another scarcely able to see her way because of the bitter tears that streamed down her unhappy countenance. . . . Now *Madame* would shout excitedly for one of her numerous offspring who had wandered out of sight of the parental eye: "Yvonne! *Yvonne!* YVONNE!"—louder each time. And the little maid would be discovered at the tail of the family-chariot, giving the cow an extra hitch in case she broke loose.

Grand'mère was often much in evidence perched high on top of the waggon amongst the bulging bundles of bedding, keeping one watchful eye on the baggage, and the other on *Grandpère* and the children footing it alongside the horse.

Everything with wheels on it had been requisitioned for the sudden exodus from the Somme—barrows, perambulators, hand-carts, and numerous hastily-contrived vehicles made out of packing cases and odd wheels. The services of the family dog were often called in: several dogs were seen yoked to the axles of the smaller carts, and doing their utmost to relieve their lords and masters—an ordinary custom in this and many other parts of the Continent.

This motley procession passed along as best it might : each individual bent on reaching a haven of refuge before nightfall—far behind the threatening rumble of the guns. The women were often silently crying ; the children did not always realise the meaning of it all ; the men wore that set expression which told of the whirlpool of passion that surged within them. It was utterly deplorable to see Darby and Joan—aged between 70 and 80—bent and mis-shapen and withered with years, and pushing a ricketty box-on-wheels filled with bedding or other precious household idols.

In spite of the scramble, occasionally a peasant was to be seen working his horses on the land, and apparently thinking there was no immediate danger, and that the neighbours must have gone suddenly mad to leave their wheat and their corn behind them so readily!

As an amateur ornithologist, I was interested to observe the total absence of the few birds that frequent the district in the winter season. By far the commonest bird in these parts is the magpie. Wherever there is an abundance of that well-known feathered thief, there are usually fewer other species—the magpie's liking for eggs of all kinds being proverbial. To-day, however, the magpies between Ham and Nesle were as extinct as the Dodo—having scented danger in the air from both smoke and noise, they doubtless made themselves scarce immediately. The smaller birds were also not to be seen anywhere along the route. Even the sparrows had retired before the approaching whirlwind ; and where the sparrow is absent there is little chance of any other bird taking his place. I listened for the song of a lark above the battle's clang ; but it was not. The day was without pity for everything in whose veins was swelling the surge of Spring.

Arrived at Nesle we drew up on the main *Place* of the little town, in front of the Sous-Préfecture. Scarcely had I descended when an official approached me to ask for the loan of the big A.R.C. car with which to evacuate civilians from the threatened villages between Guiscard and Noyon—the road between Ham and Noyon being already heavily shelled by the Germans, presumably with the view to prevent reinforcements being sent along it. As the transport of civilians was my own intention, in any case, I at once agreed to help in this very useful and necessary transportation of old and infirm refugees; and both the boys set out at once for Guiscard on the car.

We were thus without a chauffeur for our car, neither Miss Gl*nc* nor myself being able to drive. I realised, however, that the officers of the British Army would never leave a lady in the lurch should a hurried exit from Nesle become necessary in the course of time. As for myself, well—I guessed I would live, somehow or other, to be honourably hung, *après la guerre!*

Early in the afternoon the Sous-Préfet and his good lady got busy making tea for the wounded soldiers who kept straggling into town. My companion and I volunteered to help in this work; and as neither milk nor sugar was being supplied by *Monsieur* and *Madame*, I at once made good the deficiency. Before leaving Ham, the Head of our Maintenance Department had collected a boxful of foodstuffs—bread, condensed milk, lump sugar, chocolate, tinned meat, and the like—for use in emergency on our way. This hastily-packed box of provender came into excellent use at Nesle; for I took from our car several tins of condensed milk and boxes of sugar, and soon we were busy handing cups of hot tea to the painfully thirsty, battle-stained warriors

in the little room put at our disposal near the archway of the Sous-Préfecture.

Most of the men had not had anything to drink for 24 hours, and some not even for two days. They were simply gratitude personified for the infinitely little we could do for them; but the thirst of a badly-wounded man seems to have almost a maddening effect upon him—the tongue swells from the fever that is the result of a parched mouth—so I presumed this dish of tea was more to the poor fellows than it seemed to me.

In this comparatively quiet back-water of the great maelstrom that raged outside the town was enacted a memorable paragraph of the human tragedy of the day. Escorted German prisoners began to arrive on the Square: four of them happened to be dangerously wounded, according to the medical captain in charge of the Dressing Station. We invited those four suffering Germans into our temporary canteen; and I served tea to them along with the others. The "Hun" most dangerously wounded must have been undergoing fearful agony, for he winced pitifully every time he moved even slightly—the red stain trickling down the breast of his tunic told us the nature of his wound. The first mouthful of tea this poor fellow drank caused him to groan aloud, and he was obliged to splutter it out—apparently the hot liquid had touched his internal wound.

Enter Private Thomas Atkins, wounded, but not badly enough to suppress his sense of humour. His quick eye enabled him to grasp the situation at a glance. He could not forego the golden opportunity for exercising his good nature; so, with a droll twinkle in his eye, and in spite of his wounds, he sang out to the seated Germans: "Hello, Gerry! You here!" Then seeing space for one more between two of the Germans, our irrepressible humorist crossed the room.

wheeled round, and, with a comprehensive glance at us all, sat down on the vacant seat, saying at the same time: "I think I'll sit down between my two pals here!"

No smack of bitterness in his voice: no sign of irony in his gestures. His words seemed to be prompted solely by the common bond of fellowship between human beings in distress. It may have been that a few hours previously those soldiers were doing their utmost to kill one another. It is certain they were "enemies"—officially and militarily speaking, for "fraternising with the enemy" is a punishable offence according to the regulations. But had those men any quarrel? "Busy as the devil is: not the smallest," as Carlyle in *Sartor Resartus* puts it. Then why had they been put in juxtaposition in the trenches? "Because their governors had fallen out," declared the Hermit of Craigenputtock.

To call a German a "pal" was a distinctly treasonable utterance for a true-born Briton to make in public. Was not the Defence of the Realm Act specially designed by an omnipotent, far-seeing British Parliament to punish "traitors to their country in its hour of peril?" as the gilded gramophones of the pulpit would phrase it. Yet here was a "common soldier" flip-pantly declaring "Huns" to be his "pals"; and thus openly flaunting his seditious words under the beautiful eyes of the lovely D.O.R.A. herself! Dis-graceful! Monstrous! Unpatriotic!

Such excessive outbursts are all very well in their proper place; but surely this soldier's obvious "duty" was to sing a verse of the National Hymn of Hate, particularly emphasising for the occasion the beautiful sentiment expressed in the line about "frustrating the knavish tricks" of the enemy. For no "gentleman" should have so far forgotten the glorious traditions of

the Bull-dog-Breed as to welcome a "Baby-killer" as a "pal." It was positively improper to make such a public exhibition of his real feelings: to wear the goodness of his heart on his sleeve, so to speak. Had he never heard of the Strong-Silent-Englishman of the Garvice school of philosophy? Such unpatriotic incidents were against all the canons of social decorum in time of war: they were the very height of "bad form." Why, they were enough to bring Mrs. Grundy's grey hairs in sorrow to the grave!

This significant incident lasted only a few minutes, but quite long enough to prove how little enmity there is amongst the men on both sides who are doing the actual fighting. I am convinced there is less Hate per square inch on the battle-fronts of Armageddon than there is at home amongst the civilian population, particularly those *over* military age. When I was in England at Christmas I read in a newspaper that: "The spirit of goodwill is again abroad." This saying took on a new meaning for me, for I realised that the spirit of goodwill was certainly not at home, where it ought to be; but "again abroad." There was then more bellicosity and animosity rampant amongst the general public than either the soldiers or the civilians exhibit in the War Zone abroad—in spite of the patriotic hiccups of the official Press to the contrary.

The question of providing warm, liquid refreshment to the soldiers became more and more acute as the sun set and the crisper night-air began to make itself felt. Some of the men became almost frantic owing to thirst; and there was no military canteen at which they could obtain a drink of any sort; nor had there been any provision made for feeding them. My companion and I, therefore, held a Council of Peace, and soon resolved that we should make an effort to establish an *alfresco* canteen in any convenient spot on the *Place*, which

was by that time literally covered with wounded soldiers as well as those who had become detached from their regiments. They lay on the cobble pavement in every conceivable attitude, endeavouring to obtain some rest or some fitful sleep under most difficult conditions.

After surveying the various shops on the Square, we selected one near the *Hôtel-de-Ville*. Entering this shop we soon made our mission known to the old lady in charge, and she at first demurred at having her house turned into a canteen. She had visions of tumblers broken or stolen; but we assured her that it was our desire to pay for all damaged or missing articles. By pointing out the extreme urgency of the case, and by playing upon her "patriotism" and her humanity, she ultimately yielded to our entreaties, or veiled threats of installing ourselves willy-nilly would perhaps be nearer the truth!

Borrowing a large kettle from a neighbouring shop, and fetching some water from the hydrant in the street, we soon had the first kettleful a-boiling. Drawing on our diminished store of sugar and condensed milk in the car, we were at last ready to serve out the first round—having bought the necessary tea from the shopkeeper in whose house we had somewhat unceremoniously installed ourselves.

Going to the door of our hastily improvised canteen, I passed round the word that hot tea would be served at once to those who wished for it. The very street seemed to rise up as one mass; for the soldiers who could, got up from their stony couch *tous-ensemble*, wondering, no doubt, if they had merely been dreaming about hot tea, and had not actually heard the magic words! I invited them to form a queue at the door; and as fast as the glasses were emptied by the

thirsty warriors, we filled them again and again, the while the kettle boiled for the next brewing.

At one point of the proceedings, a young lieutenant found his way into our shop and asked if we could serve fifty of his men at once, as they were on their way to Roye at that instant, having marched from St. Simon, some fifteen miles distant. We agreed to supply his tired men first, so that they might continue their march as soon as possible.

While waiting for the water to boil, the lieutenant told us that he had lost the other fifty of his men somewhere in the vicinity of Ham. He anticipated being court-martialled on the technical point involved in the loss of half his charge. Though he had done three years' service, and had worked up from the ranks to a commission, and had been wounded thrice; yet he fully expected to be reduced to the ranks as the penalty for his supposed breach of the military regulations. While over and over again he assured me that he would not care a damn if he did lose his commission, it was evident by the very reiteration of his feigned indifference that it was the one thing on earth that he *did* care about; for he would talk of little else. Of course, I encouraged him in this direction for the simple reason that it was obviously doing him good to give vent to his feelings, after the trying experiences he had undergone the past few days.

Having served our lieutenant's queue of fifty, we resumed our obligations to those who had waited their turn so willingly. The men were the acme of patience and gratitude—much to my embarrassment. Some of them offered to pay for the tiny dish of tea, bless their simple hearts! And not one would have a second helping till their mates had had their first—which meant that nobody had a second round. . . . Needless to add, there was not a glass missing when we took

the final toll about 11 o'clock. By that hour the milk and the sugar supply had run out, and we were reluctantly obliged to give up our work after having served many hundreds of men.

What impressed me most was the strange quietness that prevailed amongst the soldiers on the *Place* at Nesle. They seemed stunned by their experiences of the day which they had luckily survived. They desired only to be let alone to sleep the long, deep sleep of worn-out men. They were tired of their bloody work, and were willing to lie down even on the hard, rough cobbles of a little country town. Rest, rest, rest from the deadening round of war was their foremost craving. With scarcely a murmur, save from the seriously injured, they lay there on the grey pavement, under the stars, during that brilliantly clear, moonlit night; while the booming of the monster guns told of the death-clutch that would relentlessly grip countless numbers of their "pals" on both sides that fatal evening. And all the while the never-ending stream of miscellaneous traffic, moving westward across the *Place*, was witness of the great retreat of the Allies that was then flowing at full-tide.

After seeing my friend off to her room in the greengrocer's house on the south side of the *Place*, I went round to the Officers' Quarters in a house situate through an archway opening off the little *Place de l'Hospice*. Being tired out with the day's exertions, I thought to have some sleep; but it was not to be. For I found myself amongst several officers whose language was rather more luridly and picturesquely decorated than the tame drawing-room variety of polite society. One elderly gentleman, having a nose to match the ruddy complexion of his language, continued to swear at a subordinate officer for some ten minutes without repeating himself, except for the word "bloody"

which he so frequently used that the floor was very soon about three inches deep in gore.

Suddenly the engine-driver of a "caterpillar" stuck his head in at the open window of the room, and asked for the loan of a flashlight to see to carry out some minor repair to his tractor. Borrowing the instrument of the Chevalier of the Flaming Language, I crawled through the open window to hold the lamp for the driver, who soon got his unwieldy mass of clanking machinery in going order, and passed on into the night. Then I returned the flashlight to the Knight of the Burning Countenance, and left the room immediately—having realised that there was to be no sleep for me in Nesle that night.

Just as I was calculating what might be the most useful work I could be doing, a *camionneur* hailed me as I stood on the *Place*. He had picked up a wounded soldier, who had apparently fallen down exhausted in the middle of the road between Ham and Nesle. But for the clear moonlight, this chauffeur said that he would probably have driven right over the poor fellow. I got this exhausted man from the chauffeur and carried him on my back to the Dressing Station near at hand; but to my surprise I found it had been already removed to Roye, five miles further back. I had therefore to stop the first ambulance that arrived on the Square and ask the driver to take the wounded Tommy on it to Roye.

This episode suggested to me the work I might thenceforth do; so I took up my stand on the *Place* at the point where the street branches downhill to Roye; and continued to direct wounded men, who came ceaselessly along, to the Dressing Station at that town. Frequently a *camionneur* would hand over to me a badly wounded man, who had been lifted from the road by those good Samaritans; and I made it my business

to hail a passing ambulance or motor-car, carry the poor soldier bodily to it, and then send the driver forward to the Casualty Station with his bleeding load.

One fine young fellow was shot right through the body, just above the heart—there was a hole in the breast of his tunic and another opposite at the back; and from both those wounds blood slowly oozed and hung in clotted masses to the khaki. He told me in sundry gasps that his father was killed at Mons, and that he himself was the sole support of his widowed mother. I endeavoured to cheer him up by making some silly, irrelevant remarks; and by attempting to crack some inept jokes with the view to helping him to forget both his pain and his fears. Though I was successful in my strategy for a while, he would always return to his refrain as to what would become of his poor old mother, should he die of his wounds. He said he would not mind dying for his country if it were not for his mother. He cursed the Government roundly and squarely for doling out such insignificant pensions to the dependants of those who give their lives for their country—though not exactly in these terms; for his own words were distinctly more to the point, fiery and coloured rather than merely polite.

Another young warrior, who could not bear to sit down as it pained him internally to be in that position, informed me that he came “thra Hebden Brig.” When I told him I came also from Yorkshire, he forgot his wounds for the moment and waxed eloquent in praise of his native county—a subject to which I kept him until I got him stretched out on the floor of a *camion* bound for Roye.

A third *blessé*, volunteering to tell me his experiences of the day, said that he and about twenty-five of his mates had been completely surrounded by “hundreds of Germans,” near Tugny. The two dozen of them

simply put their backs together and literally hacked their way through the serried rows of the "Huns." He said he had not seen any of his comrades since, and knew not whether he was the sole survivor of the party.

23 MARCH.—About one in the morning a long procession of "caterpillars" passed across the Square in the direction of Ham. About 8 a.m. they returned minus the big guns which they had gone out to fetch back—except two, which the gunners had managed to save from the enemy. There must have been a heavy loss of guns in the retreat, judging from those returning tractors, and from the hundreds of artillery-men who passed through Nesle without their guns.

On going into the courtyard behind the *Mairie* just before 2 a.m., to my utter surprise there came floating to me from somewhere in the immediate vicinity the strains of choral music. The refrain of "My Little Grey Home in the West" was being sung by a well-conducted choir, for excellent time was being kept. Bass, baritone and tenor mingled harmoniously and effectively, even in those infernal surroundings—above the din of battle in the background. Several other songs of the music-hall type of sentimental ditty followed in quick succession.

At first I was astonished at what I deemed to be the absolute irrelevance of this absurd performance. But ultimately I realised there was, after all, a sound psychological reason behind its seeming levity. Undoubtedly the lusty singing of those warriors-of-the-air served as a useful safety-valve through which escaped their pent-up feelings after the hazardous experience of their daily round of adventure in the air. On enquiring of a passing officer what all this sound of revelry meant, he quietly said: "Oh, that is the R.F.C. boys holding

their concert. You see, they always celebrate the bringing down of twelve or more Boche 'planes in *one* day, by having a concert at night."

About 3 a.m. the Military Commander of the town sent a crier along the streets to announce that all civilians must leave the town by seven o'clock. I went as soon as convenient to rouse my companion; and found the good woman of the house furiously indignant at being ordered by the *British* to leave her home, for even her own countrymen permitted her to remain behind with the Germans during their first occupation of Nesle in 1914. She had received good treatment from the "enemy" during the two and a half years of her previous sojourn under their *régime*, and she was prepared to remain a second time with the Germans; only she was frightened that she might be shot by the British if she did not obey the military orders! I reassured her, however, by reminding her that my countrymen were too busy shooting "Huns" for the time being, and would have no time to bother about those who did not obey the order for evacuation. Though she had by this time got her little boy and girl dressed ready for the road, she immediately took off their wraps, and declared her readiness to remain in her shop and to risk the consequences from either German or Briton.

By this time the American Red Cross workers in the district had arrived on the *Place*, with Captain J*cks*n at their head. As soon as the gallant Captain discovered that we were without a chauffeur, he at once put at our disposal one of his own men. Provided therefore that neither of our own boys turned up in time, this young American had to see the "Quaker car" into safety.

The usual rumours kept floating around as a result of the order for civilians to leave the town. These

tales seemed to flit about like veritable Will-o'-the-Wisps. First we would hear that Ham had fallen; and immediately afterwards a chauffeur, who had just arrived from Ham, would tell us emphatically that the British still held that town. . . . Then news would mysteriously circulate that the Germans were already at Hombleux, some four miles off. . . . Next, that "they" were already on the outskirts of Nesle itself. . . . Finally, the arrival of an ambulance-driver would settle the knotty problem for yet a little while, until Rumour, that lying jade, would once more assert herself, and the vicious circle be again encompassed. Thus Dame Rumour continued her frolicsome game of looping the loop, and squaring the circle throughout the early hours of that memorable Spring morning. . . .

As we waited patiently on the *Place* for our fellow-workers, who must have been giving a good account of themselves somewhere in the Noyon region, several hundreds of American soldiers marched past, in all the glory of their brand-new knapsacks, belts and leggings. Behind them followed several thousand "kilties," who were in rather war-battered condition, having shabby and well-worn accoutrements; and they were grimy from battle-smoke and sweat, and covered with mud—doubtless gathered on the banks of the Somme, where the conflict was reported to have been fiercely contested. . . .

At 9 a.m. the A.P.M. had a telephone message telling him to retire at once to Roye: and he advised us to leave Nesle at the same time. The officers twitted me for keeping a lady in such a dangerous quarter for so long; but my plucky companion was adamant in her determination to wait for our two men. Realising in the end, however, that both of them would be able to look after themselves since they had a car, we decided

to retire from Nesle. It was 9.30 as we passed the old parish church, *en route* for Roye.

Between Roye and Montdidier we passed a similar stream of hurrying refugees and retreating soldiers—the latter in many cases wounded, bearing the evidences of battle, and looking the picture of dejection. . . . Here and there in the procession were the various members of our unit from both the Esmerly-Hallon and the Golancourt groups. They were making their way as best they might—on foot, on cycle, and on carts—helping their fellow-pilgrims, the peasants, and trying to make the rough places smooth for those unfortunate people. Again we saw the French people from the villages in which we had been working, as well as many of the shopkeepers from Ham—all reluctantly making their way south. . . . Artillery-men wheeling on hand-barrows the delicate piece of mechanism that formed the breech of their guns, which the gunners had been obliged to abandon, after taking away the breech part. Many of those soldiers had their uniforms nearly riven off their backs—the cloth hanging in shreds, and the grimy faces of the men bore striking testimony to the fell work they had wrought with their engines of human destruction, before they left them as damaged prey to the oncoming Germans. . . .

The most tragic sight of all was the frightened children, clutching their mother's or their grannie's skirts, as they hurried helter-skelter southwards along the long, straight highway that was lined on each side with a row of the characteristic poplars. Almost everyone carried a tiny packet, doubtless containing some valued article from the home they had perforce left behind to the tender mercies of the advancing hosts of the Kaiser. . . . As this animated picture of human distress unrolled before me, I somehow

recalled the words which the "Welsh Wizard" voiced in his famous speech at Wellingborough, when denouncing England's part in the Boer War that was then raging. He said: "War was the stupidest of all human institutions. It righted no wrongs; it punished the innocent and exalted the guilty."

But to-day King Lloyd-George the First is the stalwart advocate of the "Knock-out Blow"—the arch-exponent of the policy of the Prussian Blood and Iron-mongers. Only recently he rose to even sublimer heights of exalted vision, when he exhorted the Free Church Council to: "Keep it to the end a holy war—anything else would disgrace the memory of the heroic dead." Yet this same astute politician knows better than any man in England about the UNHOLY scramble for profits on munitions-of-war in which his "patriotic" supporters have been encouraged to indulge. He must undoubtedly be acquainted with the facts disclosed in the Auditor-General's Report on the Ministry of Munitions, of which he himself was originally the presiding genius. He must also be aware of the revelations contained in the Report of the Select Committee on National Expenditure. He certainly knows that there are conscientious objectors dying by inches or gradually going mad in the prisons of England; yet he himself claimed to be a "conscientious objector" in the Boer War! "Holy War," indeed! Why, it is the most unholy, ungodly, un-Christian orgy of skulls in which the churchaniteering nations ever took part.

Lord Roberts was once dogmatic enough to say: "War is as inevitable as death; it is salutary, necessary, and the only natural tonic that can be prescribed." I did not accept the gallant general's "prescription" then; and I certainly repudiate such a dictum to-day, with all the force of added experience

and thought. Such an antiquated categorical imperative is merely the hypothetical supposition of an old warrior long accustomed to think in orthodox military grooves. The day will come when such antique mental lumber will be carefully placed in some kind of international Chamber of Horrors in which those primitive ideas of a defunct school of thought may be dissected at leisure by antiquarians interested in the war-tactics of the ancients. But at present Lord Roberts' ideology is as popular as a patent medicine; and the bulk of mankind still accepts Napoleon's epigram as gospel truth: "*Le progrès de l'artillerie est le progrès de la civilisation*" Bah!

From Montdidier we passed on to St. Just-en-Chaussée, where we halted for lunch. Just as we had finished our repast, an A.R.C. official drove up in his car from Nesle. After a short consultation together, we decided that my companion should return with our car to Montdidier and help in the evacuation of refugees; and that I should go forward to Paris with the American on his car, so that I might arrange with the President and other officials of the F.W.V.R.C. as to the allocation to new work of the men from the Somme who had been rendered "out-of-work" as a result of the great retreat.

Going via Clermont, Creil, Chantilly, Luzarches and Ecoeu, we entered Paris by the *Porte Saint-Denis* about 4 p.m., what time the German long-range gun fired for the first time on the French Capital. In passing through Luzarches, I recalled that it was this town from which sprang Robert de Luzarches, the famous Master-Builder of Amiens Cathedral, whose work there is recorded by an inscription upon the pavement of the nave—a fact which Ruskin mentions in *The Bible of Amiens*.

This second retreat of the French peasantry from the

Somme has resulted in our having had to leave behind us the 71 wooden houses, of two, three and four rooms, erected in the *Départements* of the Somme and the Aisne by our three building groups that were stationed at Ham, Foreste and Esmery-Hallon. In addition to the 71 actually completed, there were also the materials for other ten houses lying on the sites. Our boys had also restored and repaired about 25 of the original houses, barns and stables in the village of Gruny; Miss Gl*nc*, the capable representative of our "Relief Department," had distributed many hundreds of articles of clothing, bedding, furniture, etc.; and the Agricultural group had ploughed and sown many hundreds of acres of wheat-land for the peasantry.

In addition to the loss of the wooden houses, we have been obliged to leave behind us most of the working tools, the food-stores, the household utensils, and the clothing destined for the peasantry. The value of the houses alone runs to £7,000 sterling; but in spite of the usual rumours, from both civilian and military sources, that *all* our huts have been systematically destroyed by fire at the instigation of the British Military Authorities, I refuse to believe so early in the day that the *whole* of our work has gone up in smoke. For I have not lived in a lively sector of the Army Zone for five months without learning the market value of a rumour, and discounting it by at least 75 per cent. On that basis, there should be about 20 huts remaining when the return "Push" happens, or the war ends!

But at the worst, it must not be assumed that the work of our Expedition during the past nine months amongst the peasants of Picardy has been entirely in vain. For we have undoubtedly left a spiritual residue, planted deeply within the kind hearts of those poor folks, which neither the roar of cannon nor the misfortunes of war can ever hope to eradicate.

We lived with them through the joyful days of their first return to their ruined "homes" after the German retreat last year. We worked for them in rain and snow and shine, erecting their temporary homes on the ashes of the original ones—all of us glad to have the privilege of expressing ourselves in voluntary service on work that was constructive, and neither destructive nor obstructive. We had grown to understand their strange—to us—ways and customs; and a peculiar bond of mutual attachment had sprung up between us as we worked together for a common cause.

Then the stab came . . . mysteriously and suddenly from beyond the thin khaki-lines before St. Quentin . . . and the second abandonment of their beloved *foyers* was forced upon them by inexorable Fate and the pitiless pendulum of War. We were still able to help them in their second flight into Egypt. Time and again were our boys able to speak the word of encouragement, paltry though it might sound during such an appalling tragedy. . . . No, those kindly people will not easily forget the worthy deeds of *les Américains*, and the genial help of *les Anglais*, who lived with them and worked for them in Picardy until their second exodus from the Somme.

Our flight was "not in the winter time"; and it was undoubtedly a mercy that the weather was so very mild and dry, so far as the *évacués* were concerned. From the military point of view, of course, it cut the other way. For the fine weather, augmented by the dense mists on the first two mornings of the Great Push, must have been of enormous advantage to the invading army in hiding its numerical strength from its adversary.

To have been "right in the thick" of the Allied armies' retreat from the Somme; to have seen the physical suffering and the mental anguish caused to

innocent people—civilians and soldiers alike—by Lord Roberts' quack "prescription" labelled War—"the only natural tonic"; and to have witnessed the broken homes and the blighted lives of those I have dwelt amongst during the past winter—is an experience, both spiritual and physical, to which it is utterly beyond the compass of my vocabulary adequately to give expression.

I am no advocate of the "awful consequences" argument against war; but am more struck with the utter silliness of it all. For if War is not the most utterly damnable plague that the folly of man ever invented for the wasting of God's fair earth and His highest handiwork—the body of man; then I wish to know of the scourge comparable to it. The seven plagues of Egypt are as naught when compared with the virulent canker that is gnawing the life, slowly but surely, out of the Youth of the world at the present moment.

CHAPTER IV.

AT BEAUVAIS.

25 MARCH.—The Head of the American Friends' Unit sent for me this morning, so I called on him at No. 12, Rue Boissy-d'Anglas, near the Place de la Concorde. He wants me to take charge of a relief party which is likely to be sent to the Amiens district as soon as travelling facilities can be arranged with the proper authorities.

29 MARCH.—Ten of us left the *Gare du Nord* at 19-10 p.m. to go to Beauvais. On arrival there I got in touch with the A.R.C. unit, whose headquarters are at No. 3, *bis*, Route de Calais, the house having been commandeered for the purpose. There are no beds in the house, which has been standing empty for a long time; but a cartload of straw had been dumped on the floor of two rooms, and a few blankets were available.

30 MARCH.—At 9 a.m. I took my group of workers to the Station, and there met the heads of the A.R.C., and sixteen of the lady-workers of the American unit known as the "Smith College Relief Unit." Those ladies had been stationed in the grounds of the *château* at Grécourt, near Nesle, doing relief work in several villages in the neighbourhood; and they had been obliged to retire from the scene of their activities, like the rest of us.

After a short consultation, I delegated the several members of my unit to their duties. In relays of three at a time, certain of the men took orderly duty at the S.C.R.U. canteen—helping with the work of handling packing-cases full of foodstuffs, stoking the several fires, opening condensed-milk tins, and carrying water.

As the stream of refugees kept pouring into the town, we had them fed at once, and many of them, poor souls, could scarcely get over the fact that everything was free.

Seven cars and motor-lorries were assigned to me; and these I kept busy on various jobs—transporting invalid refugees from the station to the hospital; taking old and infirm people from the refugee-trains (which continued to arrive from Amiens all day) to a shelter in town put at our disposal by the Préfet of Beauvais; fetching straw from a farm outside the town to this shelter, for the people to sleep on—part of the straw I sent up to our own sleeping quarters; collecting sick and aged refugees, who had tramped for many miles, and carrying them to the shelter; collecting stores of bread, coffee, and other foodstuffs from the shops in town; and many other smaller though necessary duties.

A continuous transport service between Paris and Beauvais was instituted to keep us supplied with the requisite eatables, both for the refugees and our own *personnel*.

About noon our field-kitchen and a French *chef de cuisine* arrived, along with a car-load of foodstuffs and medical supplies. Those allocated to this work were soon handing out hot drinks—soup, cocoa and coffee—and bread and chocolate to the famished refugees, who swarmed round the portable kitchen drawn up on the *Place* in front of the station.

In the course of the afternoon a train was put at our disposal in a siding of the freight-yard. We then transported the aged and the weak from the shelter in town to this train; handed each person sufficient food to last a day; and sent about 1,000 of them off to the South of France, where they are to be cared for until such time as it will be safe for them to return to their native villages.

During the day several train-loads of French and British soldiers from the Italian front arrived to reinforce the Somme battle-lines. Some of the Tommies complained of lack of food; so I took them along to the S.C.R.U. canteen, and the girls there gave them some hot soup, bread, chocolate, and cigarettes gratis.

There is a Dressing Station in the station-yard with accommodation for about 1,000 cases. All day long a continuous stream of ambulances, piloted by French girls, kept flowing to this wooden hospital; and they were no sooner emptied of their bleeding cargoes than they set off back to the fighting area for more. These little, low-set cars glided past one after the other, like a flock of guinea-fowl running along in their peculiar scurrying manner as if they were on wheels.

This evening six more of the Friends' Unit arrived in town to join the party of relief workers in my charge. They had been doing evacuation work with their cars since they left the Somme on the 22nd March.

31 MARCH.—I was at work the whole night helping the S.C.R.U. to feed the crowds of refugees who kept coming in all night from the Amiens direction. After a sleep of five hours, I returned to duty in the afternoon. The *Préfet* put at our disposal the *Ecole Pellerin*, a Boys' School in the Rue de Guehengnies, for housing the refugees until trains were available for conveying them to the south. Our cars at once began to transport the old people from the sheds at the station to this school—the able-bodied folks going on foot. . . . I discovered that the French soldiers had stolen—or shall I soften it by saying commandeered? the most of the straw that we had been at such trouble to fetch from the country. Consequently the majority of the refugees had to lie on the bare boards for the

night. There seems to be scant regard for the aged and the infirm, so far as some of the soldiers are concerned.

Finding that there was much overlapping in regard to the feeding of the refugees and the numerous soldiers *de passage*, I arranged to-day that the S.C.R.U. should make itself responsible for attending to the wants of the soldiers, and that the Friends' Unit should deal entirely with the problem of refugee-housing and feeding, both on their arrival and departure.

1 APRIL. — After helping to feed a train-load of refugees, bound for Rouen in the first instance, D*ck H*bbs and I returned to our sleeping-quarters at 3.30 a.m., after having been constantly on the move for 24 hours. I arranged that one of the boys should awake me after I had had $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours' sleep; and I got back to work at 9 a.m.

As another train was due to leave for the south this afternoon, I got the cars to fetch the old folks from the *Ecole Pellerin* to the Freight-shed at the station, which had been put at their disposal on account of the heavy rain. At five o'clock we gave a meal to the 500 people who had gathered together there. It was impossible to look unmoved upon those poor old folks, tottering with age and weakness, and holding up their bits of tin-mugs in their skinny fingers to receive a ladleful of hot soup or cocoa and a chunk of bread. Some were eager to obtain their just share, whilst others seemed apathetic about the business—the zest for life having all but flickered out as a result of the unspeakable hardships they had suffered during the past few days.

The pinched, white faces of the kiddies, with their big expectant eyes, and their curious look of perplexity as to the meaning of the unusual proceedings, made an

indelible impression on the tablets of my memory. God! that the little innocents should be caught up in the gigantic international maelstrom! What senseless devilry the whole ethics of war is—innocent young men and innocent children suffering in thousands, in millions; while men, long past the prime of life, stutter their *clichés* of so-called patriotism and remain safe from the rude blasts of the tornado!

2 APRIL.—After allocating each man to his work for the day, I helped to take an old bedridden woman from the Freight-shed to the *Ecole-Pellerin*. . . . I was interested to observe two inscriptions painted on the walls of this Boys' School—in the largest classroom. One legend was: "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*"; and the other read:—

" MON ENFANT, TU SERA UN SOLDAT."

And thus the young idea is taught how to shoot—at the "enemy" for the time being. First, however, his *Liberté* is circumscribed, and he is made a conscript soldier. Next, his *Egalité* is mainly reduced to an equality in death with his comrades and his "enemies" on the battlefield; for the politicians and the diplomats and the munition-profiteers remain at home always. Finally, the *Fraternité* of the Republican motto is usually the kind engendered by the common danger of death in the trenches; for in time of peace—as it is called for want of a more apt word—there is little evidence of brotherhood between the proletariat and the governing-class that contrives to hold the dogs of war on leash, ready for slipping them when the "cause is just."

Nothing like pumping "patriotism" into the youngsters while they *are* young! If they are inured to the "glory" of war from youth upwards, it is natural that few ever question the necessity of its being

adopted in modern society when their "statesmen" think fit to begin the merry game.

It was Carlyle who wrote: "Truly a thinking man is the worst enemy the Prince of Darkness can have." But a soldier is not paid to *think*: he is paid to "do his duty" irrespective of any qualms he may have in doing certain of those duties. Frederick the Great was under no illusions upon the subject, for he put the case in a nutshell when he said: "If my soldiers began to think, not one would remain in the ranks."

3 APRIL. — Rumours persistently passed round all day yesterday that *Boche* 'planes were expected at night to bomb Beauvais; but I found this morning that nothing had happened! As the inhabitants of this city had never once been molested, either by air-raid or bombardment, since the war began, there was considerable excitement amongst the people at the prospect of an air-raid, and many of them would probably not sleep a wink last night. A thick mist all yesterday afternoon would effectually put a stop to any air-raid that may have been intended by the Germans.

At five in the afternoon another refugee train, containing about 1,500 people, left the station. Before the train departed, the Friends' Unit gave each person two days' provisions in the shape of canned meats, hard biscuits and chocolate; and also a bowl of hot soup just immediately before the train pulled out of the *gare*.

Immediately the train had left the station the *Préfet* announced that in future no more refugees must be fed by us! His argument was that it was difficult to persuade the people to travel on the trains, provided for their conveyance to the south, so long as we continued to feed them in Beauvais. But as there has not been a train available every day, we cannot stand by and see the people starve. . . .

There were several “ *grosses legumes* ” in Beauvais to-day—King George V., Lloyd-George I., Clemenceau, Generals Foch, Petain, Haig and Pershing—truly a fine collection of “ big wigs,” which is perhaps the best English equivalent of the French idiomatic phrase, meaning “ big vegetables.”

4 APRIL.—I found this morning that more refugees than ever had arrived during the night, both by road and by rail. This set the French civilian officials in a great state of flutter; and they darted hither and thither in that aimless, futile way in which ants act when one removes the stone from over their nest. Instead of diverting the flow of refugees to the south without a halt at Beauvais, it was now decided to cater for the unfortunate people on a larger scale than ever. The *Agent des Réfugiés* took us to look over two schools which may be utilised for coping with the refugee problem.

So critical had the situation “ up the lines ” become, that news arrived to-day that the safety of Amiens itself is threatened. I questioned some of the more intelligent-looking refugees at the station, and they informed me that Amiens was being bombarded by the enemy when they themselves were fleeing from the city. It was therefore safe to assume that the next few days would see a steady influx of refugees from Amiens to Beauvais.

The Préfet called a meeting of those officials who are responsible for dealing with the situation that is upon us. At nine this evening, therefore, three of my unit went to this conference at the Préfecture. Besides the Préfet himself, there were present a lady representing the *Union des Femmes de France*; the Sous-Préfet of Noyon; Capitaine Somebody or other of the *Croix Rouge Française*; the *Maire* of Beauvais; Captain J*cks*n of the A.R.C.; the private secretary of the

Préfet; Miss Gl*nc*, H*r*ld Tr*w and myself of the F.W.V.R.C.; and a stately official guarding the door. . . . It was resolved, after about an hour's discussion, that two schools should be requisitioned—the *Ecole Paul-Bert*, in the Faubourg Saint-Jacques; and the *Ecole Clémence-Royer*, in the Rue Villiers-de-l'Isle-Adam—both within easy reach of the station.

5 APRIL.—Hundreds of refugees had arrived during the night again, so I set all the available cars on the work of transporting the oldest people to the *école* of St. Jacques. It took the whole day to get through this work; and both schools were so packed with refugees that M. B*sq** decided that a still larger building must be utilised in order to cope with the situation. I went with him to the *Ecole Normale d'Instituteurs* to look over the building, and it was decided there and then to take over the premises, which are capable of housing some 2,000 refugees. The French officials have given us *carte blanche* to manage affairs at the Training College as we think best; and to engage at the State's expense the necessary *personnel* for the kitchen department; as well as to purchase the food-stuffs, bedding, etc., that we think may be required. As soon as the system of dealing with the situation is in going order, the French themselves are to take over the premises and enable us to withdraw from the town.

6 APRIL.—Affairs began to take on an appearance of orderliness at the *Ecole Normale* to-day, and the new system seemed to work more or less smoothly. . . From 4 till 10 p.m. I superintended the evacuation of some 500 aged and infirm refugees from the *Hospice St. Etienne* to the train at the *gare*. Four cars were at work continuously all that time. Those old people were the most pitiful cases I have dealt with since

coming to Beauvais—paralytic, rheumatic, atrophied and mentally defective. Most of them were too helpless to walk unaided; and they had to be lifted bodily off the ground into the big motor-lorries that we were using. It was a very slow process, indeed, as we couldn't rush the poor old souls, who groaned and sighed in their agony, no matter how gently the boys handled them. Most of them were between 75 and 90, some even more.

7 April.—Over 100 more people had arrived from the villages south of Amiens during the night. Another refugee train was booked to go south this afternoon; and as soon as the train had been filled with the refugees, we began to serve out provisions to them for the journey. I got on top of a loaded car, almost level with the carriage windows; then I proceeded to hand out one tin of bully-beef to every two persons, three hard biscuits and one bar of chocolate to each person, and a tin of condensed milk for every child under two years old. As soon as I had finished serving one compartment, the chauffeur took the car forward to the next; and so I passed along the whole length of the train.

All the while my fellow-workers of the Friends' Canteen served a plate of soup or a cup of hot cocoa to each person on the train who wished for either. The *Préfet* himself, the *Sous-Préfet* of Noyon, the *Commissaire de Police*, and the *Chef de Gare* helped us in the actual work of distribution; and as soon as it was completed, the train steamed out with its anxious human freight, bound for no one knew whither. Many of the poor peasants called blessings down upon *Les Amis* as the train moved slowly off.

8 APRIL.—This morning I found that about 200 additional refugees had arrived about 2 a.m. Having

instituted a night transport service to meet all trains, the new arrivals had already been taken to our relief headquarters, when I got there. All day, others continued to reach the station—always from the north. Some 200 people were transported from the *école* to travel on the regular passenger trains to the south.

9 APRIL. — The American who was on night duty with the car told me that he had transported about 100 new arrivals to headquarters during the night. Fresh batches of *évacués* kept arriving all forenoon, and they were taken immediately to the *Ecole Normale*, there to be attended to by the willing workers of the Friends' Unit.

An attempt was made to-day, by the official of a certain relief organisation, to coax two of my unit to take a paid job on his staff. A tempting salary was offered to the boys as soon as they liked to take the post; and knowing that it is purely a personal affair for the men to decide themselves, I said nothing to them on the subject. But I was immensely delighted when both these American boys told me confidentially that neither would take a job with the other organisation for twice the sum offered!

Like most of us who are witness of the work of other organisations, those two men find more congenial fellowship in the F.W.V.R.C. than they are ever likely to experience in any other unit. At Beauvais the *personnel* of my unit has been working anything from 12 to 24 hours at one stretch, and all for nothing; while an eight-hour day is the custom of the unit which my two friends have been invited to join. How miserably did this official fail to understand the spirit that animates us as we "do our bit" in our own way at this time of international strife and hatred! That he imagined money would buy over one of our boys is

an illustration of his total misapprehension of our whole position.

The phrase, "the spirit of service," seems to take on a fresh meaning when one is confronted with the situation in which these young Americans found themselves to-day. Any healthy-minded man naturally recoils at the frequent use of the words; and when I meet with invincible proof that the spirit of service, voluntarily given, is an actual Fact in our midst, I cannot help feeling proud of being associated with such a uniformly fine group of responsible men and women as are my fellow-workers at Beauvais.

10 APRIL.—On my way to the station this morning I called at the Church of *Saint-Etienne* to see the famous 13th century glass there. I was fortunate to arrive at this 12th century church before the glass had been removed; for, on account of the danger to which Beauvais is now exposed as a result of the recent German advance, those responsible for the preservation of this *monument historique* have deemed it advisable to remove all the old *vitreaux* which decorate the chapels of its choir.

It is a mere truism to remark that the art of the great glass painters of the Middle Ages has been lost—irretrievably, shall we say? But what else can be the outcome of an age which puts production of quantity before production of quality? The spiritual change that took place in social economy when the Guild basis of society was submerged by the first waves of capitalistic values, is an event that is never mentioned in the orthodox history books. After 400 years of capitalist domination the highly civilised world is now up to the eyes in—Armageddon. So utterly incapable is modern society to produce or to create even one window equal to those glories of *Saint-Etienne* at

Beauvais, that were there no other indictment but that single instance, it were sufficient to condemn the whole set of values upon which civilisation now bases its calculations.

In the olden days, when usury was forbidden by the law of the land, as well as by the Church, the only outlet for the "surplus value" so dear to the heart of politico-economists was in the direction of the arts. Thus were created those wonderful monuments to the sound economic basis upon which society then rested under the old local crafts-guild system. For deny it who will, it is utterly impossible to divorce the economic factor from the creative art of any given period.

Under the capitalistic system, particularly during the past century and a half, there has been no check on the individual whatsoever. Indeed, it would be taken as a hare-brained idea if any such brake were even mooted. The result is that instead of the "surplus value" being now applied to the beautifying of life generally and not merely particularly, it is "put into" something that will earn still more money. Investment of surplus money is therefore the commonly accepted practice of the modern man, who nevertheless is always ready to sit up on his hind legs and howl with "righteous indignation" when a Reims or a Ypres is in danger from the iron monsters which modern capitalism has produced to engage in warfare.

Six centuries ago men were creating things that are to-day known as historical monuments belonging to the entire world. Now the entire world is busy destroying those self-same creations of the old men, who were happier always in giving expression to the beauty that welled up in their souls, than ever any be-medalled hero of the Great War can hope to be, because for four or five years he has been busy destroying, not only

the sacred temples of architecture, but that holiest temple of all—the body of man, as Novalis finely expressed it.

The sun shone through those coloured gems at St. Etienne this morning as the workmen carefully removed, sheet by sheet, the ancient glass. I had an opportunity of examining at close quarters some of the most beautiful panels. Surely there was never pilgrim who looked with more reverence on the human relics of some reputed saint, than I did on those artistic relics of the old craftsmen of the Middle Ages.

At the station this morning I was met with the news that the military situation had become so grave that Amiens has to be completely evacuated of civilians, by order of the military. A report had arrived stating that one of the towers of the Cathedral at Amiens had been destroyed by German shells; and that the “Huns” were deliberately attempting to demolish this glorious old Gothic monument. I am so sceptical of such rumours, even from the mouths of “eye-witnesses,” that I shall require more confirmation of the alleged demolition before I believe it as an established fact. *Le temps le montra.*

Another 150 refugees had been transported from the station to our relief-centre overnight. As the French officials are now taking over the refugee-work quite well, the time seems approaching when my unit will be able to withdraw and leave the local authorities to deal with the situation alone.

After dinner this evening, *rn*st Br*wn and I transported six old ladies from the *Ecole Saint-Jacques* to a house in the Rue des Halles in town. The oldest of them was 92, and she was very frail and scarcely able to walk. I picked her up from the seat quite easily and carried her from the car to the house by myself—she was so emaciated. The poor old dame was so

grateful for the kindness of *les Américains* that she kissed my hand on our parting! They all desired to pay for the use of the car, so I informed them that we make no charge at any time; but if they wished very much to discharge their supposed debt, I suggested that it was always open to them to subscribe to the funds of the F.W.V.R.C.

11 APRIL.—The night-orderly at the *gare* told me this morning that about 150 more refugees had arrived about midnight, all of whom had been taken to our headquarters by two *préfectoral camions*. These two motor-lorries are to be sent nightly to the station, so that the French officials have apparently succeeded in making arrangements for carrying on the work. As they had now got the scheme well in their hands, I suggested that perhaps my unit should now retire from the field. At first they demurred; but I assured them that there was work waiting us all elsewhere, and that they themselves could now handle the situation without our help.

Our transport service was at work all the afternoon taking the refugees to the train that was due to depart for the south. Some 800 in all were on board; and all were given hot cocoa and biscuits as they sat in the train before its departure; as well as provisions to last them a good part of the distance to their unknown destination "somewhere in France."

This morning I visited the *Cathedral* on my way down to duty. Begun originally in the tenth century, the Cathedral of St. Peter at Beauvais fell a prey to the flames about the end of the twelfth century. The choir and the apse of the second building were commenced about 1250; but owing to the insufficiency of the piers and the buttresses, the structure collapsed

and fell in utter ruins within a few years of its completion.

The third attempt was made in 1272, but owing to the great height of the vaulting and the poor quality of the workmanship, the pillars doubled up a second time in 1284.

Under the episcopacy of Villiers-de-l'Isle-Adam, the rebuilding was initiated for the fourth time—Adam himself laying the foundation stone of the South Transept in May, 1500. The North Transept was begun in 1510 and achieved in 1537. So ambitious were those early churchaniteers to build a greater cathedral than any that had been built in France, that they were tempted to raise an enormous tower at the crossing, without first of all building the nave to act as a necessary abutment. A pyramidal tower was therefore reared to a height of some 500 feet to the summit of the *flèche* upon it. But so great was the weight of this central tower, and so flimsy the supporting piers and buttresses that the whole structure came crashing to earth on Ascension Day, 1573. It is significant to note that it was on *Ascension Day* the tower *descended* to its ruin! Perhaps it was taken as an indictment on the worldly ambitions of the good churchaniteers who had set their hearts on erecting the most beautiful cathedral in France, for there was no further attempt made to rebuild the tower.

Indeed, the tide of the Renaissance and the Reformation had already set in by that time; and the nave itself was never thereafter constructed. To-day the arcade to the west, under the crossing of the Transepts, is to be seen walled-up; and on the exterior there is simply an ugly mass of slating placed vertically on a wooden framework—many of the slates having fallen off, leaving exposed the flimsy skeleton frames beneath.

