

DEDICATORY NOTE

DEAR M. Z. H.:

I shall not have to remind you that the idea of this book came to me under your roof.

You were the first to hear of it. You were first, not only in welcoming, but in helping me (in the press of other claims) to guard from extinction the small veering flame of the new impulse.

Hardly, I think, can a "quiet" book ever have been written under conditions of distraction more clamorous. For the days of its beginning were the days when, after sixteen months of war, we at home in England were facing at last the fact that not only was the war leaving no life untouched in its hopes and human relationships, but was to leave no life unaltered in its material conditions and its daily round.

I have often wondered whether, without your help, I could have done my infinitesimal fragment of the common task, let alone done anything beside. For, remember, those were days when the reverberations of the guns of Flanders reached even to English gardens—destroying their immemorial Peace; days when the comer to town found, more and more, the prevalent khaki of London streets slashed with hospital blue; and even, as I well remember, met such a sight as those great posters—how lavish they look in the retrospect! yet how inadequate to set forth the height and depth of the implication—*A Zeppelin Raid on London!* Those were the days when newspapers and Authority in private left off telling us: England is impregnable. We heard, instead, how to destroy supplies and drive off cattle, in the event of a landing raid on the coast. We heard the