

A War-Time Journal : Germany, 1914

rumours are flying about as to our destination. One day we hear we are to go to Denmark, another to Holland. Sometimes we are told that we shall not be allowed to leave Germany until the war is over; again that we shall be sent away at a moment's notice; that we shall be left at the frontier, and have to walk for six hours, and carry our own luggage, etc.

The German papers are perfectly horrible in their violent abuse of England, and we are so miserably anxious, not about ourselves, but about our dear, dear country, and how she is faring. Käthchen said this morning, "Die deutschen in Ausland sind sehr schlecht behandelt" (Germans abroad are very badly treated). "See how well the foreigners are treated *here*," by way of impressing upon me how thankful I ought to be for my mercies.

August 9th.—No papers! No news! No letters! No money! All of us are more or less packed up ready to start. We are warned that no heavy luggage can go with us, and are limited to two small "hand Gepäck," which we can carry ourselves. I have presented my best hats to