Internally the Choir is of unusually great height, even for France—the greatest height in any choir extant in the world. Being of so late a date as the 16th century, the vertical supports to the vaults are reduced to the slenderest proportions. The result is an expanse of glass that makes of the interior the brightest of any cathedral within my ken. Indeed, I have to criticise this over-preponderance of window-area, because it makes the proportion of void to solid appear unbalanced. The piers or series of shafts which run up between the clerestorey windows of the choir seem to be too flimsy to carry the great expanse of vaulting. This sense of insecurity tends to produce a want of repose in this otherwise well-detailed interior; and leaves me unsatisfied when I recall the more finely poised proportions of Amiens. In support of my contention, I might draw upon the fact that the Central Tower fell because of the insufficiency of the supporting piers, which are of a sectional area to correspond with those of the Choir.

But in spite of my perhaps pedantic criticism, the popular legend is very apt:—

“The choir of Beauvais, the nave of Amiens, the portals of Reims, and the bells of Chartres would make the most beautiful church in the world,”—

though I have not yet seen Reims, nor heard the bells of Chartres. For this choir is undoubtedly a masterpiece both in refinement of taste and in dignity of balanced proportions. The architecture gains nothing from the glass, which is of very ordinary 14th and 15th century workmanship, and not at all comparable to the lovely *verrières* at St. Etienne hard by.

Seen from the S.E. the Choir of Beauvais provides a charming picture, with its series of delicate flying-buttresses spanning the aisles; and the rich profusion of decoration on the South Transept. Stupidly enough,

much of the early 16th century sculpture on the portals has been hacked off by the Revolutionary vandals—they have even mutilated the Royal *fleur-de-lis* that occupied the inner side of the wooden panels of the doors themselves. Yet we read in the French press to-day about the barbarous *Boches* who are said to be the only vandals in Europe.

12 APRIL.—As the local civil authorities have now risen to the occasion, both as regards transporting and catering for the refugees who still keep coming into Beauvais, at a mass meeting of my unit it was decided that we should all return to Paris to-morrow to continue our work in other fields.

My young French friend, *André*, invited two of us to walk out to his woods to the west of the town, some three or four miles distant from the cathedral. As we strolled along the side of the little stream, under the shade of the trees, I was reminded of the fact that Corot, the great French *paysagiste* was attracted by the beauty of the landscape round Beauvais, for several of his better-known works were painted in the neighbourhood of our walk to-day.

From the edge of the woods overlooking a valley graced by many stately poplars, *André* pointed out to us an ancient *château* known to-day as *La Mie au Roi*. It was here that one of the lady-loves of Henry IV. lived in the gallant days of old. This is the Henry of Navarre round whose chivalrous adventures so much romance has been weaved. Henry might with justice be said to have been the first to conceive the idea of a "League of Nations" to preserve the peace of the world. Living at the time which followed the great "religious" wars, Henry conceived the "great design" that "all Europe might be regulated and governed as one great family."

In the thirtieth book of Sully's *Memoirs*, Henry's plans to establish universal peace are elaborated. Sully himself had arrived at the conviction that: "The happiness of mankind can never arise from war." Through his reasoned exposition of the fallacies that underlie war, the French King at length elaborated his "great design" that "Peace is the great and common interest of Europe," as Sully puts it.

So far did Henry develop his idea of a league to enforce peace, that Queen Elizabeth herself eventually became a supporter of the project. Henry in his scheme had "voluntarily and for ever to relinquish all power of augmenting his dominions, not only by conquest, but by all other just and lawful means."

Spain was at that time said to have had designs for establishing a world-monarchy; and only on her refusing to negotiate to settle international differences would the league of Great Powers employ armed force against her. But it was open to Spain to join the league if she desired—there was no suggestion that she should be isolated completely from it: unlike all those advocates of President Wilson's League of Nations who would exclude Germany from its considerations.

This alliance was designed—to quote Sully's words—"To save the European Powers from the maintenance of so many thousands of soldiers, so many fortified places, and so many military expenses; to free them for ever from the fear of those bloody catastrophes so common in Europe; to procure them an uninterrupted repose; and, finally, to unite them all in an undissoluble bond of security and friendship, after which they might live together like brethren."

But the Romanist ambitions of the Spanish monarchy saw that if Henry's plans were carried to fruition there would thenceforth be no opportunity for accomplishing temporal as well as spiritual dominion

over the Western world. For when Henry of Navarre set out from Paris leading the allied troops to put into execution the preliminary steps of his "great design," the hand of the assassin, Ravailiac, struck the blow at the disinterested King, and killed him as well as his scheme for universal peace. History is said to keep on repeating itself, however; and to-day another design to accomplish a short-cut to the millennium is before the world. But I cannot help feeling that Woodrow Wilson's plans for a League of Nations will end in its being merely a League of Stockbrokers and Bankers.

13 APRIL.—Having discovered only yesterday that the baggage we dumped down at *St. Just-en-Chaussée* exactly three weeks ago, had not yet been sent on to Paris, I decided to make a run up country to that village, before continuing our trip to Paris by car. On arrival at *St. Just* we found the town was almost completely evacuated of civilians because of its having been shelled by the Germans for several days. The landlady of the *Café* told us that two French soldiers had been killed yesterday during the bombardment; and that the last of the civilians were leaving the town to-day. *Madame* also said that the soldiers had already looted several houses whose inhabitants had gone south to safety. The damage done by the shells was everywhere in evidence.

Madame Pillon was herself leaving for Paris to-day; and she said that our luggage would have been looted by the French troops within a few hours of her having left the premises! As we loaded the car with our belongings, shells began to fall on the town—the daily bombardment having then begun. It seems almost certain that if we had been only one day later in going for our baggage, there would have been none left at all!

CHAPTER V.

IN PARIS, CHARTRES AND THE MARNE.

16 APRIL.—I began to prepare the plans of a Preventorium for Consumptive Refugee-Children to be erected on a site in the country outside the city of Troyes, in the Aube. This building is to be of timber construction, creosoted to a rich brown colour, and with a red-tiled roof. Its whole front is to be open to the fresh-air; and it is to accommodate 20 beds, ten in each bay, with the Administrative Block between.

24 APRIL.—All day long, at intervals of exactly 20 minutes, the long-distance German gun kept firing upon Paris. This gun has been nick-named "*Grosse Bertha*" by some inspired idiot of the Press. If the German idea behind the employment of this big gun is to demoralise the people of the French capital, and thus to weaken their resistance *jusqu'au bout*, then I imagine it is more or less fulfilling its purpose. For undoubtedly a great body of Parisians is "getting the wind up." Many people are already leaving the city for a "safer" place in the south. It is rather disgusting to find civilians fleeing rather than undergo a very little of the danger the soldier *must* face on a much greater scale every hour he is in the trenches.

25 APRIL.—"Big Bertha" fired on Paris this morning at 7.30, and she again continued all day at the usual intervals of 20 minutes. The big gun is not fired after darkness, as doubtless then the flashes from her muzzle would enable the airmen to locate the position or positions, when a few bombs dropped by an *aviateur* would soon silence it or them.

28 APRIL.—I went to *Chatenay*, in the south of Paris, this morning to visit the *château* at *Malabry*, in the grounds of which we are busy erecting a series of huts to form a garden village for housing consumptive refugee-families. Already several of the huts, made at our workshops in the Jura Mountains, have been erected by the group of our workers who are in residence there, under the leadership of R*g*n*ld D*nn.

I was astonished to discover, not far from Malabry, at *Sceau-Robinson*, that our old friend, Robinson Crusoe, is said to have sprung from that village! In my ignorance, I had always assumed that Robinson is a typically English name, but I have been mistaken, for it is French! I had been under the impression that Alexander Selkirk, the Scottish sailor, was the prototype of Defoe's famous character.

A curious attempt at the formation of a primitive South-Sea Island village has been made here; a sort of permanent fair-ground on which young people may disport themselves in a harmless way. A feature of this pleasure-village is the wooden houses cleverly constructed round the trunks of the trees, some 20 feet from the ground. I presume these are meant to imitate old Crusoe's hut that he made up a tree in order to be safe from any wild animals there might happen to be on his famous island.

Numerous cafés and kiosks and trinket-shops and stands are dotted up and down this unique little French hamlet; and to-day the country people were busy enjoying themselves in the sun, and indulging in that harmless horse-play and loud laughter that are characteristic of yokels the world over. . . .

On a little *Place* at *Chatenay*, I saw the house in which the great Voltaire is said to have been born.

It is a plain building of no architectural pretensions; and a bust of the famous French publicist, and a tablet announcing the fact of his birth, have been added to the façade in recent times.

30 APRIL.—Preparing the plan of the lay-out of a garden-village for refugees on a site at Troyes, in the Aube. It is proposed to put up 20 of our huts there, of the two- and three-room types.

4 MAY.—I learnt this morning that at the monthly Executive Meeting yesterday I had been appointed Head of the Mission Property Department of the building work of the Unit. This means that I am to be responsible for the carrying out of the alterations, repairs, or additions to all properties rented or leased by the F.W.V.R.C. in France. It also includes the installation of water, gas, electric-light, drainage, etc., systems in these buildings where required. The appointment has become necessary because of the rapidly growing operations of the Unit's relief-work in France, and the consequent addition to the already large number of *châteaux*, hotels, houses, and other buildings, taken over by us from time to time.

5 MAY.—I went to *Père Lachaise* Cemetery with T*m C*p* to-day to see Oscar Wilde's tomb, done by Jacob Epstein. It is a most arresting, not to say daring, piece of work—the figure of a sphinx being the *motif* of the design. The sphinx was originally executed with the *penis naturalis*; but to-day the latter is missing—probably removed by the puritans who are responsible for the amenity of the vast array of tombstones.

There is not a single molding on the whole monument—all is austere and plain, the relief being obtained by planes of marble set back or forward from one another. To add to the imaginativeness embodied

in this unique tombstone, grotesque little figures are carved round the head of the sphinx—apparently intended to represent the strange fruits that grew from Wilde's disordered brain. The sphinx itself is calculated to suggest that the life of Wilde was an unanswerable riddle; and taking that as the platform of criticism, Epstein's design is wonderfully successful. The following is the lettering on the back of the tombstone:—

“Oscar Wilde, author of *Salome* and other beautiful works, was born at 21, Westland Row, Dublin, October 16th, 1854. He was educated at Portora Royal School, Enniskillen, and Trinity College, Dublin, where he obtained a scholarship and won the Berkeley Gold Medal for Greek in 1874. Sometime Demy of Magdalen College in Oxford he gained a first-class in Classical Moderations in 1876; a first-class in Literæ Humaniores and the Newdigate Prize for English verse in 1878. He died fortified by the Sacraments of the Church on November 30th, 1900, at the Hotel d'Alsace, 13, Rue des Beaux Arts, Paris. R.I.P.”

“Verbis meis addere nihil audebant, et super illos stillabat eloquium meum.” . . Job, Caput xxix., 22.

“And alien tears will fill for him
Pity's long broken urn,
For his mourners will be outcast men
And outcasts always mourn.”

“This tomb, the work of Jacob Epstein, was given by a lady as a memorial of her admiration of the Poet.”

9 MAY.—At dinner to-night, at a restaurant in the Avenue de l'Opéra, I fell into conversation with an American officer. I discovered that he was a keen believer in the theory underlying the “stunt” called “Scientific Management,” and the fetish known as “Efficiency.” My chance acquaintance was the personification of what I had always imagined as the

“ typical ” American, if there be such a person ; for I know the stage-Irishman or the stage-Frenchman usually bears no resemblance to the original. He was clean-shaven, with a square, strong jaw that denoted a capacity for “ getting there.” There was a shrewd look in his grey eyes that told of a successful business career. He would never do an ignoble action in business ; but I could not imagine his ever having had the slightest doubt as to the morality of the present capitalistic system under which he made his dollars. There was a certain smugness lurking in the fulness of his jaw ; and a trace of hardness, not merely firmness, in the corners of his mouth, which indicated that he was rather more at-ease-in-Zion than men of finer mental calibre than himself. He seemed brimming over with the milk of human kindness, and seemed to have almost churned it into butter this evening—so exuberant was he in his geniality towards me.

My friend was full of enthusiasm for the necessity of reducing the number of “ motions ” in doing a given operation ; for saving both time and exertion by getting workmen to perform their movements in straight lines instead of in the roundabout way of the average labourer. I pointed out that while it was true that *machinery* necessarily moved in rigid straight lines—cranks, shaftings, levers, and the like—that was not to say that *men* must therefore do likewise. For it may be, I argued, that the roundabout movements of men at work are Nature’s way of resting the human muscles. In any case, I added, to reduce an artisan’s movements to the stiff limits of a piece of machinery would certainly destroy most of the gracefulness that is so æsthetically pleasing to watch in a man at work naturally.

“ Scientific Management ” I characterised as simply

the latest stunt for getting more and more work, and therefore more and more profit, out of a more and more "efficient" wage-slave. But I informed my chance-acquaintance that in Europe he would find that a fundamental transvaluation of the existing capitalistic values was in process of evolution. Advanced European thought on the present economic system had long ago realised that the workman must henceforth be treated as a *human being*, and not merely as a piece of machinery for grinding out profit for Big Business and Trusts and Combines. No longer in Europe is it accepted by those who count in economic problems—not merely financial or political problems—that the workman must always be treated as a *commodity*, like the material he works upon. I added that Labour in this hemisphere will certainly refuse to be turned into mere automatic machines by "scientific management" and "speeding-up" processes devised by the "efficiency expert" and his "motion-study."

I happened to mention that abolition of the wage-system is the central thesis of present-day economists in Europe; and on hearing this platitude my friend looked perplexed and sceptical as to the possibility of its being accomplished. He had never heard of the idea, he said; and enquired if there was any literature on the subject. I told him there was a whole library already in England on the Guild idea; and mentioned that the text-book is *National Guilds*; and that *The New Age* is the weekly review in whose pages are expounded the theories of the Guild school of economics by Hobson, Orage, Penty, and others.

My American friend voiced the usual quibble that the world could not be run without competition and individualism. But I countered his remark by

reminding him that there is less free competition than ever, because the universal tendency towards Trusts and their objective, the creation of monopolies, was a deliberate attempt to eliminate competition. As for his praise of so-called individualism, I pointed out that Trustification is its direct negation, for it is merely a form of collectivism designed to perpetuate the present Capitalistic system and its natural corollary, the wage-slavery of the worker.

I had never before met anybody who professed to believe in such diametrically opposed things as Individualistic-Collectivistic-Competitive-Monopolistic-Scientifically-Managed-Capitalistic-Trustification of Industry, and the Efficiently-expertised, Sped-up, not to say Fed-up, automatic-machine once known as a Man, but now playfully called a "hand." Such monstrous complacency with Things-as-they-are led me to remind my American cousin that it is the universal "belief" in such obsolete dogma that had landed the world into the Bedlam of Armageddon. The English-American-Prussian doctrine of Every-man-for-himself-and-the-Devil-take-the-hindmost was bound to lead to International Competition on the battlefield sooner or later. And now the automatic-machine of the workshop, in his *new* rôle as a soldier, is given a real automatic-machine-gun to compete in war with his fellow-wage-slave on the other side of No-Man's-Land—surely the culmination of the competitive system.

My friend dropped the remark that with Germany shut out of industry for the future, American trade would forge ahead more than ever. Thereupon I said that I understood the U.S.A. had come into the war to revenge the victims of the *Lusitania* outrage, and not for any sordid trade reasons. I also had been under the impression, I added, that America was

“ fighting to make the world safe for Democracy ”—not merely for American Commerce.

As a parting shot I casually mentioned to my military-friend that the immediate result of the war would be a League of Capital in the form of more and more Internationalising of Industry by means of Trusts and Trade-amalgamations, with the view to establishing monopolies, and consequently increasing profits. But the first nation which guildises its industries, and at the same time sets out to produce for quality and not for quantity, will stamp the seal of doom on the whole set of values for which the makers of war stand.

The dreams of the Industrial-Expansionists after the war will become hysterical nightmares when our Big Business experts discover that, though they may make conscripts of men for military war, they cannot any longer make conscripts of them for industrial war, either national or international.

17 MAY.—In discussing the motives underlying war with an elderly gentleman to-day, he said the only way to obviate it was by “ changing the heart of the soldiers ”—a phrase to which I took instant exception. I urged that the soldier’s heart was in no need of a change, for *his* heart is all right, whosoever else’s is not, because he is doing his duty in the only way he knows. But I believe that what is wanted is a change of *head* on the part of statesmen and politicians—in other words, to educate their minds to the spiritual way of settling international disputes by arbitration or otherwise. When the governors in any country have changed their mentality, it will be quite time enough to demand a spiritual change in the soldiers.

This old patriot suggested that the preaching of

pacifistic doctrine to the workers might cause to disappear the "class-war" which is or was so rampant before the war. But I suggested to him that the "class-war" will not be settled by any pious attempts on the part of benevolent employers to humour their wage-slaves by granting them more wages, shorter hours, bonuses, co-partnerships, profit-sharing rights, and the other baits to make them contented in their chains. All those clever ruses postulate the continuance of the wage-system; and are therefore doomed to failure at the outset. The "class-war" so dreaded by the "captains-of-industry" will not be ended until an enormous spiritual change in society's orientation towards the commodity theory of labour is achieved. It will not be finished until the present system of values has gone by the board, and some form of industrial guilds has been adopted in its stead. I tried to impress on my friend that pacifist principles are not to be confused with any policy that might render the wage-slaves more *passive* under the yoke of their masters.

19 MAY.—Monday next is to be recognised as a holiday by the staff in the Paris Office; so G**ffr** Fr*nl*n and I arranged to visit *Chartres* for the week-end, leaving Paris at 8 p.m. last night.

Our first object this morning was to visit the *Cathedral* before the crowd had assembled for the special services; but we found on arrival there that the *fête* was in full swing and had begun at an early hour. Thousands of people, both sitting and standing, thronged the floor of the vast building.

The West Front of Chartres belongs to the golden age of mediæval architecture. The S.W. tower was built between 1145 and 1170, the great triple portal—called the *Portail Royal*—being part of that original work. It is in this early Gothic portal that we find

proofs of the fact that Chartres was for long a centre of art that attracted a large percentage of the best craftsmen of the period.

It is on record that during more than three centuries, from the XII. century to the middle of the XIV., there were colonies of workers, drawn from many distant countries in Europe, busy on the construction and the adornment of *Nôtre Dame* at Chartres. Those travelling guilds of craftsmen were so uniformly grounded in the traditional methods of their art, that even to the inexperienced eye it is evident there is wonderful continuity of growth in the expression of their ideas throughout the ever-changing centuries of their existence.

Like Paris and Amiens and many of the other great cathedrals of France, Chartres has a calendar in stone inscribed upon its portals. This similarity of subject is an added proof, if such be necessary, of the golden thread of religion that then tied all men together and consecrated their lives to its service. For the æsthetic education was at that time inseparable from religious education.

Perhaps there has never been an epoch in the history of art when the artist-craftsman had better facilities for broadening his knowledge by foreign travel than that of the Middle Ages. For as soon as a youth had served the necessary apprenticeship to his craft, he was free to set out into the great world of adventure, and to place his services at the disposal of any Chapter in course of constructing a new church.

As Shakespeare has told us: "Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits." But in the spacious days of the old guilds it was possible for any youth of spirit to travel all over Europe in the interests of his craft, and thus to brush his artistic wings against the

æsthetic petals of his contemporaries, and to carry the pollen thus unconsciously gathered to the receptive minds of his fellow-workers in the arts in other lands. Is it to be wondered at that art, fertilised in this simple manner, was in those days a living and a joyous thing? For art must be joyously expressed if it is to remain a vital force in the affairs of men.

Can anyone look at the sculptures of a Gothic cathedral, and affirm that the craftsman found no joy in his work? Am I to believe that the spirit of the grotesque embodied in a laughing gargoyle, or in the imps who stir the cauldron of Hell in a "Last Judgment" tympanum, is not the direct expression of the joy that filled the nameless craftsman's heart as he sang and whistled at his work? Never shall I accept such a libellous misinterpretation of the spirit which animated the art of the Middle Ages; for there is no joy in life like that in which personality is submerged in some creative work destined for the common weal of mankind.

Another proof of the breadth of vision of the men of the Middle Ages is to be witnessed at Chartres in the "Royal Doorway." For there we find several "pagan" teachers representing the liberal arts, carved on the voussoirs of the archivolts, the tympanum under which is consecrated to the glorification of the Virgin—the first teacher of Jesus.

Imagine the horror that would fill the breasts of the worthy members of a churchwardens' or elders' meeting if some bold spirit dared to suggest that the figure of Aristotle, for instance, should be carved on a modern church portal! Yet at Chartres the Greek philosopher is made to represent the art of Dialectics.

Though it has been said that Plato painted for us the Christian before Jesus himself, consternation would

doubtless be the emotion expressed by most modern devotees of organised religion if it were decided to set up at a church door a statue of the great "pagan" philosopher whose works (or Socrates') are the loftiest expression of the spiritual life of ancient Greece. Yet at Chartres the Queen of Sciences, Philosophy, is portrayed in the person of Plato, who is shown in the act of writing with the *stylus*.

It was undoubtedly the spirit of broad-mindedness which enabled the men of the mediæval days to include the representation of the pagan geniuses alongside the saints and martyrs of their own religion upon the walls of their ecclesiastical buildings. To-day sectarian jealousy, fanned by the possessive instincts of the average pillar of orthodoxy, has evolved a narrowness of outlook which tends to become more accentuated in the fever of war. "Where there is no vision the people perish."

I have already said that many of the great cathedrals have stone calendars carved on their portals. Here at Chartres the *Portail Royal* is adorned with the signs of the zodiac, accompanied by the seasonal works of the month. The other features common to the whole of mediæval churches of note are also represented—the Last Judgment, the life-history of Jesus, the glorification of the Virgin, and the Christ with the Book in his left hand, and in the act of benediction with his right.

The statuary of Chartres is the most beautiful I have ever seen in France, Italy or England. It is an epitome of all that is best in 12th century art. The repose that is so characteristic of early Gothic sculpture may be truly said to express in stone the calm, religious fortitude of that age. Verticality is the keynote in the arrangement of the delicate drapery of the statuary, which is in the great Classic tradition handed down

from generation to generation by means of the guilds. The unruffled expression on the faces of those ancient statues enhances the atmosphere of dignified serenity that breathes from them all. So hushed is the stillness they inspire that one is almost impelled to tread softly past them in case an undue noise may wake the kings and queens and saints who slumber in stone at the *Portail Royal*.

The remarkable expression of tranquillity in this statuary is so acute that one feels the merest whisper of wind—the faintest breeze—might disturb the graceful folds of the clinging drapery. The rude blasts of the Renaissance and the Reformation had not yet ruffled the minds of the craftsmen who released with dexterous touch the beauties hidden within the stones to which they gave life. The statuary at Chartres still stands as the material symbol of that spiritual faith which is sure of itself.

It is an axiom that the art of any age is the truest expression of its standard of culture and of its spiritual ideals, if it have any. The restlessness so typical of Renaissance art, for instance, is simply the concrete form of the convulsive tendencies known historically as the Renaissance. Michael Angelo is perhaps the most representative creative genius of that period. Except for the *David*—one of his earliest works—there is scarcely a single statue or painting from his hands that is not seething with energy almost unrestrainable. That “divine discontent” of his age found expression under the chisel, the brush and the pen, all of which he wielded with almost equal facility. Each of his figures seems to be pregnant with the new ideas that were calling for utterance in the hearts of his contemporaries. Even in his *Day* at Florence this struggle for intellectual freedom is strongly in evidence. The reclining figure is represented with one

shoulder thrust almost impatiently higher than the other, the limbs bent at the knees and the elbows in vigorous lines; the head turned aside, and the face wearing that enquiring mien, that mark of interrogation, which was the order of the day. The body itself is posed with its upper portion in a different plane from the lower; and, moreover, this work remains unfinished, like many other examples of the master's genius.

The point I wish to bring out is that the statuary of the Royal Portal at Chartres has the hall-mark of its epoch stamped upon every fold of its placid drapery and every feature of its countenance; and likewise the convulsive energy and the criss-cross attitudes of old Angelo's compositions are equally expressive of the mentality of the period in which he lived. The very attenuation and the calmness of the statues at Chartres are symbolic of an age that had not yet forgotten the spiritual values and that "Man does not live by bread alone"; while the exaggerated muscular development which is so characteristic of Angelo's creations is ample proof that the men of the Renaissance had already reversed the old order.

The South Transept portal was begun about 1220, some half century or more after the completion of the *Portail Royal*. Already the statues which adorn this triple portal are nearer to the living model, and the attitudes are more naturalesque. But it is to the Portal of the North Transept that we must finally doff our hats. It was begun in 1230, and the statuary which enhances its beauty is the culminating point in early 13th century art. In the figure of John the Baptist on the right of the central doorway is the quintessential beauty of that Periclean period of Gothic art. John is depicted as a man having a large forehead, seared with the wrinkles of anxious thought;

while the lower part of his face is covered with a long beard. He is clothed in a hermit's mantle made of camel's hair. Those who have looked upon this noble statue of the Baptist have seen the most remarkable portrayal of the self-effacing spirit of asceticism that has ever been expressed in stone.

Having met M. Armand Mouton, the architect responsible to the French Government for the reparation of this precious *monument historique* embodied in the Cathedral, the genial old gentleman gave us permission to use the scaffolding at present erected along the front of the North Portal. I was fortunate, therefore, in having the privilege of perching myself amongst the intricacies of the scaffolding to study the sculpture at close quarters. One of these triple portals is consecrated to the Virgin—portraying the annunciation, the maternity, and the other phases of her life.

On this tympanum is the group depicting the Death of the Virgin, whose head is arresting by the austere purity of the expression. I cannot recall a more natural personification of sleep in stone anywhere; for "She is not dead but sleepeth" is literally portrayed in every line of her features. After six centuries of exposure to atmospheric conditions, the hallowed beauty of countenance of the dead Virgin is still captivating. Indeed, the very simplicity of the group, the economy of line the unknown sculptor achieves, make of this little figure study one of the brightest jewels in the rich architectural crown of Chartres. He who visits the cathedral without searching out *La Mort de la Vierge* has utterly failed to make full use of his golden opportunity to see the high water mark of all that is greatest and noblest in the plastic art of the 13th century.

When the cathedral had become emptied of its festal worshippers, we took the chance of examining the

interior. Above all, the glorious 13th century glass is the lodestone of attraction. No attempt at mere adjectival appraisal of it would be pardonable or possible; for its beauty is such that it can be felt as well as seen. Particularly interesting to me were the *vitraux* in the clerestory of the apse, all of which were the gifts of the several guilds of the period when the cathedral was in process of construction. On one of these 13th century *vitraux* is portrayed the procession of the craftsmen in glass carrying their panels of painted glass to the cathedral.

We next examined the Choir-Screen, upon the top of which are the 16th century groups of statuary in white marble—all of biblical subjects. It is thus possible in the same building to compare the achievements in sculpture of both the Gothic and the Renaissance periods. While the work of the latter age has doubtless its good qualities, I personally acknowledge the supremacy of that of the 13th century. Repose and not mere somnolence is the characterising feature of Gothic art; while movement but directionless may be said to be typical of the plastic art of the Renaissance. Culture, in the broad meaning of the term, is mainly the fruit of a harmoniously balanced mind—culture is almost synonymous with balance—and I imagine there is more evidence of balance in the Gothic sculptures at Chartres than in the Renaissance groups.

When we returned to the cathedral after lunch a service for children was in progress—the girls dressed in blue tunics and white veils; and the boys in red, trimmed with lighter red fur, and white-lace pinafores. The procession passed up the South Aisle, down the North Aisle, then along the central passage of the Nave—the venerable old archbishop, robed in papal-red, with his train-bearers, bringing up the rear. He “blessed,” with uplifted hand, the people as he

passed slowly and majestically along—each worshipper “crossing” himself as he received the benediction. The old gentleman even looked in my direction and “blessed” me also, as I sat on the base of a nave-pier.

As the festal procession returned down the central aisle, headed always by the tall halberdier, in full official dress and cocked-hat, that worthy man stepped quietly up to my side and whispered :

“*Prenez une chaise, monsieur; la pierre est très froide,*” which meaneth, being interpreted: Take a chair, sir; the stone is very cold.

I replied, with a smile: “*Merci bien, monsieur; mais ça ne fait rien.*” (Thanks very much, monsieur; but it matters nothing.)

This incident set me thinking of that fair morning of Christianity when such a materialistic suggestion would have been impossible of utterance. Peter and his fellow-workers would have been able to heal the troubles that are said to arise if the human body is allowed to come in contact with cold stone—not to mention the more complex diseases which it is chronicled they were able also to overcome. Even Jacob, long before there were any Christians, was able to use a stone as his pillow, without contracting a chill, or toothache, or rheumatism, or any other illness, by so doing! Yet modern members of organised religions, including archbishops and popes, who are said to be the representatives of the healing Apostles, are all more or less frightened of sitting on a stone or on grass or in a draught!

Amongst the worshippers near my corner I observed two poor children—one a blind boy, about 14 years of age, in charge of a younger sister who could see. The girl told her big brother when the archbishop was coming, and nudged the stricken lad when the old priest

“blessed” him—at which the poor boy bowed low in acknowledgment of the so-called benediction.

The benevolent old gentleman would never dream for a moment that there was one in his audience or congregation who believed firmly that the only proof of the efficacy of his pontifical “blessing” would be that demonstration by him which would “bless” the *aveugle* with sight. Alas! what an enormous change in the mentality—not merely of the heart—of the churchaniteers must take place before they can realise the utter futility of all this mummerly on fête-days.

Many of the older houses at Chartres have timber-framed gables and projecting upper-storeys. Thus even in the domestic architecture of the time of the guilds there is a strong family likeness between that of the Continent and the island kingdom which reared Shakespeare—the product not merely of England, but of the European culture of his age.

Nearly opposite the *Portail Royal* is a delightful old house which M. Mouton assured me belongs to the 13th century. Over each window in the upper storey is a richly-carved stone tympanum of characteristic 13th century workmanship, proclaiming to all the world that the skill of the craftsmen of the Middle Age was not confined merely to the ecclesiastical buildings, but that it was also allowed to blossom in all its beauty on the fronts of the homes of the people.

20 MAY.—M. Mouton, when he learnt that I am an architect, very kindly invited me to his house, where he threw open his portfolios and bookcases, asked me to make myself comfortable, and examine his collection of drawings and photographs at my leisure. The old gentleman afterwards took my friend and me into his garden, where we sat talking on the lawn, under the

shadow of his handsomely furnished house, which seemed to be crammed from hall to garret with a "routh o' auld nick-nackets"—as Scott puts it—mellowed with the passing of the centuries. His grand-children played round us as we talked of the glory of the venerable old pile that has been his daily care for over a quarter of a century.

He informed us that the authorities in Paris had given order that all the old *vitraux* in the cathedral must be removed from the windows and stored in a place of safety. On asking him the reason, he said that it was feared an explosion at the munition factory might shatter the glass beyond repair. Apart from the stupidity of building a shell-factory at Chartres, I suggested that it might be safer to remove the munition factory instead of the glass. But he said there was another reason why the glass should be removed, viz., because the authorities are expecting the Germans to raid the cathedral on account of the N.W. tower being used as a wireless-telegraphic station!

I had noticed the usual tell-tale "earthing" wires coming down to the ground all round this particular tower, and had already realised what they meant. But I gave the French the benefit of the doubt which "patriotism" demands. For it is a well-known lie that the Allies never desecrate any glorious architectural or ecclesiastical masterpiece by turning it to the purpose of "winning-the-war." Oh, dear no! Such acts of low-down scoundrelism are reserved only for those off-scourings of civilisation who live in that cess-pool of Europe—Prussia. Pure, spotless, holy France would never condescend to soil her virgin innocence by using a church tower as the "ears of the army." When I come to think of it, probably M. Mouton's tales out of school, as well as the wires that I saw, are

the latest thing in camouflage, after all! *Mais je pense que non.*

22 MAY.—There was another air-raid on Paris to-night about 10.30 o'clock. The usual commotion took place in my hotel as the obedient soldiers took cover in the cellar to save themselves for the trenches in order to make the world "safe for democracy." . . . Last night about the same time the Germans raided the city, and again a raid was made on the cellar by the visitors in the hotel.

27 MAY.—The German long-range gun began its firing on Paris to-day, after having been silent for a short period. It had been the common opinion that the Allies had put "Big Bertha" and her sisters out of action, or, at least, one of them *hors de combat*. Beginning at 6.30 the gun was fired at regular intervals of 15 minutes all the forenoon.

Another air-raid took place to-night—beginning at 10.30 as I was writing these notes, and ending I know not when—for I shall be asleep long before it is finished, if it lasts the usual period of two to three hours.

28 MAY.—The Big Gun began its operations on Paris this morning at six, and kept it up intermittently all day. The usual reports as to the damage done by the shells filled the evening papers with some "good copy."

29 MAY.—"Big Bertha" commenced at six this morning to land her deadly shells on Paris, and she continued all the forenoon at intervals of twenty minutes. She began again about 6.30 p.m., and went on till it was dark. Then at 11 o'clock an air-raid happened, and this time it was longer than usual. There was a lull of about an hour, and everyone

thought the raid had finished for the night, when fresh relays of aeroplanes arrived, and the *alerte* was again sounded, after the "all clear" signal had been given in the usual way.

30 MAY.—The attentions of *La Grosse Bertha* were again showered upon the city all the morning, beginning at seven. Amongst other damage done by the shells to-day, the church of the *Madeleine* was hit. The shell had struck the pavement of the portico at the back, ricocheted upwards against the wall, which was splintered by the flying fragments; and the head of the statue of St. Luke, which stands in a niche in the wall on the left of the portal, has been snapped completely off.

In the evening about 6.30 the big gun resumed its work — only stopping its sudden barking with the advent of darkness.

At 10.30 p.m. we were again obliged with an air-raid. There is no doubt but that this scheme of arranging for long-range shells during the day, coupled with an air-raid at night, is destroying more than mere stone and lime and human beings. For it is without question destroying the *moral* of many of the French people. Thousands have already left the city for the comparative safety of the south; and the haggard faces of those who remain are witness of the sleepless nights and the anxious days that are the lot of many.

31 MAY.—To-day again the Big Gun was early at its fell work, and dropped its 9in. iron shells all over the city until noon.

1 JUNE. — "Big Bertha" once more honoured us with her gracious attentions the live-long day. In the evening after dinner I sat in the *Jardin du Vert Galant*

—at the western extremity of the *Ile de la Cité*—what time the long-range gun poured her iron hail upon the fair city. It was a beautifully calm, clear evening, with scarcely a breeze whispering its vespers even in the tops of the fine trees in this quiet little backwater of Paris.

To round off the day's performance, the Germans again raided the city by air, commencing their dastardly work about 10.30 p.m.

5 JUNE.—I travelled from Paris yesterday evening on a visit of inspection to several centres of our activities in the Marne. The route via Château-Thierry and Châlons-sur-Marne being for the moment closed to civilian traffic—part of the line has been destroyed by the Germans in their recent advance—I was obliged to go by Longueville, Troyes and Vitry-le-François.

It was 8.30 this morning when I descended at Sermaize-les-Bains station, where a car was ready to take me to the headquarters of the expedition in the Marne—*La Source*. As its name implies, the premises were formerly a watering-place, with a Casino, Baths and a Hotel complete—*La Source* before the war having been a “gambling-hell” patronised largely by the French *bourgeoisie* of the neighbouring towns. Strange tales of the orgies that used to take place here are still whispered by the villagers into the ears of our boys. Curious that this erstwhile Houris Paradise should now be occupied by a band of workers whose reputation for abstemiousness and irreproachable character has earned for them the name, amongst the French people, of belonging to some religious or monastic order!

I visited the Garden Village at Sermaize, which consists of 24 houses on either side of a new street having a *rond-point* at the “blind” end. The houses are built of brickwork within a frame of woodwork—after the

manner of local construction. A garden is attached to each of the houses, which with their red-tile roofs and brown-painted timbers form a bright little spot of colour and orderliness in the midst of the ruined village. The Germans are said to have occupied Sermaize only some eight days in the early days of the war, but scarcely a house has escaped without some damage, most of them having only the bare skeletons of the walls remaining. This little cluster of houses is one of the best pieces of work carried out by the F.W.V.R.C. that I have so far seen in France. . . .

Having had no sleep at all during the 12 hours' journey from Paris last night, I went early to bed this evening in a hut in the woods adjoining the Casino. As I lay on my little camp-bed I could hear the nightingale, the night-jar and the cuckoo all uttering their characteristic notes at the same time—a trio I never before heard together until this day.

6 JUNE.—This forenoon I visited the *Château-Chazal* at Sermaize, which is the headquarters of the Medical Department of our work, with a resident surgeon and complete staff of trained nurses. I inspected the work in progress—the erection of a new Staff Block, containing dining-room, common-room, and offices; and the remodelling of the drainage system.

In the afternoon I cycled to *Bettancourt-la-Longue*, where our auxiliary hospital is installed in the *Château* there, under the direction of Miss P*m. To this centre are sent those patients who have undergone an operation at Sermaize, to become convalescent before they are sent home. It is a charming old place to “convalesce” in; and to-day the patients were enjoying themselves in the open-air by sheltering from

the frizzling heat of the sun under the great trees in the pretty grounds.

10 JUNE.—On my way to St. Rémy, I cycled along the canal-side to *Étrepy*, where our workers in the early days of the expedition built several huts, some of which I saw to-day. Passing on through Blesmes, Haussignémont, Favresse, Thièblemont, Matignicourt and Montcetz, I at length arrived at *St. Rémy-en-Bouzemont*. The village lies in a swampy plain not far from the banks of the Marne; and apparently the whole district is subject to inundation during the rainy season. Probably that is the reason why the village is called St. Rémy on the Mud-Hill. At the *Château de la Motte* here, the Medical Department of our expedition has a *crèche* for children, whose mothers live in the advanced regions of the War Zone. There is accommodation for about forty happy youngsters, who live in comparative safety though far from their anxious *mamans*. This branch of my Unit's work is in charge of Miss Ch*mb*rs.

11 JUNE.—I went systematically all over the *château* to-day to make an inventory of all the sanitary and other work that has been done at the Unit's expense since the premises were taken over, so that arrangements may be made at the end of the tenancy for the taking-over, by the owner, of the fittings at valuation.

In the evening *w*n St*ph*ns and I strolled through the village; and visited the church, which is a miserable, ramshackle specimen of neglected masonry. We were both highly amused to find four applications of sham "decoration" in this moth-eaten ecclesiastical building. On the walls of the apse are painted imitation shafts and arches on the perfectly plain surface of

the plaster: this deception being meant to represent the wall-arcades often found in this position.

Over a wooden porch that projected inside the side-door of the church has been stretched some canvas, and the latter has been painted to resemble jointed stonework. It was ludicrous to see this bogus masonry bulging and flapping in the breeze that came from the open door!

The hinges on the inside of the great wooden door of the West front are of the usual Gothic foliated pattern; but on looking more minutely and feeling them with our hands, we found these hinges were fakes—made of wood, and painted to look like iron!

The fourth attempt to deceive lay in the windows of the aisles. They are of one-light so far as the stonework is concerned, but upon the surface of the glass itself has been painted in a dull chocolate colour some bogus mullions and tracery to produce a two-light appearance!

By the time we had discovered Lie No. 4, my American artist-companion and I found ourselves laughing; and we deemed it advisable to leave the unholy place in case we should accidentally find other constructional shams. One cannot meet with such silly subterfuges in a church without wondering as to the psychology of the churchaniteers by whom they were originally prompted. Perhaps this sham architecture is symbolic of sham religion.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE MIDI.

15 JUNE.—When I reached the *Quai d'Orsay* this morning, I found enormous crowds of Parisians in queues outside the *Gare d'Orléans*, slowly being swallowed up in the station buildings, under the direction of a group of *gendarmes*. This exodus is due to the uncertainty as to the fate of Paris—the recent German advances having induced many people to believe that it is a matter of only a few days when Paris will be bombarded by the guns of the enemy in the most ruthless manner. Hence the queues of frightened civilians surging round the capacious maw of the station which leads to the safety of the sunny south. . . . This being the first day of my three weeks' leave in the *Midi*, I descended at *Cahors*.

16 JUNE.—The *Pont Valentré* at Cahors was built 1308-40; and is renowned for its three towers—one at each end, and the third in the middle—under all of which the roadway passes. The outer towers are machicolated in the upper stages, and they have formerly been fitted each with a portcullis. The graceful lines of this mediæval bridge are in direct contrast to the straight lines of the ugly iron bridge that carries the railway across the River Lot about a hundred yards distant.

On the S. side of the cathedral are the *Cloisters*—an interesting example of late Gothic work, begun about 1510. The hood-mold over the arches is enriched with crockets; as also are the pinnacled buttresses that divide the arcade into bays; and the whole is in excellent state of preservation. Looking from the S.E.

angle across the garth in a diagonal direction, with a fine old gnarled and twisted cedar-of-Lebanon in the centre, and flowers and other foliage carpeting the open square, a delightful view is to be had of the massive towers of the West front, with their pyramidal roofs. The bold, circular outline of the vaults of the nave relieve the squareness of the towers; and the whole forms a picture, aided by the deep shadows that lurk within the arches of the cloisters, that is more to be felt than described in mere superlatives. Light-green grass speckled with the colours of flowers; darker green foliage of the central cedar; red roofs to the cloisters; brown walling, the stonework stained with the subtle tints of the mellowing centuries; and the clear blue sky above all—form a harmony in colour that makes of this peaceful nook in the old town a striking contrast to the busy scene on the market-place just over the wall.

17 JUNE.—As the town stands on a loop of the river, the mediæval exponents of the game of war found it necessary to build ramparts on one side only—across the loop on the North. Here we find to-day the remains of the 13th century wall—it is almost intact, except for the gap made within the last century to permit the railway to enter the town. In this fortified wall is the *Porte St. Michel*, an erection of the 14th century which still shows evidences of its original simple beauty. To-day this gateway of the Middle Ages serves as the portal to the place which inexorably swallows up all the ages—the cemetery.

In the *Place Henri IV.* is a 15th century house having a portal and window over it showing curious traces of Renaissance detail grafted upon late-Gothic moldings. The design is mainly of Gothic character, but there are interesting indications of the first waves

of the great Renaissance flood which ultimately submerged the Gothic traditions and left them stranded during the 16th century.

In the "Rue du Lycée" is the house in which *Léon Gambetta* was born — a very simple structure with no attempt at architectural embellishment. I like to think that the famous orator of the Franco-German War epoch was brought up amid the placid surroundings of this little old-world town. The quietness of the place is the utter antithesis of the turbulent scenes through which he acted as spokesman for his native land in the 'seventies. It is not difficult to imagine his returning from time to time, after his fights against kingship in the oratorical arena at Paris, to recuperate amongst "the primal sanities of Nature," as Whitman put it, round his own home town.

From the left bank of the river, at the end of the *Pont Neuf*, a charming view of the old town, with its many towers, is to be had. The *Tour du Pape Jean XXII.*, the great square walls of the *Château du Roi* (now the prison), the squat Byzantine domes and the square towers of the cathedral, the 17th century brick tower of the old College of the Jesuits (now the *Lycée Gambetta*)—all these landmarks are seen in a setting of red and brown roofs, piled almost on top of one another upon the steep face of cliffs that rise sheer from the river's brim at the northern extremity of the town, where stands the yawning cavern of the *Tour des Pendus*.

Leaving Cahors late in the afternoon I travelled in the same compartment as a railway *facteur*, who got out at *Caussade*. This official was anxious to know the reason why Ireland was so much opposed to being "governed" by England. I tried to explain that while England set out at the beginning of the war to

fight for the "rights of small nations," yet she still persists in denying self-government to Ireland, though ostentatiously declaring in the words of the late Premier that England would "never sheathe the sword" until Belgium had obtained all "and more than all" of her absolute autonomy and complete freedom. Charity is proverbially expected to begin at home: the Sinn Feiners also think that a nation which sets out with such laudable objects as England had in view when she professed to leap to the guns to succour Belgium, should prove to the world that she is in earnest by granting some measure of self-government to "the most distressful country that ever yet was seen."

18 JUNE.—*Montauban* is a manufacturing town of about 30,000 inhabitants, and derives its name from its having been the site of the Roman station, *Mons Albanus*. The distance from Albi, as the crow flies, being only some fifty miles, the people of Montauban also embraced the Manichæan heresy of the Albigenians, and suffered the usual fate of all so-called heretics at the hands of the good and kind "Christians" who happened to be in power, both financially and politically. For the power of economics is always superior to that of politics, though spiritual power dominates both.

In spite of the slaughter of unbelievers by the Inquisition—or *because* of that persecution, would perhaps be nearer the facts—the town eventually became a lively centre of the Huguenots. Though it is nearly 300 years since the Huguenots were forced to surrender Montauban to their Romanist opponents, even to-day the inhabitants of the town are partly Protestant; and there is also a College of Protestant Theology.

Ingres, the painter, was a native of the town (1780-1867); and in the *Hôtel de Ville* is the *Musée Ingres*. Being a Scot, *The Dream of Ossian*, by *Ingres*, arrested my attention more than anything else. Even in its unfinished state this picture is a clever bit of work. Only the figure of *Ossian* himself—his face buried in his arms—is in the finished colour which the master used so sparingly in all his work—the remainder being in a monotone of sepia.

The *Hôtel de Ville* is the old castle begun by the Counts of *Toulouse*, and added to by the *Black Prince* in the 14th century; but the most part of the building to be seen to-day appears to be of the *Renaissance* style prevalent in the 17th century in *France*—totally characterless in every way. . . . It is significant to find evidence of the *Black Prince's* power in this remote part of *France*. His sway seems to have been almost as wide as that of the *Prince of Darkness* himself; for it is a well-known tradition in the *United Kingdom* that the *Devil* owned a lot of property in various parts of the country—witness the many ancient landmarks which still bear his honoured name. It would be interesting to refer to *Magna Charta* to find out definitely whether or not His Royal Highness's name takes precedence as a landlord over our most ancient peerage. When I come to think of it seriously, I presume His Satanic Majesty would scarcely be listed in the category of "Right Honourables," but rather under the columns of "Wrong Dishonourables"—at least I hope the Church did its duty in the time of *King John* as it is still doing it, without variableness or shadow of turning, in the present age of *King George V.* and our "most righteous war."

My halt at *Montauban* was because I could get no further last night, my objective being *Moissac*, whence I travelled to-day. The Church of *St. Pierre* was

begun in the XI. century, but rebuilt in the XV.; and the original XII. century Portal, which formerly adorned the W. front, was carefully removed and re-erected on the S. side of the great W. Tower in the XIII. century, and is still in a wonderfully fine state of preservation. The outer reveals of this double-doorway are of an unusual shape, being scalloped on their extreme edges. The central pier, or *trumeau*, is adorned with strange birds, arranged crosswise; while on the lateral piers are statues in high relief of two apostles, one on each side. The *pieds droits* are also enriched with groups of statuary and with sculptured bands of birds and small animals and arabesques—the whole producing a richness of detail that has a very pleasing effect.

I was somewhat amused at the wording of a notice on the choir-stalls, which runs:

“On est prié de ne pas cracher
sur le plancher.”

—a strange exhortation to the principal actors on the stage of this ancient stronghold of Romanism. In spite of all the genuflexions and the other outward symbols of an inward and spiritual grace, it is apparently necessary to remind the budding candidates for Purgatory not to spit on the floor! It is curious that after all these centuries of Romanist culture it should still be found expedient to demand such an elementary duty in hygiene—not to mention the sacrilege involved in slobbering on the floor of a church.

19 JUNE.—All this forenoon I spent at the *Cloisters* of St. Pierre examining minutely and individually the infinite variety of the beautiful capitals—each one more interesting than the last—and trying to co-ordinate the relation between the art which produced this gem of Romanesque architecture and the religion under which it was made possible. Anything more

perfect than those capitals I have never in my life seen anywhere. This cloister-garth must indeed be the pinnacle of Romanesque art as applied to such forms of architecture.

It was built between 1100 and 1108, and is to-day in an almost complete state of preservation—due mainly to two causes, I imagine: firstly, to the hardness of the marble or limestone used; and, secondly, to the fact that Moissac is a small town and has never been the centre of any great conflict during the numerous religious wars that have been waged by the churchnattering peoples since Constantine first nationalised Christianity.

