

short. We were unable to cash cheques, and could get nothing from England. Mr. Gerard, the American Ambassador at Berlin, and Mr. Ives, the American Vice-Consul at Frankfort, worked hard on our behalf. Week after week dragged on, and we packed and unpacked, buoyed up with hope one day and utterly discouraged the next. We were told that we must go "über Hannover," via Copenhagen, or by Switzerland. Every week our route was changed. Arrests became more frequent. I, for one, was penniless, reduced to doing some of my own washing and trying to sell my jewellery. To live in the twentieth century for nearly two months without a letter or English newspaper at a time when our country's fate absorbed all our thoughts was a terrible hardship. We heard of nothing in Nauheim but English and French and Belgian "defeats." Day after day the little town rioted with joy over German conquests. It was hard to bear! The weather became cold and rainy, we had only summer garments with us, and no money to buy others. The excellent band which played in peace time on the Terrace had long ceased its music. Life was grey and dreary, and the only excitement in it was the element of danger. For our menfolk, monotony of existence was varied by occasional week-ends in Frankfort gaol; but we women had not even that resource! One terrible morning we heard from Berlin that no English people would be allowed to leave Germany until the war was over. Then, indeed, was "wailing and gnash-