

A War-Time Journal : Germany, 1914

Mr. H——, his Chief, from the Northern. The Scotch chauffeur has been released after a week in prison. He looks pale and dispirited, "a sadder," and no doubt "a wiser man."

September 5th. —The "Times" of the 5th August has turned up in Altheim. It has gone the round of our little community until such a worn, creased remnant reached me, that I had much ado to keep it together until I could master its contents. One felt a second Rip Van Winkle, awaking after a long sleep, our world being so confined here. At last I have discovered how to get money from England. One writes to the American Embassy in Berlin, and encloses a telegram (with postal order for the same) to one's banker in London, instructing him to pay the sum of money wanted to the American Embassy in London, to be forwarded through their kind offices to the Embassy in Berlin. The telegram to be written on a sheet of foolscap paper, with the full name and address of the sender, and the name also of the nearest American Consul. No letters can be sent through this channel.

September 6th.—No church now! Even that