In the arcading, single columns are alternately employed with twin shafts to carry the richly-molded pointed arches. The capitals are embellished with scriptural scenes carved with a delicacy and precision which make them masterpieces of the plastic art. We hear much of the Old Masters in the realm of painting; but each capital of this early XII. century arcade is the living work of an Old Master in carving—the deathless product of a nameless craftsman who had the genius to release the imprisoned beauty from the block of stone which was his medium.

As I stood studying the capitals in the course of the afternoon, an old *curé* happened to wander into the Cloisters, which I had had to myself undisturbed up till then. He very soon began conversation with me, saying that he came from a neighbouring city, and enquiring whether I was English or American. Then we got a-talking about the beauty of the Cloisters; and I innocently remarked that there seemed to be a strong Byzantine influence in the capitals. This obvious fact apparently touched a tender spot in his heart; for he would have none of it, but somewhat haughtily remarked, with an air of finality which con-

veyed there was no doubt on the matter, that only Rome could have produced such fine work! It was seemingly beyond the power of mere infidels or heretics to have done such wonderful sculpture! He calmly said that The Church had always been responsible for the best architecture—and then, as an after-thought on having used the word “Church,” he enquired if I were a member of the Holy Catholic Church.

Wearing my most innocent expression, I politely informed him in his own language that I am an *esprit-fort*—and, to prove that I know something about the subject under discussion, I added that I am an architect, and had studied a short time in Italy. How this pompous old Romanist collapsed on hearing my words! He tucked the horns of his dilemma safely away into the dark recesses of his mind, where warm blasts of liberal thought might not penetrate.

I could not resist adding that I would agree with him that the living force behind all religion, or culture, invariably found expression in art, or the lack of it. Would he therefore agree with me that the miserable architecture nowadays erected by Romanists and Protestants alike was an indication of the effete condition of all modern orthodox religions? Would he agree that a religious community, be it never so proud of its *past*, or so insistent on its unbroken apostolic succession from Peter himself, but whose modern representatives permitted such lies to desecrate its temples of worship as are embodied in imitation stone arcading painted on the walls of its choirs; imitation marble painted on the very walls and piers of St. Peter's itself; imitation vaulting painted on wooden or plaster ceilings, all neatly jointed to pass muster as stone, at a distance; imitation wooden hinges painted to resemble iron, on its church doors; moldings painted on flat surfaces to counterfeit solid raised panels—would

he agree, I asked, that a religious organisation, driven to adopt such counterfeit material stratagems in its architecture, must be in a more or less moribund state of health in the affairs of the spirit, which are the true criterions by which to judge the various religions?

Is it any wonder, I enquired, that all haters of shams questioned whether such dull, pretentious, in-artistic architectural trappings are not the reflection of the accepted shams of dogmatic orthodoxy preached within their precincts? In short, I added, there seemed to be good grounds for believing that imitation Christianity had taken the place of the original spiritual teaching of the Galilean, whom I look upon as the greatest political and social revolutionary of all time.

There happened to be a blind beggar sitting at the door of the church, counting her beads and calling blessings down on those who contributed to the tin box on her lap. I pointed out to my clerical acquaintance that the apostles, whom he claimed to have succeeded and to represent here on earth to-day, were able to give the poor woman her sight because they understood the Master's gospel even to the point of demonstration. But my kindly old priest himself could only "pray" by rote for the unfortunate one, and perhaps dole out 10 centimes as a kind of apology for not being able to speak the healing word.

I reminded him of the healing by St. Peter, at the Gate Beautiful of the Temple in the morning of Christianity, of the lame man; and now at the beautiful XII. century gate-way of the church in which we stood—dedicated to St. Peter himself, be it noted—was a blind woman whom he was powerless to heal in spite of his knowledge of Greek, Latin, Hebrew, English and French. Surely, I continued, Christianity

must now be in the pitch darkness of night, and its priests sunning themselves in the glory of its past, and battenng on the beauty of its early architecture, instead of being able to demonstrate better than ever the power of Jesus' healing gospel. For we must remember, I concluded, that the Nazarene declared: "Greater things than these (healing acts) shall ye do in my name."

My tap was turned on full-cock, and I let it flow; while my old friend in black stood by looking amazed at the flood he had unwittingly let loose. He doubtless imagined that I was a mad Britisher, suffering from the effects of a Protestant upbringing; and that I had escaped from my chain for the day, and sought sanctuary in these secluded cloisters from my keepers. I am not so sure but that he looked behind me to see whether I had a tail; and I half-expected him to "cross" himself in order to exorcise the young devil in whose presence he stood!

All that my Romanist friend could do in reply to my dissertation was to clutch at that last refuge of the superior, elderly person when in a fix—to say that I was too young to dispute about religion. Then he put his foot up to the knee in it again by hazarding the guess that I would be about 25. When I gently broke the news to him that he must add at least 10 years, his eyebrows made a charming Romanesque arcade on his shining bald forehead; and I was almost obliged to laugh outright at the total discomfiture of this worthy henchman of the Vatican. He found it diplomatic to leave me at that interesting point in our discussion; so I was denied the privilege of being further enlightened as to the healing efficacy of the Romanist patent medicine for those suffering from orthodoxymania.

Late in the afternoon I walked up a winding path amongst gardens and orchards, with the sweet smell of the earth and of wild-flowers heavy on the air, along the hillside behind the hotel. Near the top of this hill stands a statue of the Virgin, erected by a certain bishop. An inscription on the pedestal informed the world that those who said so many "paters," on reaching that spot, would be entitled to an "indulgence" for forty days—the bishop himself having paid the bill that enabled such a liberal concession to be made. I hope the spirit of the worthy bishop would pardon a heretic like me for my indulgence in a broad smile at that symbol of thoughtfulness and benevolence on his part. . . .

Descending by a steep footpath, overhung by hedges festooned with creepers and honeysuckle, through a maze of vineyards and gardens alive with flowers and roses, I next visited the Church of *St. Martin*—a much dilapidated building, dating from the X. century, but mainly of the XIII., though the S. Porch has a mediocre Renaissance portal. The interior is one of the most dingy and dismal dungeons that those of the orthodox faith ever worshipped in. I can imagine the early Christians meeting surreptitiously in the catacombs and caves of Rome because it would have been dangerous to assemble themselves together in the open. But I cannot conceive how those enjoying the blessings that flow from an established religion that has been in business for at least 1918 years, should be content to receive the Light of the World in such utter gloominess as this tumble-down church provides. I think the contrast between this darkened tabernacle, with its tawdry trappings; and the riot of colour and sunshine and cleanliness that I experienced on the hillside before I entered the old church, must have been as extreme as ever it could be.

This church is falling down gradually; and it would certainly be no loss to architecture, but a great gain to the Romanist branch of religion, if St. Martin's at Moissac were to disappear from the surface of our planet one fine night. What irony that the most beautiful Cloisters in France should happen to exist in the same little town in which stands surely the most miserable religious building in Europe!

20 JUNE.—Leaving Moissac early this morning I went forward to *Toulouse*, where I had some three hours to wait for my train to Carcassonne. This halt enabled me to visit the Church of *St. Sernin* at Toulouse. Begun towards the end of the XI. century, the choir is the oldest part of the structure. On plan, the church is a double-aisled nave, of unusually great width; the transepts have single aisles all round; and there is an ambulatory round the choir, opening off which is an apse containing five semi-circular chapels; and each transept has two similar chapels on its eastern side. At the crossing is the great octagonal tower, built towards the middle of the XIII. century, consisting of five stages surmounted by a pierced balustrade and a tall spire. The three lowest stages of this central tower have a pair of semi-circular-headed openings on each face of the octagon; whilst the two upper storeys have the familiar Tolosan feature of triangular heads to the arcades. The spire is of brickwork, as well as the most part of the tower and the church itself.

Seen from the East end, with the chapels of the apse and the transepts in the foreground, leading up to the bold outline of the transepts, and the fine tower as the culmination of the pyramidal composition, the whole forms a most delightful piece of work. It reminded me of the East end of Noyon Cathedral, which Louis Stevenson likened to the poop of a great

battleship. Certainly from the amount of religious warfare that has taken place round Toulouse—notably the massacre of the Albigeois in the XIII. century—the Church must have required some kind of architectural battleship from which to launch its papal torpedoes in order to convert the unruly to the doctrines of the Prince of Peace.

At the West end of the outer South aisle of the Nave is a modern painting showing the martyrdom of St. Sernin, by being dragged along the streets roped to the heels of a bull. It sets one cogitating as to the mentality of the good churchaniteers of those remote days who decreed such a horrible punishment in the sacred name of religion. But so consistently narrow-minded and bigoted have the rival sectaries always been throughout the ages which orthodox historians and archæologists are united in calling “Christian,” that even to-day the political Defenders of the Faith in England are doing their best to keep up the old traditions by torturing the modern martyrs, such as Stephen Hobhouse and Bertrand Russell, because they happen to be ultra-Protestants. It seems one may safely become a “Protestant” against Romanism; but that it is the cardinal sin against the Holy Protestant Church to protest against Protestantism’s interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount.

Thus history keeps repeating itself with a consistency that proves what a stagnant pool Churchanity is. For while the Tolosans conceived the idea of dragging old Sernin at the heels of a bull until hé was dead; the system has been brought up-to-date inasmuch as to-day men are imprisoned and thus mentally tortured by solitary confinement, because they refuse to be ground under the wheels of the Juggernaut car of war, but do reverence instead to the sanctity of human life.

The choir-stalls at St. Sernin are of the XVI. century, but not so finely executed as the stalls at St. Claude, in the *Ain*, which are perhaps half-a-century earlier than the Tolosan work. The first stall on the S. side has the carved figure of a pig in a pulpit—said to represent Calvin preaching! It is rather refreshing to come across a touch of humour in a Renaissance work. I wonder whether this joke was due to the whim of the wood-carver; or to the brilliant conception of one of the ecclesiastical opponents of old Calvin?

Toulouse was the *Tolosa* of the Romans, and was converted to Christianity by St. Saturnin (or Sernin), its first bishop, who was martyred in 252. The Inquisition extinguished with its usual "frightfulness" the greater part of the "heretics." For instance, in 1562, a little sectarian skirmish between the Romanists and the Huguenots cost the latter 4,000 dead; while ten years later 300 more were added to the bag as a votive offering to the Elohim of Churchanity on St. Bartholomew's Day. In 1619, Dr. Vanini, a learned man accused of atheism, was burnt alive by the Papal black-coated policemen.

Again, in 1762, it is interesting to learn that an aged Protestant, Jean Calas, who was erroneously accused of murdering his son in order to prevent him becoming a Romanist, was broken on the wheel—that favourite instrument of refined cruelty so beloved of the good churchanteers. The great heart of the atheistic Voltaire was fired in support of the unfortunate Calas, on behalf of whose family he zealously exerted himself for many years, to its complete vindication. This magnanimous act of the French philosopher will long remain a significant contrast between the warm-hearted, atheistical lover of justice, and the selfish cruelty of those pious religious nobodies who

claimed to preach *forgiveness* in the name of the God of Love. They doubtless chanted then, as they do now, the petition that Elohim should forgive their debts as "we forgive our debtors"—never dreaming that such a phrase demanded *action* on their part and not merely inane repetition. For the paid defenders of orthodoxy have always believed, with a consistency that is their main characteristic, that in order to overthrow the forces of Hell they must never hesitate to borrow its weapons: that the only way to hoodwink the Devil is to resort to His Satanic Majesty's methods of warfare. Presumably the argument was that as a heretic was doomed to Hell in any case, there could be little harm done in sending him there somewhat earlier than the victim would have gone in the ordinary course of events.

Resuming my journey south, the route lay through the spacious and well-cultivated valley of the Lhers; and just beyond Ségala the watershed is crossed and the descent to the basin of the Mediterranean commences. The snow-capped peaks of the Pyrenées came into view; and away to the N.E. the lower range of the Cévennes was visible. The railway passes through country everywhere under the cultivation of the vine, which covered the sides of the hills and extended to the foot of the mountains. The peasants to-day were busy spraying the vines with insecticide or germicide—by hand as well as horse-machines—the bluish stuff tinging man and horse, though both were protected by waterproof sheets from the virulent nature of the fluid.

Poplars abound in the district, which is dotted all over with pleasant farmsteads. As the train sped along its way, the poplars had an effect as of soldiers marching in stately Indian-file across country—so deceptive was the apparent motion of the trees.

Arrived at *Carcassonne*, I had just time in the late afternoon to walk to the end of the *Pont Vieux*, which dates from the XIII. century. This bridge consists of a series of some eight arches across the River Aude; and beyond it rises the great rock on which is perched the ancient *Cité*, which looks like a derelict battleship stranded high and dry on the sands of the centuries.

21 JUNE.—Crossing the river Aude by the “*Pont Vieux*,” I visited the old *Cité* of *Carcassonne*. It is one of the best preserved examples of a mediæval fortified city in France, being completely encircled by a double enceinte—the outer wall of which is just under a mile in length, while the inner and higher wall is about two-thirds of a mile long. The distance between the two ramparts varies considerably—from a few feet to as much as 25 yards; and at intervals along both the walls is a series of some fifty towers, mostly round and covered with conical roofs, though some have flat roofs and battlements.

According to the usual mediæval custom, the entire length of the two curtain walls has crenellated battlements. Most of the walling in the upper portions of the towers and the enceintes is of Gothic workmanship of the XIII. century; but under this superstructure are remains of Saracenic masonry, and even of Roman—the large blocks of stone employed by the latter being easily distinguishable from the smaller units characteristic of the Saracenic builders.

Entering the City by the *Porte de l'Aude*, which takes its name from the river that skirts the base of the rock, I walked slowly round the lists between the two encircling walls, leisurely examining each tower in succession. One is at once struck with the remarkable combination of obstacles that would have to be overcome before the gateway itself could be taken by

assault. It is a veritable death-trap, guarded in every conceivable manner and at every salient angle, by battlements, crenellated ramparts, loopholes, portcullis, channels for molten-lead, and probably by a draw-bridge in the "brave days of old"—not to forget the steep ascent up the face of the rock before the gateway is reached.

The courtyard between the *Porte* and the *Avant-Porte* was at one time known as the *Belle Vue*: here the inhabitants of the old city used to sit enjoying the fine panorama of the river and the Lower Town, as well as the sunsets beyond both. It was later dubbed the *Place de la Liberté*, after the Revolution, and on the 20 November, 1793—30 Brumaire of the year 2—were here solemnly burnt, by the ignorant and infuriated multitude, the valuable archives of the old *Cité*.

The *Porte Narbonnaise* is the principal entrance to the city on its eastern side, and the *only* one accessible to vehicles. On either side of the gateway stands a massive and imposing circular tower, both of which were erected upon the foundations of the ancient *Château Narbonnais*, which was rendered too feeble for further defence during the siege of 1240 by Roger Trencavel. The portal itself was originally defended by nail-studded doors, two portcullises, three machicolations, and several loopholes; and in advance of the doors would be stretched a heavy chain calculated to arrest the progress of cavalry. To-day one can still see the great iron hook on which the chain was suspended—on the righthand side of the portal. The masonry under the hook is deeply furrowed as a result of the friction of the chain on the softer stonework.

In front of this Portal stand additional fortifications in the shape of a Barbican of the XIII. century, and some flanking battlements known as the *Châtelet*.

Formerly there was a triple drawbridge as the approach to the latter; but the double-example seen to-day was built so recently as 1907 to replace a stone bridge of two spans built in the XVIII. century. When one considers the formidable array of defences to this old Portal, he would imagine at once that the *Cité* was impregnable in the olden times; and save for some two cases of treachery, the citadel was indeed never once taken by assault in all its varied career.

Before the *Châtelet* is the bust of *Dame Carcas*, upon a pillar. It was placed there by the inhabitants of the old city as a protest against the administrative offices of both the *Cité* and the *Ville Basse* having been transferred across the river to the New Town. The legend under the bust runs: *Sum Carcas* (I am Carcas; or, Here Carcas is)—which, rendered into idiomatic English, would seem to proclaim: “The real Carcassonne is here and not at the mushroom *Ville Basse*, which is merely a suburb of the ancient *Cité*.”

A Roman base, reinforced by masonry of the XIII. century, characterises the *Tour de la Charpenterie*, which derives its name from the fact that in it were made the *hourdages*, or wooden structures which projected over the battlements in time of siege. The *hourd* was a kind of wooden balcony from which the defenders were enabled to drop all kinds of projectiles upon the assailants below, as they attempted to force the gateways or to undermine the walls. It was the fore-runner of the stone machicolations.

The *Tour de Justice*, also of the *Inquisition*, is of the XIII. century, and built upon the Roman foundations of a former tower. Internally this tower is one of the most elegant in the city—two of the principal chambers being vaulted in stone. In the vault of the

First-Floor are still to be seen, two by two, the iron hooks upon which were formerly suspended the sacks of parchment containing the archives of the Inquisition. Here were held the sessions of the tribunal of the Inquisition; and the justice of the king was also meted out to his subjects in this vaulted hall.

It was in the *Château* within this old *Cité* that the wife of Roger Trencavel, Adelaide, niece of the King of France, instituted a Court of Love; and the Great Hall and Court of Honour would doubtless resound with the love-laden chants of the gay troubadours whom the noble Châtelaine had gathered round her.

. As anti-climax to the last paragraph I must not omit to add that to-day this erstwhile Hall of Love is occupied as a barracks for housing the descendants of the troubadours who are engaged in making Democracy safe for the world. The pleasing strains of the viol and the lute have now given place to the metallic huskiness that emanates from the trumpets of cheap American gramophones which help to while away the unproductive hours of the lads in blue. . . .

By far the most beautiful thing within the double walls of this mediæval fortress is the Church of *St. Nazaire*. The nave, begun in the XI. century, is mainly of early XII. century work; but the choir and the transepts are of late XIII. or early XIV. century construction. A *chef d'œuvre* of elegance and detailed exactness is the most fitting term that can be applied to the choir. As for the general appearance of the whole interior, it is perhaps the most complete and perfect example of the smaller Gothic churches of its age that I know. Superbly fine rose-windows occupy the ends of the Transepts, of the full span of the vaults; and the glass in both of them is of typical XIII. century craftsmanship, though the S. Transept window may be a product of the XIV. century.

The carving on the myriad little capitals to the shafts of the arcading in the choir and the transepts is of the most delicate nature—undercut to a remarkable degree of fragility. The outstanding characteristic of this old church on the rock at Carcassonne lies in the excellent state of preservation of the carving, the moldings, the tracery, the arcading, and the glass; as well as in the smallness of the amount of restoration that has apparently been done to the fabric in our more Philistine days of the past century, when “restorationitis” was a form of myopy which often attacked archæologists and architects in common. Perhaps the unspoilt condition of this church interior may be partly due to the conservatism of Viollet-le-Duc, who carried out the renovations to the *Cité* from 1850 till his death in 1879. But judging from the wholesale restorations that le-Duc perpetrated on the various towers of the fortress, it seems curious that he should have withheld his clumsy hands from the church itself.

The stone of which the fabric is built is so hard and durable that most of the molded and carved work seems to have left the mason’s hands but yesterday. This factor may have obviated the necessity of restoration during the latter half of last century. It appears also that, when the fortress was demolished in the XIV. century, the church itself was spared.

Never have I seen a church interior in which every detail is in such excellent taste as at *St. Nazaire*. Even the high altar here is harmonious with the rest of the architecture—quite an unusual event; for many an otherwise good interior is often fatally ruined by a hideous, highly-coloured and gilt altar-piece that shrieks discord at the top of its voice. How this old church should have escaped annihilation altogether is one of those inexplicable freaks of history that are

amongst the wonders of the world. Built within the walls of a fortress, which was in turn besieged by Simon-de Montfort, in his prosecution of the Albigensian crusade; by "Saint" Louis himself; and later by the Black Prince; it was in addition one of the slaughter-houses of the Wholesale Butchering Department of the Romish Church in its trade in Huguenot mutton.

Moreover, this old *Cité* is perched upon a rock dominating the whole district on every hand; and *St. Nazaire* is one of the most prominent landmarks of all. Perhaps the chivalrous knights of old were religiously careful not to injure one stone of their enemy-churches—unlike our modern warriors of Armageddon. As time rolled on, the seeming impregnability of the fortress would only make the church more of a mark for the destructive engines of war at the disposal of later generations, who benefited from old Monk Bacon's experience in having his experimental crock of powder blown out of his hands. Yet the church has been spared, almost intact, throughout half a millennium.

22 JUNE.—Leaving Carcassonne, I set out by train for Nîmes—going via *Narbonne* (the "Narbo" of the Romans); *Béziers*—famous for having had some 25,000 of its citizens massacred in 1209 by the lay-representatives of "Christ's Vicar on Earth" during the religious war against the notorious but unfortunate Albigeois; *Agde*, 3 miles from the Mediterranean, with its extinct volcano whence formerly poured the lava of which the town is built; the *Etang de Thau*, a salt lake about 10 miles long and half-a-mile wide, on the margins of which are extensive salt-works; and *Les Onglous*, where I got my first glimpse of the Mediterranean. Before reaching Narbonne, the route lay

through a rugged, mountainous district, along the valley of the Aude. The highest points were jagged lumps of rock—one being known as the *Montagne d'Alaric*, the famous Visigoth-king having had a castle thereon, according to tradition. The snow-capped peaks of the *Pyrenées* were plainly visible, glistening in the brilliant sunlight above the haze of the plains. Spain lies some 50 miles distant as the crow flies from any point between Carcassonne and Narbonne.

Cette—the *Mons Setius* of the ancients—lies on a rocky hill between the *Etang de Thau* and the Mediterranean. *Montpellier* is next reached—a city of some 80,000 inhabitants famous for its university, at which Petrarch studied law and divinity in 1318-22. Auguste Comte, the founder of the Positivist school of thought, was born here in 1798—just three years after his doughty opponent, Carlyle, was turned loose upon our planet. . . .

Arrived at *Nîmes*, I put up at the “*Hôtel du Cheval Blanc*” where I asked for a room on the top floor, overlooking the old Roman arena which occupies the centre of the *Place* in front of the hotel. From my window, looking over the trees on the fringe of the *Place*, I could see the grey-haired pile of the ancient amphitheatre in all the wistful beauty of its age-worn marble arcades. It seems to lie stranded like some mighty whale in the midst of a shoal of sprats—long having outlived its function, and serving mainly as a perpetual reminder of the “grandeur that was Rome.” Bread and circuses were the methods employed by the far-seeing Cæsars for doping the clamorous multitude in olden times. To-day, our all-wise British Government has descended to the use of cinema-theatres as a means of doping the great

B.P. with "patriotic" films in support of the war; and bread is being rationed in a way that Rome probably knew not of. Solomon was wiser than he knew, when he said: "There is no new thing under the sun."

A wonderfully fine sunset was accorded me this evening—*le coucher du soleil* taking place beyond the arena. The delicate reds of the afterglow showed through two of the upper archways in a most entrancing manner; and several nooses of purple clouds floated almost imperceptibly along the skyline formed by the crowning entablature of the amphitheatre—these clouds appearing to glide like a huge snake along the broken outline of the stone-work.

23 JUNE.—The *Maison Carrée* in this old Roman city of "Nemausus," is a comparatively perfect piece of art of almost pure Greek origin. Ever ready to acknowledge the superiority of the Hellenes in the arts, the Romans were not above importing the best Greek artists to design and decorate their public buildings. Those old Greeks were thus given a much greater opportunity for design than was their lot at home; for the Romans were not contented to build structures of one storey only, but piled storey on storey—Order upon Order—in a daring way to which the Greeks seldom aspired. Being more adept at engineering the Romans at first employed the Greek craftsmen to clothe their enormous skeletons of masonry in the trappings of the architectural Orders.

It is always easy to discover from the character of the moldings whether the Greeks had a finger in any particular Roman architectural pie; for the purity of outline of the moldings in Hellenic work—refined to the last hairbreadth, so to speak—affords a comparatively sure touchstone by which to detect it from

amongst the somewhat coarser sections or profiles achieved by the Romans when left to themselves, free from their architectural nurse's apron-strings.

One phase of Greek refinement is used to great advantage in this "Square House" at Nîmes, in so far as the upper line of the cornice running along the side walls is not *level*, but *rises* from each end almost imperceptibly, but nevertheless visibly, to the centre. This device is calculated to overcome the appearance of sagging in the middle of the entablature were it to be made level from end to end—just as entasis is given to a column to obviate the optical illusion of hollowness that is always apparent when the vertical outlines of a column are made absolutely *straight* in their height. In addition, the plan of the outer edge of the cornice bulges outwards very slightly in the centre of its length—another clever correction peculiar to the æsthetics of the Greek architects. Whether in this case those refinements of detail were the deliberate work of the nameless designer; or they are merely the result of the walls having bulged outwards, I cannot tell from a cursory examination; but judging from the Greek feeling that pervades the building I am inclined to believe that they were conscious to the mind of the man who conceived the design.

The same deliberate forethought seems to have been applied to the podium; for its cornice also rises from the ends to the middle. This may be due to the settlement of the foundations at each end, though there is no crack appearing in the wall itself; but it is more likely to be due to the ingenuity of the original builders.

It is to-day not known definitely for what purpose this "Square House" was originally built; but from the position of the other remains that have been unearthed from time to time in its vicinity I should

imagine that the *Maison Carrée* formed one of the central features of the Roman forum; the portico facing north, away from the hot, southern sun. It is, undoubtedly, a beautiful piece of architecture, so exquisitely rich in decorative value that every molding which it was customary to decorate in the culminating period of Greek architecture, is enriched on this building. One might almost liken it to a highly-wrought casket from the hands of a clever goldsmith like Cellini—that cunning old Florentine scoundrel.

The *Maison Carrée* is one of the best preserved Roman buildings extant. In the Corinthian Order, it is pseudo-peripteral, prostyle and hexastyle on plan; and raised on a podium of 15 steps. From the evidences of metal-lettering that formerly existed on the pediment, it has been deduced that this temple was dedicated to the adopted sons of the Emperor Augustus, between the years 1 and 14 A.D. It has been successively used as a church, a municipal hall, a warehouse, and as a stable; and has been carefully restored since 1824, when it was officially recognised as a national monument. To-day, the building contains a representative collection of antiquities discovered in different parts of the town.

The *Jardin de la Fontaine*, which lies at the foot of Mont Cavalier, is said to occupy the site of the former Roman Baths. Sunk below the general level of the garden are three large basins of running water from the *Fontaine de Nîmes*, which flows from the hillside near by. The garden is laid out in the usual French style of the XVIII. century, with statues, vases and balustrades—a great part of it being upon the foundations of the old *Thermæ*.

To the west of the *Fontaine* stands the so-called *Temple of Diana*, of which only one chamber now exists. Most of the original barrel-vaulting has dis-

appeared, as well as one of the side walls. The side wall which still remains has a series of five recesses, or niches, for statues; and each recess has alternately a segmental and a triangular pediment over it. The main façade has three arches, but the details are practically obliterated as a result of the decay of the stone. I imagine this little building is entirely of Roman origin; and that, instead of its having been a temple of Diana, it is more likely to have served as one of the *Exædræ* of the adjoining baths. Doubtless some old Diogenes of degenerate fibre poured forth his little system of the Universe from under its coffered barrel-vault, instead of from the end of his primitive wooden barrel. But you never can tell.

Returning to the town, I entered the *Cathedral*, the interior of which is modernised in a manner that utterly hides its Gothic skeleton. The façade has an interesting frieze of the XII. century, based on scenes from the Book of Genesis; and it is a curious blend of Classic and Gothic. . . . As I was on the point of turning to fly from this horrible interior, a young priest spoke to me—asking if I were English and a Protestant. He told me he had spent ten months in Hull; and as his English was not very clear, I had to ask him to repeat the name of the place to make sure there was not an “e” in it. For, knowing that Romanists are in close touch with Purgatory, I thought that perhaps my young friend might have recently returned from a trip to the other place.

In the afternoon I visited the *Picture Gallery*, in which are the usual unauthenticated Old Masters. The work that most arrested my attention was the large canvas by *Delaroche*, showing Cromwell looking on the body of his royal victim, Charles I., as it lay in the coffin—the contrast between the rugged, highly-coloured countenance of the Protector, and the pale,

delicate features of the dead king, being finely brought out.

24 JUNE.—This morning my first visit was to the old *Amphitheatre*, which is smaller than those of Arles, Rome and Verona, but its external façade is in much better condition than any of them. Finding my way to the uppermost row of seats in the vast arena, I sat down to saturate myself in recollections of all that I had read of Roman games and festivals. Bathed in the warm, southern sun, whose rays were tempered by the gentlest of Mediterranean breezes, I looked down optically, but upwards spiritually, at the handiwork of those bold, old Romans who piled up this colossus in stone about the I. or II. century of our era.

When I find myself amongst such massive symbols of the capabilities of a by-gone race of master-builders, I cannot help but feel dissatisfied with the pettiness of the architecture of our own day. Myself have been content — no, *not* content, but obliged for economic reasons—to erect hotels for our modern plutocrats to play with; while the Roman aristocrats caused the erection of such gigantic playthings as this amphitheatre, for the amusement not only of themselves but also of the public, made up of patricians and plebeians as well as slaves.

This amphitheatre had originally a seating capacity of 24,000; but to-day much of the seating accommodation is destroyed—the great vaults that formerly supported it being now exposed to sight in many places. So thoughtful have the clever designers been of the smallest details of convenience and safety that 124 exits are provided, thus enabling the vast audience to disperse in the quickest possible time, in case of emergency.

There are four main entrances, one each at the extremities of the two axes. If the present floor-level

of the arena be the original one, it would appear that combats with wild animals had never taken place in it; for the wall surrounding the arena is much too low to afford the necessary protection to the spectators. The 35 rows of seats are arranged in four tiers—the lowest for persons of the highest rank; the second for the patricians and their ladies; the third for the plebeians; and the upper tier for the slaves.

Externally there are two storeys to the façade, the lower of which has huge square pilasters in a pseudo-Tuscan Order; while the upper has Doric columns between the arches. Above the main entablature is an attic storey containing great projecting corbels pierced with holes, about a foot in diameter, through which were thrust the wooden masts to which were attached the ropes of the *velarium*, or awning, that covered the amphitheatre to protect the spectators from both rain and sun.

When it is observed that the great blocks of stone, which form the façade and the seating, are built without mortar, and that the joints are so fine that a penknife can be inserted into them in only a few places, it reminds us forcibly of the undoubted genius for building and engineering which the Romans possessed. I measured one of the blocks of the stone used for the seating of the upper tier, or "Slaves' Circle," and it was roughly 10 feet long, 2 feet broad, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep = 30 cubic feet, and weighing probably about $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons.

I visited the *Bureau Militaire* at the station to discover whether I would be permitted to go to Arles, which is in the *Zone des Armées*, as all littoral districts are. The gold-braided, red-trousered, heavy-moustached officer in charge said at first that it would be *tout à fait impossible* for me to enter the Army Zone without a proper *Carnet d'Etranger*. Naturally, I

expressed my disgust at having come so far merely to be met with a red-taped refusal—I refrained from saying a red-trousered one. Here I was, I urged, a British subject, or object, with duly accredited passport signed by Arthur James Balfour himself; yet the strait-laced French system would treat me as a spy. Captain Red-Trousers, being of a genial disposition, seemed satisfied I was not a “ Hun ” in disguise. I assured him that a gentleman in his responsible position must surely have some means of granting a temporary permit to an allied visitor who was anxious to see more of his beautiful country. His dignity thus being at stake, he decided there and then to look up the regulations to find, if possible, some subterfuge by which he might enable me to enter the *Zone des Armées* in the Arles region. He found the desired clause or sub-section; and very soon handed over to me the necessary document enabling me to go from *Nîmes* to *Arles*. Thanking Monsieur Gold-Braid for his kindness, I parted from him the best of friends, and he wished me *Bon voyage*.

25 JUNE.—I sat in the *Jardin de la Fontaine* for two hours before noon, in sight of the “ Temple of Diana,” and under the luxuriant trees. The fierce rays of the sun penetrated the thick foliage here and there, casting a myriad circles of shimmering light on the ground at my feet—those glittering patches gliding swiftly and silently about, in rhythm with the ever-changing breeze. The babble of the running water as it lazily trickled down the steps from the basins of the old Roman baths hard by; and the wild skirl of the swifts as they careered like streaks of black lightning in hundreds above the trees, made a harmony that was emphasized by the quietness that otherwise prevailed, for very few people were promenading at that early hour.

CHAPTER VII.

IN PROVENCE.

25 JUNE.—In the afternoon I travelled to *Arles*, by the Camargue railway. From a distance of five miles, a fine view of Nîmes is obtained by looking back to the city, which spreads itself over the southern slope of the hill on which the *Tour Magne* is the dominating landmark.

The *Musée Lapidaire* at Arles is housed in the old XVII. century church of Ste. Anne, which consists of a nave, with side chapels, and an apse; the interior being well lighted. Here is seen one of the best collections of pagan and christian sarcophagi in France—most of them having been brought from the famous *Aliscamps*, or *Champs Elysées*, which lie on the outskirts of the town. I was particularly interested in those sarcophagi which are enriched with high relief sculptures representing several of the so-called miracles—the Loaves and Fishes, the Raising of Jairus's Daughter, and the Feeding of the Multitude, amongst others. But the gem of the collection is the Greek example, found at Trinquetaille on the other side of the river; the front of which sarcophagus is enriched with full-length figures in high-relief, some of them being almost detached statuettes. The graceful pose, the delicate drapery, and the beautiful technique of this fine statuary are indicative of the fact that the anonymous sculptor must have lived during the full-tide of the Grecian era. Repose and balance are subtly expressed in this wonderful fragment of the "glory that was Greece"

On the other side of the "Place de la République" from the Museum is the Cathedral of *St. Trophimus*, the portal of which is an excellent example of Romanesque work. The double door is flanked by columns supported partly on the backs of small lions—an echo of the more beautiful "Lion Porch" at Verona. In the tympanum is a well-preserved group depicting the Judgment Day, done in much the same tradition as the tympanum group at Chartres—probably the two were done by the same guild of travelling craftsmen. This fine portal is a representative specimen of XII. century architecture in France.

Opening off the Choir, and to the S. of the cathedral, are the *Cloisters*. While the arcading cannot be said to be so beautiful as the Moissac cloister-garth, it is interesting in that the four sides are of different types—the N. side is of the XII. century; the E. of the XIII.; the W. of the XIV.; and the S. is of early XVI. century workmanship. The arches are of varying heights on the four sides of the enclosure; and coupled marble colonnettes are employed even in the Gothic portions. A curious feature are the great fluted buttresses or pilasters on the north side of the quadrangle—a survival from Roman traditions.

A few minutes walk from the Cloisters is the ruined Roman *Theatre*, of which the auditorium is still visible, though it is in a much dilapidated state of repair. Near the centre of what would originally be the background of the stage in the hey-day of Roman vivacity, two Corinthian columns—one of Carrara and the other of mottled African marble, carrying a fragment of the entablature—still stand erect like two graceful Roman beauties bearing a load upon their heads.

Augustus is said to have been the founder of this Theatre, though it was not completed till the III. century. In the V. century its demolition commenced,

the needy populace using it as a convenient quarry from which to take stones for church-building. Judging by the great number of discoveries made from time to time in the course of excavations, this theatre must have been very richly decorated originally—the most famous “find” being the celebrated “Venus of Arles,” discovered in 1651, and now in the Louvre. The largest portion of the structure is the triple archway that formed the original entrance at the ends of the Stage-wings; but, the stone being comparatively soft, there is now little to be seen of the moldings, the outlines of them having crumbled away so much.

Distant some 60 yards from the Theatre is the *Amphitheatre*. Larger than that at Nîmes, it is not in such good preservation owing to the non-durability of the stone employed in its structure. It is about 500 yards in circumference, the longer axis being 150 yards, and the shorter about 120 yards long. Of two storeys in height—the lower in the Doric Order, and the upper in the Corinthian—the exterior would present a more ornate appearance than the arena at Nîmes, though the proportion of voids to solids is more pleasing in the latter. Unfortunately most of the crowning entablature is missing.

Built during the I. or II. century of our era, the arena was capable of seating 26,000 spectators in the august days of the Cæsars. During the VIII. century it was transformed into a fortress, the three towers being evidence of this change of status. These towers are a quaint spectacle to-day, perched at irregular intervals upon the higher tiers of seats, and projecting above the entablature of the elevation. In later days, the interior of the arena, as well as the lower arcades of the façade, were occupied by a large number of dwellings for poor people. It was not until 1825-30

that the work of removing those houses was completed. In the Print-shops of the town I observed several old drawings showing the whole interior of the amphitheatre taken up by the most motley collection of nondescript hovels imaginable—standing in the most curious irregularity, and of varying heights, on the tiers of the original seating, the latter being completely covered up by the dwellings; and the whole dominated by the three weird old towers of the post-Roman fortress.

26 JUNE.—At the *Musée Arlésien* is the local ethnographical collection which was instituted in 1897, mainly by Frederic Mistral, the noted Provençal poet—or, shall I say, versifier? Mistral handed over to the museum the Nobel Prize of 100,000 francs awarded to him in 1904. It now contains a comprehensive array of the curiosities of Provence, the home of Mistral, who did so much to revive its patois in print, and to co-ordinate the home-industries and the local costume into something like a native cult. The hand of this minor poet is to be seen everywhere within the museum—many personal relics, and literally scores of photographs and paintings of him, are herein exhibited.

In the afternoon I walked to the famous *Aliscamps*, the ancient Roman burial-ground, which was consecrated later for Christian sepulture by St. Trophimus himself. So fashionable was this cemetery in the Middle Age that bodies were brought to it from great distances; and Dante makes reference to it in his *Inferno*. In a later age, these Elysian Fields fell into disrepute—the sarcophagi being either destroyed or transported to other sites, and the ground parcelled out for agricultural purposes. It was only within recent times that the remaining monuments and sarco-

phagi were collected—the finest of them being placed in the local *Musée Lapidaire* and in the Cathedral, and the remainder ranged along both sides of the *Allée des Tombeaux* at the *Aliscamps*, as in the “Street of Tombs” at Pompeii.

27 JUNE.—I left Arles early this morning *pour aller à pied* to Baux, some 12 miles distant. It was a beautiful morning for tramping—not too hot, in spite of the month and the latitude; there being some lofty clouds which effectually tempered the rays of the sun, and made walking in such wonderful country a pleasure indeed. On the outskirts of the town I was attracted to a quaint, old barn in which the operation of threshing wheat was in progress. Enormous loads of the grain were being hauled straight from the corn-rigs by means of six-ox-waggons containing at least 10 times as much as an ordinary farm-cart will hold. The motive-power of the *batteuse* was a single horse walking on an inclined plane, after the manner of a tread-mill. Judging from the straw, this primitive machine does its work remarkably well. The peasants welcomed me as an onlooker, and soon recognised me as an *anglais*. After spending a few minutes with those delightful people, I passed on my way, amidst a shower of greeting from them.

Soon after, I met a long defile of Moroccan soldiers in khaki uniforms, red turbans, and brilliant red sashes, and singing a curious African song as they marched along—the top notes of the un-melodious carol being pitched in the key of that of a hen that has just laid an egg. Those bronzed and French-polished sons of the Dark Continent seemed to be as happy as sand-boys. But what a tragedy that ignorant, black men should be dragged into a white-man’s war! For those men were not merely in the ranks of the Labour

Battalions, but were fully equipped soldiers with rifles and bayonets.

About a mile before reaching Mont Majour, I left the highway and entered a wood on the right, following a winding path bordered by a thousand wild-flowers, overhung with undergrowth and creepers, and teeming with bird-life—amongst which I detected the charming trills of the nightingale. Lizards kept darting across my path as I sauntered along—some of much as 9 inches long, most of them only about 6 inches—beautiful green creatures as sharp as lightning and as harmless as a dove.

The Abbey of *Mont Majour* was founded in the VI. century as a Benedictine monastery, but was rebuilt at various times between the XI. and the XIV. century. The main fabric of the church and the crypt is in a well-preserved state of repair—an interesting bit of Romanesque work, erring rather on the austere side. Especially fine is that part of the crypt, under the apse of the church, which contains an ancient altar having a simple, arcaded, ambulatory passage round it, built in the XI. century. Externally, the church is notable for its paucity of fenestration, the great blank wall-space creating a somewhat forbidding appearance that is probably symbolical of the austerity of the monkish vows of its ancient builders.

On the north side of the church are the Cloisters, which date from the XI. century, and form the best architectural remains of those abbey buildings on the Great Hill. Those arcades have coupled shafts throughout, supporting semicircular arches; and each arcade is divided into three bays by massive square piers, which are copiously fluted in the usual Classic manner. The detail of the cloisters is much superior to that of St. Trophimus at Arles, but not at all on a par with the beauty of the cloisters at Moissac. Here all four

arcades are of the same design, unlike those at Arles, which are each of a different period. The shafts are thicker and the capitals clumsier than those at Moissac, which are by far the most beautiful XII. century cloisters I know anywhere. The ancient Kings of Arles—the “Gallic Rome”—are buried in the tomb-like silence of these Cloisters, as the numerous inscriptions record.

Standing clear of the church is a high XIV. century tower—square on plan, with machicolated and crenelated battlements, and with a circular *échauguette* projecting at each angle of them. On mounting to the roof of the tower by the turnpike staircase in the thickness of the wall, I found at the top of the steps a falcon furiously beating its wings against the door, vainly endeavouring to get out. I immediately released the captive—opening the latch as he fluttered only a few inches above my head, though he never attempted to attack me. It was unbounded pleasure to me to watch him circling gracefully out into the open, stretching his wings with that air of majestic ease which is peculiar to his species, and being joined by his mate within a few seconds of his escape. I felt as good as any Boy-Scout who has succeeded in polishing off his “one good deed every day,” and was glad to think that I had probably saved this brown beauty from being beaten to death, or perhaps taken into captivity, by some local clown whose destructive proclivities had not yet abated. On looking round, when I gained the top of the battlements, I counted no less than ten of those fine birds hovering about in the immediate vicinity of the abbey ruins—one actually sitting on the roof of the church itself.

From the battlements of this old tower a view of the *Camargue* is obtainable on every hand. Arles itself could be plainly seen some three miles distant, the

broken outline of the Roman arena and the XVI. century tower of the " Hôtel-de-Ville " being easily discernible. The old wind-mill at Fontvieille, in which Daudet used to write his delightful French prose, was also visible, amidst a group of other round *moulins-à-vent*, in the opposite direction to Arles. Away beyond the wind-mills rose up the mighty rocks of Baux, the dense shadows of which showed very distinctly in the strong sunlight.

In a former age, the rock on which the abbey of Mont Majour stands in all its pathetic ruin and neglect, was an island,—the Mediterranean coming up even to the walls of Arles, some 25 miles from the coast-line to-day. On the plains surrounding the abbey cliffs there now waves a sea of golden grain where once the waves of the Mediterranean smote the wooden-walls of the Roman galleys. At the foot of the rocks under this abbey is still to be seen the even more ancient rock-cut chapel, dating from about the VIII. century. Antique columns and curiously carved capitals support part of the natural-rock vault of this subterranean chapel, which is mainly hewn out of the solid rock—the front wall only being masonry, with small windows therein, and massively buttressed. There are evidences of restoration here and there; but generally speaking this shrine has suffered little from the moderns; for it forms part of the hill itself and is therefore more durable than any wall built by the hands of man.

Specially noteworthy from the human standpoint is the tiny cell at the farthest end of the chapel, access to this dark cave being by means of a slit in the rock so narrow that I had to pass through it sideways. It was here that St. Trophimus used to seek refuge from his pagan enemies from the mainland, for it must be remembered that in his day this rock-cut chapel was

on the island of Mont Majour. In the ceiling or natural vault of this underground shrine is a chimney-like opening leading upwards to a second smaller chamber in which the saint was wont to hide when closely pressed by those who tried to prevent his spreading the good tidings of Christianity amongst the pagan multitude. For Trophimus was the first to preach the gospel in "Gallic Rome" itself.

One needs but little imagination to conjure up the picture of the old saint being rowed in a light skiff by a few devoted followers, and chased by the galleons of Rome manned by scores of dusky slaves. It has usually been the lot of those who are the true Realists—those who acknowledge the supremacy of principles and not of things—that they have invariably experienced the most thrilling adventures, material as well as spiritual, which the most ardent, crusading Knight of Malta could desire. For adventure is not to be confined rigidly to the battlefield, either under "Christian" or pagan auspices. There is adventure to be had in time of pseudo-peace as well as in war. The active militarist is out of a job during so-called peace, though he may be laying the train to the "next war" in the meantime; while the pacifist may continue his crusade against war even in times when the killing business has temporarily ceased. For what is called in the history books a period of peace is merely an interregnum of war, a lull in the bloodletting orgy in which "every normal, healthy-minded man" is said to be longing to take part.

Many half-thinkers are in the easy habit of putting the merely *passive* value upon their meaning of the word pacifist. But pacifism (pacificism is the more correct word) is not to be confused with passivity, for pacifism is an *active* force in the world; it is dynamic, not static. It must not be expressed in terms

of helplessness, listlessness, inertia; it is rather a reliance on the spiritual forces of Reality than upon the material forces of Actuality. For to a Realist, in the absolute meaning of that much abused term, Actuality is only the outward symbol of that spiritual Reality which is deeper far than the mere senses of man can plumb. Those old-fashioned people who still confuse Actuality with Reality seem always to be unaware of the fact that the former is simply a secondary aspect of the latter.

When a man admits the element of fear — that mighty factor in all problems of *policy*—he is on the royal road that leads him to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage. When policy over-rides Principle, then matter supersedes spirit. For Pacifism, as I understand it, is the ultimate expression of the Spiritual values instead of the Material values hitherto accepted by Churchanity at large; and the story of “Armageddon” is none other than the epitaph of Churchanity. It must not be hastily assumed that Pacifism is a more or less lop-sided act of stubbornness against the State in time of war; but it is part of a philosophical attitude towards life in general, and not merely to one aspect or phase of it. This attitude includes the denial of the right of the State to compel the individual against his will to take the life of another man, even though the latter may be deemed by law to be an “enemy.” Pacifism is one angle of an objective philosophy which necessitates an adherence to the Principle of non-resistance, instead of to the “patriotic” line of least resistance embodied in warfare.

I followed the old *concierge* of the abbey to her “home,” if that be the right name to apply to the place in which she and her husband lived. It was in part of the ancient vaulted chambers of the monastery

that they dwelt—a large, damp dungeon, having only one very small window to light the dismal interior. This cellar was divided into two parts by a curtain—the bedroom portion being at the back and having no window whatsoever. The old man had a face as wrinkled as a walnut, and seemed to rank high in the aristocracy of the Great Unwashed.

What a hideously inhuman cavern of discomfort for any of God's creatures to be living in these days of plenty! The so-called saints of old are given considerable credit to-day for having lived the ascetic life in caves and isolated cells; but here we find modern peasants existing under worse conditions than ever, and nobody seems to think of it—nobody seems even to care that such things happen in our indifferent times.

The atmosphere of this "home" of poverty and neglect was heavy with dampness and decay; and the household belongings of the poor, old couple were of the meagrest description—consisting of numerous make-shifts. Not one piece of crockery or furniture was whole—all had seen better days, like their owners, who were clad in the veriest rags. Among other things I observed a volume of Baedeker's *Southern France*—open at the page referring to the *monument historique* at Mont Majour. How pathetic it was to discover that Darby and Joan were apparently endeavouring to make themselves *au courant* with the history of their architectural charge!

