

Apart from this one small tradesman, all the Luxemburgers whom I met, to whatever class of society they belonged, detested the Germans. Or rather, to be strictly accurate, they detested the Prussians. Germans other than Prussians were vague figures whom they hardly visualized; but the figure of the Prussian was at once definite and odious to them—equally definite and equally odious to every Luxemburger from peasant to Prime Minister.

It was the Prime Minister himself—M. Eyschen, whose recent death, probably hastened by Prussian vexations, is a great loss to his country—who summed them up in the most vigorous language. A foreigner belonging to one of the Allied countries had asked M. Eyschen's advice and help in some matter of business which would have to pass through the hands of the Prussian military authorities. The advice given was to let the business slide and do nothing which would attract the attention of the Prussians—not to give them any hint. And then followed this criticism: "You know the Prussian mentality. I have no need, I suppose, to inform you of it again. They are capable of any kind of black-guard trick in order to win the game."

They are; they have proved it in the Grand Duchy, in small matters as well as great; and it might be hard to say whether their grosser offences or their trivial acts of arrogance and bad taste have left the greater bitterness behind them. Intense indignation was felt at the action of a member of the House of Metternich, who, after having been billeted on one of the leading citizens of Diekirch and regaled on the best wine in the cellars, went away without paying his bill, leaving on the dining-room table his visiting card, bearing the message: "Thanks for your kind hospitality. God will reward you for it."

They pictured the German army concentrating, as well as mobilizing, on German soil; and, in spite of their foresight, they were, in the end, taken by surprise, believing, even after the declaration of the Kriegszustand, that they would still have a few days' respite.

I thought so too; and, as I was an invalid, only partially convalescent from an unpleasant illness, I did not hurry to get away. That is how it happened that, living close to the frontier, I actually trod German soil, for a few minutes, after the Kriegszustand had been proclaimed, and might very possibly have been caught and detained there if I had not kept my eyes open.

As I was in the heart of the country, there was little to be seen. A few peasants were standing in a devotional attitude by the roadside, singing Die

natured warning. Interpreting it as such, I walked a few yards and so reached neutral ground; and then the gendarme gravely descended from his bicycle, and, with equal gravity, drew a steel chain across the road between him and me. That was the formal closing of the frontier—a ceremony simultaneously performed on all the roads entering the Grand Duchy from Prussia.

It turned out that the invasion had begun on the Saturday evening. A Prussian detachment had, in fact, appeared at the railway station of Trois Vierges, called in German Ulfingen, torn up a little of the line, and demanded the surrender of the telegraphic apparatus; and so the first act of war had been committed. The invasion in force, and the occupation of the capital, had been delayed until the small hours of Sunday morning. It had evidently been intended to confront the Luxemburgers with a fait accompli when they came down to breakfast; but that object was not achieved. Somebody telephoned from Wasserbillig; presumably other people telephoned from other stations. At any rate, it became known that an armoured train was on its way from Trier, and that a stream of Prussian soldiers in motors, on motor-cycles, and on bicycles, was pouring along the high road in the dark. Luxembourg had to make up its mind in a hurry how to act.

Mr. Buchan, in his history of the war, states that "the Grand Duchess motored up and wheeled her car across the roadway, but she was bidden to go home, and her chauffeur was compelled to turn. One of the Ministers of State made a formal protest, which was greeted with laughter." The story told on the spot was somewhat different. Two of the officers of the little Luxembourg army, it was stated, were hurriedly sent out with written protests; one of them to meet the motorists, and the other to meet the train. The officer who met the motorists had no chance even of reading his protest; a revolver was pointed at him, and he was told to get out of the way. The protest of the officer who met the train was ignored; he was left reading it while the Prussian officer, who had not even returned his salute, proceeded to take possession of the Post Office.

To get there, he had to traverse the famous Pont Adolf; and it was on that bridge that the Luxemburgers had erected their one and only barricade. The English legend has it that there again they encountered the Grand Duchess in her motor; but, as a matter of fact, the barricade consisted of a prison van of the sort known in France as panier-a-salade and in England as "Black Maria," drawn across the road, with a gendarme standing at each end of it. The gendarmes, being able-bodied men, made themselves useful in removing the "Black Maria." They served, and could serve, no other purpose; and they were threatened with instant death if they did not obey. The course thus cleared, there was no longer even a show of resistance; and the invaders did what seemed good to them, making haste to issue two proclamations, of which the second gave the lie to the first.

The first proclamation was to the effect that they had only entered the Grand Duchy for the purpose of protecting the railway lines from the French; the second set forth that they found themselves compelled to proceed to the military occupation of the Grand Duchy. There was a further announcement that full compensation would be given for all damage done, and that all goods requisitioned would be paid for in cash; but neither promise has so far been fulfilled. As regards the damage, there has only been a scandalously inadequate payment on account; while it was roughly computed that, of the goods requisitioned, only one-third were paid for in cash. For a further third, it was said, receipts were given, and the rest was simply appropriated without acknowledgment. Nor was the manner of the military occupation tempered by consideration for the rights and dignities of the citizens. Soldiers were billeted on them whether they wished it or not. Emplacements for guns were dug in their vegetable gardens, and their orchards were destroyed because they obstructed the line of fire. Their army was confined to its own barracks, and a number of prominent men were arrested.

