

A War-Time Journal : Germany, 1914

mad last night, processions, bands, marchings all night, and such a noise that at last a nurse had to come out from the Lazarett near the Park and beg the revellers to think of the poor wounded sick, and spare them. No one could sleep! The last blow has come, our church is closed!

September 4th.—Despair! The American Ambassador at Berlin has telegraphed that we English are not to leave! The Russians are going, but our treatment is retaliatory, because they say England is detaining German women, and Russia lets them go. To make all worse Fraulein S——, tired of keeping me so long for nothing, has given me notice to quit at the moment when for three days I have had no greater fortune than 2*d.* in my pocket. Where I am to go, or who will take me in without money I can't imagine! The American Ambassador in Berlin and Mr. Ives, the American Vice-Consul at Frankfort, are working untiringly and most kindly for us. We do not complain of actual harsh treatment, although to be turned adrift in the world without money by one whose tenant I had been for five years is hardly kind. However, war is war undoubtedly. Mr. Ives is from the Southern States,