Some 150 yards E. of the Abbey ruins is the Chapel of *Sainte Croix*, dating from the XII. century. It is cruciform on plan, the arms of the cross forming semi-circular apses to the square which forms the centre; and there is a square Western porch. The tower is carried up square at the crossing, each wall being finished with a gable or steep pediment; and the whole

is crowned with a simple belfry, square on plan, with round-headed openings. The moldings throughout are very simple, and the buttresses of slight projection but with deep weathering. Internally the chapel is devoid of any decoration or furniture or even renovation; and though it is not now in use the whole fabric is in a surprisingly good state of preservation.

In the rocky platform on which stands the Chapel are dozens of sarcophagi hewn out of the solid stone. The lids are now amissing, and no lettering is left to denote whose remains formerly occupied those natural stone coffins. A series of those rock-cut tombs are ranged just outside the portal of the chapel—all yawning with a sleepiness that tells of the centuries that have vanished since first they were carved out of the virgin rock.

Pursuing the even tenor of my way, I at length passed the ruins of an ancient *château* perched upon the inevitable rock—the crumbling, rambling buildings to-day forming a farmyard, or *mas*, as the Provençal patois names a group of farm buildings. Meeting a carter-lad in charge of a team of horses, I asked him the way to Fontvieille with the sole view of finding out what he himself thought of the olive-covered country through which we were then passing. I remarked that it was a beautiful countryside, but he replied: “*Oui, pour les étrangers!*” He preferred the eighteen-year-old beauties of Arles to the century-old beauty of Provence around us!

Just beyond the decayed *château* on the rock, I caught up to a peasant who was busy mopping his brow in the shade of a clump of cypresses. Pulling up beside him for a few minutes' respite from the intense heat of the noontide sun, we began to converse. He was a reed-cutter who supplied reeds to the Government factories for the weaving of wicker-work panels

for upholding the sides of trenches, and other war purposes.

On my asking him if he could tell me in which of the windmills Daudet lived for several years, he informed me that his *beau-père* owned the very mill. He himself lived at *Fontvieille*, on the borders of which Daudet's mill stands, and he undertook to point out the nearest way to it from the village when we arrived there. Before parting from him, I stood him a drink of the red wine of the country; and then diverged to the right, in the middle of the village, along a narrow winding lane bordered by stone walls, until I reached the open moor, on the edge of which stands the famous circular windmill on a knoll.

I was not prepared to find this windmill roofless; and to make certain that my fellow-tramp of the last few *kilomètres* had not been "telling the tale" to me, I retraced my footsteps to the nearest cottage. There I enquired of a peasant woman if she could tell me which was the actual Daudet mill; and she assured me it was the first on the right at the end of the lane at the edge of the moor, and that it was *sans toit*. This information coincided with that of my former travelling-companion, whose honour was thus vindicated. The good woman also told me that a marble tablet had been placed over the doorway of the windmill, telling the world that Daudet once lived in it; but that this slab had not survived long after it was put up, as the boys of the village threw stones at it until it fell down in a dozen pieces.

Returning to the windmill I wandered round the outside of it, and stood upon the platform before the door, near to which I observed the foundations in outline of the old *mas*, to which the flocks from the mountains returned in the autumn—as a wonderful chapter from the *Lettres de mon Moulin* relates. Not a sheep was

to be seen anywhere—doubtless they had all been sent to the hills where there is abundance of grass during the parching summer months. At the summit of the roofless walls still rests the great *arbre à coucher*, or tie-beam of the roof, upon which used to sit the wise old owl—having “the head of a thinker,” as Daudet so finely expresses it—who tenanted the upper chamber in the author’s days.

From the doorway of the windmill a pleasant view is obtainable, comprising the little village in the valley below, with olive trees and almonds in the background as far as the eye can reach. Behind the mill are several clumps of Scots-fir, or a species very similar to it—standing in groups apart as if they were whispering amongst themselves the age-long secrets of Provence. The soil in this district is of the thinnest—fit to grow only almonds and olives, which are content with a frugal fare that would mean starvation to an aristocratic cereal crop.

Here and there the virgin rocks push their way into the open, and blossom forth into cliffs of more or less magnitude at intervals on the gentle slope of the moorland. Sometimes on a steeper slope than ordinary a bleached area of stone appears on the surface, fringed with tufts of heath and scrubby undergrowth—not unlike the countenance of my friend whose company I enjoyed along the road an hour previously; for his honest face glowed through a shaggy mane of unkempt whiskers and hair that was somewhat akin to the mountain herbs that bordered those whitened rocks on the hillside.

Beyond the village of Fontvieille, at a place where there is a level-crossing called St. Jacques, there is a pompous monument in coloured marbles. The inscription tells a wondering world that this modern desecration was erected by a gentleman in memory of his wife

and two brothers, who were accidentally killed at the crossing just before the war began. What a pity the whole family was not wiped out! It would have perhaps spared us the erection of this ugly mass of marble. Probably the survivor of the accident was some monied nobody who could have bought up all the windmills in Provence, and then built them upside-down if need be; but who could not have written even the worst of the *Lettres de mon Moulin*. The price of the iron railing round this stupid memorial would have been sufficient to put a substantial roof over Daudet's old windmill, and thus save it from further destruction.

I fell into conversation with a railway plate-layer working on the narrow-gauge track that passes up the valley, which contains numerous stone-quarries served by this light-railway. My friend was loud in his praise of Mistral, who had lived at *Maillane*, where he was born, for the best part of his life. It is instructive to find the country people so enthusiastic in their applause of the old Provençal versifier, who has been called by some gushing enthusiast—the “French Homer.” Perhaps this very “popularity” is the surest sign of the poor quality of his rhythmic wares; for no *great* poet is ever popular with the peasantry of his native country. It cannot be said, for instance, that Shelley is more popular in England than Kipling; that Burns is more widely-read in Scotland than Scott; or that Poe is more popular in America than Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

This kindly peasant suggested that I should call at his cottage at the level-crossing half-a-mile beyond where we stood chatting, and ask his *mariée* to give me a drink of fresh, cold water *du puits*. It was notoriously hot at the time, so I was very grateful for

the hint. His good wife very obligingly pumped me some water from the well, and even offered to give me sugar in it—probably a Provençal custom?—but I declined with many thanks. Try as I would, I could not persuade her to accept 25 centimes for her trouble, though the water was more refreshing than the vinegar-and-water that was called wine at Fontvieille. That I am an *anglais* helping the outcast children of *La France* to rebuild their desolate homes, was talisman enough to prompt this poor woman to give me a cup of cold water in friendship's name.

As I mounted into the hills to-day, the cultivation of the vine and of wheat gradually gave place to that of the almond and the olive, the peculiar light-green leaves of the latter trees spreading all over the landscape in the upper part of the valley. There is a faded, washed-out look about the olive-trees that I do not much like—the sun appears to have bleached some of the colour out of the foliage, giving the trees a kind of *passé*, second-hand aspect.

At length *Les Baux* came in sight, perched on the ledges and plateaus of the great rocks that dominate the *Val d'Enfer* along which I had walked during the latter part of my day's tramp. Tradition relates that Dante was inspired by the rugged scenery of this Valley of Hell at Baux, to take his setting for the *Inferno* from it. The approach to this wonderful fortress of the ages is indeed charming. The broad valley gradually contracts, and the hills increase visibly into mountains of naked rock, the jagged cliffs towering crag upon crag until one is driven to conclude that there can be no outlet from the village save by the valley itself. The mountains seem to form a *cul-de-sac*; and it is only when the end of the gorge is reached that one discovers that a winding roadway

has been hewn out of the rock. A steep and twisting footpath, leading up the sloping face of the rocks, takes the pedestrian up to the gateway of the little village perched on the summit of the cliffs, far above the Valley of Hell; while the roadway takes a longer, zig-zag detour before it reaches the level of the main street.

Having walked a dozen miles, I was feeling ready for a bath; but there was not one in the village, not to mention the hotel. Being situate so high in the hills, the landlord told me that *eau potable* is a very scarce commodity even in the winter. But would *monsieur* care to go to a farm about two *kilomètres* down the valley on the southern face of the rock? There he would find an open-air pond or reservoir in which he could *nager* to his heart's content.

Naturally, I jumped at the opportunity: then came the question of a costume. I said that I did not need a bathing-suit—the suit that Adam wore would answer my purpose. But *Madame* remonstrated that there were *jeunes filles* at the farm, and the pond is right in front of the house! I assured her that I did not mind that in the least—at which she pretended to be very shocked. So muttering: “*Attendez un moment, monsieur,*” she rushed out of the room and upstairs, and soon returned with an article of clothing to which I am unable to attach its Christian name—but I have a shrewd suspicion that it had never before adorned the limbs of man.

Thus armed, mine host harnessed his Irish Canary to the family chariot, and Neddy pulled us both down the steep declivity to the farm in the valley, round hair-pin bends, through olive-groves, and past groups of peasants busy reaping their scanty harvest of grain. At the farm-house we found the whole family seated

under the great trees in front of the house, drinking their *apéritif*, for it was then about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Just clear of the trees lay the placid waters of the pond, about 30 feet by 15, and having a fine stone margin surrounded by gorgeous flowers in full bloom, and by a thick hedge clogged with creepers and festoons of vetch.

The trees kept the sun entirely off one half of the pond; while the other was right in the sun, and a heat-haze hung over it. At one end basked a beautifully feathered peacock in full plumage. The air was laden with the scent of flowers, and alive with the singing of birds and the hum of insects. Two enormous frogs lay panting in all their rotund repletion on the stone ledge.

Stripping hurriedly, I soon plunged into three feet deep of liquid enjoyment; and being nearly red-hot as a result of my walk, and not yet cooled, the clear cold water in the pond almost sizzled as my body came in contact with it. For about two minutes I experienced a little of that real happiness of which we obtain only some few weeks all told in a lifetime.

When I first plunged into the water, the splash I made caused one of the big frogs to tumble in after me. He paced me up and down the pond for a while as I swam, and then attempted to climb out again, but failed. So I helped him on to the stone-margin, where he lay with the dazzling beauty of his *repoussé* shining armour scintillating in the sun.

Wonderfully coloured butterflies flitted about from flower to flower, like fragments of rainbow fluttering in the breeze. Never before had I seen such beautiful *papillons* as to-day. A fleet of dragonflies navigated its course across the pool, above my head, these stately insects being considerably larger than their English

relations, and richly camouflaged like aeroplanes in miniature.

I could have imagined myself almost a water-god, having all this beauty for my sole enjoyment. Had a nymph suddenly appeared from amongst the water-lilies in one corner of the pond, I would scarcely have been surprised—so appropriately would she have fitted into the Classic picture that formed my surroundings.

As I disported myself in the cooling waters of this charming open-air bath, the whole family at the farm sat watching me as they drank their wine under the great trees. Judging from their faces, I calculated that few if any had ever used their pond as a bathing establishment, for their visages were almost the colour of the soil of Provence. Intellectually also, I imagine, they were as poor as the crops that grow on the shallow soil of the district.

Boniface told me that the same family had occupied the farm continuously for over four centuries. In speaking to the present representatives of this ancient house, they were obviously conscious of their long pedigree; but, in spite of it all, they were as ignorant of culture, beyond the common decencies, as a hen is ignorant of the Shorter Catechism—not wishing to imply that a knowledge of that mummified relic of theology is an infallible sign of culture. While talking to these southerners I felt as if I were in a Zoo looking on some strange animals that had long outlived their usefulness and were on the fair way to becoming extinct. It was difficult to believe that there had been any evolutionary progress whatsoever in their particular case; for the men spoke and looked like typical peasants who were so busy all day and every day cultivating the soil, that they had little leisure for cultivating their minds. The women looked sullen and

dull, and kept breaking into "that loud laugh which speaks the vacant mind."

The fine old Renaissance farm-house, with its pond and its Classic setting, and the stately old trees and the well-laid-out garden, are evidence of an early culture in their ancestors which even after four centuries the present generations are obviously unable to sustain. I felt that I was a spectator witnessing the final act of a tragedy, the last scene of which was still to be played. I was impelled to recall the final chapters of that fine book by George Douglas—*The House with the Green Shutters*—in which the doom of the Gourlay family creeps inevitably to its consummation. In this House with the Renaissance Pond there seemed to be the atmosphere of decay and degeneration lurking in every corner of its walls. The spirit of tragedy appeared to haunt the place. The copper-coloured leaves that had already fallen from an old tree in front of the house were almost like spots of blood spilt during a previous act on this Provençal stage. I was reminded of Stevenson's remark that certain places made him feel that they had been the scene, in days gone by, of a crime of which no visible trace had been left behind it.

In the evening after dinner I sat on the stone balcony which runs along the front of the hotel, between it and the edge of the cliff. From this Hanging Garden of Provence I watched the sunset—of purples galore—across the Valley of Hell. The jagged outlines of the rocks formed the horizon opposite, the luminous after-glow lighting up the numerous deep clefts and chinks on the sky-line. Down in the valley the few inhabitants of the houses there were to be seen passing from door to door, or standing in knots discussing, doubtless, the latest war-news. Their voices

ever and anon reached me on the still, evening air. The goat-herds watched their flocks as they foraged for supper. The delightful tinkle of the cow-bells broke the quietness from time to time as the cows snorted around fulfilling their function in the natural scheme of things. At the farms dotted along the valley the watch-dogs barked at intervals, telling a drowsy world that anyhow *they* were awake.

28 JUNE.—The local guide—an old lady of some 55 years—was ready at the door this morning at 8.30 when I set out to “do the sights” of the rocky fortress. Personally I wanted no guide, but realising that the poor woman depended for her existence on visitors employing her, and that few strangers would ever reach this outlandish spot during war-time, I set aside my qualms and engaged her for the first round of the village, after which I could wander alone at my leisure. On this single rock in Provence there are remains of the successive occupation of it by many civilised and uncivilised races of men: from palæolithic man up to the Romans, the Visigoths, the Saracens, the Gothic age, the Renaissance, and the modern Provençal in his mean hovel built of fragments from all the previous periods.

Cave-dwellings, Roman altar-pieces, solid Visigothic masonry, Saracenic walls, Gothic tracery, Renaissance portals, and Provençal reed-and-clay cottages are to be seen standing complete, or fallen in fragments, on all hands. Here would be a crudely detailed window of the XVI. century; there a finely vaulted chamber of a date three centuries earlier. Rock-cut caverns hewn out by primitive man would be observed within a few yards of a graceful, quadripartite vault of undoubted Gothic parentage. Upon a base of Saracenic masonry a battlemented Gothic tower would rise in

bold security. Romanesque simplicity and dignity would stand cheek by jowl with Renaissance floridity and insipidity. The rugged strength of a Roman wall, with its iron-like mortar, would expose the flimsy character of the masonry built 1500 years later. Fragments of architraves, cornices, capitals, shafts, columns, archivolt, bosses, corbels, fluted pilasters, transoms, mullions, friezes bearing inscriptions, plinths, bases, gargoyles, tracery—a curious medley of architectural units lay strewn about this unique fortress of the centuries. There is such a strange collection of architectural fragments lying on the rocky summit of Baux that it would almost seem to have been the workshop from which emanated the successive styles of architecture of the past 4000 years. It may give one a faint idea of what the city of Troy must look like; for evidences of seven distinct periods of occupation at different levels were there unearthed by the German archæologist, Schliemann.

One might almost imagine that the Patron Saint of the Knights of the T-square-and-Tape had somehow stumbled in the darkness over this great rock in the heart of Provence, and thus let the lid fly off the architectural box of bricks, and allowed them to lie as they fell. The forum at Rome contains a vast number of remains of *one* particular style; but the rocks of Les Baux are strewn in lavish profusion with a regular Irish-stew of almost all the styles.

Adjoining the church is the house of the Porcelet family, about whom my guide related a curious tradition. The Porcelets were formerly Marquises of Mailane; and the story goes that one of the Marchionesses was asked for alms by a beggar. Her ladyship failing to comply with the request, she was thereupon

cursed roundly and squarely by the beggar, who, noticing that the Marquise was big with child, called to heaven that she might be cursed with a litter of pigs instead of blessed with a child! It seems that "God" answered the prayer of the faithful, for Madame the Marquise surely enough all in good time brought forth the porklets! Hence the name of Porcelet was given to the family thenceforth. . . . The good old lady told this tale with a gusto that made me smile inwardly. She reeled it off as if she were a gramophone, and I half-expected her to begin the next yarn with the announcement: "Edison-Bell record"!

Upon the frieze of a transomed Renaissance window of two-lights I was interested to observe the Genevan inscription:

POST TENEBRAS LUX 1571.

This now-ruined building was formerly the Calvinistic church of the Renaissance city, when "Holy Willie" and his religious confrères preached their Deterministic damnation to the unchosen many. The most apt motto for the Calvinist—judged through the perspective of the centuries—would seem to be the couplet of Cowper's:

"Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
"Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."

It is something to be thankful for that the ark of the Calvinistic covenant is now as much in ruins as the little church at Baux, from the pulpit of which was doubtless ladled out the pennyworths of brimstone that went under the name of religion in those days of LUX. But I imagine that even then the LUX of Calvin was less able to whiten the scarlet sins of men, than is the LUX of Lord Leverhulme to blanch the linen of our own generation.

When my voluble guide had told me a goodly number of well-authenticated fairy-tales about the majestic ruins that lay around us, I was rescued unexpectedly from a difficult situation by the sudden appearance of a mysterious individual. The old lady was holding forth most eloquently to me about the Saracens having built a certain part of the fortifications—she spoke with the air and the emphasis of one having been there to see them laying the foundation-stone—when a voice behind me said: “ Good morning! ” On my turning round to make sure I had not been day-dreaming, I was surprised to see an apparition dressed in white from head to toe. It stepped forward to shake hands, saying: “ Your name is Bell; mine is Vernon Blake. How are you? ”

Realising that my guide wanted my money more than my society, I asked her if she would now hand me over to Blake, who offered to show me round the ruins. She readily assented, so I paid her the full fee, and with a *Bon jour* and a *Merci bien* we parted.

The first questions I asked the stranger were: Who was he? What was he? What was he doing here? and How did he know my name? To all of which he replied that he was an Englishman, an artist, and lived in his own house in the village; and that he had an arrangement with the hotel-keeper who let him know when any stray Britons landed at the hotel.

Conducting me to the highest accessible part of the ancient fort, Blake told me the scanty facts that are known to-day about the historic fortress at our feet. As proof of the rock having been inhabited by the palæolithic generations, he himself had unearthed a finely-shaped brown earthenware vase, or *amphora*, about two feet high and unglazed, which he was satisfied belonged to that early period of pre-historic time.

In the Middle Ages Les Baux was the seat of the most powerful rulers in Provence. The Counts of Baux were over-lords of some 80 castles and towns. The great *château*, now alas! in ruins, that crowned the summit of the rock, was, in the XII. and XIII. centuries, the seat of the famous "Court of Love," and the rallying-point of the Provençal troubadours who wandered all over France carrying song and dance and music wherever they went. The Laird of Abbotsford would have had his imagination fired amidst those ruined halls of mirth and gallantry on the rocks of fair Provence. For there is still a pathetic majesty about their crumbling walls and grass-grown court-yards; and the sighs of romance still seem to whisper through the tiny windows and under the groined vaults.

So powerful were the Counts of Baux at one period of their varied history that one of them was entitled the Emperor of Constantinople in 1373-83. After its purchase by Charles of Anjou at the end of the XIV. century, the town gradually declined; and it was finally reduced by Louis XIII. in 1632, under the direction of Richelieu, who pitched his camp on the somewhat flattened summit of the Cost-Pera on the opposite side of the valley. Marius himself is almost certain to have camped on the hill to the north-east overlooking the fortress.

Our chat eventually drifted into a discussion on art, and Blake invited me to his house to see some of his own work. Entering his studio, I was soon immersed in the study of his drawings and paintings, as well as of several examples of his sculpture. He began his art-life as a sculptor, studying in Paris, where he knew Cézanne, Augustus John, Walter Sickert, John Tweed, and many others; and then wandering about for many years in Europe, Africa

and Asia. Blake settled in Rome for a season, where he was Director of the British School there for two years. He had also lived in Florence, Venice, Montenegro, Egypt, the Malay Peninsula, and other eastern centres. For the past seven years he has lived at Baux, pursuing his painting. Blake is a purely French product so far as art is concerned, for he has lived more than 20 years away from England, and was a youth in his late 'teens when he left his native country. He was careful to tell me that he was not an "impressionist," but belongs to no school whatsoever.

The most dominant note in Blake's own work is the brilliancy of his colour and the decorative value of his form. He has not been caught up in the net of any of the pre-war modes of painting, which were as ephemeral as the feminine fashions in dress. He is too much of a philosopher to follow the herd of his fellow-artists in a direction that leads only to a *cul-de-sac*. Blake early recognised that the newer "schools" contained within them from their very inception the seeds of their own doom. He felt instinctively that they were merely *phases*, and not at all in the true tradition of great Art.

As a result of his sculptural experience, Blake's paintings prove that he can draw as well as colour. I mean that his work has a *plastic* value not to be found except in the art of those men who have the sculptural sense highly developed. His mastery of the problem of the third dimension when limited to a two-dimensional plane, as in painting on canvas, is one of the most outstanding qualities of his art. It is, of course, the permanent problem which all artists are for ever trying to resolve, with greater or lesser success.

From a lengthy discussion with Blake I gathered that his own personal aims in art are based on the

attempt to express "plastic" thought by means of form. This form shall be as clearly and definitely executed as possible; or as is consistent with the fundamental conception of the particular picture. Form should neither be too natural nor too *stylisée*: it should never be what I may term "sketchy." Above all, the solidity of objects should be suggested; unless the plastic rhythm of the canvas demand its momentary and intentional suppression. A balance between Greek marble surface and natural flesh quality is the desideratum; and line should always suggest and completely determine volume.

With such form should be employed, as a rule, the most vivid tints possible; but the arrangement of the tints should be used in such a way as to obtain the utmost luminosity. Sometimes shadow may be suppressed, and luminosity secured by colour contrasts alone; and the differences of value—cast shadows, etc.—should be adapted as decorative patches, and not as Rembrandtesque or Turner-esque enveloped movements. Different tints should be used as notes of music, so to speak, in rhythmic (thus often arbitrary) arrangement on the canvas; hence Blake's habitual employment of rectangles, circles, and other figures, with such happy effect.

Instead of "graying" tints to send them back, as in the orthodox manner, Blake boldly applies the same unmixed tints on all perspective planes of the picture. He is thus brought to use coloured contours to the several forms—say, a yellow contour to a distant blue, which, at a certain distance, produces an ocular irritation which renders the tint doubtful and vibratory, hence throws it back. The shock between vermilion and violet, for instance, will remain forward; while that between vermilion and green goes back—certain other conditions being fulfilled. Again, a passage red-

orange-violet will probably be more distant than red-violet. Thus by judicious juxtaposition the *same* tints may be made to take place on different perspective planes.

The advantage arising from the use of the coloured contours is that luminosity can be obtained in conjunction with really precise form—the latter is not sacrificed to enveloping passages. In short, clear precision of form combined with the bright colour of the Impressionists are the quintessential qualities of Blake's work.

He is versatile enough to try often to secure the highest plastic expression, which lies neither in movement nor in repose, but in possible movement; for even movement must be architecturally stable, and all his compositions are thoroughly based on architectural stability. It is at once apparent in examining a collection of his work that Blake's studies have led him to steep his mind in the beauty of Greek vases, archaic Greek sculpture, and in Chinese art. His philosophic outlook is objective rather than subjective; and the elimination of the romantic sentiment from his art naturally follows.

I would not have it appear from the above *résumé* of my chat with Blake that his rules are cast-iron and invariable. For all subjects may be treated separately; and at the same time as one sees or imagines the subject, the way in which it should be treated suggests itself. The technique is part of the subject; but the æsthetic connecting link is much deeper than the external technical appearance—it lies in a mental attitude towards the universe. Hence it might be erroneously assumed that Blake himself is inconsistent because he boldly varies his technique—a conclusion which is, of course, beside the point. It was Dr. Johnson who said that diversity is not inconsistency;

and the versatility of Blake is therefore expressed in the vigorous diversity of his work. Moreover, he mixes bits of the rainbow, as well as brains, with his pigments; and there is good ground for supposing that his well-co-ordinated theories may yet point the way along which the younger generation of artists of the after-war period will travel.*

After dinner I walked to the summit of the rocks on the thither side of the *Val d'Enfer* to watch the sunset—there being just sufficient clouds to produce the desired effect. Handsomely was I rewarded for the buffets received from the stony path up which I had to scramble to reach my point of vantage. What a stillness reigned up there amidst the rocks and heath! How all-pervading was “the sleep that is among the lonely hills”—as Wordsworth so exquisitely expressed that mystic tranquillity of the mountains.

I stood upon a great, flat boulder which partly overhung the precipice that forms the eastern boundary of the hill, and behind me lay the gigantic lumps of stone that had doubtless been spewed out of the depths of the earth in some remote age, long before the cave-dwellers sought refuge under them. Such utter confusion do those rocks display as they lie in glorious disorder amongst the heather, that they produce the impression that some Titan of the past had had his nursery there; and that the enormous blocks are his discarded play-things thrown aside when he “became a man and put away childish things.”

I dallied so long amid the vast silences of the *Costa-Pera*, from whose rocks the bugle-notes of Richelieu's

* After visiting Blake's exhibition of pictures in Paris, February, 1919, M. Gustave Kahn wrote in the *Mercure de France*: “*Peut-être M. Vernon Blake donne-t-il le signal aux générations qui ont succédé à celles des premières périodes impressionnistes de fondre tous ces efforts dans une technique variée, éclectique et puisant à tous ces éléments en vue d'une réalisation intéressante.*”

army had echoed of yore, that I nearly lost my way back in the darkness. But after much stumbling and groping with my stick for safe foot-hold down the hillside, I at length gained the valley of the Inferno, and eventually my hotel. From the window of my eyrie upon the classic rock on whose stage so much history has been enacted, I looked out once more on the last flecks of colour, glowing faintly and yet more faintly along the crest of the hill away to the west, across the Sleepy Hollow far below.

29 JUNE.—Early this morning I began my day's pilgrimage into the unknown land beyond the mountains. The first two miles, after leaving the gorge through which the roadway has been hewn out of the solid rock, were downhill in zig-zag fashion, winding in and out to meet the natural contour of the hills. Great beetling crags—crags are said to beetle, I believe—overhung the wooded slopes that veered down into the valley. The heat of the sun had scorched up the little grass there may have been; and not a sheep was visible on the bare, brown surface of those uplands.

In threading my way along the deep cuttings formed by the road-engineers in the crest of the rocks, I somehow bethought me of the highway along the gorge through the mountains which led from *Erewhon*. The scenery at this point reminded me of the mental picture I formed as I read Samuel Butler's great work.

In the valley beyond the rocks and gorges of Baux there were a few vineyards; and an acre here and there of pitifully short oats—not more than a foot long—ripe for the scythe; for all harvesting is done by hand in these backward parts. Harvest was in full swing to-day in the plains round the famous Triumphal Arch and Monument of the Romans outside St. Rémy. Old men and women and a few boys under military

age were busy on the corn-rigs, binding the sheaves that resulted from the steady sweep of the scythes.

At a fork in the lane along which I had been passing, I found no sign-post indicating the way to St. Rémy; but soon a French peasant came along, and I asked him the way. This gave him the opportunity to enquire if I was an *anglais*; and out of sheer politeness I asked if he spoke English. To my delight, my innocent remark touched a sore spot in his heart, for it switched on the full torrent of his indignation at having been deprived of an education wide enough to include the study of English, though he spoke the musical *langue d'Oc* as his mother-tongue.

"*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité,*" he sneered; it was no use for the *classe riche* to talk to him about *égalité*, when there is no attempt to afford equality of opportunity in education. Before the war, he went on, the rich and idle people in Paris cared nothing or little about the poor toiler on the land; but now that war has jeopardised the bread supply of those idlers of the cities, the law takes away the very grain he himself grows, and supplies him with bread so adulterated as to make it almost unfit for human consumption. To add force to his argument, he pulled out of his pocket the knobby end of a *pain* that certainly looked most unpalatable.

What do the *riches* care about the *prolétaires*, he urged, so long as there is plenty to eat; but as soon as the food-supply became uncertain, there was immediately a great clamour made about growing more food in the name of *patriotisme*! He continued by remarking that *le groupe de revanche* had dragged France into a new war for Alsace-Lorraine; and while his fellow-workers on the one hand had to lay down their lives as military-slaves for France, the remainder

have had to become greater land-slaves than ever in an effort to maintain the food-supply.

From cock-crow to sunset—*de chant-du-coq à le coucher-du-soleil*, as he picturesquely described it—he said in a voice that was almost a sob: “*Je suis un martyr de la terre*”; and that he had little opportunity for reading or studying because of the long hours he had to work. I was impelled to reply: “*Vous avez raison, monsieur*”; for he was imbued with the idea that he had been robbed of his birthright. It was plain to be seen that he was athirst for knowledge; that he was of a studious bent; and that he was alive to the fact that a hypocritical world *talked* a great deal about *égalité* but took precious care that there *was* little of it actually in existence.

He said he was 51 years of age, and unmarried, but that he had a sister who was everything to him. Making the usual wrong-by-ten-years guess at my own age, he could scarcely credit my words when I corrected him on this point. I did not attempt to explain to him that my external appearance was due to my mental and spiritual attitude towards material affairs; and not at all because I had been wrapped up in cotton-wool for ten years of my life, like some modern Rip-van-Winkle.

My French friend insisted on my drinking some of his *bon vin rouge*—three years old, he said, and made by himself. Noticing that he had only about half-a-bottleful left, I at first declined to take any wine; but he said that if he had been in my country, I would have shared a drink with him on such a hot day! Taking me into the olive-grove in which he had been working, he took his bottle from under a shady tree and poured out for me the half of what wine he had left. Clinking his bottle against my glass, I drank

to his *bonne santé* in certainly the best red wine that I have so far tasted in Provence.

He had been busy amongst his olive-trees, under one of which his horse was resting. I was delighted to see how proud he was of his six-year-old nag; for he pulled back the sheet, which protected the horse from both the sun and the flies, and showed him off to me with evident pleasure. As I talked to this interesting Provençal personality he gave his charge a drink from a bucket, and then dashed the remainder of the water against his horse's legs, the animal evidently relishing this thoughtful attention on his master's part on such a hot day.

At length I wished this "martyr to the soil" good-day, and, shaking hands with him, I passed on into space the better for having met a genial human being so much alive to the injustice and the indignities to which his class has long been subject.

Continuing my tramp along the leafy lane, which kept winding round houses and through woods, I at last reached *St. Rémy*—a little town having wide boulevards, planted with shady trees, and the scene of Mistral's best-known work—*Mireille*. I turned aside to view the interior of the largest church, but it was so unattractive in its Renaissance detail that I fled at once to the station, where I found a train almost due to leave in the Tarascon direction. Blake having recommended me to visit the church of *St. Gabriel*, I went by train to *St. Etienne-du-Grés*, whence I tramped the three *kilomètres* from that station to the church.

St. Gabriel is the most interesting piece of Romanesque church architecture that I have seen in my recent travels. On plan it has a nave of three bays in length, with an apse. Only two windows light the interior—the circular window over the West portal,

and a small slit in the East end. There are few mouldings in the nave, the offsets to the wall-pilasters and the vaulting-ribs being all plain, square members. The simplicity of this interior is its chief characteristic—a happy change from the gaudy pretentiousness that usually vulgarises modern ecclesiastical buildings. This absence of superfluous detail enhances the stately proportions of the interior, whose simple lines require no decoration to aid their beauty.

The main portal is the most ornate feature of this little church. An engaged column on each side of the doorway supports an entablature and a pediment of more than Classic pitch—the columns being almost pure Corinthian in detail: in fact, they may have been adapted from some former Roman building in the vicinity. The door itself is flanked by a Corinthianesque pilaster on each side; and in the lunette is a very primitive early-Christian carving. In the left half of the lunette are the figures of a man and two lion-like beasts—probably meant to portray Man's original dominion over all creation. In the other half are depicted Adam and Eve, each supplied with an enormous fig-leaf—presumably meant to show our First Parents after the Fall. There is a charming *naïveté* about those primitive groups of sculpture that makes them most arresting.

A level cornice occurs across the whole façade, just above the semi-circular arch over the pediment of the portal; and from this cornice springs a pointed arch, which forms a kind of tympanum in which is placed the circular window that lights the interior. This pointed arch seems to indicate that part of the West front may have been done during the transition period from Romanesque to Gothic.

Though this church is not in use to-day, the floor littered with straw, and the surrounding garth over-

grown with weeds and wild flowers, yet the fabric is practically intact and un-restored. Restoration, indeed, is quite unnecessary; for the stone employed is of such durable quality that the building stands in almost its original completeness. The roof is formed of stone slabs, in an excellent state of preservation, and securely protecting the internal barrel-vault. There is no village near this church—only an inn, at which I learnt that soldiers had been billeted in the church for many months of the war: hence the straw on its floor. At this inn I enquired the history of the church; but the good woman said that she had been only five years in the district, and had never asked about it! This circumstance points a moral and adorns a tale of those who, in their grim quest for bread and butter, are driven to neglect the niceties of human culture.

From St. Gabriel the remainder of my day's tramp lay along the sun-bathed road to *Tarascon*, which I reached in the early afternoon. The town derives its name from the mythical monster, the *Tarasque*, which is said to have frequented these parts in the terrible days of long ago before newspapers were instituted to spread the truth, and nothing but the truth, amongst the superstitious of this wayward planet. Alphonse Daudet, in his *Tartarin de Tarascon*, satirised the natives so searchingly, that for many years it was unsafe for him to return to the town even on a friendly visit.

The *Château*, which stands on a rock that rises out of the waters of the Rhône, is the most interesting building in Tarascon. It was built by King René of Anjou, the *bon roi* and staunch friend of the merry troubadours of the olden days of the early XIV. century. Consisting of a bold mass of plain masonry, pierced with mullioned windows dating perhaps two

centuries later, the walls are crowned with massive machicolated battlements. From its former glory of festive mirth and gallantry, this fine *château* of the Middle Ages has descended on woeful days, for it is now used as a State prison; and soldiers are occupying it to-day.

On the opposite bank of the Rhône is the town of *Beaucaire*, a suspension bridge some 600 yards long connecting the two old towns. *Beaucaire* takes its name from the famous castle dating from the Middle Ages, almost contemporaneous with the *château* of *Tarascon*. *Bellum Quadrum* was its ancient name; and the great square donjon dominates the town to-day as it did in days gone by—standing on its rocky perch, high above the wide river that flows past its historic walls.

The *Château* of *Beaucaire* appears like some empty shell whose kernel of pulsating life has long since disappeared. It may be likened to a woman of fashion dressed in all the glory of her early days of pleasure, but in whom the passion of love has flickered out beyond recovery. In lovely splendour the castle sits amidst the ashes of its former triumphs, almost frowning on us with its corbelled battlements, and brooding upon the exhilarating conquests of its youthful days when life was sweet and all the world was gay. It was the scene of the charming legend of *Aucassin* and *Nicolette*, whose tender passion is the subject of the most beautiful of all *Provençal* love-lore.

30 JUNE.—Leaving *Tarascon* by train at six this morning, I arrived about eight at the *Pont du Gard*, some mile and a bittock from the station of that name. The Roman aqueduct is situate at a bend of the *River Gard*, which it spans at a picturesque point in its rocky bed. A more majestic piece of Roman engineer-

ing I have never seen—even the massive grandeur of the Colosseum cannot equal it.

This *pont* is ascribed to Agrippa, son-in-law of Augustus, and was built about 19 B.C. It is about 300 yards long and 160 feet high above the bed of the river; and formed part of the aqueduct, some 25 miles long, which conveyed water to the Roman city of Nîmes from the springs near Uzés, about ten miles north of the *pont* itself. During the barbarian invasions of the V. century, the structure was more or less damaged; but it was restored in the 'fifties of last century. The modern bridge, which to-day is supported on the lowest tier of arches of the Roman work, was built in 1747 when the new roadway was formed to connect the districts on each side of the gorge which the *pont* spans.

An interesting structural feature lies in the formation of the arches—the lowest arcade is made up of a series of four separate arches, built side by side, and the soffits flush with one another. The second tier has the width of the soffit formed in three sections, all flush as before. This device enables a partial settlement of each separate unit to take place without the safety of the others being jeopardised. Had the arches been made up with a single soffit of inter-locking voussoirs to each span, the slightest settlement in the foundations or the abutments would have resulted in a disfiguring crack.

The large projecting stones upon the external faces of the piers and the haunches of the arches were doubtless deliberately employed for the æsthetic reason of relieving the otherwise bare surface of blank walling. Those stones catch the shadows from the sunlight, and produce a variety in the texture of the masonry which adds interest to the massive structure. I presume the large voussoirs, which project about half-way up the

soffits of the arches, were designed to save a certain amount of centering; for those ledges could have been used to support the temporary wooden centering required in building the upper parts of the arches, while the lower portion could easily be built without any centering whatsoever.

That such a grandiloquent structure should be built in the usual Roman manner—no mortar being inserted in any of the joints in the masonry—speaks eloquently for the accuracy of workmanship of the old Roman craftsmen. For the stones are fitted so closely together that in many places it is almost impossible to detect the joints were it not for the different dressing of the several stones, and the variety in the colour of them—varying from rich red-brown to a light yellow. Even the small stones, that form the walling of the uppermost and smallest arcade, are mortarless; but the inside of the aqueduct proper has, of course, been cemented to contain the water in its passage across the bridge. Great flat monoliths span this channel—each end of the stones projecting over the outer faces of the walls; though in many places those stone-covers to the water-channel are missing to-day.

I do not know whether there were originally two thicknesses of cement-rendering to the sides and the bottom of the waterway. First, there is a 3in. thick coat of cement having a red marble or stone aggregate. The second layer is many inches in thickness in certain places, though it varies considerably; and for this reason I imagine it is the natural calcareous deposit from the water passing along the aqueduct in the days of its usefulness. This “furring-up” process is well known in our own day, for “hard” water gradually fills up the bore of modern lead as well as iron pipes.

At the S. end of the aqueduct the channel leaves the bridge and passes through a tunnel in the hillside, the sectional area of which passage is large enough to enable a horse and cart to go through it. The other end of the *Pont*, where its upper arches strike the hillside, is to-day stopped short, but a flight of steps has been formed to enable people to descend to the ground a few feet below the level of the water-way. Fragments of the arches are still to be seen standing here and there on the green hills in the direction of Uzés; and the tracing of the aqueduct from fragment to fragment across country is easily possible.

Nowadays we are expected to bow the knee in admiration of the mere size and ingenuity of design displayed in a Forth or a Menai Bridge, which are at best only a conglomeration of steel bars and tubes and plates. The Forth Bridge is mainly a monument to the ability of our modern engineers to turn their fellow-men into a species of human spiders—so vast a web of criss-cross steel-work does it consist of. No wonder Rousseau was so enthusiastic in his praise of the Pont du Gard; for he records the fact that his friends warned him against the feminine beauties of the neighbouring city, but they forgot to prepare him against the Roman beauty that stretched her graceful curves on the banks of the Gard!

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE RHONE VALLEY.

1 JULY.—I arrived in *Avignon* last night.
On my way to the Cathedral this morning, I was surprised to come suddenly in front of a building bearing the distinct thumbmarks of Michael Angelo, and it proved to be the old *Hôtel des Monnaies*, or Mint, built in 1610 from designs prepared by either Angelo or a pupil of his. In spite of there being windows in the lower storey only, the façade is very similar in treatment to that of the Farnese Palace at Rome, which old Michael himself completed after the death of Sangallo, who was responsible for the lower portion only. The enormous swags on the intermediate storey; the massive shield with highly-developed nude supporters in the centre of the topmost stage; as well as the boldness of the few moldings, are sure indications of the handiwork or influence of Buonarroti. Indeed, the second string-course has the same enrichment as that of the Farnese—probably that feature was the seal by which I detected old Angelo's finger in this architectural pie.

The chief criticism to be offered against this design lies in the pooriness of the crowning cornice, for it consists only of a cornice proper, there being neither architrave nor frieze. It seems, therefore, too thin for the height of the wall which it finishes; though the monster eagles near the centre, and the grotesque creatures at the extremities of the balustrade, and perched upon it, serve to detract attention from the cornice. The rustication of the lower stage, and of the quoins of the upper stories, is rather successful.

But there is a very bad taste left on my architectural palate by reason of a most appalling artifice; for the design is *merely* a façade in spite of its pretentiousness. From the narrow street at the right of the building, it is plain to be seen that the downward slope of the roof begins just slightly above the level of the second stage of the facade. Such a deliberate lie is an interesting reflexion on the psychology underlying the culture of 1610; and it illustrates clearly the length to which advertisement by architecture had attained in those days. It is to the eternal credit of the Gothic craftsmen that they seldom if ever descended to the use of such silly subterfuges as the Renaissance men quite unblushingly resorted to. Gothic design is undoubtedly more truthful than Renaissance: this is a fact that must ever be borne in mind in any comparison that may be made between the two periods. It is only by properly coalescing plan with elevation that any great architecture can be attained: when façade is treated as a more or less separate unit from plan, there is from the beginning no architectural coherence. . . . To-day this old Mint of the early XVII. century serves as the "Ecole Nationale de Musique." It was built by the papal legate of the time, who dwelt in the old Palace of the Popes across the street. . . .

The *Palais des Papes* is a formidable looking stronghold dating mainly from about the middle of the XIV. century. It has a rather forbidding appearance, the crest of the great, gaunt walls being crowned with machicolated battlements. One of the largest towers was formerly used as a prison during the saintly days of the "Holy Inquisition," when the godly Tetzels were busy preaching his Indulgences to the elect of God, and at the same time doing a roaring trade for

the Popes, who raked in the dividends from this Indulgence business to augment their bulging coffers.

In 1326, Petrarch visited Avignon and was the guest of the Pope at the Palace. It was on this visit that Petrarch accidentally caught his first glimpse of Laura in a nunnery-church, and for the remainder of his life he continued to sing her praises in verse and song. Rienzi—the “Last of the Roman Tribunes”—is traditionally said to have been a prisoner in the palace in 1352, when Petrarch was again the Pope’s guest.

From 1309 to 1377 Avignon was the seat of the Popes, who resided in the great palace. It was Gregory XI. who transferred the see to Rome in the latter year; though Avignon remained subject to the pontificate until 1791, when it was annexed to France by the Revolutionaries.

Adjoining the Palace is the *Cathedral*—an ordinary Romanesque building externally, though the interior, which is somewhat dark, is a fairly successful Renaissance design. There is no transept, the plan being of the basilican type. By far the finest example of art in the Cathedral is the richly decorated tomb of Pope John XXII., which stands in a side chapel to the right of the choir. It is a fairly representative specimen of middle XIV. century workmanship, having a wealth of crocketed and pinnaced buttresses, canopied and traceried niches, and the usual foliated cusps. The tomb was badly mutilated by the Revolutionaries, though some of the missing parts have been “restored” in the usual wooden way.

It is curious to find all over France evidences of the stupid mutilation of the most exquisite statuary of the Gothic era—mostly done by the hot-headed Revolutionaries 120 years ago. One constantly sees statues of Biblical characters minus their heads. Apparently

the silly rabble had the idea that they were killing a hated religion merely by lopping off the lifeless heads of stone saints. It is apparent that the men who performed such senseless acts of vandalism had themselves "lost their heads"; for such childish subterfuges only prove the utter fatuity of all acts of violence. We both read and hear a lot about the destructive "Huns," who are alleged never to be in their proper element save when performing some work of desecration or atrocity. For it is so convenient to forget about the destruction wrought upon architecture by our own Roundheads and Revolutionaries, especially as the human memory is obligingly short when stressed with an emotional appeal. . . .

The gardens of the *Promenade du Rocher des Doms* lie to the North of the cathedral and the Palace of the Popes. From the *Place de l'Hôtel de Ville* in the heart of the city, the ground gradually rises to the summit of the "Rock of the doms," and ends in a cliff about 300 feet above the level of the river Rhône which sweeps past its base. From this elevated plateau—the highest point in this wonderful old walled-city of the Popes—I obtained a charming view of the surrounding country. Across the river is the straggling town of Villeneuve-lès-Avignon—dating from the XIV. century, in spite of its name, which was given to it in comparison with the much older Roman city of which it is an off-shoot. The ancient citadel of Villeneuve, with its massive, conical-roofed towers, forms a picturesque skyline on the N.W. The mountain range of the Cévennes lie away to the E.; and the dim outline of the Alps themselves can also be traced on the distant horizon to the N.E.

In the immediate fore-ground are the ruins of the mediæval *Pont d'Avignon*, built in the XIV. century

by the Bridge-building Guild known as the *Frères Pontifes*. On the second pier from the left bank are the remains of the XV. century Chapel of St. Nicholas, which was in ruins from the end of the XVII. century until recently. Formerly this bridge reached to the "Tour Philippe le Bel" at Villeneuve on the right bank of the river; but to-day only four arches remain. Thus it ends about two-thirds of the way across stream to the "Ile de la Barthelasse"; and even in its superannuated condition it stands a splendid monument to the honest workmanship of St. Bénézet and his guild of craftsmen.

Villeneuve-lès-Avignon is now in a condition of neglect which points to the fact that it has seen better days. As I threaded my way along its narrow, winding streets, I saw here and there an interesting portal or a window, which sufficiently rewarded me for my painstaking search for architectural remains. Now and again a surprise vista through an open portal would give a quaint view of the ancient beauties beyond it—red-tiled roofs piling up the hillside to the castle rock, tier upon tier; and ever and anon a picturesque peep at the battlemented walls with their great round towers and crenellated skylines. It were futile to scrawl word-pictures of the ever-changing beauties of this mediæval town on the bank of the Rhône, which sweeps its borders in a majestic curve; for its infinite charm can be fitly expressed only in terms of colour, and not at all in the medium of letters.

The Parish Church is an uninteresting XIV. century erection utterly spoilt inside by the usual stock-in-trade Renaissance "decorations"—the infallible sign of the waning power of the "infallible" popes, who were ultimately obliged to resort to the use of gaudy, meaningless "ornament" as a means to catch the eye,

since they failed to catch the mind, of the easily-impressed worshipper.

The multi-coloured altar-piece here set me wondering as to the psychological relation between glittering or polished surfaces—marble, gilding, mirrors, and the like—and organised religion as a whole. The excellent sanitary condition of this high-altar, in all the glossiness of its marble, gave me the strange impression that it would have made an appropriate counter in a butcher's or a game-dealer's shop, though entirely unfitted æsthetically as the central feature of a Gothic Church.

It is a fact worth remembering that the publicans of to-day know full well the secret of the success that follows the use of glittering and reflecting surfaces in the gilded and be-mirrored traps in which they catch their customers. Has Boniface, the saloon-keeper, taken a leaf out of the book of the theological caterers; or has Boniface, the pope, seen fit to follow the lead of the purveyors of liquid refreshment? Is there any psychological connection between the two trades: between those churchaniteers who keep "salvation" on tap in their pulpits, and those others who keep damnation on tap in their drinking-bars? It is rather difficult at times to determine which Trade Union supplies the "salvation," and which the other—whether the Licensed Victuallers' Association or the Churchaniteering Combine has a monopoly in either.

Drink has been wittily described as the shortest and cheapest way out of Manchester; and we are often assured it is the quickest way to Hell. But I would rather get drunk deliberately because the effect would be temporary only, than submit myself to the intoxicating sermons of the paid churchaniteers, whose

repressive draughts of dogma might warp and twist my mentality for a lifetime.

Consider, for instance, the contradictory versions of that most unambiguous of all the Commandments: *Thou shalt not kill*, that have been preached from the same pulpits within recent years. This fact reminds me of a discovery I made in a certain hotel to which I made additions in the dead days before the war. The landlord admitted to me one day, when I accidentally caught him in the act, that he drew two *different* kinds of beer from the *same barrel*! The thirsty customer in the bar, of course, saw the two pumps with his own eyes, but he did not also see the two tubes connected to the pumps, but ending in one barrel in the cellar!