And not only arrested, but treated badly. I conversed with some of them after their release and heard their stories. They were taken to Trier in circumstances which led the Trier populace to believe that they were convicted spies, with the result that they were followed through the streets of Trier by a mob howling for their blood, and felt relieved when the prison door closed on them. In the prison itself they were treated, not as respectable persons whom it was unfortunately necessary to detain as a measure of military precaution, but as criminals, placed in solitary confinement, provided only with the ordinary prison fare, and required to clean their own cells; when they were let go, as no charge

could be brought home to them, they were offered neither compensation nor apology. The record is a damning one, fully bearing out the Prime Minister's estimate of the Prussian character: "Ce sont les derniers des cochons."

Meanwhile the army was pouring into the Grand Duchy, and pouring out again in the directions of Belgium and France. War had not yet been declared when the military occupation began; and some days elapsed before we, in the country, knew for certain whether war was actually being waged



In spite of All, the Conquered To-day shall be Tomorrow's Conqueror.

Serbia with the central powers in chains.

—Gabriel Galantara, in L'Asino, Rome.

or not. The negotiations were still, so far as we could tell, proceeding; and we clung to the hope that a satisfactory result would come of them. At last, however, we got the truth from a staff officer—a fat little man with enormous goggles who came into the hotel garden and called for beer and cigars. Our landlady stood beside him while he imbibed, and told him what was in our minds. It was as though lightning flashed at her through his goggles. "Nein, es ist los," he said ferociously; and then we knew where we were, and waited to see what would happen next.

METCHNIKOFF'S DEATH

Believed He Had Solved the Mystery of Long Life and then Died Relatively Young

ARNO DOSCH-FLEUROT, in *The World's Work*, says that when Professor Metchnikoff, the world's leading pathologist, died at Paris on the fifteenth of last July, he left behind him in the Pasteur Institute six white mice. They were more than three years old, and had long passed the span of life for ordinary mice, but as they had spent their entire existence on a diet prescribed by Metchnikoff they were still young and frisky.

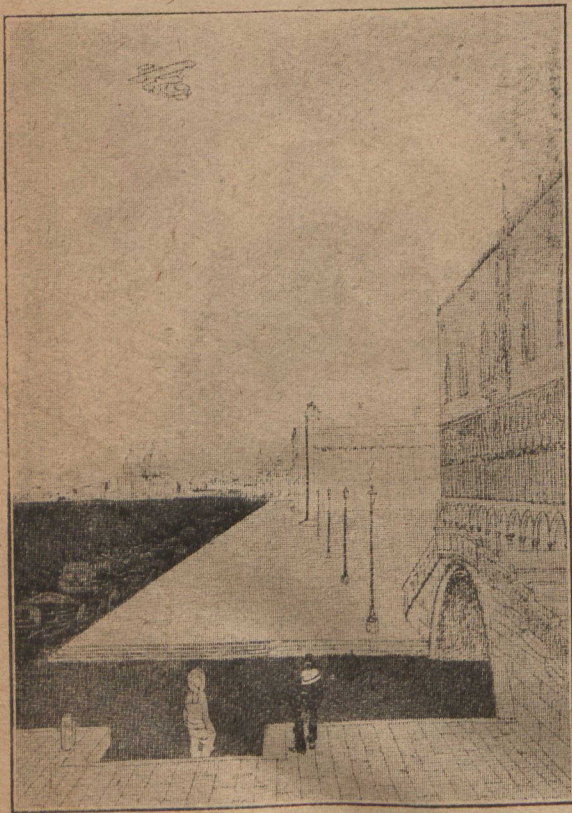
One day shortly before he died Metchnikoff stopped before their cage and remarked to one of his pupils:

"I am afraid my mice are going to survive me, and I shall not be able to complete my experiment. Fortunately for them they have no organic heart trouble in their family."

These mice were to serve some purpose in Metchnikoff's investigations of old age. He probably needed them for a complete analysis of the breaking down of human tissue in the constant battle going on within the human body. Their survival under Metchnikoff's care was proof that old age could be averted, or at least pushed farther into the future, by following the Metchnikoff system of eating nothing that has not been cooked and by fighting the enemies of long life with scientifically soured milk.

Metchnikoff, who was an exact scientist and issued his public statements only after long series of experiments, had not left Paris for months without giving minute instructions to be followed in the event of the death of one of the mice during his absence.

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IN DESERTED VENICE.

Native: "That's the first foreigner that's been here this year."

Blix, in *Simplicissimus*, Munich.

Wacht am Rhein; but there was no danger of molestation from them. They were ignorant people who hardly understood, as yet, who was the enemy, or what the excitement was about. Presently, however, I saw the glittering helmet of a corpulent gendarme who was toiling laboriously up the hill on a bicycle; and it seemed wiser to retire towards the frontier as he approached. As he drew near he gave me a significant look, which was probably meant as a good-