

A War-Time Journal : Germany, 1914

familiar and perpetual calling upon God to witness that He alone has led the Germans to victory and blessed their cause. I read a poem yesterday, which began "Du Gott der Deutschen," as if indeed the Deity were the especial property of the German Nation! Massacre, pillage, destruction, violation of territory, everything wicked God is supposed to bless! What hideously distorted minds, and where is the sane, if prosaic Teuton of one's imaginings! I wake often in the morning and wonder if all that has happened here has not been a horrible nightmare—if it can be possible in the twentieth century that I, a woman, am a prisoner, and for no sin that one has committed. I cannot order an Einspänner and drive to the station without a challenge and danger. I cannot possibly get away without my passport. If I attempted to drive to the Rhine my fate might be that of the poor Russians who were shot the other day. In any case I could not leave Germany without my passport nor enter Dutch territory without permission from the Netherlands Consul at Frankfort. It seems all hopeless and heartbreaking.

August 20th.—Another terrific blow! Fraulein