

A War-Time Journal : Germany, 1914

intense, frightful hatred speaks in every look, in every action of our enemies. It is consoling to remember that their own Nietzsche says: "One does not hate as long as one dis-esteems, and only when one esteems an equal or superior."

August 26th.—A chauffeur at the Bellevue was arrested to-day and taken to Frankfort. He is only twenty, a Glasgow lad, and absolutely harmless.

I am so sick of "Heil Dir im Sieger Kranz" that as the children pass my villa shouting it or "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?" I go out on my balcony and retaliate by singing "Rule Britannia." Small children with flags and paper cocked hats, toy swords and tiny drums march through the streets, day after day, singing patriotic songs, whilst (poor dears!) their fathers are being slaughtered in thousands. No reverses are ever reported in the German papers, nothing but victories appear, and Germans are treated like children. If it were not for the "Corriere della Sera" we should be tempted to believe the Allies in a bad way. The "beehrte gäste" departed this morning. At the station a band played, flags were waved,