In a similar manner, the Spirit of Christianity is drawn from one Source—the Bible; but in time of peace the theological barmen use the tube labelled in true Christian fashion: “Thou Shalt Not Kill”; and in time of war they pull the pump-handle lettered in clear Churchaniteering characters: “Thou Shalt Kill.” Thus the licensed text-mongers are found ready, aye ready, patriotically to “deliver the goods” to suit the seasonal changes of taste. . . .

By a steep and tortuous street leading from the main Square of the town, I eventually arrived at the *Fort St. André*, which crowns the rocky prominence upon the slopes of which this old “New Town” stands. From the main portal, between two massive donjons, a picturesque peep at Avignon, with its many towers, is to be had — the Rhône encircling its N. & W. *enceintes* in a majestic convex bend. The fort itself is of the usual XIV. century style—machicolated walls and towers, a great part of which is crumbled away: probably also carted away for use in later buildings. I wandered about this old citadel, peeping through

loopholes in the thick walls, and thus obtaining glimpses of the town that lies around it.. There is no building of any architectural worth within the walls of the fort; but only a collection of miserable, tumble-down hovels in process of demolition by the restorationists.

To witness such puny attempts at the military game as are displayed in this decaying mass of mediæval masonry, is to set the mind coursing through the centuries during which man has vainly endeavoured to attain the millennium by building Chinese-walls between his neighbour and himself. Looking backward to the days which beheld this rock on the Rhône reverberating with the pleasant sound of hammer and trowel, as the walls sprang up under the merry music of the old masons, would be a subject for day-dreams on a July afternoon like the present; but it is more profitable to look forward.

While those walls of Fort St. André were considered strong enough to resist the cannon-balls of the ancients, they would to-day raise a smile upon the lips of an artilleryman, who could make them crumple up like cardboard by means of half-a-dozen high-explosive shells. Napoleon has said that the progress of artillery is the progress of civilisation—an epigram which states the case for militarism in a *soixante-quinze* shell. But what then if one believes that the sooner civilisation's progress is arrested the better?

If the "progress" of civilisation is to be marked mainly by the perfecting of the means to destroy its own units, analogically it would appear that the disease of civilisation is merely a subtle form of race-suicide. For it is no longer true that only the soldiers are the belligerents and therefore in danger of losing their lives; because nowadays whole nations are in arms, including the women. The civilians who make

the munitions of war not only risk their lives in handling the dangerous explosives; but every individual is liable at any time to be killed by aeroplane, airship, submarine, or long-distance cannon. Thus it has been established during Armageddon that each member of "civilisation" is in danger of death in any future war—old or young, male or female, strong or weak. There is no longer any logical warrant for maintaining that civilians should be immune from the ordinary risks of war; for a civilian who extends his support to war as a means to an end is virtually a belligerent, in the spiritual meaning of the term.

Hence it may be assumed that as the energies of "civilisation" are being diverted more and more into channels for encompassing the destruction of human life, our scientists will continue to "progress" in that laudable, Napoleonic direction. With further research it is not improbable that they may discover a new death-dealing agent of such high-civilising power that, in tabloid form, its quintessential blessings may be administered by long-range guns from one end of "civilisation" to the other.

One can readily imagine the future Marconis concentrating their efforts on the production of a wireless-explosive which could be put to the useful purpose of delivering the Knock-Out-Blow painlessly on the rival War-Cabinets in the Chancelleries of "civilisation." It would doubtless gather enormous crowds were a cinematograph-film to be made of this absorbing spectacle—the theorists of the K.-O.-B. actually engaged in administering it. I commend this idea to the notice of the rival War-Aims-Propagandists, who are fast becoming serious rivals of Mr. Charles Chaplin himself.

Thus with the aid of a wireless-explosive future Waterloos would not require to be fought in the neigh-

bourhood of Brussels, but could be determined in elegance and comfort *upon* a Brussels-carpet in the Foreign-Offices and the War-Offices of the potential belligerents.

But it is more likely that the "progress" of future "civilisation" will be in the direction of inventing the means of projecting into the ranks of the enemy for the time being, a shell which, on bursting, will spread the germs of some deadly disease. Thus the K.-O.-B. could thereby be given to "civilisation" itself — to the accompaniment of the music from a recruiting-band and of the singing of the rival Hymns-of-Hate.

2 JULY.—Passing through the old city walls, by the Porte St. Lazare, I visited the cemetery which lies within five minutes' walk of the gateway. There I sought out John Stuart Mill's tomb, which is situate in an avenue on the right, near the main entrance. This tomb is a simple arrangement, consisting of a flat slab of white marble supported by perfectly plain uprights, and the whole raised on two steps. A living border of shrubs about a yard high forms a rectangular enclosure round the tomb, access to which is gained by a small iron gate of simple design; and a few trees overhang the grave. The entire surface of the horizontal slab is occupied with the incised lettering of Mill's praises of his wife, who predeceased him by some fifteen years. The inscription runs thus:

"To the beloved memory of Harriet Mill, the dearly loved and deeply regretted wife of John Stuart Mill. Her great and loving heart, her noble soul, her clear, powerful, original and comprehensive intellect made her the guide and support, the instructor in wisdom and the example in goodness as she was the sole earthly delight of those who had the happiness to belong to her. As earnest for all public good as she was generous and devoted to all who surrounded her, her influence has been

felt in many of the greatest improvements of the age, and will be in those still to come. Were there even a few hearts and intellects like hers, the earth would already become the hoped-for heaven. She died to the irreparable loss of those who survived her at Avignon, November 3, 1858,"

The supporting block at each end contains the name: "John Stuart Mill," chiselled upon it; while one of the long vertical faces is blank, and the other has the following incised inscription thereon:—

John Stuart Mill,
Born 20 May, 1806,
Died 7 May, 1873.

It is a delightfully unpretentious place of sepulture: the simple tombstone being characteristic of the man, who himself had it erected at the time he suffered his "irreparable loss." What a contrast it affords with the bombastic vulgarity of the monument to the wealthy nonentities who were accidentally killed at the level-crossing near Fontvieille!

Returning to the "Porte St. Lazare," I then skirted the city-walls, inside the *enceinte*, as far as the "Porte de la Ligne." The dwellings in that part of the town are the vilest hovels conceivable. In spite of the "progress" that "civilisation" has achieved by means of artillery, papal benedictions, and so-called Reformations, there still exist to-day in Avignon some of the most degrading slums I have seen in France—under the very shadow of the grandiloquent Palace of the Popes. How much the word *morality* has lost its real meaning in these days of "progressive civilisation," when Christianity is a word whose interpretation has mainly a dictionary value!

The *Musée Calvet* was founded in 1810 by a local physician of that name who had an antiquarian bent. It contains a collection of antiquities, gathered mainly from excavations and "finds" in the neighbourhood

of Avignon. There are a few Greek fragments in the museum, but not of much value. The Roman collection, however, is of a more interesting nature, including two almost complete altars.

The best of the modern sculptures is the Faun, by *Brian*,—an unfinished work of undoubted beauty, both in the modelling and in the technique, though it is not Phidian in its perfection. . . I was not at all enthusiastic over the Old Masters, which clung like dead limpets to the walls of the well-lighted rooms. There was the usual Canaletto, depicting St. Mark's and the Doges' Palace, in the familiar dull-brown stodginess of that "Master"; a Giotto, of Christ crowning the Virgin—but there is no need to enumerate what one has seen better elsewhere. A landscape by Rosa, and two by Le Poussin, pleased me more than any others; and Vernet's "Mazeppa" excited my admiration not so much from its technical, as from its historical, side.

The cultured curator of the museum knew John Stuart Mill, and had frequently, as a young man, spoken to Mill, who came to the Museum regularly to see the latest "find." This old gentleman told me that Mill lived at the "Hôtel de l'Europe," on the "Place Crillon"; and that the English philosopher dwelt for some 40 years in Avignon.

3 JULY.—Leaving the ancient city of the Popes this afternoon, I travelled by rail to *Orange*, some 17 miles distant. It was the *Arausio* of the Romans; and in the Middle Ages was the capital of a small principality, which, in 1531, on the death of the last reigning prince without issue, fell to his nephew, the Count of Nassau. Until the death in 1702 of King William III. of England, the principality continued subject to the house of Nassau-Orange. It was annexed to France by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, and the house

of Nassau retained nothing but the empty title of Prince of Orange.

Upon the hill overlooking the town are still to be seen the scanty remains of the *château* of the Princes of Orange—ominous name in the political history of Ireland! By whatever means the castle was dismantled, it has at least been done thoroughly; for great masses of masonry lie upon the slopes of the hill-side in such chaotic attitudes as to be almost typical of the state of affairs in Ireland to-day, after centuries of “government” by the absentee politicians in London.

The *Triumphal Arch* stands in the centre of the highway that leads to Lyon, just outside the town to the N. It is placed in such a way that the main thoroughfare passes by each end of the structure in a circle, and not through the archway itself. Consisting of a wide central arch, and two smaller lateral openings, this *Arc de Triomphe* is the best Roman example of its kind in France. The columns are of the Corinthian Order; and while the applied decoration is now very much decayed and weather-worn, sufficient of it still remains to tell us how fine it originally was. The soffits of the central and western archways are richly coffered—the sides of the octagonal panels *not* being parallel to one another, by the way, but arranged irregularly. The bas-reliefs are much defaced by age-long exposure; and the many figures in them are difficult to distinguish. This arch was probably built in the II. century of our era; but from inscriptions it has been deduced by certain antiquarians that the structure was raised early in the first century, A.D., and locally it is known as *L'Arc Marius*. In the Middle Age it was used as a military stronghold; but was restored to its present state in 1828.

The Roman *Theatre* dates from the II. century, and its main façade—the wall behind the stage—is in an

exceptionally good state of repair, being its full original height, some 120 feet, and about 340 feet long. There are very few openings in this vast wall-surface—several archways in the lowest stage; blind arcades and pilasters in the middle portion; and corbels for holding the masts of the *velarium*, as at the amphitheatre at Nîmes, in the topmost storey—these features are the only means of relief on this enormous area of façade.

Contrary to the usual Roman custom, the stage here appears to have been roofed; and several white marble columns still remain *in situ* and give some slight indication of the richness of the original background against which the actors played. The seating in the auditorium is in three tiers—twenty in the lowest, nine in the intermediate, and six in the uppermost stage—and it has been almost completely renewed during the past thirty years. There was originally seating accommodation for 7,000 spectators.

4 JULY.—When I arrived on the streets of Orange this morning I was struck by the transformation in their appearance that had occurred overnight. The bustling *bourgeoisie* had decorated their buildings with American and French flags in celebration of the *Fête Américaine*—to-day being “American Independence Day.” Though there is not an American in the town—so the *Commissaire de Police* told me—the good citizens are paying this graceful compliment to the American soldiers now in France.

No sooner had I appeared on the street, than several genial *citoyens* hailed me as an American; and were about to make a fuss of me without further questioning. But I gently broke the woeful news to those enthusiasts who assailed me, that I am only a Scot; and this information seemed considerably to temper

their exuberant spirits, and I was soon able to pass along unmolested by any would-be *camarades*. The whole country-side had apparently emptied itself into the little town by nine o'clock; for the streets by that hour were literally crowded with people in their Sunday-best; and vehicles of many kinds were still being delivered of their excited freights along the streets and on the main "Place." Not wishing to be mixed up in any patriotic celebrations, I deemed it wise to leave the crowd to its capers.

Threading my way along side-streets and by-ways, I found myself again on the hill upon the crest of which stands the ruined castle of the Princes of Orange. From that elevated position I overlooked the Roman Theatre, which lay at my feet; and away to the N. of the town rose up the majestic mass of the Triumphal Arch of Marius. The pretty red and brindled roofs of the gaily-decorated town formed a Cubist picture that far outshone the efforts of the jugglers with coloured cubes on canvas; and the restful greens of the surrounding meadows and trees were a fitting frame to this fine natural fresco made up of actual things. A refreshing wind was blowing from the N.W.—the *mistral*, which always comes from that direction—and it proved a welcome change to the almost tropical heat I had experienced in Avignon only the other day. . .

From Orange I passed on to *Lyon* this afternoon, arriving at that city about 7.30. After trying several hotels on the "Place Carnot," and finding them "*Complet*"—as a notice on the doors announced—I at last was fortunate enough to secure the only remaining bed at one hotel. The city is crowded with American soldiers; and, of course, the *Fête Américaine* had been held here also to-day. The landlord of my hotel wanted to charge me ten francs for the poky little room that was ultimately put at my disposal;

but I declined to pay more than six francs, and he at length agreed to accept this figure. As I was filling in the usual form that all foreigners must sign these days, the landlord, on seeing me write that I am an *Ecosais*, blurted out that he had thought me to be an *Américain!*

Apparently he was not allowing his "patriotism" to interfere with his profiteering instincts even on the day of the *Fête Américaine*. For surely the profiteer is worthy of his hire in time of war as well as peace. According to the logic of this French hotel-keeper, Americans must give their dollars as well as their blood for the privilege of making the world safe for "democratic" profiteers of all nations enjoying the spiritual re-awakening that has been the happy outcome of Armageddon. His natural predatory proclivities have apparently led him to assume that because the inhabitants of Northern France have lost nearly their all in the war, therefore the "law of compensation" demands that the Southerners should fleece the strangers within their gates, particularly the Americans—not with the idea of delivering up the super-profit to those needy ones of the north; but merely to invest it in "Victory Loan," and thus to show their "patriotism" by "giving" their money—at five per cent.!

If there is one feature of the Great War which stands out more than any other, it is that while the young men *gave* their lives for their country, the old men only *lent* their money at exorbitant rates of interest. The old men might at least prove a part of their so-called patriotism by lending their money, *free of interest*—it would be altogether too much to expect them to give their capital outright for the defence of their beloved country. But no! they will lend their money only at a higher rate of interest than

prevailed for "gilt-edged" securities before the war. What a crushing indictment on what is deemed to be the "patriotism" of the wheezy, old, carpet-slipper warriors of the happy homes of France and England! What an exposure of the utter immorality underlying the system of interest or usury! The latter is its Christian name, so to speak, while "interest" may be termed its high-sounding, Churchaniteering equivalent. In spite of Ruskin's complete exposure of the economic "laws" regarding usury, the war has seen these economic chains more firmly rivetted on the limbs of those fine young fellows who are at present facing death daily in the trenches.

But even a worm will turn, it is said; and while the Russian revolutionaries have made a bold attempt to throw off the deadly incubus of Interest from their shoulders, they have not been entirely successful. But time is on the side of those "dreamers" who have visions of a world freed from the triple chains of Rent, Interest, and Profit.

Dostoyevsky said: "The Russian idea is not yet born, but the whole Earth awaits it in great pain and sickness." The whole Earth is now witnessing the new Russia undergoing the birth-pangs of that Idea. Who shall be bold enough to prophesy what shape the Russian idea shall take; or how long it shall be before it dominates the progressive races of the Earth? It seems clear that instead of Russia having to submit to "Westernisation," the older "First-Class-Powers" may yet have to undergo a process of "Easternisation," and ultimately be Russianised by the new Idea of which Dostoyevsky spoke. For the last has often been first, and the first last.

5 JULY.—The *Cathedral* at Lyon is another example showing the sequence of the styles in mediæval archi-

ecture from the XII. to the XV. centuries. The choir is Romanesque, but with the first wave of the mighty Gothic torrent breaking against its *ogivale* arcade. Romanesque also characterises the Transepts; while the Nave is a particularly chaste example of XIV. century Gothic, the windows in several instances containing the original contemporary glass.

Externally, the Cathedral of St. Jean has the usual triple portal to the W. front; but unfortunately the sculpture has been hacked away by the uncultured vandals of later days—probably again by the revolutionaries a century ago. There are two unfinished towers on this W. façade—at least, the pinnacle of the central gable over the Flamboyant rose-window stands higher than the parapets of the towers, which must have been designed to be finished at a greater height than the gable itself. A tower is placed at each end of the transepts, but both are unfinished, like the others—the ebb of religion having caught them in the coils of reaction; and the intellectual frosts of the Renaissance having nipped their beauty in the bud and for ever arrested their Gothic growth.

From the Cathedral I mounted by hundreds of steps to the summit of the hill on which stood the ancient Roman city of *Forum Vetus*. There, were born the Emperor Claudius, Marcus Aurelius—of the “Meditations”—and Caracalla, of the famous Baths that bear his name at Rome. Irenæus and St. Ambrose both arrived on this planet also at “Forum Vetus.”

The crest of the hill, some 400 feet above the general level of the city, the main part of which lies between the *Saône* and the *Rhône*, is crowned by the modern church of *Nôtre Dame de Fourvière*—perhaps the most hideous ecclesiastical building of large size that has been erected in France in any age. It is treated in a

pseudo-Byzantine manner, but neither in the subdued method adopted by Bentley at Westminster, nor in the restrained style of the church of the *Sacré Cœur* at Paris.

Both inside and out, the building is extravagantly vulgar in its noisy ornateness. Gilding and mosaic spread over vaults and ceilings, walls and floors. This elaboration of "decoration" in every detail gives the vast interior a decidedly commonplace appearance. Restlessness and uncertainty of aim are the only words that adequately sum up the effect of this architectural nightmare. One might with reason conclude that the building—taken as an architectural whole—fittingly personifies the chaotic state of mind of the preachers of orthodox Romanism to-day. Vague yearnings to dig amongst the relics of an earlier and more deeply religious age, are curiously betrayed in the attempt in this church to be up-to-date in gaudiness of colour and architectural confectionery. I am tempted to liken it to a glorified mouse-trap—baited with Byzantine cheese in the shape of masses of "ornament" and vivid colouring, with the view to catch the tame white mice who still prefer to nibble at the rind of Romanism. . .

During my journey in the train up country to Dijon, two ladies dressed in the height of fashion got into my compartment, at one of the wayside stations. They soon took up the conversation with all and sundry; and eventually their curiosity so over-powered them that they even spoke to me, though I was saying nothing except when directly addressed. The following conversation ensued, after they had discovered that I was a Briton:

"*Pardon, monsieur, êtes-vous catholique?*"

"*Non, madam.*"

"*Alors, vous êtes protestant, n'est-ce pas?*"

“*Non, madam.*”

“*Mais, monsieur, est-ce que vous n’avez pas de religion?*”

“*Certainement, madam, je suis chrétien.*”

“*Ma foi ! ! ! !*” exclaimed Madam Fashion-Plate, raising her eyes in consternation as if she were looking on Old Nick himself. . . .

At *Dijon* I again had difficulty in finding a hotel with a bedroom unlet; but at last I discovered one. The landlord wanted 10 francs for the only bed he had left; but, remembering my experience at *Lyon*, I informed him that I was not an American, and would pay only 5 francs—which he accepted at once without any haggling. As I was waiting for the *garçon* to show me the room, an American soldier arrived in the hall, and, seeing I was a Briton, he asked if I spoke French, as he wanted a room and did not know much French. He had never been alone in France before, having always relied on his mates to do the “parley-voing.” For two days and two nights he had been in trains, and was done up for the want of sleep.

I asked the landlord whether he could rig up an improvised bed in my room; but he declined at first on account of the late hour. Seeing it was a desperate case, I reminded him of his “patriotism,” and that France expects every landlord to do his duty by the brave boys who had come 5,000 miles to die for France. At these words, all that remained of his conscience seemed to show latent signs of life; for he then thought he might arrange a bed for the American. But his commercial instincts arose to the surface in the end, and he said that the charge would be 10 francs. I remonstrated with him that as this soldier was going to share my room, 5 francs would be quite enough for this second temporary bed.

“ *Mais, monsieur, il est Américain!* ” he protested.

I was obliged to smile at this glorious outburst of “patriotic,” Business-as-Usual enthusiasm on the part of mine host; and I took the trouble to remind him that but for this soldier and his pals, his own fine hotel might have been blown to pieces long ago. He obviously winced at my words, and at last consented to a charge of 5 francs. . . . How universal are the predatory instincts of the modern, commercial “patriot”! Greed is the predominating characteristic of the entire breed, even in war-time.

7 JULY.—This evening my Irish friend and I strolled from Dôle to *Rochefort*, and sat on the cliffs there which overhang the River Doubs. It was a typically French picture that was seen from those grey cliffs in the Jura. Some 150 feet below *Nôtre Dame de Consolation*—the Chapel on the crown of the rocks—the placid river gingerly felt its way over the weir, which diverts the driving power to the neighbouring mill. A great expanse of land under crops lay beyond the farther bank; the distant background of pines in the great *Forêt de Chaux* showed sharply against the sky. Red-roofed cots peeped out here and there in the mid-distance; crops of various kinds added another tone to the wonderful colour-scheme; poplars punctuated the landscape like tall shimmering ghosts that had wrapped their mantles closely round them; and the hush of midsummer evening seemed to bathe the whole panorama in the heaviness of sleep.

This sleepy, old-world village nestles at the foot of the chapel-hill—in the folds of its long green skirt, so to speak. Gable peeps over gable, barn over barn; clusters of vine cling to the cottage fronts; clematis and honeysuckle clamber daringly over porch and portico; the village church tower pushes its way above

the stately roundness of the chestnut trees. The ancient gate-house that guards the entrance to the hamlet, serves to remind us that its great, round archway would at one time resound with the clamour of a more boisterous generation than that which to-day passes under it.

14 JULY.—Paris was given over to the celebration of her National Fête to-day in commemoration of the taking of the Bastille in 1789. The monument on the *Place de la Bastille* was laden with the usual floral decorations; and the statue of *Jeanne d'Arc*, opposite the Tuileries in the Rue de Rivoli, was also literally covered with bright-coloured flowers. The national tricolour was in evidence everywhere; but there was a want of joyfulness among the people over whom still hangs the awful uncertainty of the German advance on Paris.

15 JULY.—“Big Bertha” again dropped her iron visiting-cards on Paris. The first shot dropped at 2 p.m., and was punctuated by the usual shrieks from the crowd in the Rue de Rivoli outside my office window. As I sat in the “Jardin du Vert Galant” in the evening, the long-range gun kept up its persistent attempts to demoralise Paris. One of the shells landed with a splash in the river itself, about 100 yards from where I sat reading, and it exploded immediately with a terrific crash, uplifting the water like a fountain, but doing no damage whatever, not even to the walls of the embankment. Those sitting on the benches under the trees rose up suddenly, and hurriedly made themselves scarce; and I was very soon left by myself in the tiny garden of the “Green Gallant.”

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE FRENCH ALPS.

27 JULY.—On arrival at *Samoëns* this afternoon, I found that *rth*r B*xt*r and C*rt*s Pr*st*n and the “Spanish Flu” had preceded me at the “Bellevue Hotel,” where the F.W.V.R.C. has its Home for Repatriates. At this institution, the Mission receives sick women who have been sent back from Germany, builds up the health of those unfortunate refugees, and passes them on to their respective villages, if these are liberated. This fine work is in charge of an able American lady, who has the willing co-operation of a staff of experienced nurses and other helpers. . . .

This sudden outbreak of “Spanish Influenza” seems to have caused an enormous amount of consternation and surprise throughout the world; but it is not at all remarkable that a “new” disease should break out during the course of Armageddon. Indeed, it would have been more unusual if the war had not resulted in an epidemic of one form or another. It will be instructive to read what the learned scientists have to say as to the origin of *La Grippe*, after they have pursued their studies to the end in their laboratories, and discovered, by isolating the germ, whether it is a separate organism, or only an old disease fobbed off under a fanciful name. But the utmost skill displayed in the medical colleges will not reach the source of the trouble.

I believe the worldwide antagonism that has been raging for over four years has produced a state of mind which has expressed itself ultimately in physical form upon mankind. For the world cannot go on

indefinitely thinking violent and vengeful thoughts without a physiological reaction setting in at last. The pity is that the innocent will suffer as well as the guilty: that the anti-militarist who still acknowledges the supremacy of medicine for curing all the ills to which the flesh is said to be heir, will fall a prey to the new scourge, as well as the militarist. Innocence of the crime does not save the victim from the murderer; likewise innocence of the crime of war-making does not save the innocent anti-militarist from the diseases caused by war—whether ruined homes, starvation, rape, atrocity, or “Spanish Flu”—if that anti-militarist still believes in the material remedies of the Churchaniteer, and not in the spiritual immunity of the Christian.

28 JULY.—At 6.30 this morning, my two friends and I set out to climb to the summit of the *Rochers du Criou*, the rocky peak which rises to a height of some 7,350 feet, to the N. of Samoëns. Walking to Vallon, the first village E. of Samoëns, we then left the high-road and struck up a steep track, down the rocky and gravelly slope of which trees are hauled during the winter months. The first part of the climb lay through the forest of pines which clothe the lower fringe of the mountains everywhere in the Giffre Valley. Luxuriant undergrowth, dappled with flowers and ferns of genuine Alpine parentage, carpeted the surface of the ground on either side of the track; and the earth-breath filled our nostrils at every stride in our upward path.

Resting frequently by the wayside—sitting on boulder or prostrate trunk of tree—it was possible for us to inhale the sweet scent of the pines and the wealth of flowers, at our leisure. The heat of the sun drew the dampness from the soil under the trees

and the dense foliage; and the air was laden with that delicious aroma of the open country that makes walking such a pleasure.

Looking back amongst the tree-tops, charming glimpses of the mountains on the other side of the valley were obtained. The higher we climbed, the more comprehensive became our view backward. At length we left the forest, after several hours' steady climbing, and entered the open country. Soon we reached the tiny mountain-village of *Criou*, the houses of which are built entirely of wood—save for the chimney, which is constructed of stone riven from the native rocks adjoining the thresholds. This elevated village is occupied only in the summer-time, the peasants moving with their herds of cows and goats down to the valley for the long winter-months,—the common practice here, as in Switzerland and elsewhere in mountainous districts.

Some of the denizens of *Criou* turned out to see the three foreigners who had invaded their eyrie on the rocks of the mountain. These good people were pleased to learn that we were British. Several youths would soon be old enough for the army; but they wished to remain peacefully at home in preference to going on a killing expedition at the front.

It was here borne in upon me how remote from everything connected with war had been the upbringing of those youthful Savoyards, who bore no more malice or antipathy against the "Hun" than I myself. Yet the army would claim those lads, all in good time; and the "Dumdrudges"—as Carlyle calls them—of the "Haute Savoie" would be placed in juxtaposition in the trenches opposite the "Dumdrudges" of Prussia; and they would proceed to blow the brains out of one another—all because their governors had fallen out!

Hundreds of cows were seen grazing on the hillside beyond the forest-line of the lower slopes, each cow fitted with a bell. Thus the music of those upland solitudes is a pleasant harmony of low monotonous, entirely in keeping with the simple surroundings. Most of the bells are of the same note; but an infinite variety of sounds is automatically secured by the different movements of the animals, and the varying distances they are apart. It is one of the pleasantest experiences imaginable to hear those clanging bells, tied round the necks of the cows by means of a leathern strap, as the animals go crunching around garnering the luscious grass which everywhere abounds on the lofty pastures of *Criou*.

One of the women told us that when a cow misbehaves—kicks during the milking operation, for instance—the bell is taken off for several hours, during which time the poor animal is in obvious misery, and has the aspect of being in the greatest disgrace. So cows have also some vestiges of a conscience! Or is their apparent dejection merely due to the fact that long use has so accustomed them to the bells, that they are not happy till these have been restored?

Snakes of several varieties were to be seen frequently in the meadows through which we tramped—basking on rocks, or lying coiled on footpaths. Lizards also abound—beautiful little fellows, as nimble as squirrels, darting amongst the stones and along the flat rocks like coloured streaks of lightning. Beetles and other creeping things of strange shapes, and wearing coats of many colours, sprawled about the grass and the rocks. Some of those curious gentlemen moved with a rapidity that told of their strenuous life; whilst others took things more leisurely and philosophically—moving with that calm dignity that is said to be the hall-mark of ancient lineage. How ignorant I felt

in observing such vast numbers of God's creatures that I could not have named for a King's ransom!

Leaving the village behind us, we completed the last few *kilomètres* of our climb—the most difficult of all. But what an exorbitant rate of interest we extracted from the extravagant investment of our surplus energy this day! What a vista was our reward on reaching the sharp edge of the rocks overlooking Samoëns! Almost 5,000 feet below where we sat the village itself was to be seen—mainly the roofs, so short was the horizontal distance to it. Away to the S. lay the range of mountains of which the giant Mont Blanc is the King—clothed in his ermine robes of purest white, relieved by darker spots indicating the shadows thrown by the burly projection of his massive shoulders.

The brilliantly clear atmosphere helped to destroy my sense of distance; for while I know that it is exactly 20 miles in a direct line from the top of Criou to the summit of Mont Blanc, yet I felt it *looked* not more than 10 miles at the very outside. I discovered something of the force of Berkeley's contention that remote distance is perceived by *experience* rather than by sense of sight.

Numerous other peaks were visible, though, what they were, I was not at all interested to learn. It was quite sufficient to be able to look upon the mystic grandeur of the mighty Alps in all their ten million years of tempered beauty and majesty. What is man but a straw in the wind when contrasted with the antiquity of Mont Blanc?—that Old Man of the Mountains who sits silent upon a peak in the French Alps, meditating upon the childishness of the human race, and brooding over the follies of the pygmies of the plains. Contemptuous of the *genus homo*, Mont Blanc sits there alone in his glory, gathering his

ample cloak around him as the peoples of the world crawl like parasites amongst its white fur!

On the edge of the cliffs, below the snow-line, I threw myself down on the green bosom of Mother Earth. To breathe long, deep draughts of the mountain air was an inspiration in more ways than one. To feel the earth beneath me was to experience an exaltation of the spirit that is inexplicable in terms of human language. There are as yet no words in which to express the countless perceptions apparent to the spiritual sense.

For all Nature is a glorious manifestation of Principle, or, as some prefer to call it, of the Deity. The language of the ancients perhaps enabled them better to express the power of the divine nature of the Universe. Our ancestors could look the spiritual sun in the face: we moderns are dazzled even by the reflection. How fervently we often long to snatch aside the material curtain which hides from our curious gaze the spiritual reality beyond!

There is a mysterious affinity between man and the outward symbols of the universe by which he is everywhere surrounded; and each individual reacts in different ways and degrees to those symbols. While it would be easy to generalise on one's own spiritual response to the Earth-Spirit, to particularise is one of the arresting sphinxes of our Time-Vesture. Perhaps the Greeks invented the language of their gods in an attempt to give expression to their spiritual explorations?

As there is the phenomenon of sub-consciousness, so also is there what may be termed the super-conscious state. Before civilisation had bound its fetters upon the soul of man, he doubtless had the faculty of projecting his thought at will into the mystic realms of the super-conscious, there to commune with the

Ancient of Days in a spiritual language that is as dead as Greek or Latin to us moderns. We still seem to recall certain of the sounds of that forgotten tongue in moments when the Earth-spirit pervades our being amidst the unspeakable beauties of nature. But only a syllable here and an accent there; an inflection now and an emphasis then; are all that we now understand of that primal mode of expression familiar to man in the morning of the world, but now, alas! merely unmeaning hieroglyphics to the great mass of our over-civilised generation.

Much time is spent in learning the dead languages of former civilised peoples that have now passed away; but how little attention is paid to the reviving of the unwritten speech which bridges the gulf between the conscious and the super-conscious. I do not mean the table-wrapping and other attainments of the professional "spiritualists." Communication with the dead may be a paying proposition for a "medium," and an exciting though somewhat morbid form of amusement for people having "temperaments." But the language of the gods requires no medium through which it may be expressed or translated. Its directness is to be apprehended only by those whose ears are attuned to the music of the spheres. It is intelligible but to those who understand its magnificent alphabet—the beauties of Nature that are the symbols through which it is made manifest to man. Alas! that it should still remain more tantalising in its mystery than the runes of our ancestors, or the hieroglyphics of the rock-cut temples of the East.

The discovery of this fascinating cryptogram, which still conceals the arcanum of the *Logos*, will be more valuable to the human race than the "discovery" of a hundred Poles. The key has been mislaid amidst the chaos of the schools; but there is all the more work

for the Livingstones and the Pearys of the spirit. Let them embark on their voyages of discovery in the Promised Land of the super-conscious. This is the real quest of the Holy Grail to which the spiritual adventurers of the future must turn their minds. This is the New World that still remains to be explored by those inspired Columbuses who feel the divine intuition that impels all venturesome minds on the sea of spiritual endeavour.

On our way down the mountain, we called at a wooden farmhouse to ask if we might have lunch. The good woman at once agreed to set before us the little she had; and she eventually served us a meal which proved conclusively that the sweeping arm of the Food Controller was not long enough to reach those uplands of the High Savoy. Omelets, well-baked bread, goatsmilk-cheese, and new milk—having a “head” on it that left lace-curtains on the tumbler as we drank—that was the “rustic fare” upon which we dined in a peasant’s house in the S. of France in the fourth year of Armageddon!

But, indeed, there are few evidences of the hardships of war to be seen anywhere in the south, though there are always soldiers in every village—in training or *en permission*. The war is so remote from those parts that only an echo of it reaches such distant valleys. There appears to be abundance of food everywhere, as there usually is in a farming district. The chief difference the international struggle has made lies in the shrinkage in the number of visitors that formerly came to enjoy the pastoral beauty of the Savoy valleys and the grandeur of the French Alps.

In this homestead of the mountains it was apparently not the custom to scrub the wooden floor once a week—perhaps it was not washed once during the six months or so that the family resides in its elevated

chalet! For the floor upon which the dinner-table stood was filthy with the encrusted dirt of ages. When the gude-wife told me that she and her daughter milked twice a day the whole of their 42 cows, I was not surprised that the living-room floor was not as spotless as a Scottish dairy pavement. Forty-two cows to milk by one pair of hands every 24 hours, including Sundays, is *some* work, as the Americans say. But what slavery, what drudgery, what deadly monotony the thing must be!

I looked round for evidence of any books, but not a vestige of reading matter was to be seen, except an old newspaper. Not a picture, nor even a cheap lithograph or Christmas Annual coloured reproduction, relieved the bareness of the wooden walls. It was entirely a house of toil, with not one redeeming feature, nor a single evidence of culture within its rude timbers. Yet the good woman had a curious native courtesy and a charm of manner all her own, proving that there is an inborn something which is handed on from generation to generation, though little evolution may take place.

30 JULY. — My business being completed, I left Samoëns to-day to return to Paris. Journeying on the tiny train which connects the village with Annemasse is rather a pleasant experience. The railway passes along the roadside all the way, winds in and out through woods and across bridges; and ever-changing vistas are to be had on either side of the line. At *Pont du Risse* to-day a magnificent view was obtained of Mont Blanc—not a fleck of mist hung round his aged head, which was lit up by the glaring sunlight as if he were the leading actor on whom the lime-light was centred in some Titanic drama of the mountains.

At Annemasse I spoke to some French *rapatriées* who had just arrived, via Evian-les-Bains and the Lake of Geneva, from Germany, where they had been for nearly four years. The girls I spoke to told me they had been making munitions—much against their will, they added, but *c'est la guerre, monsieur, n'est-ce pas?* None of them complained of ill-treatment or abuse; and the food they got there was sufficient to keep them going, though coarser than they had been used to at home. Contrary to expectation, they had been paid for their labour, though at a low rate. Most of them looked pale; but they all seemed strong, healthy-looking lassies, who would be able to stand a good bit of hardship.

CHAPTER X.

IN PARIS (II).

1 AUGUST.—To-day I received an invitation from the London Secretary of our Unit, asking me to go out to Russia to undertake pioneer work in connection with housing Russian refugees on similar lines to my work in France. It did not take me many minutes to decide to volunteer for the venture; so I accepted the invitation at once. I am more interested in the future of Russia than of France; for while the latter has established herself as the most highly cultured nation on earth, Russia is only in the throes of her re-birth. I am attracted by the prospect of witnessing a great nation awakening from its Rip-van-Winkle sleep—its Czarist nightmare—and shaking itself free from the tyranny of many painful centuries. Gladly, therefore, do I embrace the opportunity of serving the Russian people and in ameliorating their untold sufferings, while at the same time gratifying my bent for adventure in a new form. . . . I understand there will be difficulties in the matter of obtaining passports from the Foreign Office in London, owing to the present unsettled state of internal affairs in Russia.

5 AUGUST.—As I was leaving the office at 53, Rue de Rivoli, this evening at 6.30, a shell from “Big Bertha,” who had been busy throwing her deadly missiles into Paris all day, exploded near by. A loud shriek immediately rose from the crowd in the street; and there was an impulsive rush for cover to the underground caverns of the “Metropolitan Railway”—the “Tube” of Paris.

Crossing the street, and passing along the "Rue des Halles," I went to see the result of the explosion. The shell had struck the eaves of the Public Markets, torn away part of the walling and roof, cut a tree down, and burst in the middle of the street—killing instantaneously a man, who was almost decapitated—only a small piece of ligature and skin holding the head on his body—and gravely injuring two other men. When I arrived on the scene of the disaster, the pieces of the dead man were being gathered into a basket, and the two injured men were being carried into a neighbouring shop by some good Samaritans—both bodies writhing in a most horrible manner, and the men groaned under their extreme agony.

The windows of the surrounding shops were smashed to smithereens; the goods in the windows were demolished, gasaliers were torn down, and gas consequently escaped and filled the air with its stench; and chaos reigned in the midst of all. It was clearly patent that the crowd seemed to enjoy, or at least to relish, this little side-show of the war. The people appeared to plume themselves that after all they were running the same risks as the soldiers, though on a much smaller scale. Some of them even patted the clotted blood with the toes of their boots, as it lay congealing in all its purple rawness on the spot where the stricken man had been blown to Kingdom-Come.

Many hunted round for splinters of the fatal shell, and even quarrelled with shrill voices for pieces of it discovered by two people simultaneously. Belated arrivals were pounced upon by those who had already been "fortunate" enough to find some fragments. Bargaining began over the grim "souvenirs" before the metal had become cold, or the very blood of the victim congealed!

A more disgusting spectacle I never wish to witness than that of those ghouls bartering for bits of iron that had destroyed the body of a man. But it is an old instinct, after all—this Neronian fiddling while Rome burns. King Profit reigns supreme in the hearts of men, even at the end of four years of war. His weapons of destruction have been forged leaving a residue of profit greater than obtained in the ancient days of peace.

8 AUGUST.—The Captain in charge of the A.R.C. Reconstruction Bureau telephoned to me this morning to say that he wished to see me with reference to some refugee-housing proposals. I called on this officer, and, during the course of conversation, he declared that he had travelled all over France since he came to Europe, and that the type of huts being made by the *Société des Amis* is by far the best, both in construction and finish, that he had seen.

9 AUGUST.—During the last five days the German long-range gun has kept up its intermittent fire on Paris, beginning usually about 8 in the morning, and continuing almost till darkness had set in.

12 AUGUST.—In replying to the question of one of my fellow-workers as to why I had been invited to go to Russia, I said that it is because the London Committee consider I am as strong as a horse physically, and as stubborn as a mule mentally. Judging by some of the remarks passed in my presence to-day, the above qualifications will be necessary for anyone going out to live with those bloodthirsty fellows, the Bolsheviks. It would appear that a Bolshevik is an animal that walks about the blood-drenched streets of all Russian towns, with a rifle in each hand, a dagger in

each foot, and a sword between his teeth—muttering through strong blasts of poison-gas:

Fe, fi, fo, fum!

I smell the blood of a Scotsman!

I learn also that the Bolshevik is capable of eating, at each meal, ten or a dozen well-fed babies as an *hors-d'œuvre* on which to whet his delicate appetite, and finishing up with a couple of good case-hardened Churchaniteers, washed down by copious draughts of the blood of spotless virgins!

But it was enlightening to listen to the several opinions expressed on this proposed expedition of mine to the North Pole. No wonder that epidemics of disease break out from time to time! For when people are more or less always in a subjective state of *fear* of they know not what, there must be inevitably *some* result of such a common error. Fear is undoubtedly the emotion that is the mainspring of most of the trouble on this earth: it is the source of war, as well as of disease, no matter whether the subjective sensation be conscious or subconscious.

To accept the efficacy of the Principle of Love, instead of the Policy of Force which is engendered by fear of the enemy, in the disease of war, but to deny the efficacy of the same Principle to heal the diseases of the body, by resorting as a result of the fear of death to the use of the *materia medica*, is to place oneself in an utterly untenable situation. To uphold the Law of Love to heal the nations from the epidemic of war; and at the same time to set aside this Law in dealing with the epidemics of disease that attack individuals of the same nations, is to deny the universal application of that law.

This denial of universality of application postulates at once that this so-called law, or principle, is no

Principle at all; for Principle is the Reality which sustains the balanced order of the universe, and must be applicable to every phase of man's existence, and not to one facet only of it. Principle is not intermittent in its action, but absolutely constant, and to advocate the Principle of Love for the healing of the nations from war; but to ignore its power to heal the suffering individuals of all nations, and to fly in fear to the use of material remedies, is but to nullify the meaning of the word *Principle*.

It must be acknowledged that Mind is the supreme healer of the diseases of mankind, either of the human body or of the body politic. To deny the effectuality of the chemicals of the munition-chemists to heal the sores of the body politic; but to accept the necessity of employing the chemicals and drugs of the medico-chemists to heal our personal sores, is far from being consistent. Such irreconcilable extremes only make a joke of man's reasoning powers; and the result is a lopsidedness of outlook that leads nowhere. The position may be likened to that of a plant that has been exposed to the light on one side only, with the result that its growth is arrested on the side away from the light. It is necessary to face the light equitably and to look at life as a whole and not merely in parts. Otherwise a well-balanced philosophy will not be attainable.

16 AUGUST.—Last night there was another air-raid about 11, announced as usual by the numerous sirens all over the city. That on the N.W. tower of "Nôtre Dame" is the nearest to my hotel, and its strident rising and falling screech is well calculated to scare the more timid members of the community into the cellars. I have observed that many people do not get really alarmed until the siren has been going for three

or four minutes, but in the end the continuous noise becomes too much for their shattered nerves. The *rising* notes of the siren produce the more fearful effect upon the people, who seem to expect the lid to fly off, as it were, as the noise progresses to its top note, only to die down to the bottom of its gamut, from which it rises once more in an ear-piercing crescendo. And so the siren continues for five minutes, rising and falling in regular succession until all good citizens who fear the worst are driven to the depths of their cellars. As several of the sirens can be heard at one time, it is easier to imagine than to describe the horrible cacophony that takes place each evening there is an air-raid on the city.

I was in bed when the *alerte* sounded last night, and as the siren stopped at the end of five minutes, I got to sleep before the guns began to welcome the German air-planes, and I slept through all the hub-bub as usual.

30 AUGUST.—Gruny, Nesle, and Noyon having been re-taken by the Allied armies during the past week, T**w and I foresee that the villages in the Ham district in which we formerly worked, will soon be released from German occupation, and thus we may be enabled to resume our work in the Somme and the Aisne. We decided, therefore, to call at the Ministry of the Interior in Paris with reference to the situation that may make it possible for us to return to Ham before long.

At the *Bureau de Réconstitution des Régions Envahies* I was delighted to discover that the officer in charge is the former Sous-Préfet of Nesle, with whom I co-operated at Nesle during those fateful 24 hours of the 21-22 of March last. M. Q**ll**n suggested that we should go on a tour of reconnaissance

in the newly-liberated districts of the Somme and the Marne, to the north of a line drawn between Château-Thierry and Epernay. He left it entirely to us to choose any district we like in which to do reconstruction work, and offered at once to provide us with the means of obtaining special permits for travelling over as wide an area as we may desire. This voluntary proposal to give us *carte-blanche* is proof that the French officials at the Ministry have confidence in the capacity of the F.W.V.R.C. to "deliver the goods," as our American friends would put it.

15 SEPTEMBER.—There was another air-raid early this morning, just after midnight. The *alerte* was sounded as usual, I was informed, but I heard neither the sound of the siren nor the noise of the anti-aircraft guns round the city.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE LIBERATED MARNE.

18 SEPTEMBER.—T. E. H*rv*y, H*r*ld Tr*w, H*nr* W*st*n and I travelled to *Châlons-sur-Marne*, via Meaux, Château-Thierry, and Epernay; leaving Paris at 8 o'clock—the *first* train to travel through to Nancy since the recent retreat of the Germans.

Beyond Château-Thierry we observed the obvious traces of the recent carnage—a myriad of shell-holes; mile upon mile of barb-wire entanglements; trenches and dug-outs in all conceivable positions; empty tins by the thousand; helmets, boots, tunics and every kind of wearing apparel; rifles and bayonets; dozens of pontoon-boats lying on the banks of the Marne, or half-sunk in its muddy waters; bridges systematically blown-up by the retreating enemy—one end of the ironwork resting on the piers or abutments, and the other buried in the depths of the river; villages partly destroyed, others almost intact; here the village church simply a mass of débris, there the church absolutely unscathed; derelict ammunition-waggons having a wheel broken off or collapsed; cases of ammunition by the hundred; big shells, little shells, cartridges galore; hay in “cocks” that had lain since May or June, and is now fit only for manure; crops overgrown with weeds because of inattention during the temporary withdrawal of the French peasants to the interior; and so on *ad infinitum*.

It was significant to note that the majority of the shell-craters had already been partially healed over by the workings of Nature; for a yellow flower has sprung up to cover the deep wounds on the bosom of

the Marne. Yellow is the symbol of forsakenness, is it not?—emblematic of the beautiful valley of the Marne forsaken by its industrious peasantry for an agonising season.

Numerous graves were seen in places where the dead heroes had been found sacrificed on the altar of the War-God. Many were already marked by simple wooden crosses—one I noticed was put up in memory of an American: *Mort pour la France*. Another grave had four German helmets lying thereon: indicating that the "enemy" had been across the river at that point. The north bank of the Marne contained countless dug-outs, or shooting-butts—many almost at water level; showing that the Allied troops had put up a stubborn fight before retreating across the river. . . .

Arrived at *Châlons*, we went to the Préfecture immediately to interview the "Chef du Bureau" with reference to the opening-up of a new field of reconstruction in the recently-liberated area of the Marne. Thereafter, Tr*w and I called upon the architect of the *Département* with reference to the restoration of the building used by our Unit as a Maternity Hospital at Châlons for several years. It was badly damaged by shell-fire during the successive bombardments of the city in the "Spring Offensives"—almost every pane of glass in the scores of windows having been shattered. The wooden hut in which the nurses used to sleep was hit by a shell and utterly wrecked; but fortunately they had evacuated the hut just a day previously. The immediate danger having now passed, it is now proposed to restore the Maternity Hospital.

19 SEPTEMBER.—Rising at 5.30 a.m., we walked the 2 miles from 19, Route de Suippes, to Châlons station, where we had a cup of black coffee and a chunk of bread as breakfast. Boarding a train which landed us

at *Port-à-Binson*, via Epernay, we then walked some two *kilomètres* to *Châtillon-sur-Marne*.

This village stands on the edge of the hills that rise from the north bank of the Marne, and a commanding view is to be had of the valley, both up and down it, from the knoll in front of the hamlet. Here stands a gigantic stone statue of Pope Urban II.—the “ holy man ” who was of such an urbane disposition that he instigated the first of the Crusades. The right arm of this stone-pope is raised in the act of benediction. While the uplifted hand is supposedly symbolical of a perpetual blessing on the beautiful valley of the Marne, it is now impotently and pathetically raised in the direction of the Valley of Desolation caused by the modern Crusaders in their latest attempt to force down one another’s throats their bowdlerised versions of the gospel of the Great Teacher of non-resistance.

In the afternoon we walked by road to *Vandière*, the village to the west of Chatillon. By the wayside between these hamlets are numerous graves, both of French and Germans. Those so-called enemies are at last equal in death—six feet by two is the lot of earth that has fallen to them in the end, in spite of all the diplomatic twaddle about world-conquest on the one side, and of *revanche* on the other.

