

the British military authorities. On the first night on which this order was to come into effect, crowds were gaily circulating in all the main thoroughfares, and, on asking the military police why they did not take action, they said that they could speak no word of German except "Pasz" (which is pronounced, more or less, as in English) and that when asked for the pass they showed them any old kind of a document. We dropped on one or two gatherings in the street, choosing the largest and the gayest. Several of them had the cheek to show a tram-ticket as a pass. In a very short time we had twenty or thirty names and addresses and we told them to come before the Military Court next morning. The next day the Provost Marshal called for volunteers from the Intelligence Corps and each of us got a district assigned together with a few military police to help us. It was not long before the people of Cologne recognized that the military authorities were in earnest about the matter and our services were no longer required in this direction, particularly as we had coached some of the police in one or two necessary words of German. On the second night of this work, as we were going down a dark street in a low part of the city, I heard one of the police behind me evidently having a row with someone. I went back and found that a fellow-countryman of my own from the West of Canada had come into collision with the sergeant of police, who wanted to arrest him. Mac—, who was a real old-timer and a one-time cow-puncher in Alberta, had evidently been gazing on the juice of a red grape that knew not Saskatchewan and its numerous drug-stores. The passionate love he bore the military police when sober had turned in his drunkenness to a bitter hatred, and he was dancing round threatening to clean the — policeman up. I made the peace between them, but thought it better, in view of Mac—'s alert con-

dition, to take him along with us until we could drop him in a safe place. Mac— nearly made trouble on one or two occasions. He took a very strong and rapid dislike to one or two of the "squareheads" (as he called them) whom we stopped; he was tremendously interested in hearing me question them in German and cocked his old head on one side as if he understood it all. If they answered more than a couple of words, Mac— would think they were getting fresh and I would feel a tug at my elbow and hear Mac's vinous whisper: "Shall I clean him up, Sir?"

It is not generally known, but there can be no harm in stating now, that British troops were in Cologne a couple of days before the official commencement of the occupation. British advanced General Headquarters, then at Spa, received an urgent message from the Mayor of Cologne two days before the commencement of the occupation, stating that rioting had broken out in the town, that property was being destroyed, and begging that troops be sent to maintain order. A brigade of British infantry was despatched and order was restored. The rioting that went on in many other towns in Germany was in very marked contrast to the quietness and order in the occupied territory, and the people of the unoccupied parts openly envied the good fortune of their brothers on the Rhine. This was more particularly true of the moneyed class, the "Grossindustriellen", and yet this class, more than any other, had been responsible for the beginning and carrying on of the war. A somewhat peculiar situation, Allied forces on the Rhine protecting the class which was very largely responsible for the war. The house where I was billeted, or rather, billeted myself, had been broken into a few days before we arrived in Cologne and five hundred bottles of wine had been stolen. These particular Bolsheviks evidently knew good wine when they saw it, for all