

CHAPTER XXXII

THE CÔTE D'AZUR—IN WAR-TIME

"O Christ! it is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land."

CHILDE HAROLD

DIOGENES spent time and thought in considering the things he could do without. Among them (had Diogenes lived in these days) might well have been the journey from Paris to Marseilles. For who can sleep in a pandemonium of whistling, bumping, backing, rocking—to say nothing of economy in the matter of air and extravagance in that of dust! All these discomforts, alas! are prolonged in the year 1915, since a slow train takes the place of the customary *Rapide*. But miseries of hard beds, or none at all, of stifling carriages and disagreeable fellow-travellers, are forgotten in the first glimpse of the great towers of Avignon. Here one breathes indeed the atmosphere of the South. This land of olive trees and cypresses, of almond blossoms and mimosa, with all its traditions of *trouvères*, troubadours and *jongleurs* is for the time being ours. We swallow