All the newly-made graves are marked by a rudely-formed wooden cross, to which is attached the name of the buried hero; and a bottle—containing a slip of paper bearing particulars from the identity disc, which every soldier wears—is stuck, neck down into the soft earth of the lonely burial-place. One cannot look upon such tragic memorials without cogitating on the causes which have produced such pathetic effects. What an inexplicable destiny it is that a harmless Prussian lad from some remote hamlet

of the Fatherland should march a hundred miles to meet in mortal combat an equally harmless French boy—only to strike each other dead—and then—to be buried side by side as if they had been brothers, and not “enemies.”

But, indeed, they *were* brothers, after all—not enemies. The actual enemies are the diplomats and the political careerists who wangle the nations into war because they are not statesmen enough to keep them out of it. The utter folly of mankind in the raw—that they should permit themselves to be thrown at one another’s throats, like fighting-cocks in the backyard of an inn! That innocent lads should have to die prematurely—hounded on by the obese nonentities of old age!

The garden of the village dominie at Vandière contains the graves of about 40 German soldiers, each marked by the usual wooden cross, and capped by the steel helmet of the fallen exile. As the school-master happens to be a man who is devoted to gardening, he is in great distress that half of his small plot has been converted, in his absence, into a miniature cemetery.

Mile upon mile of telegraph or telephone wires are lying all over the district. Big-gun emplacements are marked by the havoc wrought in their vicinity by the enemy-artillery. The biggest guns had, as a rule, been located in the woods or clumps of trees; for the trees at those points are invariably blasted and torn into twisting and writhing shapes—a few feet only of whitened stumps being left standing.

The vine is extensively cultivated in the district; but the vineyards to-day are in an utterly neglected and untended condition—overgrown with rank weeds, and the grapes rotting on their stalks. We were told

of the horrible effects that would result if we ate the grapes, as they were said to be unfit for human consumption because of the clouds of poison-gas that had swept over the district during the heaviest part of the recent battle. But paying no heed to that old wives' tale, we proceeded to sample the emerald beauties; and, as nothing violent happened after eating the first cluster, we garnered more *ad libitum*. It had never been my lot before to have *acres* of dessert, instead of ounces, set before me, and without any charge appearing upon the bill.

On arriving back at Port-à-Binson station, we found that a train for *permissionnaires* bound for the front was about to start in the Châlons direction. As the ordinary train was not due until late in the evening, the Station-master gave sanction to our request to be allowed to travel with the soldiers as far as Châlons. In talking to the French *poilus* on the train, they were all bored stiff with *la sacrée guerre*, as they termed it! Naturally enough, the "common soldier"—as he is called by glib journalists—wishes the carnage to stop at once; for, unlike their officers, who have a comparatively decent time, the rank-and-filers have to undergo the ugliness and horrors of life in the trenches, week in, week out. Some of these men declared that, if the Governments did not settle the war before winter, there would probably be a united refusal to "carry on." But we have been hearing the same tale each autumn since the *sacrée guerre* began. The cumulative effect of repeated disappointments that the diplomats do not end the war may, of course, reach a point at which human endurance passes its limit—then—anything may happen. But it is a way they have in the army—to "grouse" against everything ranging from Plum-and-Apple-Jam to War itself.

20 SEPTEMBER.—To *Sermaize-les-Bains* by car from Châlons, via Vitry-le-François, Heltz-le-Maurupt and Bettancourt-la-Longue, to consult the Medical Department of the Unit with reference to the erection of two additional Wards, to contain 20 beds each, at the Hospital housed in the “Château-Chazal” there.

24 SEPTEMBER.—Setting out this morning by motor-bike and sidecar—Tr*w and I journeyed to *Vitry-le-François*, where we called on the *notaire*, who is agent for the owner of our new farm at Vanault, and discussed certain clauses that we proposed to have added to the lease: he readily agreed to our suggestions. . . .

Vitry was planned at the instigation of François Premier, and is laid out on symmetrical lines, with a *Grande Place* in its centre. It was specially built to take the place of Vitry-en-Perthois, which lies three *kilomètres* to the N.E.; but in spite of the undoubted attractions offered in this early example of civic-planning, the inhabitants of the older village could not be induced to leave their old homes. François, determined to exercise his kingly prerogative, gave orders ultimately that the old town should be put to the flames. By thus adopting Neronian methods, he at last succeeded in compelling his unruly subjects in this corner of his vast kingdom to take up their abode in their brand-new dwellings. To this day, the original village, which was burnt down, is still known as *Vitry-le-Brulé* (Vitry-the-Burnt), and it had a population before the war of about 700 souls; the new town has about 9,000 inhabitants.

Leaving Vitry by the *Porte du Pont*—a XVII. century Renaissance gateway of simple design, and all that remains of the old city walls—we passed along the left bank of the Marne to *Châlons-sur-Marne*. After consulting with the engineer of the *Département*

ment, we visited *Nôtre Dame*, which is altogether a much finer building than the Cathedral itself. Indeed, the interior of the East end is one of the most charming bits of early XIII. century work that I know. All the original glass in its windows has been removed for safety, and the openings boarded up. As the design of the choir is so beautiful as it stands now, bereft of its glass, what must it be like when vivified by the throbbing colour of the XIII. century glass that still exists to fill its windows? Perhaps this very absence of the *vitraux* enhances the value of the architecture, enabling us to see its wonderful perfection of outline, undisturbed by the values of the painted glass. Be that as it may, I would prefer to see the glass *in situ*, for it must add to the architecture that fire of life which was one of the aims of mediæval craftsmen.

From Châlons we passed along the highway to Paris as far as Chaintrix, where we turned off; and proceeding through Villeneuve, Chevigny and Voipreux, we reached *Vertus* at nightfall, and stayed there overnight.

25 SEPTEMBER.—Before leaving this little town we paid a visit to the Church, which has a fine old XII. century tower, the openings in the upper stage of which are unsymmetrically arranged under the encompassing semicircular arch over them,—a *motif* which the “scholarly” men in the modern architectural academies would condemn without hesitation. The crypt is also of Romanesque design, with great pillars and simple vaulting that give an appearance of having been built for eternity.

Purchasing some bread, cheese and tomatoes, we then set out on our day’s trip through the recently-devastated regions. Passing through Villers-aux-Bois and

Chaltrait-aux-Bois—both situate in the Bois de Vertus—we reached *Montmort*, where the first evidences of battle were observed. A few of the houses had been struck by shells, but not a great deal of damage had been done. The old church has suffered some slight hurt: it has an interesting Gothic narthex, and different parts of its fabric belong obviously to the XII., XIII. and XIV. centuries.

The *Château* here is an enormous pile, built in brick between 1572 and 1580 by Jeanne de Hangest, upon the site of a fortified tower of the XII. century. In a later day, this castle was occupied by Sully, the famous minister of Henry IV. There is said to be a staircase in it made of such an easy gradient that it is possible to ride on horseback from the main portal up to the summit of the highest tower. Certainly from the gigantic dimensions of the structure, there would seem to be room for such a curious inclined plane within its walls; but who ever wanted to ride on horseback up to such a height?

Passing on through Mareuil-en-Brie, we next halted at *Orbais*, where the damage done to the houses is considerable, some of them being demolished completely. The Church here is the remains of an abbey of the Benedictines, which was founded in the VII. century by St. Rieul, archbishop of Reims, upon the site of a Royal Palace. The Choir and the Transepts are all that is left of the XII. century Abbey buildings; but they are of such beautiful design that some shadow of the pristine glory of the great monastic institution is cast before us even to-day. In the minor details of the radiating chapels is already to be caught a glimpse of the fair flowers of the Gothic period that blossomed from the parent stem of the Romanesque epoch. Much of the original early XII. century glass is still extant; and in spite of the damage that has been done

to other buildings in the town, the Germans have spared the Abbey-church, with the coloured gems which bind its old grey head. Not a single tile has been dislodged from its steeply-pitched roof—the highest object in the neighbourhood—yet on the *Place* outside its portal there are numerous dwellings utterly destroyed by German shells.

The first village encountered after leaving Orbais was Le Breuil; then, crossing the border between the Marne and the Aisne, at Baulne, we doubled to the N.E. at Condé-en-Brie, and passed through Celles-lès-Condé, St. Agnan, and La Chapelle-Monthodon—all more or less damaged by shell-fire, and with very few of the inhabitants yet returned to their desolate hearths.

Beyond the last-named village, we halted at the head of the picturesque valley which leads up to the march between the Aisne and the Marne; and, sitting down in a young plantation criss-crossed by narrow-gauge military tracks, we made an onslaught on the Spartan fare with which we had provided ourselves. Barbed-wire entanglements and trenches spread across the beautiful landscape; they could be traced sprawling, in their wriggling, serpent-like course, down the valley and up the slopes of the hills, and disappearing in the woods that crown the heights overlooking the River Marne from the south.

Man seems to have succeeded in transforming himself into a species of human spiders—spreading his barbed-wire network like a web, near which he patiently lies in wait ready to pounce with his steel talons upon the hapless wretches who do likewise. Cannibalism is almost an excusable pastime when compared with war. The savage usually kills to appease his normal craving for food; but the warrior merely kills his brother, and leaves him as carrion—mainly to

gratify the whims of the highly-civilised gentlemen who sit in the gilded chambers of our chancelleries and government-offices and Royal-palaces. . . .

There had apparently been heavy fighting in this district—judging by the great number of shell-craters pitted all over the ground. Many shells had fallen on the road, for it was mended roughly in places where the craters had been. On the crest of an adjoining wooded hill, I examined the emplacements of a battery of guns that had been located there during the recent fighting. Every tree within a radius of about 150 yards had been hit by bits of the flying shrapnel. The trees—mainly silver birch, were so severely cut up by the opposing fire that I experienced great difficulty in passing through the tangled net-work of fallen trunks. There were several graves near the empty gun-emplacements that told in eloquent silence how the plucky *poilus* had given their lives in defence of what they believed to be the right, notwithstanding the fact that their equally plucky opponents were out to kill for the same abstraction.

The roadside was littered with *disjecta membra* of modern warfare—ammunition-waggon blown to fragments; water-carts with a collapsed wheel; gun-carriages shattered in pieces; cases of ammunition and cartridges for guns and rifles; mule-carts with broken shafts; broken-down motor-lorries; discarded rubber tyres; sardine-tins, bully-beef tins, preserved-fruit tins, tins of all sizes and shapes in all the gaudy colours of their species; and even a stranded steam-roller that had apparently, through some miscalculation of the driver, crawled off the road and slid down an embankment, at the foot of which it lay a silent, helpless mass of metal, like some wounded Gulliver amongst the Lilliputians. Steel helmets lay here and there,

though each grave was marked by the familiar helmet stuck on top of the rustic cross that invariably marks the soldier's grave. German and French are buried side by side—there is no distinction of race in death, which ends all quarrels irrespective of the “rights” and “wrongs” of individuals.

“Souvenirs” were to be had for the lifting—by those who indulge in such a ghoulish business. Those human vultures of the battlefield, who go grubbing around for military carrion, had not yet arrived on the scene of plunder. Let us hope that passports will not be granted to any curio-hunters, until the Salvage Corps has cleaned up the area of battle of all signs of stupid waste.

At *Ignny-le-Jard*, in the Marne, the *Major-de-Cantonement* found us beds for the night, and he came personally to see us installed. He also put a shed at our disposal to shelter our chariot overnight. Dining off bread and cheese, we thereafter called at the nearest *café*, and washed the crumbs down with some *café noir*; and then retired to roost. To reach our “bed-room,” we had to pass through the living-room of the cottage into a shed at the back, then up a dog-legged stair to the loft in which stood the two beds. A shell had pierced the roof in one corner: a heap of plaster *débris* lay on the floor underneath the hole in the roof; and all the glass had been shattered long ago, and its place taken by the ubiquitous *toile-huilée*.

26 SEPTEMBER.—It was a long time before I got accustomed to the noise of the traffic last night; for the sound of steady tramping of men, of the erratic purring of the motor-lorries, and of the clatter of the horses and mules, continued far into the night; and the traffic was still pouring northward in a never-ending torrent when I first became conscious this morning.

The old lady, in whose house we lodged, was almost too lame to move about—it was with the greatest difficulty that she could hobble around between two sticks. She had not left the village during the recent evacuation of the French civilians before the German army; but remained behind with the Germans while they occupied the town. Her lameness had prevented her from going with the rest of the inhabitants: her stay was, therefore, more from necessity than from choice. On enquiring what kind of treatment she had experienced at the hands of the “Huns,” she said: “*Tout à fait bien.*” Then she volunteered the information that the French are greater *voleurs* (robbers) than *les Boches*, for the latter always paid for what they got! This is a curious statement, coming as it does from one whose house had been damaged by the “enemy”; but the sentiment is all the more significant on that account.

Leaving Igny-le-Jard, we struck due north for the Marne, and, passing through some woodlands piled thick with ammunition-cases by the thousand, and naked shells by the ten thousand, soon reached the crest of the hill overlooking the Marne valley. The whole valley was completely cut off from view by a white mist, above which the sun shone brilliantly; and away in the distance stood out distinctly the green mass of the “Forêt de Riz” and the “Forêt de Fère”—both on the far side of the river, and several miles distant.

Penetrating the mist, we were soon in *Dormans*, which has suffered more destruction than any place that we have so far seen—almost every house having sustained damage. The reason of this wholesale demolition is that the town stands on the southern bank of the river, and therefore it afforded a strong defence against the advancing enemy.

Proceeding along the Dormans—Epernay highway, we next visited Troissy and Mareuil-le-Port—both of which have sustained some damage. At Port-à-Binson we crossed the Marne, and climbed the hill to *Villers-sous-Châtillon*. This hamlet has undergone considerable destruction—the church having been badly knocked about. Retracing our track as far as the *Old Priory*, near Port-à-Binson, we entered the woods behind the Priory buildings, which are damaged almost beyond repair. This little wood is literally burrowed over its whole area with trenches and dug-outs, and littered with all the evidences of a lengthy occupation, both by French and Germans. I observed scraps of German newspapers and French magazines; a few pages of the *Essays of Montaigne*, and some German devotional booklets. German cigarette and tobacco tins and packets lay cheek by jowl with similar French articles. Temporary shelters had been occupied successively by the soldiers of both nations. Rudimentary fireplaces were easily detected, and piles of empty tins and other rubbish lay scattered round those open-air hearths. This thicket seems to have been the centre of a bloody struggle, for, in addition to the internal evidence, the adjoining Priory has suffered from the stray shells that fell upon it. Numerous graves beneath the trees told of the unsung peasant-boys who had died an obscure death in this remote corner of the Marne.

Resuming our journey, we passed through Châtillon-sur-Marne, and eventually landed at Olizy, then at Romigny—both of which are partially destroyed, but not beyond repair. Next, we came to Villers-Agron—the first village in the Aisne after again leaving the Marne; then Goussancourt, Coulonges and Nesles. Fère-en-Tardenois is severely damaged in every street.

Here we had a hurried look at the old Market-Hall—a stone-pillared erection with a steep-pitched, wooden roof from which many of the red tiles were missing. This fine old Hall dates from the XVII. century.

From Fère, we turned almost due south, passing through Beuvarde, Epieds, and Verdilly; and at length reached *Château-Thierry*. I was agreeably surprised to find this city so little damaged; for a soldier told me recently that it was completely destroyed, “scarcely a house left undamaged.” Instead of that, I find that one street only has been badly damaged; a few buildings in the vicinity of the “Hôtel de Ville” have also suffered; but otherwise the town is little the worse, and the citizens are carrying on business as usual. Probably my informant had never been in the War Zone before he saw *Château-Thierry*, and consequently he had nothing to compare the damage with. Even then, however, his description of the damage done was not in strict accordance with what is usually called the truth. How very few people there seem to be whose powers of observation are accurate enough to be relied upon! Seeing is believing what one chooses to imagine; but observing is adhering rigidly to the facts.

On the heights above the town, before we entered it, we saw the Salvage Corps at work clearing the battle-field of its scattered remnants of the fray; erecting wooden-crosses, and enclosing the many graves with wooden railings. It was easy to distinguish the nationalities of the several buried heroes, for the Salvage-men nail up the different colours of the Allies—*Tricolor*, Stars-and-Stripes, Union Jack, and so on—upon the crosses. The American colours predominate on the plains of *Château-Thierry*—the district having been an American sector at the time of the heavy fighting recently.

The salvage-dumps were ranged by the roadside in carefully assorted heaps. The shells were separated into their several sizes; empty tins were piled in an enormous heap; clothing was thrown on one place; damaged rifles were in stacks apart; old boots formed a hillock of their own; a mountain of discarded helmets lay on one side; and a solid mass of cartridges were cast on another. Even the twisted heap of wire and framework, that formerly raced through the air as air-planes, occupied a chaotic half-acre all to itself; and formed a tangle too incongruous to describe. Abandoned guns of all shapes and sizes made a formidable heap of scrap-iron ready for the melting-pot. What a monument of misplaced energy was represented in this wilderness of waste, waste, waste!

What a pygmy man actually is in the face of such damning evidence of his so-called greatness! The primitive flint-bludgeons of the cave-dwellers that we see nowadays lying in the museums, are no more an anachronism than are those highly complex weapons of the modern trench-dwellers that lie on the green heights above Château-Thierry. How long, how long will it be before mankind grows up, and puts away those childish baubles of an utterly old-fashioned method of international argument?

As the Sous-Préfet of St. Quentin—with whom I collaborated in my work at Ham last winter—is temporarily installed at the Préfecture of the Aisne at Château-Thierry, we took the opportunity to call on him. He received us with a warmth of feeling that I did not anticipate; and hoped that *Les Bons Amis* would resume their good work round St. Quentin in the Spring.

On taking leave of our genial French friend, we set out on our final trip for the day—to Montmirail. On the roadside between Château-Thierry and Montmirail

stands the *Ferme des Créneaux*, in which Napoleon spent the night of February 12, 1814. Further along the road we passed the tall obelisk that was put up as a memorial of the battle fought by Napoleon on the plain before Montmirail.

27 SEPTEMBER.—This morning we resumed our homeward journey to Paris. Three *kilomètres* from Montmirail is the village of *Rieux*, at the *château* of which lived Lamartine for many years. The house is an unpretentious one—two storeys and an attic, with three shuttered windows on each side of the central doorway. . . . Our route next lay through Verdelot, Villeneuve and Sablonnières to Rebais; then forward to Chantareine, and to Doué, which has a picturesquely-placed church, built apart from the village, on top of a knoll, and with a clump of trees round it.

Thereafter, we passed through the “Bois de Jouarre” to Pierre-Levée; then we entered the Forêt-du-Mans, and, on emerging from it, the massive profile of the Cathedral at Meaux could be seen away to the west. Next we struck Villemareuil, St. Fiacre, and Nanteuil, before clattering on to the rough cobblestones of *Meaux*, which stands on the Marne. We entered the town by going across the ancient bridge, upon which is built a series of mills of timber construction, standing on wooden piles rising like long stilts from the bed of the river. The bridge, of stone and brick, runs along the front of these mills, the back view of which, seen from the esplanade, forms a quaint picture that captivates at once the sentimental artist. The arch of the bridge, second from the north bank, was blown up by the retreating French armies in the early days of the war—to retard the advance of the Germans in their rush to Paris. A temporary wooden structure has been thrown across the gap, until *après*

la guerre. . . . A few hundred yards down stream is another large pile of flour-mills, also suspended above the water on a forest of wooden piers. The dense shadows lurking amongst the piles carrying these old mills, help to create a sense of solidity and security to the buildings, in spite of their great height—six storeys in the tallest.

The *Cathedral* façade is a curious combination of the successive Gothic developments — notably in the triple portals, which are of different dates. The most northerly is the earliest—of late XIV. century design; the central one is of early XV. century workmanship, and having a much taller gablet; and the southern portal is of late XV. century Gothic, with a still higher gablet over the doorway. Only the N.W. tower is finished, and it is spoilt by the superfluity of horizontal divisions across its design. The lopsidedness of this façade, emphasised moreover by the varying heights of the gablets over the three portals, produces a most unbalanced effect. . . . The interior is worthy of no special mention, being a typical example of the Flamboyant style in all the tenuity of its development, though not so extreme in proportion between voids and solids as Beauvais.

On the left as one enters the Cathedral from the West Front is the memorial of Bossuet, the famous French divine, who seems to have been the Spurgeon of the Roman Church in France; for his "Sermons" are read by the *bourgeoisie* and peasantry all over France. This memorial in the Cathedral is a splendid example of How-not-to-do-it. There is about as much life in the statuary as in a bottle of stale ginger-ale. It looks as dead as Bossuet's own sermons; for every preacher, like every dog, has his day, after all.

CHAPTER XII.

IN PARIS AND SAVOY.

15 OCTOBER.—The first member of the Unit to fall a victim to *La Grippe* passed away to-night in the person of our worthy accountant on the Paris staff, Philip Meyer. He was the gentlest of souls, a thorough master of his work, and a musician to the finger-tips; and his cheerful presence will form a sad blank in the lives of those of us who were privileged to call him our friend.

23 OCTOBER.—Aubyn Pumphrey passed away to-day, as a result of pneumonia following upon an attack of "Spanish Influenza," according to the doctor who attended him. Pumphrey was one of the group who worked at Ham all last winter; and was in charge of a saw-mill at Noyon most of the time—his engineering knowledge being thus made use of. He was a tireless worker; anxious at all times to give of his best; and one of the most lovable of men. I feel that he has died at his post through sticking to it too long when he was very ill. But, like all true soldiers who fall on the field of battle, he did his duty to the very last—and "How can man die better?"

25 OCTOBER. — S*lt** and I travelled to Samoëns yesterday to have the final conference with the architect representing the proprietor of the Bellevue Hotel, as regards the dilapidations done to the premises during the tenancy of our workers. When the architect from Annecy arrived this morning, we got to business at once, and after some hours of discussion we arrived at

a valuation of the dilapidations that mutually satisfied us, though it was nearly 4,000 francs less than the amount my professional brother had claimed for his client.

26 OCTOBER.—The return train to Paris not leaving Samoëns till the afternoon, I went walking in the forenoon up the Giffre Valley. Mont Blanc lay, in all his muscular beauty, away to the East, with never the rag of a cloud to cover his naked whiteness. The nearer mountain-sides presented a most gorgeous sight by reason of the colour of the foliage,—varying from brightest yellows to brilliant scarlets. On my previous visit, a fortnight ago, the prevailing colour was green; but now the browns of autumn are in the ascendant. During the interval, the snow-line had crept further down the peaks; and great masses of gossamer-mist floated about the vale. The mist kept opening up here and there, showing for a few fleeting seconds the glittering pinnacles of the mountains, and the motley variety of Dame Nature's coat of many colours on the middle slopes.

It was an arresting sight to watch the ever-changing dance of the vapoury atmosphere, through the rifts of which the solid peaks of virgin snow, and the resplendently-coloured leaves of autumn—apparently unattached to Earth at all—seemed to float in space like some richly-decorated Wishing-Carpet.

Out of the abundance of her bountiful store-house, Old Autumn was busy, as I walked, shedding her leaves from her bottomless cornucopia — generously scattering her largesse, like newly-minted coins of varied metals, at the birthday feast of Young Winter. The roar of the ever-increasing Giffre as it pushed and shouldered its way through the gorge to the plain beyond; the tinkle-tinkle of the many bells of the

neighbouring flocks; the wayward shrieks of the jays as they darted from tree to tree by the wayside; the barking of a dog at some near-by farm; the rustle of the fallen beauties beneath my feet—all went to form a symphony in sound and colour. Seated on his dizzy rostrum in the distance, the Old Man of the Mountains—Mont Blanc—conducted this stirring orchestra, which seemed to be symbolic of the almighty Harmony of all creation. The Musician of the Spheres might well have taken the keynote for his universal melody from this charming valley of the Haute-Savoie. Decked in its baptismal veil of delicate mists, the throbbing beauty of the Alpine landscape reacted upon me like grand organ-music.

2 NOVEMBER. — I fell into conversation with an American soldier to-day, and he called the supporters of war all the epithets he could think of! He said he was one of the first draft to come over to France; and that he was “fed-up to the goldarned neck” with the “god-dam war”—and so was every American who had been “over the top.” He came to Europe full of enthusiasm for the fight for freedom, and thirsting for vengeance against the “Hun.” But he had discovered, from personal experience with the German prisoners, that the “Hun” was “not so god-dam bad” as the papers would have us believe; and he had seen what a money-making game is being played by the French civilian profiteers. My American acquaintance had certainly developed a distinct grudge against the astute politicians and press-men who had so grossly misled him and thousands like him, as he expressed it.

My friend went on to say that at first the Americans were always keen to go “over the top”; but those who had tasted of the bitter fruit of experience on

“No-Man’s-Land” were not such “god-dam fools” as to wish to go back. He added that the men who had not been in the trenches might still have the romantic desire to go there; but once was sufficient for most of them. Those having least imagination were always keenest to be in the thick of it, he said; but a touch of the real thing soon sobered the most wooden-headed of them.

He came over from America a boy, he declared, but he was a man now—and *older* than his father, he significantly added.

It was instructive to hear this disillusioned old-young man snap out like pistol-shots the grim philosophy of his war-experience. He jocularly remarked that he supposed it would be considered “mighty unpatriotic” by most civilians if he talked to them the way he was doing to me; but the word “patriotism” had a different meaning for him now from that it had six months ago. If he ever returned to the States, he concluded, he would have “somethin’ to say” that would surprise many of his friends who were still patriotically shouting: “On to Berlin!”

5 NOVEMBER.—In order to find out what arrangements are being made in regard to the rebuilding of the larger towns in the area round Verdun—to which district the *Société des Amis* is committed—Tr*w and I called at the Bureau of the “*Société pour le Relèvement du Pays Meusien et de Verdun*” and interviewed Dr. P*q**rt, the *directeur* of this Society of Architects of the Meuse. This genial old gentleman informed us that all the architects had been co-ordinated to prevent overlapping; and the whole area had been systematically mapped out for reconstruction work.

It is the intention of the Government to take the opportunity of remodelling all the devastated villages, for only a decadent nation would forego such a unique chance of improving the conditions of her people. It is intended as far as possible to straighten out awkward bends in the roads and streets; to provide open spaces; to plant trees in all convenient places; to build villages on new sites if found necessary; and to abolish the stupid overlapping system wherein the owner of one floor of a building has another owner over him, and a still different owner under him—all dovetailed together, vertically as well as horizontally, in a way that makes it almost impossible to put a valuation on the different premises.

Dr. P*q**rt showed us the new town-plan of Verdun, illustrating the general lay-out, which comprises the clearing of the entire space occupied by the town of 1914 and its conversion into a public garden and promenade; the complete rebuilding of the new Verdun on a fresh site just clear of the old town, and to the north of it. The railway lines are to be rescued from their existing triangled tangle, and a simplified system is to be laid down leading to a central station. . . It is encouraging to find the French tackling their big scheme of reconstruction in a bold fashion, and along carefully considered town-planning lines—as one would expect of a nation that created Paris. Let us hope that the contractors in search of further loot may be prevented from making a fiasco of the great opportunity that confronts the country. Alas! that any profit whatsoever should be made out of the work of rebuilding the homes of the men who won the war. What a pity the *Société des Amis* is not large enough to tackle the problem of *permanent* building operations along Guild lines!

10 NOVEMBER.—Official news is published that the Kaiser's abdication is an accomplished fact. *Tout le monde* assumes that the fighting is now at an end, and the *poilus* are enjoying with apparent relish the prospect of an early peace.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ARMISTICE FETE IN PARIS.

11 NOVEMBER.—News began to circulate about noon to-day in Paris that the armistice had been signed this morning. Between 12 and 2, crowds thronged the streets, flags were put up on buildings here and there, badges were being sold as button-holes by the itinerant vendors of the gutter, the “Marseillaise” was sung by knots of joyful people—but—there was a diffidence at first on the part of most people, who did not wish to be premature in their rejoicings. Many could scarcely credit the good news that the slaughter was actually at an end; but as the afternoon wore on, and the newspaper *exprès* began to circulate the official news, the uncertainty evaporated and gave place to a quiet thankfulness that the war is finished at last.

After lunch, I went to the “Place de la Concorde”—the Trafalgar Square of Paris—to see what was happening there. All over the Square, in the Gardens of the Tuileries, and along each side of the Champs-Élysées, are hundreds of guns of all calibres that had been taken from the Germans in the recent fighting; as well as aeroplanes, balloons, trench-mortars, and the other instruments of destruction invented by the brain of man for carrying on “civilised” warfare.

The sandbags protecting the statuary on the entrance-piers to the Tuileries Gardens are “decorated” with festoons of German helmets—most of them riddled with bullet-holes, and telling the fate of the hapless devils who once wore them. It is a gruesome sight to find those battered pieces of head-gear nailed up in the public places, so that a victorious people may laugh

at the fate of the unhappy wretches whose heads the helmets formerly protected. They were worn by *some* mothers' sons in the Fatherland, after all; and doubtless the same senseless practice is being followed there. Curious that neither side should realise that its governors indulge in this form of advertisement mainly to stimulate the *moral* of the civilian population. The average citizen likes to see paraded in the streets his countrymen's prowess in the field of war. What surer way of fanning the patriotic flame than by exhibiting in the heart of the Capital the trophies of the fight? Did the public but stop to think for one minute that the "enemy" is doing likewise in Berlin, I suppose such vulgar displays as are doubtless taking place in most of the belligerent capitals would disgust every man of feeling who has not lost the faculty of thought.

I climbed upon a gun-carriage to watch the people at their revelries in front of the Admiralty Office. Small boys pulled themselves gingerly up the steep slope of the long barrels of the bigger guns; and proudly waved flags from their giddy height. Cloth-breeches met steel-breeches—with dire results on the former from the knobby protuberances of the steel. The boys clambered all over the guns, and played at being gunners by going through all the movements in dumb-show, and by firing off squibs from the nozzles of the guns. Thus the young imagination was being fired with enthusiasm for the "glories of war," and setting at naught the prattling of the soldier-philosophers who deny there is any glory in modern warfare.

It is often said that those soldiers who have survived the fiery furnace of the war will most certainly tell their children of the unutterable horror and stupidity of war; and thus go far to convince the younger generation of the necessity for instituting another means of settling international disputes. But I am no believer

in the "awful consequences" argument in dissuading a man from fighting merely because of the horrors of war or the risk of personal injury attaching to it. No purely negative opposition is of the slightest use, for the spirit of adventure is one of the dominating instincts in the youth of any nation that is not utterly decadent. I believe that until the social conditions of life provide some other means of outlet for the average citizen's love of adventure, the deadly fascination of war will continue to appeal to him.

The daily round of dull monotony under the wage-slavery of modern industrialism has such a deadening effect upon the mind, that man's primitive instincts at once respond to the challenge of war at the first toot of the recruiting bugle and the first alluring flap of the flags. No sooner have the diplomats shed their last drop of ink in defence of the vested interests of their respective countries, than the average man in every country feels impelled to shed his last drop of blood in defence of the "honour" of his own particular native cabbage-patch. He does not wait to enquire into the merits of the case—he is content to acknowledge the slogan: "My country, right or wrong." He at once shoulders his rifle and gas-mask, and sets off to argue with his unknown "enemy," armed with iron and lead and picric-acid. His gift of speech—the great distinction that proclaims him superior to the lower animals—is thus ignored at the outset. Endowed by a mysterious Providence with this marvellous power of expression; provided in addition with the faculty of reason; yet man carelessly throws aside his own God-given advantages; nurses his primeval passions to keep them warm for the fray; and descends to the subterfuge of the wild animals of the jungle—brute force. He bridges in one mighty leap the centuries that separate him from the cave-

dwellers; and becomes again a cave-dweller in dug-outs and trenches—there to ruminate and philosophise on the Pretty-Fanny's-ways of the diplomats, politicians and munition-profiteers who are strenuously fighting, not for The Right, but for *their* "rights," securely entrenched in the depths of their ledgers and cash-books, and gallantly wangling their excess-profits out of the ken of the Income-Tax collectors.

The existing system of wavery has exercised such a baneful influence on the rank-and-filer; has inhibited his creative instincts; and repressed his inborn need for self-expression; that when an opportunity comes along for leaving for a season the bench, the factory and the workshop, he readily seizes the occasion for going out to see something of the Great World of which he knows so little. He, of course, did not learn the lesson of the utter futility and unreason of war, from *his* father. Is it very likely, therefore, that he will be able to convince his *son* that there is nothing in war but tragedy of the bitterest kind? There is more tragedy in one month of a strike for higher wages than there is in six months of actual war. For in war the men are at least following their consciences in the only way they know, against a common "enemy." But a strike during pseudo-peace-times is virtually a state of civil war, without bloodshed as a rule—though in many historical cases the economic power of Capital was used to induce the soldiery or the militia to shoot defenceless strikers—women as well as men. For Capitalism is no respecter of persons or of nationality. It has never had any compunction in shooting down foreigners who were getting in the path of its policy of "peaceful penetration"; nor in doing likewise to the stupid "hands" at home who had the temerity to claim a little more of the profit which flows into the capacious maw of Mammon. . . .

But to resume my notes on the Parisian celebrations of the Armistice—which, by the way, began at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month—

A procession of girl-munition-workers, headed by a few *poilus* and American soldiers, filed past, waving flags and singing the national anthem. British Tommies were seized by admiring batches of students, and carried off in triumph along the street—the boys meanwhile attempting to sing “Tipperary.”

Soldiers of the allied nations joined in the long series of processions. A knot of civilians would literally take possession of some blushing heroes, and march the latter off at their head, singing lustily “The Marseillaise.” Here and there a scuffle would take place when a more modest *poilu* would refuse to march with the merry-makers.

Movement was the dominating note in the animated proceedings. Nobody seemed to be able to resist for long the desire to parade—marching was infectious. Old and young shouldered a smile, and off they went. Not that there was any hooliganism at all; but the spirit of movement had caught the majority in its toils, and they simply marched and marched, and marched again.

In the evening, three of us walked along the boulevards to observe the effect of the release from war on the joyous crowds. We went by the “Rue de Rivoli” and along the “Avenue de l’Opéra” to the “Place de l’Opéra,” where the surge was thickest. The street lighting had already been augmented, and there was more light than had been these past four years in Paris. The skull-caps had been removed from the lamps on the “Place” itself.

Several of the evening-papers had made the suggestion that the usual “kissing restrictions” should be

abolished for a week; in other words, that the French girls should allow the soldiers to kiss them without resistance. Needless to add, there was full advantage being taken of this voluntary decree; and it was funny beyond description to watch a lithe American passing along a row of French damsels, and deliberately selecting those whom he desired to kiss, and passing over the others!

The Americans particularly seemed to be taking this privilege of making hay while the sun shone, as a result of the general amnesty as to kissing; and they were undoubtedly having the time of their lives. But many of the girls were not content to wait for their due share of the patronage of the gentlemen in khaki and horizon-blue; but they calmly selected their prey and helped themselves. I spent part of my time judiciously parrying the attacks of the *midinettes*, whenever one made a swoop on me by throwing her arms round my neck. Apparently they mistook me for a soldier because I was in uniform. No doubt there will be another epidemic before the end of the week: this time it will be, not *La Grippe*, but more probably Foot-and-Mouth disease!

Groups of patriotic citizens, interspersed with soldiers, marched up and down the boulevards, carrying the flags of the Allies, and singing the eternal "Marseillaise" as usual. In Paris the favourite method of forming a procession is for each individual to place a hand on the shoulder of the person in front; and, as the queue proceeds, anyone who wishes to take part in the march simply puts one hand on the shoulder of the last man in the procession, and off he goes.

The Americans were the liveliest of all the peoples represented on this memorable evening. There appeared to be thousands of them marching the streets

—all of them shouting and indulging in horseplay in that happy-go-lucky manner that is so characteristic of full-blooded Americans. Very few British soldiers were to be seen; and those seemed to take the proceedings in an extraordinarily quiet manner. The Americans, however, were the first favourites with the French people.

We afterwards moved with the ever-growing crowd of festive-makers along the "Boulevard des Italiens" and the "Boulevard Montmartre" to the "Café Pousset," where we sat down in the open-air to sip coffee while we watched the revelry and the display of good feeling amongst the many nations represented in the passers-by. What surprised me most was the quiet way in which the French themselves were taking the changed conditions from war to peace; for it was their wonderful philosophic calmness, which shines through their every action, that I observed during this unique evening's celebrations.

One of the many processions was headed by a *poilu*-humorist, who bore a pole having tacked to it a cardboard notice displaying the familiar device—"ABRI 20 PLACES"—one of many notices stuck up all over Paris intimating where the safe shelters from the air-raids were located. It was certainly mirth-provoking to see this now-meaningless warning being borne above the heads of the surging throng, and to observe the genial twinkle that overspread the weather-burnished countenance of the happy soldier who carried the notice aloft.

12 NOVEMBER.—All day the city gave itself completely over to rejoicings at the prospects of peace. There was a general holiday proclaimed; and *tout le monde* turned out to take part in the celebrations. Yesterday afternoon's performance was nothing com-

pared with the crowds that packed the streets from early morning till long after midnight.

Fully organised processions of the several trades passed along in well-ordered succession, accompanied by vast crowds of admiring citizens—moving, ever moving forward to the singing of their great anthem. All day long these processions continued without a halt; and in the evening I walked again to the Boulevards near the Opera House—this time I went alone, to study the crowd in its most patriotic moments. I passed from group to group, speaking here with some French civilians, there with American soldiers; now with *poilus*, then with *midinettes*—a charming word derived from *midi*=noon; and *diner*=dinner; the two combined and feminised well-describing that large body of girl-workers in the shops and bureaux who throng the streets in thousands at mid-day on their way to lunch.

Again the Americans predominated in numbers as well as in vocal exhibition of their feelings. There were thousands of the “Amex” soldiers marching up and down the boulevards—all of them singing the same song, the refrain of which ran:

“What the hell do we care!

“What the hell do we care NOW!”

Whilst I was standing on an island in the boulevard, watching the photographs projected on a screen fixed in an upper window of a newspaper-office, a British Tommy appeared at my side. He was alone. Portraits of Foch, Pétain, Joffre, Clemenceau, King Albert, and President Wilson were displayed in regular succession, but not one Briton. This was too much for Tommy, and he seemed to look as if he had been left out in the cold. Muttering expletives to himself to express his disgust, he was the personification of unrequited patriotism. Guessing his feelings, I casually asked

him what he thought of the show. He at once expressed his surprise that I spoke his tongue, having, as he said, taken me for "a bloody Italian" from the colour of my uniform.

When I assured him that I was a Scot, he there and then opened out into a vehement denunciation of the "bloody Froggies," who were busy exhibiting photographs of their own national heroes and Wilson, but never one of Lloyd-George, or of "Douggie" Haig, as he familiarly called him. The burden of his song was the "bloody" town was full of "bloody" Americans who had never seen the "bloody" front—that time his coloured adjective was correctly applied, though unconsciously. "Where are the bloody English soldiers to-night?" he broadly interrogated a heedless world. Answering his own question, in his own language, he continued: "At the bloody front, of course; where they had been for three bloody years before the bloody Americans came into the war at all!"

But he simmered down eventually, and as soon as his emotions had gone off the boil, he remarked with a philosophic magnanimity that forgave all and sundry: "But I don't grudge the Americans the glory they are getting—in Paris; for WE got the real glory in the bloody trenches";

Each belligerent Allied nation seemed to be represented in the constant sequence of processions. A crowd of Greeks, led by a Greek soldier bearing their tasteful green flag, drew up in front of our table, and sang with decided feeling what I took to be their National Anthem. When they had passed on, a band of Czecho-Slovaks took their places and went through a similar performance. Next, Italians—fine-looking fellows above all others—marched past in martial array; then a company of tall Russian soldiers; and

later a motley procession of civilians and soldiers of many nationalities, headed by a Scot in kilts playing the bagpipes! It was curious to hear the skirl of the pipes in the very heart of Paris—on the grand boulevards, and near the Opera House itself.

Again, a merry crowd of mirth-makers, whose standard-bearer carried a miniature gibbet on which hung a skeleton wearing a spiked helmet, appeared from out the ever-increasing throng, and passed on into the night accompanied by roars of laughter. Another procession soon followed—this time the leader bore aloft a gigantic cardboard model of a tiger bearing the doubled-up figure of a startled Kaiser between its teeth—the latter being embedded in the most undignified end of his anatomy. This ambitious effort was most vividly and realistically coloured; and from the “get-up” of the youths attending the imitation tiger I would guess that they were young art-students having a night out. The tiger, of course, was meant to be symbolical of Clemenceau, who is popularly known as “The Tiger” because of his faculty for eating up political opposition.

Taken on the whole, the behaviour of the French people was wonderfully controlled and subdued. It was in striking contrast with what I remember of the festivities on “Mafeking Night,” in 1900, in “sober-minded” Scotland! The reason of the unexpected calmness of the French on this momentous occasion may be set down to several factors. Twice has Paris had the enemy in this war loudly knocking at her gates—the big guns booming audibly on the boulevards. She has endured air-raids for four years, and “Big Bertha” for six months. Two millions of her finest sons are *Morts pour la Patrie*; so that but few families have escaped the ruthless visit of the Angel of Death. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that

the Parisians are not "letting themselves go" at the sudden silence of the dogs of war. Can they rejoice noisily with the boisterous throng when their hearts are with their martyr'd sons lying buried in the loneliness of No-Man's-Land or in the countless cemeteries of Armageddon?

What is vain "Victory" to those desolate souls who have no son, no brother, no father crowned with the laurel-wreath of the conqueror, returning to them? It will not be the golden-crowned victor whom they will welcome home; but the martyr's crown of thorns that they will envisage in their hearts. Let the joyful multitudes of thoughtless youth sweep heedlessly along with their coarse jokes and their heartless horse-play, so long as they leave an aching heart to its cup of sorrow in the joyless home that will be "home" no longer because of the vacant chair.

17 NOVEMBER.—A National Fête in honour of Alsace-Lorraine was held to-day. All Paris thronged the streets from daylight till long after midnight. In the afternoon I went to the "Place de la Concorde" to watch the official proceedings, which took the form of a procession from the "Arc de Triomphe" to the "Place de la Concorde," where, at the foot of the monument to Strasburg—the Capital of Alsace—Clemenceau delivered a patriotic oration. The mourning with which the monument had been draped for 48 years had been removed, and the French Tricolour substituted; and the statue itself was crowned with the wreath of Victory.

A *feu de joie* from the big guns announced the arrival of the main actors in the great National drama at the Strasburg monument; and guns were also fired from a submarine lying in the Seine near the "Pont Alexandre III." As soon as the Premier had made his

speech, several thousands of pigeons were released from the vicinity of the platform, each bird bearing a copy of the old veteran's speech to the uttermost ends of France.

The procession of refugees from Alsace-Lorraine filed past the rostrum, on their way to the Arch of Triumph in the Tuileries Gardens. They were preceded by a military band, and the mounted Republican Guards in their shining brass helmets and waving plumes of black hair, the men themselves looking their fiercest and proudest, and their swords dangling and clanking by their sides. Followed companies of soldiers of the Allied armies—French, English, Belgian, Australian, New Zealanders, Russian, Italian, Greek, Czecho-Slovak, Portuguese, and others whom I was unable to distinguish.

The spectators remained in good order behind the rows of mounted guards and *gendarmes*; and all went well until the arrival on the *Place* of a company of Highlanders in full war-paint—kilt and sporran an' a' that—led by the pipes. All at once an electric change in the attitude of the crowd took place. The girls in the ranks of the spectators who were in good holiday mood, suddenly overwhelmed the *gendarmes*, who, with an air of easy authority hitherto, had kept the way clear for the procession. Those genial *midinettes*, overcome by the alluring swing of the kilts, the bare knees of the brawny Highlanders, and the intoxicating music of the pipes, simply swept the surprised *gendarmes* off their feet, brushed them helplessly aside, and swarmed round the kilties. Literally wrapping themselves round the beaming Scotties, whose music thus came to an abrupt stop, the girls hugged and kissed the blushing heroes there and then, and completely broke up the procession for the rest of the day! It was such a spontaneous demonstration of the

Life-Force as I never saw in public before. Needless to add, the kilties accepted without hesitation the gifts the gods had showered upon them, and took full advantage of the proffered caresses. It was highly amusing to see a Highlander-musician holding his bagpipes under one arm, whilst with the other he attempted to embrace in an one-sided way the dainty *midinette* hanging round his neck! I would not have been surprised had a kiltie thrown his pipes on the street, and gone into the hugging business heart and soul with both arms!

The crowd was utterly disorganised thenceforth. Mounted police were sent amongst the spectators to make way for the remainder of the procession, but all to no purpose. For as soon as the horses had passed, the good-humoured crowd closed in behind them immediately. The *gendarmes* took the new situation quite cheerfully, and eventually gave up the attempt to clear a passage. One portion of the procession was therefore stranded in the Tuileries Gardens, whilst the other was left in the "Champs Elysées."

In the meantime, about two dozen aeroplanes had been careering above the heads of the spectators—looping the loop, nose-diving, vol-planing, rolling sideways, and performing the usual antics that are now common events to the conquerors of the air. They also scattered a veritable shower of confetti on the crowd beneath them; and some of them flew so low that they actually snipped twigs off the tips of a tree in the gardens. Others took a delight in heading straight into the flocks of pigeons that had just been released, and had not found their proper bearings for flying homewards. The "Ace of Aces" of the French Airmen, Fopck, is said to have occupied No. 13—the largest and swiftest of all the 'planes that flew above

our heads to-day. There was not a "stunt" that he did not perform a dozen times—to the breathless admiration of all and sundry.

The unexpected disorganisation of the procession soon found its counterpart in other channels. A small boy clambered up the sandbags protecting the statuary at the entrance to the Gardens of the Tuileries. Those sandbags are "decorated" with German steel-helmets, as I have already mentioned, nailed to boards placed vertically. As soon as the *gosse* had reached the top, he began at once to rip off the helmets from the boards and to throw them to the joyful crowd, whose propensity for *souvenirs de la guerre* was quickly betrayed by the scramble that took place for the helmets of the "cochons de Boche."

Soon a *gendarme* followed the daring youngster to the summit of the pile, and *tout le monde* waited breathlessly to see the arm of the law lay its ruthless hand on the young limb of Satan. But no! For the *gendarme* could be seen first of all talking to the lad, then suddenly he too buckled to work and tore off from their fastenings the battered helmets, and threw them to a delighted populace on the street. He ripped off lengths of boards to which even ten or a dozen helmets were attached, and, tossing the whole thing upon the heads of the people, they struggled for possession of those grim relics of the war, like dogs fighting for carrion.

This action of the *gendarme* was the signal for attack upon the guns and the aeroplanes—the latter occupying the terrace at the end of the "Jardin des Tuileries," that overlooks the *Place*. Excited youths clambered all over the 'planes and ripped the canvas off the wings—the chir-r-r of the tearing process sounding distinctly above the general hub-bub. The most

coveted prize appeared to be the German crosses on each wing of the plane, painted in black on the white paint. As one youth began pulling the canvas at the side of a cross, another lad would set-to on the other side of it, and the scrimmage resulted usually in the canvas-cross being torn in two, each combatant retaining a portion of it only.

It was an interesting though not an elevating sight to observe the various weapons of war smothered under an eager mob of curio-hunters. Everybody pulled and twisted at whatever seemed to be slightly loose. Guns were dismantled of all that was movable; and aeroplanes denuded of canvas and woodwork. One diligent American soldier was busy plying his hack-knife on a propeller-blade, and throwing pieces of the splintered wood to uplifted hands in the anxious crowd below. Another had found an iron-bar, and he laboriously thumped it against nuts and bolts and other small fittings until they gave way under the repeated blows. The greatest good humour prevailed throughout the proceedings, which I left soon after the looting began. *Sans doute, c'était un jour memorable.* The favourite motto of the French people was to-day corrected as to tense, for instead of shouting: "*On les aura!*" (We shall have them!—meaning the Germans), they were declaring: "*On les a!*" (We have them!)

