

A War-Time Journal : Germany, 1914

promptly arrested, having been overheard by a spy. We are now ordered to get health certificates, which are to go to Frankfort, and be forwarded to the military authorities in Berlin. There is an idea that we may go away on Tuesday next. We have found out that our passports never went to Berlin at all, but are lying at this moment in the drawer of that old demon in the "Polizei-Amt."

August 28th.—Nothing new. The German papers, as usual, full of their victories and their piety, and their patriotism, and their "Kultur," and goodness knows what not besides. Both Kaisers praising each other and distributing iron crosses *ad lib.*, early though it be in the day. No mention of English troops or England, except to abuse the "Verflüchte" English.

A train of wounded men arrived yesterday, and bandaged and lame soldiers are to be seen limping about the town, looking ghastly pale and ill. At the Lazarett behind the "Prince of Wales' Hotel" there are many sad cases. The Red Cross Society has made every provision for their comfort and happiness possible. Sheets have been hemmed,