

A War-Time Journal : Germany, 1914

German Frau is not a capable shopkeeper like the French woman. A "Drogerie" here is presided over by the wife of the man who owns it, in his absence at the war. She is a gentle, rather pretty creature, but amazingly slow and stupid. If tooth-powder be asked for, she mounts a ladder, searches among a hundred bottles, shakes her head despairingly, and wonders where her "Mann" has put it. Outside her Küche and house, the German woman does not shine, but she is a faithful unselfish wife, and a good and affectionate mother. Mr. Ives thinks we shall certainly get away next week. I hope so! The weather is cold and rainy, and there is no fire-place in my room.

September 13th.—The Altheim daily papers complain that they are inundated with foolish questions over the telephone. "Ist Namur belgisch oder französisch?" (Is Namur Belgian or French?)

"Gehen die Schottländer wirklich mit nackten Beinen in die Schlacht?" (Do the Highlanders really go into battle with naked legs?)

"Wie lange wird es ungefähr dauern, bis die Deutschen Paris eingenommen haben?" (How