21 NOVEMBER.—Having had an invitation to attend the manifestation on behalf of the "Nord Devasté," I went this afternoon to the Hall of the Civil Engineers to take part in the proceedings. The *Maire* of a northern city was in the chair—a tall, robust-looking man, with steel-grey hair and close-cut whiskers, the personification of injured innocence because his shop had been destroyed. At least, I am guessing that he was an ironmonger, or something equally dull, like

himself. He kicked off by delivering a long harangue against the German vandals who had stolen across by way of Belgium to stab France in the back—poor, innocent, guileless France! Didums do it to ums!

Mutterings of approval arose from the well-dressed, well-groomed audience during this speech; and having certain oratorical and dramatic powers, the speaker made full use of them—inflecting his voice as only French people can, punctuating his remarks with hands and shoulders, and calling down God's judgment on the *cochons* of Germany for ever and ever, amen.

The chairman did not forget to thank all those who had helped to restore the devastated villages of the north, naming specifically the work of the English and the Americans. But I did not go to this demonstration to listen to compliments, but out of sheer curiosity to see how an educated French audience conducts itself when under the influence of the patriotic emotions. I found that patriots are of a kindred species, no matter to what country they may belong. Doubtless, fashionable German and Austrian patriots are also holding similar meetings to listen to the same kind of sob-stuff, with similar ends in view.

The second part of the programme consisted of a cinematograph display of certain towns of the north in the occupation of the Germans. Next, a poem was recited by the author himself. It was entitled *La Victoire*. Curiously enough, there was scarcely any applause whatever given to this outburst. I wondered whether the poor poet was not considered exactly of the correct moral standard to deserve a good reception for his doggerel. Perhaps the crudeness of his verse was too much for the sensitive ears of his highly-refined audience, and therefore those good

people were not prepared to sacrifice their æsthetic sense on the altar of Patriotism.

Then came a film depicting the various phases in the life of a French *poilu*—of course, only the nice, Sunday-newspaper, carpet-slipper, hot-water-bottle side of the life that every soldier is continuously having. The mud and the lice and the rats; the bayonet charge, the dead lying on No-Man's-Land, or hanging limp and lifeless on barbed-wire; the chunks of meat and bone that represent a man who has got in the way of a shell; those little items—mere side issues, after all—were *not* shown to the polished and cultured audience to-day.

Instead of that, we had the departure from home of the *poilu*; his march to the station, headed by the regimental band; his visit to the inevitable *café*, and his bantering of the barmaid—or, as she is called by the French soldiers: “Madelon”; the wine-flask (or *bidon*) which is part of the accoutrement of the soldiery. In the latter scene it was shown that when the *poilu* has neither wife nor sweetheart to console him in the trenches, he invariably turns to his trusty *bidon* for solace from all his woes. The last phase showed the returning hero being made an idol of by the patriotic civilians, who had won the war for him by their wonderful patience and self-sacrifice in sparing him so long away from home, and by “giving” their money—at 5 per cent.—to pay for his bullets.

It was quite touching to witness such soul-stirring melodrama, and I was almost sorry that I had not a larger handkerchief so as to be free to shed a few crocodile tears to suit the great occasion. As it was, however, the floor was some three inches deep in tears by the time the film had flickered its last foot of double-distilled patriotism. But the ladies bravely tucked up

their feet—there was no need for them to tuck up their skirts, which were nearly kilts—until the flood had abated and the waters subsided.

Followed a series of films illustrating the various towns of the *Nord* after four years of war—Lille, Cambrai, Lens, Roubaix, Valenciennes and Denain. They were a ghastly lot of skeletons, and well calculated to stir up the lowest feelings in anyone not having reached the stage where the evidence of the eyes only is not considered final in the judgment of a case.

29 NOVEMBER.—Paris gave a public reception to King George V. at the “Hôtel de Ville” to-day at 3 o'clock. The office of my Unit being in the “Rue de Rivoli,” the main route of the procession, I had an easy view of the ceremony from the balcony outside the window of my bureau—a French-window opening from my room directly upon the balcony.

Not having witnessed another such occasion, I cannot say whether the French populace gave our King a good reception or not. It was certainly not so enthusiastic as most of us expected from such a courteous nation as the French. To compare it with the way in which the people of Yorkshire received King George a few years ago, the ovation to-day was negligible—to say the least. Either reticence is the main characteristic of the Parisian people, or else they are not much enamoured of the whole race of hereditary rulers. Having been at war for over four years with one king, it may be that, Republican at heart, the French would not mind in the least if the whole royal breed were demobilised to-morrow.

The Paris edition of *The Daily Mail* this morning suggested that the English colony in Paris should congregate at a certain point in the “Champs Elysées,” and give “a peculiar British cheer” to their king.

But if the comparative silence with which he was received in the Rue de Rivoli—by soldiers as well as civilians—was any criterion, which it was not, of the popularity of kings, then the “peculiar British cheer” in the Elysian Fields of Paris must have been rather a delicate child.

3 DECEMBER.—*Tout le monde* seems to have “got the wind up” about the present epidemic of Spanish influenza; and gargling is being resorted to by many people in order to stave off the trouble. It was suggested to me to-day that I ought to take the precaution of using a throat-gargle; and when I remarked that the stuff had much better be poured down the sink, as there it would have at least a chance of killing some microbes, I got a look which plainly meant: “Why, the poor man is delirious with the first symptoms of the disease already!” When I went on to declare that the malicious germs that were at the moment roosting in my larynx, were impotent because of my disbelief in material causation, that was enough to prove that my mental balance was out of gear.

It is illuminating to hear the remarks of the public at a crisis like the present in regard to disease; for the gist of them proves conclusively what an enormous amount of *fear* there is abroad in the world to-day. I become more certain with the passage of time and the fulness of experience that the human species passes the greater part of its waking hours in a state of fear of something or another—the fear of future want, the fear of sickness, the fear of social ostracism, the fear of accident, the fear of misunderstanding, the fear of being misunderstood, the fear of religion, the fear springing from lack of religion, the fear of God, the fear of the Devil, the fear of all the other bogies of

existence, ending with the fear of death itself—the last fear that shall be overthrown.

I am intuitively convinced that there is a connection—psychic or otherwise—between this latest epidemic and the war that has been dominating the world for over four years; for both epidemics have their common source in fear. How to link up this latest expression of fear with that which underlies the war is a study from which much helpful information for the human race may be extracted. Were our professional psychologists to focus their attentions and researches in this direction, I feel certain that something worth while would be the result. But they go fumbling about on the surface of things, and never, except in rare instances, even scratch off the veneer from their subject.

That modern civilisation should keep on piling up great quantities of drugs and serums in its pharmacies and laboratories with the hope of finally overcoming or preventing disease, is as futile as the elementary methods that prevail in other departments of society, for instance, in the department of militarism. It used to be considered a sound argument that piling up enormous reserves of armaments and munitions was the surest way of preserving the peace of the world. It did not occur to the sophists who believed in such specious doctrine that, so long as the powder was lying about, an accidentally-dropped match might set the whole international arsenal ablaze; that so long as the deadly stuff was there, people would be found who would use it at the opportune moment. As soon as the fear of another nation dominates the ruling caste of a particular country, then surely will an opportunity be found for using the reserve stock of materials lying at the munition-dumps.

In the same way, so long as reserve stocks of medicine and drugs are kept in the chemists-dumps, then surely will a frightened patient obey his medicine-man, and rush off for a box of pills to allay his fear of death—for disease is undoubtedly a manifestation of fear, no matter how sub-conscious the latter may be. Being accustomed to look for a material cause of the physical effect of a disease, the patient is obliged to resort to drugs with which to combat his aches and pains, since fear is a subjective sensation of “matter” so far as he is concerned. To expect him to rely on the objective power of Mind, when the patient is obsessed with a belief in the subjective power of “matter,” would be totally unreasonable. Thus the placebo has become the favourite brand of medicine for the average materialist, whose childlike faith in his doctor is humoured with coloured water and a bad smell, which exercise no curative effect whatever, but are often deliberately prescribed in order to gratify mentally the poor patient.

Great armies were powerless to save the peoples of the past, such as Assyria, Persia, Babylon, Egypt, Greece, and Rome. Their philosophy being founded on a material basis which included a belief in the primacy of physical force, the germs of their own destruction were inherent in them from the beginning. Ignorance of the spiritual substance of the universe led them all to place ultimate reliance on material means; and the same fate inevitably awaits every nation which violates the fundamental Law of Spiritual supremacy.

The line of least resistance represented by the universal reliance on war and drugs, for instance, must in the final analysis be rejected in favour of the Principle of non-resistance against the remedies of war and *materia medica*. We must turn our eyes to the hills

where dwells the Spirit who can aid us; and not turn back, like Lot's wife, to the fleshpots of materialism, and the wilderness where roam the beasts of war. The future is to the nation that first discards the anachronism of war based on material force; and its parallel, the anachronism of healing by means of material remedies. Both are expedients that produce a temporary result only; and permanent effects can alone be achieved by reliance on the power of the Great First Cause—in other words, on the spiritual power of Mind.

4 DECEMBER.—My friend, Vernon Blake, the English sculptor-painter whom I discovered living at Baux in June last, arrived in Paris two days ago. Yesterday, Blake, Tr*v*l**n and I lunched together at a *café* near the "Ecole des Beaux Arts," along with Marchand the French painter. Marchand is looked up-on in certain quarters as the rising hope of the younger generation. But he is at best merely a talented imitator, having little original creative genius. He has played the sedulous ape to Cézanne with a faithfulness that calls forth our admiration; but no genius is imitative. Had Marchand anything to add to the interpretation of Cézanne's message, there would be some justification for his following in that master's footsteps, but, like the Bourbons, Marchand seems to have learnt nothing from Cézanne and forgotten nothing.

Most painters—indeed, most men—are not geniuses, except at intervals. The real genius is he who can keep up to the highest pitch *all* the time of his creative moments. Many painters can do a hand, or a foot, or a head, or even a line with the touch of a master, but the genius is he who sustains the master-touch throughout his whole work—whose every line is masterly.

Cézanne having said the last word in his own manner

of painting, having carried it to its ultimate of artistic expression, any imitator—no matter how “successful” he may be, commercially speaking—may be at once discounted for what he is worth. To mark time on Cézanne’s grave may be good business but it is bad for art. For art to be healthy must show evidence of life, and life spells growth. But there can be no growth in merely nursing the dry bones of Cézanne’s genius; for art is not a static, but a dynamic force, or no evolution would be possible.

13 DECEMBER.—Five days ago Fr*nc*s B*rr*ll and I travelled to *Sermaize-les-Bains* from Paris. On arrival at the *Gare de l’Est*, I found that I had forgotten to take my passport with me. I had neither *Carte d’Identité* nor *Sauf-Conduit* nor *Passeport—rien du tout!* Having insufficient time to return to the office for my papers I decided to risk being arrested on the way to the War Zone, provided my companion could procure me a ticket at the booking-office. With his usual suavity and diplomacy, my travelling companion managed to get me the ticket without having to show the necessary papers; so I passed the officials at the barrier, and got upon the train in due course.

Arrived at Sermaize, I attended a meeting of the Medical Committee to discuss the question of the new hospital to be opened somewhere in the Verdun area of the Meuse. Forty-four villages have been allocated to the F.W.V.R.C. in that district by the French Government; and the Medical branch of our work is of primary importance so far as the refugees are concerned.

Next day, a party of us set off to the Meuse and the eastern corner of the Marne, in search of a site for the new hospital, which is to replace that at the “Château-Chazal” at Sermaize. Miss K*rr—one of the

organisers of our medical work—Dr. B*bb*tt, the Head of the Medical Department, and myself travelled in one car; and Miss Fr**nd, Head of our other hospital at “La Source,” Sermaize, with Dr. H*nd*, in another.

We eventually landed at *Grange-le-Comte*. This is not a village, but an enormous mass of farm-buildings, with the usual *Château* adjacent thereto. My Unit is taking over this farm and its buildings with the view to making it the centre of our future work in the Verdun area. The *château* will serve as the central offices for the various Heads of our work; and the farm-premises will be utilised for storage purposes, garage, stabling, and other objects.

Not a stone or a brick, not even a tile has been dislodged—by the operations of the war—from the whole range of these buildings; though every village in the neighbourhood is more or less damaged or destroyed altogether. The reason of this escape from the destructive hands of the War-God is that for several years the buildings at Grange have served as the headquarters successively of a division of the French Army, of the Italian Army in France, and of the American Army—and *that* circumstance spells immunity, of course. My words, “of course,” require further explanation, do they? Just so: well—there is a kind of mutual agreement or unwritten law between the Headquarter STAFFS on *both* sides of the belligerents that neither shall shell nor bomb, nor in any other way attempt to endanger the “brass-hats” of their beloved opponents, the official enemy. A splendid arrangement, *n'est-ce pas*, for ensuing that the gallant men at the top of the military tree shall be safe from the rigours of war, no matter what may happen to the unlucky devils who grovel amongst its roots in the trenches. Doubtless the Tommy will return to his

beloved country to fight for the meagre doles and pensions that are to be awarded him after the war; while General Brass-Hat will be further rewarded with a bonus of £50,000 or £100,000 by a grateful Government. The logic underlying the "philosophy" of war is of such a kindergarten variety that the monetary reward to its heroes increases as the danger of death diminishes. In inverse proportion to the risks of the individual are the allowances granted to the various units of the army.

This morning a car took me from "La Source" to Revigny Station, so that I might travel by the express train to Paris. Having still no proper permits with which to purchase a ticket, I had to use all my wits to avoid being asked to show my papers. Scheme No. 1 consisted in getting off the car at the level-crossing, on the farthest side of it from the station buildings: thus I obviated having to run the gauntlet of the *gendarme* standing on guard at the main entrance. Walking through the wicket at the side of the large gates of the crossing, I passed diagonally across the metals to the platform. The *gendarmes*, standing with fixed bayonets, looked nonplussed as I walked deliberately past them. My strangely-coloured uniform seemed to make them afraid to challenge me in case I proved to be some high official! Provided one wears the right expression, and ignores the inquisitive official as much as possible, it seems possible to go almost anywhere in the War Zone.

Having ample time to formulate Scheme No. 2 in my plan of campaign, I sat me down on a seat to think things out. The station being in the hands of the American army as well as the French the several officials began soon to lay their heads together concerning the mysterious individual wearing a uniform suspiciously near the colour of that of the Germans.

After a hurried discussion, during which furtive glances were darted in my direction, an American sentry was told off to question me.

He came up to me, saluted, and asked to what unit I belonged; so I immediately began a long tale about my Unit having been at Sermaize since 1915, long before the Americans came to Europe. I carefully told him that several hundreds of American boys had joined up with us last year; and that we are now an Anglo-American expedition busy rebuilding damaged villages in the War Zone. He became quite interested in my account of the work we had done and were still doing; and eventually apologised for not having known about the headquarters of my Unit a few *kilomètres* down the road. But, in extenuation, he said he had been only three weeks in the district, though it was part of his business to know about the various units stationed in his area.

Eventually we drifted into a conversation about demobilisation, and he told me that the American army is being rapidly disbanded. Volunteers had been called for, he said, to remain behind in France for a certain period. I asked him if many had offered themselves; and he replied that he himself had volunteered. On hearing this remark, I jumped up from my seat, and laughingly said that I should like to have a look at a man who had volunteered to remain amongst the mud and mess of France, now that the war is over. I tapped the wooden seat, and pointed significantly to his head,—at which he smiled serenely, and declared: “I know now I am a god-dam fool, but it’s too late!” I then remarked that, after all, he was still sane, since he had regretted his step!

Of course, there was never any attempt on his part to ask for my papers—but I had still my ticket to buy! So I enquired if he could show me where the

ticket-office was; and he volunteered to take me "right there." In his company, therefore, I brushed past the fixed bayonets of the *gendarmes* standing on guard at the exit from the platform to the booking-office. Keeping up a running conversation with my American friend as I stood at the *guichet*, the booking-clerk was too courteous, or perhaps did not think it necessary to ask for my passport since I was on familiar terms with one of the American officials at the station. Thus I got my ticket without having shown any papers whatever, and my genial American shook hands with me as I stepped on board the Paris-express.

In due time, I arrived at Paris, where I had to negotiate the last turnstile and the Secret-Service men; but, selecting a place where the crowd was thinnest, I hurriedly walked forward, wearing a pre-occupied look of importance, pushed my ticket into the hands of an official without looking at him, and not paying any attention to what he said, I was soon lost in the crowd outside.

16 DECEMBER. — From my experience of Parisian crowds on their numerous fête-days recently, I have arrived at the conclusion that the French are not nearly so demonstrative as an English crowd, in spite of the preconceived notions I have hitherto held to the contrary. To-day the Parisians gave President Wilson the best ovation that any public man has received since the armistice was signed. Lately I have seen Clemenceau, Foch, Poincaré, Pétain, and King George drive past on State-occasions at different times; but not one of these notabilities had such a warm reception from the populace as Woodrow Wilson got to-day. I was at the Monthly Executive Meeting of my Unit when King Albert of Belgium was fêted by Paris; but those who witnessed the several receptions by the public

of the two kings and Wilson, tell me that the American president got by far the finest ovation of all.

The balcony at 53, Rue de Rivoli was lined from end to end this afternoon—a goodly number of the American members of my Unit having come up to Paris specially to see their President. As the procession passed on its way to the “Hôtel de Ville,” I was occupied in observing the actions and the faces of the spectators on the street below; and there was more or less spasmodic cheering from our own balcony. But wishing to give the famous American a special cheer all to ourselves, I got together about two dozen of the boys, and suggested to them that we should give a united cheer to the President on his return journey. Just as Wilson in the State coach-and-pair had got nearly opposite to us, I gave the signal; and we gave such a roar that the President, who happened to be looking the other way at the time, turned sharply round to see whence the cheer originated. Looking right up to us, he took off his hat immediately and deliberately waved it in our direction, all the while smiling that broad, human-all-too-human grin of his that is so characteristic and captivating—a smile as broad as the Rue de Rivoli along which he was driving with the President of France.

20 DECEMBER.—To-day Paris fêted another king—this time Victor Emmanuel III. of Italy. He drove along the Rue de Rivoli this afternoon to the “Hôtel de Ville,” preceded as usual by the Republican Guard of Honour in their shining metal helmets with waving plumes, all of the men mounted on beautiful chestnut horses.

The demonstration by the public was of the slightest — it was indeed almost a rude reception, so little enthusiasm was shown by the people. The King's

manner of saluting the populace, as he passed slowly along, was in strong contrast to that of either King George or President Wilson. The latter kept taking his hat off and waving it to the enthusiastic people, with a fine open smile upon his countenance. King George, on the other hand, sat as stiffly as his kingly dignity demanded of him, not once moving his body to turn round to the crowd, but only his head; and he glanced quietly from side to side in this way.

To-day, King Tom-Thumb of Italy sat bolt upright to make the most of his inches, and his salutes were a series of quick jerks that told of his perturbed state of mind. He must have been making salutes at least three times as quickly as his fellow figurehead of England.

With a Czar and a Kaiser fallen from their ancient thrones, it is a mere axiom to remark that the remainder of the thrones in Europe are more or less unstable. Any moment there may be an economic upheaval in Italy, which will probably send sprawling from its throne little Victor the Third. I believe I shall yet live to see the passing of kings in another sense than that of being driven along in a carriage and pair. The world of plain men has suffered enough futile bloodshed throughout the centuries, as a result of the overweening ambitions of the rival dynasties.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN PARIS (III).

24 DECEMBER.—I shall here make a note that lately I have been nursing patients suffering from *La Grippe*, sleeping in their bedrooms, ladling out their medicines, and doing the other little delicacies that a sick man expects. It is interesting to remember that in spite of every precaution taken against contracting the fashionable disease—by gargling the throat with antiseptics, using eucalyptus on the handkerchief, keeping away from the infected areas round patients, and the other expedients resorted to by those fearing the pandemic now raging—many individuals have been laid aside under the influence of this strange influenza. As I have not been out of the contaminated area of patients for many months past, and yet I have not resorted to any material precautions, it is impelling certain folks to enquire the reason of my escape. When I remark that I am mentally immune from the disease, they generally look as if they thought I was mentally deranged! Sometimes I say, in reply to their questions as to whether I have any theory on the subject, that I have been mentally inoculated against Spanish Influenza — a declaration which is equally mystifying to them.

T*m C*p* developed an idea that he would like to go to “Midnight Mass” at “Nôtre Dame,” this being Christmas Eve. Being a wonderfully fine evening, I thought I should like to hear the organ, if not the service; so off we set together. There was, unfortunately, no service being held at “Nôtre Dame”;

so we decided to try "St. Eustache," where we found a queue lined up at the main entrance waiting for the door to be opened.

As we stood chatting to our neighbours, an American soldier took his place at the end of the queue; and I heard him asking what the price of the seats were! I discovered, on speaking to him, that he had mistaken the church for a Cinema-Theatre! Just to hear what he would say, I asked him if he would like to come inside to hear the organ-music, and he replied: "Me! Me go to a god-dam church, son? Nothin' doin', boy, nothin' doin'!" When the French people in the queue had it explained to them that the American had thought it was a Cinema-House, they rocked with laughter at his mistake.

Soon afterwards an old Frenchman passed by, and, seeing the waiting queue, he asked if we were all waiting for "Le Bon Dieu." Not expecting an answer, he continued by telling his fellow-citizens that they would have to wait a long time before they saw "Le Bon Dieu," and then the old infidel moved on.

When we had been waiting about quarter of an hour in the queue, which had steadily grown all the time, the *concierge* of St. Eustache announced that there would be no service after all! The patient people at once dispersed, and C*p* and I agreed to try "St. Louis-en-l'Ile," on the Island of St. Louis, where a service was in progress when we arrived. This church is said to have a "very select" congregation of Parisian snobs, and consequently the priests do not mind losing some sleep to gratify the religious demands of their wealthy patrons; but it was not to be expected that they should remain out of bed till after midnight to please a merely working-class congregation like that of St. Eustache.

27 DECEMBER.—In discussing with a civilian gentleman the subject of the General Election in England, it was casually mentioned that many soldiers were refusing to vote for any candidate because they knew nothing about what the rivals seeking election stood for. Another man said that a friend of his was not voting at this election, because neither of the candidates was worth supporting. These ordinary remarks were too much for our civilian friend, who ejaculated with considerable heat: "The man who doesn't exercise his vote at a crisis like the present is a traitor to his country!"

There was an icy silence for a few seconds when this pearl of wisdom had dropped from the string of platitudes, which were our friend's method of expression. But it was necessary to "point a moral and adorn a tale," so, in my best heavy-tragedian manner, I declared: "Do you not know that there are literally hundreds of soldiers who have not voted in this election because they are unacquainted with the qualifications of the rival candidates? Are you going to tell me that those poor devils, who have been fighting their country's battles under the most shocking conditions, are *traitors to their country*? I for one refuse to sit still and hear anybody talk such libellous rubbish about the *soldiers*, who have been risking their lives for their country daily for 4½ years." The good patriot, of course, was very quick to correct himself by saying that he did not mean that at all; so the subject dropped with a clank on the floor, and he relapsed into silence to cover his embarrassment.

30 DECEMBER.—To-day, the results of the elections at home appeared in the French papers. Lloyd-George's Coalition crew, consisting of those peculiar hyphenated parties—the Coalition-Unionists, the Coali-

tion-Liberals, and the Coalition-National-Democrats—have got a majority of some 260 seats over all the other parties who may be counted in the “opposition.” I am not surprised at the result of the elections; for I am old enough to remember the “Khaki Election” of 1900, and the reaction that set in almost immediately thereafter—a reaction that registered its strength at the poll in 1906, and swept the “patriots” of 1900 clean off their perches.

My first reflection on reading the result of the General Election is that it must prove an enormous set-back for President Wilson at the Peace Conference. He has undoubtedly got an uphill job in front of him, if he means to hold his own ideals of a “clean peace” against such a band of reactionaries as the new British Parliament represents. Hercules had a comparatively easy job in cleansing the Augean Stables, compared to Wilson’s task of cleansing the Conference Table. The elections to the Congress of the United States went against Wilson last November. Now it is England’s turn to support a Government that is also naturally against his statesmanlike policy in regard to the Peace settlement. On the whole, it seems likely that Wilson will have rather a lonely furrow to plough at the coming Peace Conference.

Certain “well-informed” American journalists and publicists to whom I have talked recently, appear to think that their President will never face the music of the Conference singlehanded. They assure me that Wilson, when he discovers that the opposition to a “good peace” settlement is united against him, will ultimately compromise, as he always does. They declare that in spite of his brilliant speeches and his being committed to the terms of the *Fourteen Points*, his theatrical idealism will fade away when confronted with the Lloyd-Georges and the Clemenceaus and

Bonar-Laws of this matter-of-fact world. They assert that he has always "climbed down" from his high-flown idealism when he found himself "up against" his opponents. We must "wait and see"

It will be a great relief to many of the progressive members of the late Parliament who have been "turned down" at the recent elections, for they will be clear of the bungling and stop-gap legislation that will be the immediate policy of the new Government. The usual temporary measures of amelioration, and the hackneyed palliative stunts will assuredly be resuscitated from the musty pigeon-holes of the pre-war days, and gingerly laid before an expectant electorate of boobies, who still put their lamblike trust in the modern Saint Lloyd-George of Wales, who has slain, single-handed, the Prussian dragon personified in the Kaiser. Sundry attempts will be made by the victorious Government to gild the chains that gall the ankles of Labour, and to pacify the ever-growing numbers of the unemployed as demobilisation proceeds.

The popular war-cry will be "Increased Production" coupled with higher wages, co-partnership, bonuses, small-holdings, and the other familiar methods formerly adopted for sugar-coating the bitter pill of the wage-system. For it may safely be postulated that the sanctity of what Hobson calls the "permanent hypothesis" of the wage-system will never once be questioned by a Government that enjoys a majority of some 260 seats. But the darkest hour is said to be before the dawn; and we must remember that our late Government was not aware that the dynasty of the Romanoffs was so soon to be dethroned as a result of Armageddon, though not because of it. The revolution in Russia was not a direct outcome of the war, but was merely precipitated by it; for the war was entered upon somewhat hastily by the Czarists with the

forlorn hope of forestalling the revolution, which they feared would happen the winter after the war began.

Had our all-wise War-Cabinet only realised the true situation in Russia eighteen months ago, it is probable that it would have given its support to Kerensky, who is at best an extremely moderate man compared with those awful fellows, the Bolsheviks. But our clever statesmen(?) were more anxious to sustain the spotless innocence of the Russian dynasty; and actually sent our fearless Damn-the-Consequences-Milner to Petrograd to help to put a few props of English oak under the tottering Romanoff throne. With what result—all the world knows!

I shall not be surprised if England and France ultimately deem it politic to join hands before long with the new German Government in an attempt to "restore order" in Russia. In these topsy-turvy, Erewhonian days of ours, one need never be surprised at the most unexpected things happening. For it seems to be part of the penalty of war that men become *blasé* at the curious re-shuffling of the diplomatic pack of cards that constantly takes place.

1 JANUARY, 1919.—The French Premier yesterday in a speech declared that the American President's ideals were too Utopian. It is only too plain that this opinion is obviously inspired by the result of the English elections; for Clemenceau realises quite clearly that the triumph of Lloyd-George at the poll is a direct blow at Wilson's platform in the coming Conference. The old "Tiger" was, therefore, merely purring with satisfaction in public, when he spoke as he did of Wilson's aims at the Peace palaver.

6 JANUARY.—To dinner at the house of Lerouge, in Montparnasse, with my friend Blake, where I met several other painters and sculptors. In examining

specimens of their work, I observed that when a sculptor resorts to the brush it takes him some time to become used to the limitations of a canvas. In sculpture, the artist is not bound to definite limits, except within the boundaries of the block of marble, and his third dimension in space is assured him automatically. In painting, one is confined within the limits of a piece of canvas and a wooden frame, and the third dimension must be secured on the same plane as the other two—thus calling into play totally different factors from those used in sculpture. A sculptor is free to give what I might term—for want of a more accurate expression—an *outward* movement to his subject; while a painter must produce a movement *inwards*—that is, he must focus the attention of the spectator within the frame, and not to the outer form, as in sculpture.

10 JANUARY.—During the past week, the Seine has been gradually rising as a result of the heavy rains that have taken place in the Interior lately. Crowds have congregated every day on the embankments to watch the yellow-brown waters rising *centimètre* by *centimètre*, until even the flat-bottomed canal-boats cannot pass under the bridges. Most of the piers are entirely under water to-day, though there has been no rain in Paris these two days. The newspapers have contained statistics as to the number of *centimètres* the river has risen or fallen from day to day. One day it rose 14 *centimètres* (nearly 6 inches), and another morning it had fallen 5 *centimètres* (2 inches). The floating bathing-establishment, moored to the *quai* near the “ Pont Neuf ” is submerged at present. Owing to lack of foresight, the mooring-cables had not been made long enough to allow the raft, upon which these baths are built, to rise with the flood, which came along one night so rapidly that *Les Bains* were sunk.

The amused Parisians are constantly casting derisive remarks about the Baths themselves now enjoying a much-needed bath!

To-day, the flood has made itself felt in another way, for there is a shortage of bread in the city. This is due to the fact that a large number of the *boulangeries* have been flooded out, mainly those situate in cellars along the embankments. The rest of the bakeries are consequently doing "a roaring trade" at the expense of those under flood.

The *Gare d'Orléans* is also under water, and closed to traffic temporarily. Situate on the south bank of the river, and more or less underground, this station is peculiarly liable to floods, which destroy the electric-lighting connections, and thus leave the premises in entire darkness when only a few feet of water has found its way into the underground passages.

It has rather amused me to hear the various reasons given as the cause of this intermittent flooding of Paris. One theory is that there is nowadays more rainfall in the upper reaches of the Seine and its many tributaries than there was long ago. But I imagine that the reason is much simpler than any I heard mooted. The city-fathers have caused so many bridges—there are within the city-walls some 25 in all—to be thrown across the river from century to century, that the water-course is not only considerably restricted by the scores of piers and abutments, but the flow of water is also enormously retarded by them in turn. No sooner have the waters got up speed after having been held up by one bridge, than they are again delayed by the next one. This artificial slackening of the speed of the river naturally causes the pent-up waters to increase in depth. Hence arise the intermittent crises in Paris, when Dame Seine leaves her Bed of State, and

attempts to walk wet-shod along the embankments and down slippery cellar-steps.

In the evening I went to the headquarters of the American members of my Unit on the "Boul. Mich.," to hear Professor Rufus Jones, of Haverford University, address the meeting of Quakers belonging to the F.W.V.R.C. He took his text from the psalmist's song: "The work of my hands establish thou it," and became enthusiastic about the fine work that we had established for the French people in helping them to mend their broken homes. He has recently arrived from America to visit the French field of our labours, so that he may return to the States to tell the public there what is being done by the Friends' Expedition.

12 JANUARY.—Being Sunday, I visited the *Louvre* this afternoon to renew my acquaintance with the sculpture there—certain portions of the great national collection in that Palace having been opened to-day for the first time since the early days of the war. Entering by the "Porte Henry II.," I passed into the "Salle des Caryatides," where I found that time had not dimmed my appreciation of the beauty of Jean Goujon's wonderful quartette of statues—surely the greatest examples of Renaissance sculpture that France has produced? The Classic lines of the drapery are in the true Attic tradition—as one can readily observe by comparing the Greek torsos in the adjacent *salon* with Goujon's work.

Particularly arresting is an antique head of Mæcenas—about thrice life-size—the profile showing him to have been a man of vast intellectual capability and refinement. This head is one of the finest examples of Roman sculpture in the *Louvre* collection.

There is a masterly torso attributed to Phidias, but more probably done by one of his numerous followers.

The lines of the drapery are superb in their gracefulness and naturalness. How serenely the old Greek sculptors obtained the full value of their third dimension!

There are three separate statues of the Emperor Trajan—each in a different pose, but all bearing a strong similarity in the features, proving that they are all excellent portraits. Trajan was the Roman who sacked Jerusalem in the spacious days of old. The modern Trajan—Lloyd-George, “The-Man-Who-Won-The-War”—has again “taken” the Holy City from the sacrilegious hands of the “Unspeakable Turk.” Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

In the same *salon* are two statues of Marcus Aurelius, of the *Meditations*—a manly figure, with that calm mien which characterises the philosopher in all ages. Compared with our own rulers, what puny men the moderns undoubtedly are! Set up a figure of Lloyd-George alongside that of Marcus Aurelius, and just observe what a difference there is between the pagan-philosopher-ruler and the churchaniteering-lawyer-politician! Shear the little Welsh Samson of his locks, and strip him of his Non-Conformist halo and his clothes; and then behold the man in his nakedness—physical and mental—beside Aurelius!

Leaving the Louvre, I bethought me to go round to see whether the sand-bags had yet been removed from the *Fontaine des Innocents*; and was pleased to find that this wonderful Renaissance fountain is now entirely-clear of its fortifications—the sand lying in heaps in the gardens surrounding the structure. The bas-reliefs by Jean Goujon are still as freshly beautiful as of old. Undoubtedly Goujon captured the true Classic spirit in all his work, for it is in the arrangement of drapery that the clumsy craftsmen of later days betray themselves.

This carving of the *Innocents* is in the same glorious tradition as that which produced the Panathenaic Frieze and the sculptures of the West Portal of Chartres. Goujon's work here is in direct contrast to Michelangelo's methods in so far as the repose of his figures is concerned. Old Angelo's most characteristic productions show intense energy and muscular development; the limbs are arranged deliberately in angular postures which betray a certain restlessness that was typical of the man himself as well as his epoch. In Goujon's work, repose is the dominant quality; the drapery is arranged in smooth flowing lines having a general verticality that conduces to an effect of restfulness; and the limbs are not brought into undue prominence in the composition, though they are pleasingly visible under the delicate drapery.

15 JANUARY.—As I sat at dinner with a friend this evening in a restaurant in the "Avenue de l'Opéra" an elderly gentleman began talking to us, he having recognised by the badge on my arm that I am a member of the F.W.V.R.C. Being himself a Quaker, he asked where he could see examples of our housing work in the devastated regions, and I gave him a list of the villages in which our huts have been erected.

In course of conversation he volunteered the information that he had just arrived an hour ago from Switzerland, where he had been conducting negotiations with representatives of the German Government. I ventured to enquire whether he had been acting in a journalistic or a diplomatic capacity; and he immediately replied that he is on the Diplomatic Corps of the United States. He had lived in Germany many years before the war; had been in Switzerland since the war began, and in close touch with the leading German statesmen from time to time; and had just had an

interview with Herr Ebert the day before he came away.

This Quaker-diplomat — significant combination, surely?—informed me that he is to interview President Wilson in the morning, and then he is to set out immediately for Munich, where he is to remain on special diplomatic work during the course of the Peace Conference in Paris. It is rather interesting to discover that Wilson is employing a Quaker to carry on his propaganda, and to keep himself supplied with information from a thoroughly trustworthy source.

In appearance, the Quaker-diplomatist resembled the late Lord Salisbury—whiskers and heavy features included; but he had not the girth round the waistcoat which the Victorian premier sustained. This fine-looking old Quaker had also a kind of other-worldly look, which was certainly not stamped on Salisbury's features; and he spoke very quietly, and without any gestures whatever. Certainly he did not resemble in the faintest degree the silk-hatted, frock-coated, be-monocled and be-ribboned dandies of William le Queux's novels about the "State-Secrets" of the Royal Courts of Europe.

23 JANUARY.—I arrived in Paris this morning at 2 o'clock after a ten hours' journey from Sermaize, where I had been for five days on business. During the journey I fell into conversation with some American soldiers on the way back from Strasburg—the train was a Strasburg-Paris express. They told me of the marvellous reception which the Germans are giving the American boys only. Amongst other items, they amused me by saying that they had seen a factory at Strasburg where "German" spiked helmets are being manufactured in wholesale quantities for the foreign markets!

This evening I went to the Students' Hostel to hear Norman Angell speak on some current topic, at the invitation of Dr. Rufus Jones. News having been made public to-day that President Wilson had succeeded in persuading his colleagues at the "Preliminary" Peace Conference that delegates from the numerous factions in Russia should be invited to meet on neutral territory in order to discuss their differences, Mr. Angell chose the Russian situation as the subject of his remarks. . . . He was emphatically of the opinion that the Allies had no business to be attempting to impose a revival of the old capitalistic and monarchical system upon a people that had rejected it for ever. The Soviet System has been in existence for 15 months, and has restored a certain amount of order in the country, which was previously in a state of utter chaos as a result of the "policy" of the reactionaries.

Angell said that Wilson's plan is to leave the Russians themselves to establish the particular form of government suitable to their national ideals; for the Russian ideal can best be worked out by the Russian people themselves, and not by foreign diplomats backed up by conscript armies. He cautioned us not to believe too readily the lies systematically retailed by the official Press about the bloodthirsty Bolsheviki, who, after all, have been driven to retaliate against the armed forces that have been sent against them with the view to destroy both them and their ideals. . . .

It is rather a Gilbertian situation to find the Allies, after having destroyed one dynasty—the Prussian—busy moving heaven and earth in their attempt to restore the Russian monarchy! Probably the British ruling class would have much preferred, on second thoughts, to have allowed the dynasty in Germany to remain; for now the war seems to have ended with the forces of Socialism enthroned in a German Republic.

It is only to be expected that the Allies are notoriously afraid that another Socialist Republic may be created in Russia eventually. A combination of two such powerful Republics as Russia and Germany would undoubtedly prove rather a menace to the League of Money-Lenders which the Peace Conference is likely to establish. Clemenceau and Lloyd-George, in their most super-patriotic moments, could never have foreseen that two such healthy salamanders as the Russian and the German Republics would survive the conflagrations of Armageddon.

25 JANUARY.—For two days past the employees in the *Metropolitain*—the Underground Railway of Paris—have been on strike for the inevitable increase of wages, with the result that transport in the city has been very difficult. The taxi-drivers and cab-proprietors have been making money while the strike lasts. To-night it is announced that the men have been mobilised—thus Briand's famous stunt, during the great railway strike several years ago, is being again employed to help the poor Company to safeguard its dividends. The men being wage-slaves will naturally succumb to the dictates of their fellow-republicans. This little episode is significant of the future in England if some form of compulsory military service is established or maintained after the war. For one of the chief reasons for the institution of "national service" would be that it would enable any Government to break a strike by "calling up" the men involved, and shooting as soldiers those who refused.

26 JANUARY.—To-day being Sunday, I went walking along the riverside this afternoon. As there was about half-an-inch of snow—the first this winter in Paris—lying on the barges in the river, on the trees, the *quais*, the parapets of the river-walls, and the ledges

of the buildings and monuments, they formed a picture in black-and-white that proved the cunning of that Old Master—Winter. The view up the River Seine was like the trial proof of an etching by the artist of the day—Jack Frost himself, who has at last “arrived.”

29 JANUARY.—At 11 o'clock yesterday forenoon I received a letter from home urgently asking me to return at once. I spent the rest of the day obtaining my passport *visas* at the British Consulate and at the Préfecture of the Police; and was fortunate enough to get them completed within two hours. I left Paris this morning by the 7.30 train from the *Gare St. Lazare*, en route for England via Rouen and Le Havre.

30 JANUARY.—The steward woke me at 6 a.m.—much to my surprise, for when I heard the knock at the door I thought at first it was my cabin-mate coming to bed! Having dropped off to sleep last night before the boat left Le Havre, I had slept so soundly that I was never conscious of the ship having moved off the spot. . . . On emerging from the “Tube” at the Bank of England the first item that caught my attention was a newsboy carrying a placard:

TRAGIC STORY

OF A

GIRL-MOTHER.

And I knew at once that I was in England, for such vulgarity to be displayed in the public streets of Paris is impossible. . . . Another newsboy carried a placard which bore this legend, in large letters:

HUN COLONIES

HEATED DEBATES

AT THE

PARIS CONFERENCE.

Then, as I was glancing upwards to survey the weather, my eyes accidentally caught sight of the motto on the pediment of the Royal Exchange portico :

The Earth is the Lord's
And the Fulness thereof.

Taking the last two announcements together, I was constrained to smile at the irony of the situation, for in Paris, as the placard declared, the Allies were holding "heated debates" over the disposition of that portion of "The Lord's Earth" which was formerly exploited by the Germans!

31 JANUARY.—On my way to the north to-day, I travelled with a friend whom I was fortunate enough to meet in London yesterday. He told me that his father—the Rector of a Yorkshire parish, also a Rural Dean—had lately gained the honourable distinction of having been fined three guineas and costs for committing the unpardonable crime of giving a German prisoner a cigar, under the very eyes of a crowd at the local station. This heinous offence was considerably aggravated by the fact that, a short time before, a lady had also been fined for a similar dastardly deed—she was proved guilty of having given a cigarette to a "Hun" prisoner. There was thus no excuse whatever for the reverend gentleman, the enormity of whose wickedness being such that he must consider himself fortunate that he was not hanged, drawn, and quartered by the parochially-minded village nonentities who sat in judgment on his grave moral delinquency.

Such a direct application of simple charity as giving a cigar to a "Hun" must be stamped upon at every opportunity with the cloven hoof of the law. Charity is said to begin at home; therefore it must not be squandered on "dirty foreigners," especially if they are "enemies." The parable about "the cup of cold

water " was surely never meant to apply to such lapses of " patriotism " as this wicked parson displayed publicly. For it distinctly states " water " in the Scriptures—a cigar is not specifically mentioned in the text. Hence good Churchariteers of all creeds, Established as well as Non-Conformist, are acting clearly within the literal meaning of the Bible when they vent their " righteous indignation " upon any Christian or infidel who dares to exhibit his lack of " patriotism " in such a barefaced manner as that of our clerical friend from Yorkshire.

But it is indeed lamentable that there should still be found men so ignorant and narrow-minded as to victimise a Christian gentleman for giving practical expression to the religious teaching of his Master. The grossness of the injustice administered to the reverend Dean is augmented by the fact that the " crime " was committed *after* the signing of the Armistice. Are there still men in England who believe that Armageddon was fought by an Allied aviary of angels arrayed against a menagerie of Teutonic devils? Has the " hate " to be continued till the next war, now that so-called peace is here?

If the son of one of those Yorkshire magistrates had received a similar kindness at the hands of a German pastor in a prison-camp in Prussia, I wonder whether the fact would have impelled the magisterial bench to modify its " justice "? Whether or not, there is little doubt that so long as the Church of England contains men of the stamp of this clerical culprit from Yorkshire, it will be fulfilling a useful purpose in society. For not only is he one of Nature's gentlemen, but he is an English gentleman who has consistently given his support to the war from the very beginning of it. Therefore, Hats off! For England

has need of preachers of the Gospel who are prepared to *practise* what they preach.

It was the same spirit which animated those northern "Justices" that in a former age put the muzzle on Galileo, accomplished the doom of Abelard, put Servetus to death, condemned Ridley to the flames, and, above all, that crucified Jesus on Calvary. But as very few people have developed the historical sense, naturally history keeps repeating itself from age to age to intellectually deaf generations.

CHAPTER XV.

IN THE VERDUN AREA.

15 MARCH.—After having been six weeks in the old country, I left London for Paris this morning—traveling via Folkestone to Boulogne on the “Victoria.” The train passed through Amiens, and I was pleased to note that *both* towers of the Cathedral are still intact. At Beauvais in April, I was told by one of the refugees that one of the western towers at Amiens had been *détruit absolument* by the German guns firing from the direction of Villers-Bretonneux. Some weeks later a British soldier assured me that neither of the towers had suffered in the slightest; and to-day was the first opportunity I have had of verifying personally his report.

17 MARCH.—Having returned to France for a short time, to clear up the tangle in which I left the affairs of my Department when I went to England so suddenly, I began this morning the attempt to restore order out of the chaos that has evolved in my absence. .

In the evening, Tr*v*ly*n and I went to the theatre to see *Lysistrata* done. It says a good deal for the tolerance of the French people that this notoriously “pacifist” play of Aristophanes is permitted to be played in Paris. Such magnanimity would, I suppose, be utterly impossible in England. . . . So “modern” are some of the arguments used against war in this Greek comedy that it is difficult to realise that it was written some 23 centuries ago. I was amused to find that most of the speeches made against militarism throughout the play were vociferously applauded by the soldiers in the audience. This applause caused con-

siderable amusement also amongst the French civilians in the auditorium, for the soldiers warmly supported the "pacifist propaganda" on every occasion.

21 MARCH.—Having arrived at *Grange-le-Comte*, in the Meuse, last night, Tr*w and I to-day visited by car several of the Building Groups that have been recently begun in the *Canton* of Clermont-en-Argonne. At *Clermont* itself there is a band of workers, in charge of H*nr* D**rd*n, busy restoring the hospital that was formerly in the hands of a religious sisterhood of the Romanist persuasion.

At *Aubr ville* the boys were busy erecting the new Storage Shed alongside the railway-lines. A garden-village of some 30 huts is to be erected here, under the direction of L**n*1 P*ck*v*r. There is not one house that has escaped demolition, except that at the railway-crossing. The fighting must have been particularly severe at this point, for there is a number of "Tanks" lying by the roadside in the heart of the village. All of these lumbering engines of war are curiously twisted and smashed into ludicrous shapes, which silently tell of the struggle that must have taken place in this corner of the Meuse.

At *Newvilly* T*m St**r* is in charge of the group engaged in forming a new village of some 50 huts. Already 17 of these wooden huts are completed, and a few of them are actually occupied by the French peasants who have arrived recently from their long exile in the south of France.

At *R cicourt*, *rth*r Th*rp is doing the pioneer work in opening up a new * quipe* for repairing the houses which are not badly damaged, compared to other villages. Our American friend is stationed in a much dilapidated cottage, of which only one room is habitable as yet. As he had arrived only a day or two ago

the room was in utter confusion—packing-cases and crates lying around, mixed up with saws and hammers, packets of nails and the other items that go to form the outfit of a repair-group. A camp-bed stood in one corner; several pairs of boots, and some jackets and overalls were littered about on the floor. Shavings and saw-dust here and there told of the strenuous work that our fellow-worker had already done in putting up shelves and forming rough cupboards in preparation for the arrival of the boys who are to form his group. Row upon row and tier upon tier of “canned” goods on the newly-erected shelves proclaimed the foresight of the Maintenance Department in sending the “grub” in advance of the men.

Tr*w and I ate our lunch with friend Th*rp, who prepared us some coffee with which to wash down our bread and cheese. As we sat at our primitive meal, a German prisoner—one of those working in the neighbourhood under the French army—tapped at the door and walked in. He looked the very picture of misery, and his face was pale either from sickness or want of sufficient food. None of us knowing German, we did not understand what he said; but he knew some French, and we discovered that he wanted a little food and a cigarette. In my Unit there are no silly restrictions in respect to our dealings with “enemy” prisoners; so we were able to converse with this “Hun” without breaking any absurd regulations about “not fraternising with the enemy.” Gerry informed us that the French did not allow the prisoners as much food as they would like; but presumably this system of under-feeding is a subtle form of reprisals that no anti-militarist is able thoroughly to understand. The “Christians” both in Germany and in France under-feed their “enemy” prisoners of the same religion.

Thus the merry game of Tit-for-Tat is carried on, and the Christian injunction: Love thine enemy, is scrapped for the time being—like the Belgian Treaty. Such a tragi-comedy may be war, but it certainly is not Christianity.

We gave this German some bread and cheese, but no “canned” food, so as not to make too distasteful, in comparison, the rations served by the French authorities to the prisoners. The German’s gratitude glistened from his eyes, and he passed out of the room muttering his thanks for the little we had done for him. . . . Who said Three Guineas and Costs?

We proceeded from Récicourt to *Dombasle*, where we set out the positions of the huts for the Garden Village there. The site of this group of 20 huts is on rising ground at the eastern extremity of the *commune*; and I can foresee there being a fine view obtainable from it two months hence, when the trees have put forth their vernal fragments of colour, and the brown landscape has given way to the Lincoln-green of the latest “creation” of *Madame Printemps*. H*w*rd L*pp*nc*tt is *chef* of the erecting group that is responsible for the work in this village.

