

A War-Time Journal : Germany, 1914

September 7th.—Wonder of wonders! no bell-ringing to-day, nor processions of singing youngsters, so we hope there is a lull in the "Sieges."

Miss H—— went last week to have her hair washed, and during the process her hair-dresser remarked casually to her, "We shall be in Paris in a day or two, and in London in another week, and when we have conquered England as well as France you will all have to learn to speak German." This shows the amazing conceit and arrogance of the people. Poor, ignorant things, they are quite hoodwinked by their rulers—and even look forward to seeing their Kaiser "Emperor of Europe"! One day we read that a bag has been made of 30,000 Russians, the next that the number was understated, and that it is 70,000. As for Belgians and French, every day 10,000 men and guns *ad lib.* are captured, and the poor silly people believe it all. Villas and streets are still beflagged, and by this time we know every patriotic song in the "Vaterlandslieder" book by heart. One tries to be plucky, but our hearts are very sad just now.

Paris seems doomed, and apparently the French