

his house telephone. I felt a mad desire, while talking to him, to ask him what he meant by asking for a truce on the very day that the Germans shelled Paris and killed so many people in a church there? But I did not ask him, and have regretted it since. I do not suppose that there will ever be another chance of asking an Archbishop such a question.

It was thought at one time during the war that Germany was "squealing" at the stringency of our blockade and was playing the "starvation of women and children" in order to obtain more favourable conditions. That may have been so to some extent. But the starved, hollow faces of the little children of Cologne gave a very complete answer to those who doubted the efficiency of our blockade. It was a terrible stranglehold we held on the very throat of a nation of seventy millions. You can feel very little of the glory of war when you see the poor, pale face of a little child. One of our doctors told me that it would be many years before the German race could recover from the effects of our blockade, possibly not for a generation or more. Sugar and fats, elements of food very necessary to all, and particularly so to young children, were lacking through those long years of the blockade, and many of the German children will suffer from those years of scarcity till their dying day. It is not a pleasant aspect of the war. But we could not, justifiably, have neglected the most powerful weapon in our armoury.

My chief, Captain P—, had studied in Bonn University before the war, and we called on one of his old professors one day, a man who looked more than seventy. We were talking of the food conditions in Germany during the war, and Professor P— showed us a photograph of himself in 1914. It was that of a stout, well-preserved man of about sixty. When we saw him he was thin to emaciation and he told us that he had lost be-

tween fifty and sixty pounds. P— told me that he had a tremendous shock when he saw him. It was the middle classes who suffered most. The rich were able to hoard up food and the working classes got a special ration, if they were on Government work, as most of them were. In Bonn the inequalities between the rich and the middle classes were especially striking and the spread of Bolshevism and of the spirit of revolution was due in no small measure to the unlimited hoarding that was allowed to be practised by the more wealthy.

The day before we left Spa Colonel A—, of the First Army, had gone on ahead to Cologne and had commandeered many of the finest hotels for headquarters offices, among them the Dom Hotel and the Hotel Monopol. The advanced General Headquarters offices were in the Hotel Monopol, quite close to the Domplatz or Cathedral Square, and the people of Cologne enjoyed the very unusual spectacle of our soldiers taking their meals behind the plate-glass windows of the front room of their finest hotel. The position was not well chosen for Headquarters, for the street cars ran quite close to the hotel doors, and this interfered to some extent with the effect produced by the really smart guard posted at the entrance to the hotel. The sentries were taken from the Brigade of Guards, who were billeted in Cologne, and their smartness and fine soldierly bearing were objects of very obvious interest to the people of Cologne. All day and every day there was a crowd watching them salute the officers, who went in and out of the hotel. I remember on one occasion that just as an officer was coming out from the hotel a street-car was nearing the hotel door, where two tall Coldstreamers were on guard. With that wonderful far-away look in his eye the guardsman nearest the street-car, without batting an eyelash, went through the usual motions of saluting a Field Officer, and brought his bay-