Having an appointment with the District Engineer, whose bureau is at *Verdun*, Tr*w and I next rode to the famous town which has been the centre of so much action during the war on the French front. All the hills surrounding the town are very elaborately fortified; and, as the road passes close by some of those forts, we got a clear view of their military strength. The summit of each hill is completely fenced off by means of barbed-wire entanglements and trenches, cut in the usual zig-zag fashion. Within this ring fence is the massive masonry forming the outer wall or moat of the fort itself. Numerous doorways or arched open-

ings lead through this high wall into the heart of the hill itself, which is tunnelled hollow to form a vast "dug-out" for the valiant defenders of the stronghold. I conclude that the forts to the South of Verdun have not been bombarded at all by the Germans, or perhaps only slightly. Probably the enemy was too busy trying to reduce the forts on the hills to the north of the city, and did not consider it worth while to waste ammunition on the more distant forts to the south, until those nearer to the fighting lines had been captured.

Just before entering Verdun, I observed an extensive cemetery on the hillside, adjacent to a military hospital of a size that testified to its importance. This cemetery is marked by thousands of wooden crosses telling of the slaughter of the innocents that has taken place in the defence of Verdun. The crosses are so close together that the bodies of the buried heroes must almost jostle one another. There is something unseemly in this overcrowding of the dead soldiers who have laid down their lives *pour la France*. It is somewhat revolting that the men who have made the supreme sacrifice for their native land should have been at last huddled into 6 feet by 2 of it. One naturally expects that a grateful country would have reverently seen to it that her brave sons would at least have been given elbow-room in their graves.

The spirit which enables a civilised government to crowd its potential cannon-fodder into slums in days of peace, may perhaps be the same as that which crowds the mangled remains of its actual cannon-fodder into the narrow limits of a military-cemetery in time of war.

It is a morbid spirit which prompts the erection of tombstones of any kind nowadays. There is an air of

over-civilisation pervading all burial-grounds. Instead of following the scriptural injunction to let the dead bury the dead, the adherents of orthodoxy are in the habit of making a public display of their feelings, or the lack of them. They rear monuments which are more or less advertisement-boards proclaiming the virtues of the deceased, and generally make an enormous fuss in their attempts to "pay the last respects to the dead." But so long as human customs are guided and prompted mainly by the heart and not by the head, such anachronisms as wooden crosses and marble tombstones will survive in the world. The spirit which underlies the legend on an ancient tombstone in a certain Yorkshire graveyard, is more modern than the moderns :

Praises on tombstones are but vainly spent;
A man's good name is his best monument. . .

On reaching *Verdun* I was agreeably surprised to find that the city is not completely demolished, as the Press reports, and as my conversations with soldiers who had been in the town had led me to assume, considering that Verdun has been one of the main objectives of the Germans during the whole period of the war. For instance, the railway-station is intact, even to the slates on the roofs; and the bridge which carries the highway over the railway is also undamaged. The main gateway into the city has also escaped demolition; whilst another ancient, arched portal, which gives access to the inner wall of the city, is not damaged in the slightest.

Many of the buildings within the city-walls are, of course, severely knocked about—some of them are completely destroyed, and a heap of brick or stone débris is all that is left of several. But there is no evidence of systematic destruction of the town. On the other hand there are whole blocks of property in the main

streets which have suffered comparatively little damage. The Hospital, which stands in the centre of the town, is very little the worse, structurally, for the four years' almost continuous besiegement of the city.

Several shops are already open, though their stocks are somewhat meagre so far. The stone-bridge in the centre of the main street, which crosses the River Meuse, is intact. Though the general fabric of the Cathedral has suffered severe damage, it is not reduced to a heap of ruins. The northern part of the town has sustained the most destruction, as it is, of course, nearest the fighting lines. It was on the hills some six miles north of Verdun that the severest fighting took place; consequently, there has been no hand to hand warfare at the gates of the city itself. Even the great *Caserne*, which stands on the highest ground within this strongly-walled city, has been hit only once by a German shell. To-day, some carpenters were busy repairing the hole in the roof of those barracks, now that the war is over.

After transacting our business with *Mon Capitaine* at his bureau near the *Caserne*, we bought some chocolate at a grocery, and some bread at a *boulangerie*, and took our departure from Verdun.

It was on the roadside north of Verdun, on an October morning of 1792, that Goëthe "saw, in ditches, in meadows, in fields and crofts, dead horses enough, as was natural to the case: by and by, however, you found them also flayed, the fleshy parts even cut away; sad token of the universal distress." The German poet was a civilian spectator at that time of the retreat of Brunswick's host of invaders before the French Revolutionaries. He had come to the scene of that Argonne Campaign, to feel, if possible, what he calls the "cannon-fever" of war. But let me state the

words of Carlyle—from his *French Revolution*, the chapter entitled “September in Argonne”:

“Johann Wolfgang von Goëthe . . . is Herzog Weimar’s Minister, come with the small contingent of Weimar; to do insignificant, unmilitary duty here; very irrecognisable to nearly all! He stands at present, with drawn bridle, on the height near Sainte-Menehould, making an experiment on the ‘cannon-fever’; having ridden thither against persuasion, into the dance and firing of the cannon-balls, with a scientific desire to understand what that same cannon-fever may be: ‘The sound of them,’ says he, ‘is curious enough; as if it were compounded of the humming of tops, the gurgling of water and the whistle of birds. By degrees you get a very uncommon sensation; which can only be described by similitude. It seems as if you were in some place extremely hot, and at the same time were completely penetrated by the heat of it; so that you feel as if you and this element you are in were perfectly on a par. The eyesight loses nothing of its strength or distinctness; and yet it is as if all things had got a kind of brown-red colour, which makes the situation and the objects still more impressive on you.’ . . . Mark that man, O Reader, as the memorabest of all the memorable in this Argonne Campaign. What we say of him is not dream, nor flourish of rhetoric, but scientific historic fact; as many men, now at this distance, see or begin to see.”

22 MARCH.—Early this morning, Tr*w and I set out from *Bar-le-Duc* with the motor-bike and side-car to go to *Le Fays*, a tiny hamlet near Trois Fontaines in the Marne. At one part of the journey, the road was so badly worn and rutted that the frame of the side-car, in which I rode, actually stuck on the ridges at the sides of the wheel-ruts. The latter were so deep that it was utterly impossible for the machine to get past the obstruction, so I had to dismount and help to lift the wheels out of the ruts. The roadway at this point lay through the forest of Trois Fontaines,

and would hardly ever be dry during the whole of winter; and as the war has seen the abandonment of repairs to the subsidiary roads, except where these are near to the fighting-lines, the condition of this road through the forest was almost like a ploughed field. However, with my weight out of the side-car, my friend succeeded ultimately in taking the bike forward some four *kilomètres* to the main highway.

I followed on foot, and in divagating through the woods, I was pleased to observe several jays disporting themselves and chattering to one another as they darted from tree to tree in search of a meal. I was interested to hear the peculiar guttural notes of a bird that I was unsuccessful in observing, though it seemed to be quite near to me at times. Probably it was a species of woodpeckers, though not the common variety, whose note I know well, of the Midlands of England. This bird's note was of a rich baritone quality, and sounded something like the noise obtained by striking sharply with a stick the tightened strand of an ordinary wire-fence.

Le Fays is a mere cluster of miserable hovels huddled round a *château* in which live two maiden ladies who formerly came from Reims. One of our workers, L**s Y**ng, is staying with these French ladies, during her convalescence from a recent illness. The ladies told us that they never knew the war had begun until the fleeing refugees began to pass through the tiny village on their way to safety! Being so remote from the Great World, the news had never filtered through to this quiet little backwater of the Marne.

The Germans never actually reached *Le Fays*, as it proved in the end: they were held up at the village immediately preceding it. But those two middle-aged French women had decided to remain in their house till the Germans came, if Fate decreed it; and to take

their chances with the enemy, whether for good or for evil. They immediately turned their *château* into a hospital for wounded soldiers; and so inadequate were the surgical arrangements of the French army that no provision of linen bandages had been made at this particular point of the lines. The ladies, however, tore up their own bed-linen into bandage-strips; and, as some criterion of the numbers of wounded *poilus* to whom they ministered, they used every bit of linen in the house for binding up the wounds of the bleeding soldiers before proper supplies were forthcoming from the army authorities. For many months those two good Samaritans remained at their voluntary post, nursing and bandaging the French soldiers.

23 MARCH.—Early this Sunday morning, Tr*^w and I began our run from Sermaize to *St. Rémy-en-Bouze-mont*, where I had to visit the “*Château-de-la-Motte*” to take particulars of the dilapidations on the premises as a result of our tenancy. Since our Medical Department vacated the *château*, a company of American nigger troops had been billeted in it for several weeks, during which the ebony sons of Africa had apparently spent their leisure hours kicking the handsome furniture to pieces. From appearances I should also imagine that the niggers had been in the genial habit of going to bed with their boots on; for every bed bore visible evidences on the sheets and on the mattresses of damage that could only have been done with hob-nails; and the mud was literally caked on the bedding as if it had been deliberately spread on with a trowel. I hope I may be pardoned for reflecting whether it really is necessary for American nigger democrats to leave the imprint of their cultured, civilising capacity upon the bedding and the furniture of a French *château*, after coming five thousand miles to “make the world

safe for democracy"; or is it to make democracy safe for the world that the Allies are making war on the Bolsheviks? Perhaps the French "aristocracy" will be glad when their own household goods are safe from the filthy and uncivilised habits of black "democracy."

On our return trip from St. Rémy, we discovered that neither of us knew the road between St. Dizier and Trois Fontaines, and we had no map of the district. The back tyre of the bike burst in the middle of a village; and, after mending the puncture, we adjourned to a cottage where we had a meal consisting of an omelet, some bread and coffee—there was neither cheese nor butter to be had in the village. By the time we were ready to resume our journey, it was almost dark; and, as we were about to enter the great forest of Trois Fontaines, we were careful to enquire very particularly about the correct route to take in order to reach our destination.

But darkness ultimately prevented us from discovering our way, and we very soon lost all sense of direction. Eventually we arrived at a cross-roads, where we looked, or rather felt about for a sign-post. At last we found one, so up it I clambered to discover whence it pointed. It was too dark for reading the lettering by the naked eye; and it was too windy for using a match. Tr*w had no lamp on the motor-cycle; and neither of us had a flash-light. I was therefore obliged to feel with my fingers for the lettering on the sign-plate, which was fortunately of cast-iron, the letters being raised. Judge of my chagrin when I spelt out the words: "ROUTE INTERDITE"!!! There was no mention of the place to which the road led.

Perched like a monkey on a stick, I was constrained to laugh at our absurd situation; and I could both hear

and feel my companion in distress rocking with laughter as he held me on his shoulders. There was nothing for it but to compare our ideas of what we imagined might be our correct route to take; so at last we agreed to go in a certain direction. For about five minutes we continued to jolt and rattle along very slowly and deliberately.

Suddenly, we seemed to jump over the edge of a precipice in the straight road, and then come to an abrupt stop in the mud. Jumping off our seats, we found there was an enormous hole in the road, due apparently to a landslide caused by the continued wet weather of late. From that point onward, the route became gradually worse; so we were obliged to drag the machine back out of the morass, and to retrace our steps to the cross-roads.

Taking another of the roads, we had not gone more than a hundred yards along it when the back tyre again burst! Having no light, it was out of the question to attempt to mend the tube. Our choice, therefore, was limited to leaving the machine in the heart of the forest, or riding forward on the burst tyre. We chose the latter course, and crawled slowly along, mile after mile, in the darkness. Bumping all over the rough forest-track at about 6 miles an hour; watching out for fallen trees and other obstacles in our path; sometimes almost sliding to perdition down a bank; and at other times nearly running up the slope of a cutting, at length RAIN began to fall! Soon we were in the midst of a downpour that got heavier and heavier as we proceeded on our snail's march through the darkness of the forest. The rain was the last straw that nearly broke the back of our patience; but—there was more to follow!

Just when the flood was at its full tide, and the roadway was gradually dissolving from under us, an

extra severe jolt snapped the springs of the side-car, and I was nearly pitched headlong into the mud and the darkness. Fortunately, the slow speed at which we were travelling enabled my friend on the machine to draw up suddenly. To have been thrown into the mud would have been a fitting climax to the series of minor misfortunes that had dogged our wheel-tracks during the day; but I was spared that fate—a fate that might have given Mark Tapley an opportunity to shine, but one which an ordinary mortal would doubtless have cursed roundly and squarely.

From this point, my companion went on ahead with the infernal machine of our sorrows, whilst I continued my midnight frolics afoot through the forest, splashing into pools of water here, and up to the ankles in mud there, until I could almost feel MUD coursing through my veins and dropping off my forehead in the form of perspiration! Eventually I arrived at “La Source,” none the worse of my tramp through the darkness and the dampness of a March night. It was an experience which I shall probably never undergo again; though the adventure was a series of mishaps from which one may derive a certain amount of peculiar pleasure, when looked at from the perspective of the future.

25 MARCH.—Having come by car from Sermaize to Grange yesterday, I set out this morning on my final tour of inspection of those groups that I have not yet visited. First of all I went by car to *Clermont-en-Argonne* to see some of my old Somme friends, who are opening an *équipe* for repairing the damaged houses in the village, in charge of P*rv*n R*ss*ll. Clermont lies on the edge of a hill—called *La Vache*—which forms a spur of the Argonne Forest. The Church, which has been badly damaged, stands on a plateau or shelf of rock half-way up the broad back of

“The Cow,” whose back bristles with a rough coat of fir-trees.

On the “Night of Spurs,” 21 June, 1791, there passed through Clermont the mysterious “glass-coach” bearing the royal fugitives—Louis XVI. and his hapless queen, Marie Antoinette—northward along the valley of the Aire. But the very fact that a new coach, dragged by eleven horses, and accompanied by a military escort, was on the road at dead of night in a little country village, was sufficient to arouse the suspicions of an alert body of National Guards. They shrieked for ball-cartridges, and set off northwards to arrest the royal coach. Royalist dragoons, under Count de Damas, rode off to aid the ill-fated sovereigns, but all to no purpose.

For Post-master Drouet of Sainte-Menehould had already recognised the royal pair, and tracked them down to Varennes on horseback, passed the word to Boniface le Blanc, the landlord of the *Bras d’Or*, roused half-a-dozen patriots, thrown a furniture-waggon as a barrier across the bridge in the centre of the village, and arrested the unhappy fugitives when the “glass-coach” eventually rolled up. And so the grand Royalist plot, the Flight to Metz, fizzled out. . . .

In the early days of September the following year, the tables were turned, though only temporarily; for the German invaders advanced to revenge the indignity offered on the “Night of Spurs” to the daughter of the Austrian monarch. In the words of Carlyle:

“The Prussians, descending from the heights, are peaceable masters of Verdun. And so Brunswick advances, from stage to stage: who shall now stay him,—covering forty miles of country? Foragers fly far; the villages of the North-east are harried; your Hessian forager has only ‘three sous a day’: the very Emigrants, it is said, will take silver-plate,—by way of revenge.

Clermont, Sainte-Menehould, Varennes especially, ye Towns of the *Night of Spurs*, tremble ye! Procureur Sausse and the Magistracy of Varennes have fled; brave Boniface le Blanc of the *Bras d'Or* is to the woods: Mrs. Le Blanc, a young woman fair to look upon, with her young infant, has to live in the greenwood, like a beautiful Bessy Bell of Song, her bower thatched with rushes; catching premature rheumatism. Clermont may ring the tocsin now, and illuminate itself! Clermont lies at the foot of its *Cow*, a prey to the Hessian spoiler: its fair women, fairer than most, are robbed; not of life, or what is dearer, yet of all that is cheaper and portable; for Necessity, on three-half-pence a day, has no law."

Again, in the Franco-German war of 1870-71, the Prussians marched through Clermont on their victorious advance south; though not until the Great War of "Armageddon" was the charming village on the fringe of the Argonne Forest reduced to a shapeless ruin. But the most bewildering invasion which the Old Cow of Clermont has ever witnessed, may have been that of the *Mission des Amis* a few months ago. For she must have become so accustomed to successive bands of marauders milking her dry, and despoiling the fair homes of the *Clermontois*, that the sight of a band of men, who had arrived to build and not to destroy, must have caused her some little astonishment. What a gap in history and evolution since the "Night of Spurs"! For now *La Vache* may peacefully chew the cud as she pensively gazes down upon the merry band of Anglo-Americans, who in the full light of *day* are busy *spurring* themselves on to make the desert at her feet bloom and blossom as the rose. . . .

By way of Neuville and the *Forêt de l'Argonne*, we went to *Le Neufour*. The forest still bears evidence of the last great struggle of the war in this sector of the Front. All kinds of junk—as the Americans dub

any discarded materials—could be seen lying amongst the trees on both sides of the highway for many miles of its passage through the forest. Hundreds of hutments and temporary shelters are still dotted all over the place. Most of those rude dwellings were doubtless improvised by the soldiers themselves—many of the shelters consisting of a few sheets of corrugated-iron bent to serve as a roof over a dug-out or hole excavated in the side of a bank.

The salvage men are busy collecting the *débris* of battle, and arranging it in neat rows and heaps along the wayside, ready for transportation to the dumps located at convenient centres. There seem to be hundreds of thousands of shells of every calibre used by the French and American armies littered about this district; besides the thousand and one items that go to form the residue of modern “civilised warfare.” Barb-wire entanglements meander their prickly and tortuous way amongst the trees in all directions. In numerous places the barbed obstacles had been placed across the roadway to link up the two lines of fortifications that can be seen to disappear into the woods on either side—the ugly-looking *cheval-de-frise*, criss-crossed with barb-wire, still lying by the wayside; the road itself being intact as usual.

Along the route through the forest could be seen the places where shells had burst—the larger trees being blazed white on their sturdy trunks, and the smaller ones crumpled and twisted into knots. Open patches or clearings in the woods proclaimed where the French or the American big guns had been located, for the concussion of the successive explosions had shattered all living things within a certain radius of the guns. Doubtless, a forest so extensive as that of the Argonne must form an enormous obstacle to the

onward march of an army. For machine-guns will be able to inflict terrific slaughter at close quarters when the enemy suddenly and unexpectedly encounters a line of barb-wire entanglements in the heart of the woods.

The dominating thought which persistently crops up whenever I view the results of modern "scientific warfare," is that of the utter futility and the economic waste which are everywhere in evidence. When Napoleon declared that the progress of artillery is the progress of civilisation, he merely proclaimed his own ignorance of the scientific meaning of the word "progress." For it must not be applied indiscriminately to material things. It is permissible to speak of the mechanical development of artillery; but *progress* in its real spiritual interpretation means the reduction of the number or quantity of errors in the world. By no effort of imagination or prevarication can any other meaning of the word "progress" be placed upon it, except at the risk of etymological inexactitude. For that which constitutes Progress has essentially a spiritual and not a material value.

At *Le Neufour*, I found the group busy repairing a house for one of the villagers; and here I met some of the boys with whom I worked in the Somme all the winter of 1917-18. This group was the first Building *équipe* to begin work in our new Verdun area last year, under K*nn*th Cr*ss, who did the pioneering. A few *kilomètres* to the north of *Le Neufour* lies *Varenes*, the scene of the arrest of Their Majesties of France who perished under the knife of "The Little Barber" in due time. My return journey to *Grange-le-Comte* lay through the township of *Les Islettes*, and along several miles of the route which the ill-fated and last King of France travelled that memorable

night of June, 1791. Carlyle makes one of his inimitable thumb-nail sketches of *Les Islettes*, in his *French Revolution* :

. . . "Islettes Village, with its church-steeple, rises intact in the Mountain-pass, between the embosoming heights. From the hill-tops thou seest nothing but dumb crags, and endless wet moaning woods; the Clermont *Vache* (huge Cow that she is) disclosing herself at intervals; flinging off her cloud-blanket, and soon taking it on again, drowned in the pouring Heaven."

Alas, to-day the once-smiling village does not "rise intact in the Mountain-pass"; for many of the houses have suffered from the ravages of war.

26 MARCH.—This morning I said farewell to my many good friends at Grange, before I set out on my return journey to Paris, and then to England for good. It is somewhat of a wrench to leave my work in France when there is still so much to be done in the devastated regions. But I solace myself with the feeling that the recent arrival of two American architects will more than fill the gap that my own retiral from the field of action may cause.

A car took me to Bar-le-Duc, where, at the Relief *Equipe* there I was delighted to meet my stalwart American friend, *lw*d Gr**st, who was on his way to Grange. Thus the fates were kind in permitting me to meet once more the man who did battle with me in the Somme against the elements and the officials for five long winter months.

From Bar, I went by train to *Port-à-Binson*, and walked thence to *Villers-sous-Châtillon* to spend the night with the boys of the erecting-group there.

CHAPTER XVI.

AT REIMS.

27 MARCH. — After settling the few outstanding matters with the Head of the *équipe*, R*ym*nd M*sn*r, I invited him to go to Reims with me to see for ourselves the condition of that city and its world-renowned cathedral. He took me in his side-car to Epernay, where we left the machine, and went the remaining 30 *kilomètres* by train.

Reims being the capital of the champagne country, the landscape from Epernay all the way is almost entirely given over to the cultivation of the vine. The railway reaches the city somewhere on its south-western corner, and sweeps round it in an easterly direction to the station, which lies almost due north from the cathedral. A comprehensive view of the ruined city is thus to be had before one descends at the *gare*. There is not a quarter of the town but has been more or less damaged by shell-fire. It is much more destroyed than Verdun — whole districts are utterly demolished; yet the *Palais de Justice* and the *Hôtel de Ville* are comparatively in good condition. Even the railway station buildings are standing, though there are tell-tale shrapnel scars all over the walls.

On reaching the *Cathedral* I was most agreeably surprised to find that it is not by a long chalk so completely ruined as my reading of the English and the French Press had led me to believe. Indeed, I am driven to wonder whether “patriotism” is a disease closely allied to hysteria; for nobody but a hysterical newspaper-correspondent in search of sensational “copy,” or a diplomatic “War-Aims” propa-

gandist would think of declaring that the cathedral at Reims is absolutely beyond repair. I recalled old Dictionary Johnson's interpretation of the word "patriotism"—"the last refuge of a scoundrel"; and was obliged to reflect that most of the exaggerated tales about the terrible desecration of Reims Cathedral on the part of the "Huns," had doubtless originated in the hysterical imaginations of those patriotic scoundrels whose aim was to buttress the flagging *moral* of the civil populations supporting the Allied cause.

True, the roof has been completely burnt off the cathedral; three bays of beautiful stone-vaulting have been destroyed; several shell-holes occur in the outer walls of the fabric; some of the statues on the West Front are minus heads and limbs; and much of the stonework, both internal and external, has been badly calcined by the fire which gutted the cathedral of everything combustible, including the choir-stalls. But there is no evidence of the deliberate wholesale destruction that a thousand times has been alleged to have taken place.

When we remember that an enormous wooden scaffolding almost obscured from view the whole of the West Front, at the beginning of the war; and that a similar scaffolding also stood at the East end, it is not surprising that this scaffolding ultimately caught fire and thus augmented the damage done by accidental shells. It is safe to say that the fire has done more damage to the West Front than the shells themselves. Almost the only destruction caused by a shell on the West Front is the displacement of the tall, slender shaft from the S.W. angle of the uppermost stage of the N.W. tower—and even this may have been caused by the intense heat of the burning scaffolding. The glass, of course, throughout the

building is shattered in fragments; and this is certainly the greatest calamity of all, for the *vitraux* are utterly irreplaceable.

A specially conducted tour of the interior of the Cathedral has been instituted; and to-day a party of about 200 of us was taken round the building by the French gentleman in charge—he is either an architect or an antiquarian, judging by his free use of architectural terms. I was amazed to hear him declare, in the most emphatic terms, that at one time the Germans threw 30,000 shells per day for no less than eight days at the sacred building, with the deliberate intention of destroying it *absolument!* The motley crowd—composed of French ladies and gentlemen, American Red Cross officials, and Englishmen dressed in civilian attire,—sighed and groaned in unison at these words, as it was the patriotic duty of them all to do. But I noticed the grin of incredulity and knowingness which overspread the features of a French artillery-officer, as our antiquarian guide gave mouth to this blast of double-distilled patriotism. For this officer knew too well that less than 12 hours of continuous cannonading with modern high-explosive shells would have been sufficient to reduce any cathedral to a dust-heap of unrecognisable ruins.

But I suppose that Patriotism is as blind as Love itself is said to be—or, shall I say? that love of country is as blind as Cupid's variety of the "tender passion."

If, as our French patriot asserted, some 240,000 shells were actually aimed at Reims Cathedral by the German artillerymen, I am curious to know why the building has been directly hit by shells in less than 30 places. Am I to believe that German marksmanship is so appallingly bad that it can register only one hit in 80,000 at a fixed target as big as a Cathedral?

If that be true, then it is utterly beyond my comprehension that the "Huns" ever succeeded in sinking such a tiny object as a battleship, especially as it is always a rapidly-moving target. I am also driven to wonder why the war has lasted so long, since the Germans are such poor shots, and this has been a war of artillery. But in the end I am forced to assume that the French antiquarian-patriot merely gave his collection of Allied patriots the kind of pabulum they wanted, and I am certain they got exactly what they deserved.

Perhaps some of the French shells accidentally fell short as the gunners fired them over the fabric at the enemy; just as, I am persuaded, some of the German shells also miscarried, and struck the building. For I cannot accept the only other conclusion that the enemy deliberately and wilfully fired 240,000 shells at the cathedral; because the whole town has been riddled with shells—there being few buildings, no matter how small, which have entirely escaped damage from the iron hurricane. That so very few shots have directly struck the cathedral is convincing proof to anyone not blinded by the red-glasses of patriotism, that the Germans honestly tried to refrain from hitting the great structure. But, as anyone knows who is conversant with artillery firing, it is impossible to prevent a few shots accidentally falling short of their mark in the ordinary course of events.

It is pathetic beyond expression to witness this ghastly crucifixion of Reims Cathedral between the two armies of Armageddon upon the Calvary of the Champagne vineyards. What colossal presumption that the present generation of men should arrogantly lay their clumsy fingers upon the supreme evidences of the culture of an earlier age! I wonder if the little Corsican Butcher, who ended his days at St. Helena, would

still adhere to his dictum that "the progress of artillery is the progress of civilisation"—were he to see the evidence of "civilised progress" on Reims Cathedral? . . . I wonder. . . .

At the corner of a little *Place*, on which stands the ruined shell of a church, there is a startling piece of evidence of what I take to be the accuracy of modern artillery-fire. This consists of a block of comparatively new property, with shops at the street level, and dwellings above them. The entire building is intact throughout its great height, except for one piece of the crowning cornice, which has apparently been dragged down by the adjoining property, which is demolished. The block on the other side of this standing building is also completely gutted—as are all other premises in the vicinity.

Naturally, I examined this fortunate structure very minutely to discover if possible the reason of its almost miraculous escape. At last I found a clue—in the architect's name which is cut into a stone on the façade—the surname ending with the typically Teutonic suffix, MANN! Remembering that a certain *château*, owned by an Alsatian, at Sermaize, escaped demolition while the whole village was destroyed by the Germans in the first month of the war; I wondered whether the owner of this block of property in the centre of Reims was also an Alsatian who had employed either an Alsatian or a German architect to design the building. Could it have been in both cases that the German officials, knowing the owners of this property at Reims and that *château* at Sermaize, had instructed their gunners not to destroy knowingly any property in France belonging to Alsations and Germans? I have been told of several other instances of a like nature; though these two are all that I have seen for myself.

If this strange escape is not "according to plan," and has not been deliberately arranged beforehand by the German High Command, then the arm of coincidence is a very long one indeed. By accepting the theory that the Germans wittingly spared this building at Reims, but carefully destroyed the structures on either side of and actually touching it originally, we must conclude that German marksmanship is, after all, wonderfully accurate. In fact, one is compelled to admit that it must be much more exact than merely one hit registered for every 80,000 shells fired. It would be illogical, not to say unreasonable, to believe that the Germans systematically attempted but failed to destroy a huge structure like a Cathedral; and at the same time to agree that their accuracy of artillery-fire was such that they could pick out and demolish the two insignificant blocks adjoining that commercial building, and leave the latter absolutely intact.

It is as reasonable to assume that the Germans consciously missed that tall modern structure, as to postulate that they did not set out deliberately to demolish the glorious old Cathedral. But I can easily comprehend that the bubbling patriotism of an indignant archæologist may utterly swamp any latent sparks of reason, which is his natural birthright because of racial heredity.

29 MARCH.—An interesting phase of the methods of "making the world safe for democracy" has come to light recently in the French Press. It appears that in Paris alone some 34 murders have been committed lately by American soldiers, these men having been killed in street brawls. The situation has been discussed in the *Chambre des Députés*, with the result that General Pershing has been asked to double the number

of Military Police in Paris in order to protect the Allies from themselves.

Since the Armistice, some 30,000 American soldiers per week have been permitted to visit Paris before returning to the States to be demobilised. The war having ended, fortunately before America had lost her first hundred thousand men, her soldiers are now to be seen each week on the Grand Boulevards of the Gay City. They have been obliged to stop killing "Huns": some of them have begun to kill one another. Of course, the Press does not announce those murders as: "Another Atrocity by the Americ-huns"—to use the bottom dregs of B*tt*ml*y's ink-pot. For only an enemy commits an atrocity. But when an Ally, who has come 5,000 miles to "fight for the right," brutally stabs his comrade in khaki, it is merely a murder, in the language of the official Press.

Seasoned with an ounce of hatred the atrocity done by an "enemy" is a veritable full-blooded atrocity indeed; and all too typical of the "Blond Beast" that dwells within the Hyde of every German Jekyll. But seasoned with a pound of "patriotism" the atrocity wrought by an Ally upon a brother-Ally is merely a murder or an unfortunate circumstance. Wonderful indeed is the myopy resulting from the continuous use of the smoked spectacles of "Patriotism."

CHAPTER XVII.

HAM RE-VISITED.

30 MARCH.—Having been deputed to re-visit the Ham district, in which the Unit did relief work in 1917-18, to discover what has taken place in "our villages" since we were pushed out almost exactly a year ago, Miss Gl*ncy and I travelled to Noyon this morning by train. Arrived there, we mounted our wheels and set out immediately for Ham.

Formerly, *Guiscard* was a fairly well-preserved village, and always the centre of much motor-transport activity in the old days of our sojourn at Ham. But to-day it is the scene of a desolation that forms a keen contrast with its erstwhile atmosphere of hustle. Most of the houses have been damaged; many are roofless hulks and gutted by fire; and very few inhabitants have as yet returned to their war-battered "homes."

The light-railway, which passes along the roadside between Guiscard and Ham, has now been repaired, and is in running order. When we lived in this region previously, this railway was not in use; for the joints of the metals had been systematically and effectively burst open, and the rails cleverly bent aside by the Germans before they retreated to the "Hindenburg Line" in March, 1917. Here and there I observed orchards in which the fruit-trees had been deliberately sawn down about 18 inches above the ground-level—this having been the inglorious work also of the Germans before their great retreat.

The first sign of recognition of the red and black star of my Unit was at *Golancourt*, where a small boy ran out from a doorway, instantly recognised the badge

on my arm, and bolted back into the house, shouting excitedly: "*Les Amis, maman! Les Amis!*" The Agricultural Group in the old days had its headquarters at the large grange at this village in the Oise; so we called at the *château* to visit M. Vasseur, who is also *maire* of the *commune*. The genial proprietor welcomed us with open arms, and both he and his good lady assumed at once that the *Mission des Amis* had at last returned to carry on its former good work in the Ham district. It was painful to see the smile of pleasure die out of their eyes when we informed them that *Les Amis* had not definitely decided to return, as we had contracted other obligations in the Verdun area in the meantime; but we had come to investigate the situation for ourselves with the view to reporting to the Executive of the *Société des Amis* in due course.

The kindly *maire* at once began his advocacy for our return to help his twice-stricken people. If only *les bons Amis* would come back and encourage the poor peasants to make a second start in life, he said he would put at our disposal the half of his *château* and farm-buildings for the use of our *personnel*. No other organisation, he added, could do half the good that *Les Amis* could do; for our workers had won the confidence of the people to a degree that was almost surprising to himself. For the *maire* and his wife had been kept as hostages by the Germans for some two years; and therefore he was totally unaware until his release that the *Mission des Amis* had occupied his house for a time, and helped the peasants in his own *commune*.

Ham presents one of the most pitiable spectacles that it has been my lot to witness in the War Zone. Not that it is more completely destroyed than any other town I know; but mainly from a personal aspect its ruined desolation touches me to a greater degree. What

once used to be a busy country-town is now merely a gaunt heap of rubbish through which broken gables jut up into the calm, blue sky, as if they were the personification of a revengeful stab. On the central *Place* of the town, not one building has escaped destruction. The "Mairie," the "Hôtel de France," the beautiful XVII. century timber-framed shop-front that stood on the south side of the elongated "square"—all have disappeared, beyond recognition almost.

Our old headquarters in the "Rue de Corcy" have been totally demolished internally—only the walls remain, though the stone cornice has fallen to the lowest floor. I looked round for some slight evidence of our former occupation of the premises, but not one vestige could I discover anywhere. If there *was* anything left of our belongings, it would doubtless be buried under the mass of rubbish occupying the space of what used to be the centre of our activities in this corner of France.

One would be more than human if he could view the scene of his former labours, without having the memory stirred into activity. To return to this house in Ham to-day, and to find it in ruins, is an experience that is entirely new to me. I would not have imagined that any place could grip me so firmly as Ham seems to have done. Whether it be that during my stay there the added thrill of continuous danger had worked some curious spell upon me; or that the necessitous nature of my work in reducing the gross amount of human distress in the world had produced within me a feeling of joy in work worth doing, I cannot definitely determine. But the fact is that I shall always look back on the period I lived in Ham as the best of the two years during which I worked for France in the Great War.

Leaving the "Rue de Corcy," we then cycled out to the villages N.E. of Ham in which our hut-erecting was done during that memorable winter. At *Tugny-et-Pont* there are still in existence five out of the ten huts that our boys erected in that village. This is all the more gratifying, because some of our workers had been told by British soldiers, who were stationed at Tugny at the time of the Big Push a year ago, that all our wooden huts had been burnt down by order of the British Military before the troops retired on Ham.

At *Aubigny*, where we had built eight huts, not one was left standing. An old man, recognising my red-and-black star, took it to be the Star of Hope, for he came forward gleefully to ask if *les Amis* had at last come back to build him another hut. We had to break the disappointing news to him as best we could; and he told us that the British had burned down all the huts before the great retreat. It was easy to pick out the sites of our huts, for they were marked by the fragments of the red-tiles which had fallen on the ground as the woodwork disappeared beneath them.

At the railway station near Villers-St. Christophe I looked for traces of the wooden *baraquement*, or Storage Shed, which our boys were working on when the Push came; but not a vestige of this shed remained—it also presumably had gone up in smoke. A curious feature, lying on the sites of the numerous huts that originally occupied the land round the station, was rather difficult to account for at first. It consisted of regular rectangles of beautifully brown-with-rust wire-netting lying in orderly rows exactly on the sites of the many huts. Some seconds passed before it dawned on me that this study in brown was all that was left of the beds of the *poilus* and Tommies; for their box-beds were all made of wooden sides and uprights in several tiers, the boxes being filled in with wire-netting

to form the "spring-mattresses." The woodwork had, of course, entirely disappeared on account of the fire, but not before the heat had melted off the spelter from the netting, and thus permitted the oxygen of the air to paint the metal-wire with the rich brownish-red rust that shone so beautifully in the sun to-day.

Villiers-St.-Christophe has not been so much destroyed as the previous villages we had visited; and six out of the eight huts that we erected here are still intact, and none the worse except that a few tiles are missing from the roofs. I was sorry to learn that one old fellow, for whom we had put up a hut in 1917, had committed suicide in the South of France, where he was sent as a refugee after the "March Push" last year. Apparently he had decided that life was no longer worth living, and that he could not face going back to his native haunts only to find, perhaps, that his hut had been destroyed. . . . And the hopelessness of that veteran could be echoed ten-thousand-fold throughout Europe to-day! What a disgusting *dénouement* after 6,000 years of so-called civilisation!

At *Douchy* we found the *maire* had already returned to his own wooden hut, which was intact on his return. As this village was almost completely destroyed in the first German retreat, before our arrival in the Aisne, it cannot be said that it has suffered any damage at all during the last Big Push. All the wooden huts survived the struggle, and the people have already installed themselves in them, though there are only about fifteen inhabitants all told. My Unit had erected one hut here, and half-finished another; and both of them stand to-day just as we left them over a year ago. It would seem that the armies have deliberately given this village the go-by on account of its ruined condition.

Foreste presented the most tragic sight of all I saw to-day. During my former comings and goings in this village, it was the centre of incessant military activity, under the French as well as the British *régime*, because of its being a railway terminus. The latter fact doubtless caused the Germans to single it out for special attention when the Big Push began a year ago, for the village was being shelled the night the boys of my Unit had to leave it. To-day it is a desolate heap of bricks, so utterly ruined that there is no shelter whatever, and not a single person has returned yet. Not even a homeless cat was to be seen crawling about its blackened walls.

The landlady of the former "Hôtel de France" had established herself in temporary quarters in a side street in Ham, and here I found a bed for the night, while my companion stayed with her friend, Madame R**ss*1, of the "Croix-Rouge-Française." It was a beautiful night after the blizzards of the day, and, before retiring to bed, I strolled around the little town to witness the utter desolation of the place. I heard the footfall of only one person during the hour that I wandered along the narrow, lonely streets. Indeed, the Street of Tombs at Arles could not have produced a more lonesome effect than the Street of Ruins at Ham. This ghostly mass of unwritten, unspoken tragedy which once was Ham,—crying aloud in silent agony to heaven—is a song without words to which even a Mendelssohn could not have given adequate expression.

31 MARCH.—The morning was fine and the sun shone brightly as we left the little town on the Somme which had been the scene of our labours over a year ago. Going by Verlaines, which is in much the same condition as it was in the old days, we visited *Esmery-*

Hallon. At this village we put up 32 huts, but only two have survived the ordeal by battle. The villagers told us that the British had all the huts fired before they retreated; but apparently the soldiers who were told off to light the bonfires, had overlooked the two which have survived, perhaps because they stand in a by-road.

When I first knew the village, it was comparatively badly destroyed, but it is now several degrees worse than ever. There was hand to hand fighting in its long, straggling street before the Allies re-took it from the Germans last summer; and as it was heavily bombarded before the victorious troops entered the village, most of the houses, which had escaped demolition before, are now laid in the dust. Returning to Verlaines, we next visited *Muille-Villette*, where we found that one of our three-room huts is all that remains of our handiwork.

Out of a total of 71 huts, which we put up in 10 villages in the *Départements* of the Somme and the Aisne, only some 15 huts remain standing in various stages of disrepair, in 5 of the villages. I have now seen for myself the actual conditions of the poor peasants of "our" villages, and the dire distress which prevails amongst them; and I am more convinced than ever that we must return to help them. For it must never be said that the Anglo-Americans were ready to help the Picardian refugees after their first flight before the Germans; but withheld all help from the peasants when the latter had suffered the pangs of a *second exodus*.

On resuming our journey back to *Noyon*, we were overtaken by a French *camion*, the driver of which gave us and our cycles a lift for the remaining six miles. This saving of time enabled us to look round

Noyon, which has suffered to a considerable extent since I first entered it in November, 1917.

The *Cathedral* has sustained a certain amount of damage, as was to be expected; for the Germans held the heights to the north of the town, while the French held the rising ground to the south. Thus for several weeks there was a more or less continuous cross-fire over the cathedral, which inevitably received the shells that fell short of their mark, for it is hit on both sides.

I was almost glad to find that the birthplace of "Holy Willie's" famous ancestor, the first of the Puritans—Calvin—was razed to the ground. I had seen it on a former occasion in all its completeness; and was reminded then that the narrow passage or street which led to the house was somewhat typical of the strait-laced doctrine of damnation which he invented for the generations which followed him.

On the other hand, I was delighted to find that the beautiful little Gothic timber-framed building known as the *Bibliothèque*, is almost unharmed, save for a few tiles that have been dislodged from the roof. As it stands under the shadow of the Cathedral, probably the latter in some measure protected it from further damage. It is, without exception, the best example of mediæval architecture in Noyon—the oaken beams and framework being carved in a manner that tells of the craftsmanship of the old guildsman who turned his creative instincts to such masterly use. Undoubtedly men must have dwelt on a considerably higher spiritual plane in the spacious days of old, when the labour of men was not bought and sold as a mere commodity. How otherwise could the quality of their work be so much better in every way than the product of our own times?

2 APRIL, 1919. — My last piece of work for the French refugees was to write this morning a report on my visit to the Ham district, urging the Executive, which meets next week, that the *Société des Amis* must live up to its name, and answer the call which the peasants of Picardy have given us. The familiar Star of the *Société*, when it first shed its lustre there in the summer of '17, appeared to them as some prophetic Star of the West—from America and England. We must see to it that it loses none of that lustre in the hearts of those kindly people, who are patiently waiting the second advent of *Les Amis* to help them to begin afresh in their blackened homes in a countryside that is dyed red with the blood of buried heroes.*

* The Executive sent a relief-group back to Ham.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FUTURE.

The passions aroused by the war have not yet died down, and occasional clouds of hatred still obscure the vision of the future of civilisation from the survivors of Armageddon. But in spite of these tendencies of the moment, a rift here and there in the clouds has frequently appeared, and gone far to encourage those who have felt it their duty, for a multitude of reasons, to decline participation actively in the military cataclysm of the past five years. Many men, who conscientiously believed it to be their duty to "get the job finished" in the usually accepted brute-force way, have already reached the point at which they question whether Force is not, after all, the way of material Weakness. They feel instinctively that Love is the way of spiritual Strength. The Doubting Thomases will, of course, laugh and sneer at the "dreamers" who prefer to reason rather than to kill. But I prefer to be on the side of Shelley and the angels, for my experience on the fringe of the Great War has not convinced me that material methods are the most salutary means of deciding a purely spiritual issue. The words of Shelley still ring true down the corridors of eternity, for the poet wrote: "None of us is fit for any change, however great, if we condescend to employ forcé in a cause we think to be right."

There are soldiers who have been through the fiery furnace of the war—such men as Georges Duhamel and Henri Barbusse in France, and Siegfried Sassoon in England, for instance—and they have arrived at the conclusion that war is not the last weapon of defence

in a civilised community. Bertrand Russell, Romain Rolland, Georg Brandes, Edward Carpenter, Patrick Geddes, Laurence Housman, Yakov Novikov, Bertha von Suttner, Israel Zangwill, and many others had previously thrown their weight on the side of Shelley, August Strindberg, Tolstoi, Thoreau, Edward Young, and all those who in the past belonged to the unpopular minority opposed to the policy of war for "settling" international disputes. Thousands of soldiers have returned from the battlefields of Armageddon, determined to do their utmost to undermine the platform of the militarists.

Many have had silence imposed upon them during the course of the war by reason of the military regulations in defence of the realm. Some felt that to speak out would be but to be misunderstood and misinterpreted by the hirelings of Press, Pulpit and Party, and those under the influence of their strongest emotions. But now that the guns of Armageddon have ceased their booming across the Eastern Hemisphere, it remains for those who believe in the common brotherhood of Humanity to blaze the trail of spiritual Principle through the dense forests of material Policy that have hitherto obscured the vision of the Promised Land. For in this direction will the future of civilisation assuredly tend.

As a result of the ferment of the war, many have been made aware of the fallacy that underlies Napoleon's dictum, in which he makes artillery virtually the synonym of civilisation. It is, rather, that the progress of civilisation will be marked by the milestones of Understanding and Love. For, after all, civilisation,—notwithstanding its centuries of evolution—is still in its infancy; in certain aspects, only yet in its swaddling-clothes. A thousand years are but as yesterday, when measured by the foot-rule of evolution.

Though civilisation has travelled only a few inches already, who shall say to what new powers of the Spirit man shall have attained by the time he has travelled the first yard?

For civilisation has a long way to go before it completes its majority; but when that Coming-of-Age is an accomplished fact, it shall have put away childish things, such as artillery, and become a man. It will have discarded living soldiers, as well as toy-soldiers. Man will then enter upon his majority, not to gain possession of the earth, but to enjoy its beauty; not to kill his adversary, but to understand him; not to destroy beautiful things, but to create and add to their number. When Civilisation comes-of-age it will be marked by the spiritual victory of reason over material force; of impassioned Justice over hot-blooded revenge; of Principle over policy; of Love over hate; of Mind over matter.

Just as the feudal system of land-tenure gave place to a more equitable arrangement; so must the accepted military system of land-grabbing make way for a more reasonable method of settling territorial disputes. The freeing of the human intellect from the fetters of theology had gone far to abolish intolerance, either religious or political in the personal affairs of men in England before the war; though certain tendencies during its progress have militated against complete spiritual freedom of the individual. For while the value of the religious heretic to society has been more or less recognised academically in the history-books; yet the value of the political heretic to the State has not yet been recognised in our own day. But it is at least true that the State's intolerance is not now carried to the point of the sword, the stake, or the faggot; so it may therefore be assumed that ultimately international war will cease to be the intolerable and

anachronistic method of "settling" problems of life and death to the individual.

The war-news of that future day will not consist of a catalogue of the taking of hills and trenches, the fall of cities, the crossing of rivers, and the demolition of forts. Rather will it tell of the bloodless overcoming of the mountains of ignorance in which the human intellect is still deeply entrenched; of the fall of towers of intrigue and duplicity; of the crossing of the Red Sea of materialism that separates us from Principle; of the besiegement of fortifications of self-complacency until the present social system is demolished bloodlessly; of the international disarmament of suspicion, distrust, covetousness, selfishness, anger, passion, hatred, and the other mental parasites that prey on the unsuspecting emotions of mankind.

Instead of a national campaign for the suppression of spies, and the internment of alien people, there will ultimately evolve an international scheme for the suppression of warriors; and for the internment of all thoughts and ideas that work against the common-weal of the human race, and thus are alien to its highest development. I do not mean that five-per-cent. warriors will be suppressed by force of arms; by a League of Money-lenders to enforce Peace; or by any other league designed to perpetuate the present system; but by force of reason, combined with the complete withdrawal of their economic power. I do not mean that individuals holding beliefs contrary to the majority will be interned within prison-walls or behind barbed-wire entanglements; but that their thoughts shall be isolated through education and open discussion of the available facts of the case, and their atavistic beliefs disentangled from the barbed-wire of their passions and emotions.

Many who believe in the ultimate triumph of the

newer civilisation; and who realise that the possibility for development in the social organism is not static but dynamic, are outlaws of present-day society. Some have been incarcerated within the material walls of the prisons; others have been dispersed on the land; many have been, and are yet, attempting to alleviate some of the misery and suffering that are the first by-product of modern "civilised" warfare; and thousands in the trenches have rallied to their support. But all tides of passion have their culminating point; and the waves of militarism which have been flowing like a second Flood over the puny sons of Adam, have at last abated and the ebb-tide is now running its course. On the sands of the Red Sea of Armageddon is now left stranded the human wreckage of those brave young spirits who were prepared to die for their country, because "civilisation" had denied them their birth-right to live for it.

How long must the world wallow in the slough of militarism before—in the words of Matthew Arnold—"sweetness and light and the love of God" shall prevail? How long will the old men keep scrambling for the pieces of silver for which the young men have been sold? For what shall it profit a man if he gain a fortune from excess-war-profits, and lose his own soul? Let those of us, therefore, who have experienced the physical side of war, whether in the trenches or merely in the War Zone, fight shoulder to shoulder in this "war-after-the-war." In memory of the young men who have fallen in the war, let each of us who believes in the ultimate consummation of the *Pax Universalis*, lay a brick to the foundations of the Temple of Peace, which a generation that knew not Armageddon shall yet rear in all its beauty as a symbol of Mankind's Coming-of-Age.

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