

HELL'S BELLS and HEAVEN TELLS

Mixed Pickled Postscript

(Apologia pro vita mea)

By

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The Devil shelters beneath the Cathedral Spire

Hellwards the harlots of our roaring dreams bear love's
swart errors.

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT HODGSON (was killed while flying in May,
1941, at the age of twenty-six.)

The hells are quiet now: a peace is ours.

Whatever threatens us as peace begins,
We know that Brotherhood and Hope are powers,
And you have shown that he who has them wins.

JOHN MASEFIELD

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and
HEAVEN TELLS

BY SAME AUTHOR

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A Romance of the Real

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To

My Next Incarnation

Whoever you are

Wherever you are

To be

I am smilin' thro'

TO YOU

NOT ONCE ALONE

I shall pass through this world many times. Any good, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it or neglect it, so that when I am reborn I shall reap as I have sown, and having cast my bread upon the waters, after many days I shall find it again.

“There is much piquant wit and no little humour in this book. But Mrs. Tibbits arouses one’s curiosity at times, and leaves one to conjecture many things. Perhaps she intends to write a supplementary volume which will clear up a few details?”

—*The Civil and Military Gazette*, Lahore,
on “The Voice of the Occident.”

Like the beat, beat, beat of the tom-tom
In the jungle afternoon,
Like the drip, drip, drip of the raindrops
When the summer's shower is through.
So a voice within me keeps repeating
More work for you.

The Defeat of the Egg

(Scene : The London Hospital)

THE WALLS DO NOT FALL

Thoth, Hermes, the stylus,
the palette, the pen, the quill endure,
though our books are a floor
of smouldering ash under our feet ;

GREY skies after a rush from the Riviera opals.

A Jacob's ladder seen through a window by my bed. Up and down, all day, float angels in blue and mauve and Milan Madonna's caps, singing as gaily as the pyre women of Chittore.

Then on a trolley, wheeled by Anubis and Thoth, to the asphodel fields of the dead.

A descent into hell. Three hours ascent from the anæsthetic.

"It had to be deep, in case of malignancy."

Doctors had differed. Twice had I run a race with death and won. "One may not do that thrice, the pale horse wins," I had thought.

But when the enormous egg was snipped out it contained only a yellow sea, in which an anemone swayed its tentacles.

Then a hurried visit en passant, from the Great Man* in person.

"For the sake of my work, tell me the truth!"

"Twenty years more," he barks, and this book is born.

*Mr. Russell Howard, F.R.C.S.

The Curate's egg has been my life. But for a life to be true all sides should be shown. Here are some of the sulphurous parts.

It is written under the Corniche road. Seventy years ago my evangelical forbears drove "the finest drive in Europe" in a horse carriage to Menton. They looked down with horror on the "cesspool" from the Alpine Excelsior heights above.

It is completed in a room opalescent like an oyster shell, filled with pinky mauve carnations and last red asters of All Souls' Day. This is the Gate of Heaven.

I sit at my window beneath the Corniche road breathing in the mountain air. In all this peace and beauty my mind roves back over other scenes of hideous horror. I have determined to give them as a warning to those who shall come after.

It is the story of a woman about to die. To whom the door of Heaven was flung wide in her youth. Who had not the strength to pay the toll. Who, bored and deafened by earth's yells, heard the Bells of Hell as the fisherman of Is, who dived its depths for sensation.

For long I hesitated whether Hell's Bells and Heaven's Chimes should ring from the same volume. Then I remembered that Socrates took Alcibiades from a house of ill fame. The vestals were lodged just beneath the Imperial Palace. Nero and Caligula peered down upon them. Vice and virtue are inextricably mixed. Jacob's ladder foots it at Charing Cross. Hell's staircase debouches on the Madeleine.

The articles "A Night in Rome" and "A Night in Paris" are reprinted from the *Indian Daily Mail*.

PART I
HELL'S BELLS

The Devil

BOMBERS OVER LONDON

To-night I heard the sound
of Bombers outward bound.
I rest in peace while they
sweep bravely on their way;
and as I lay I knew
that I could give no due
except to pray, with love,
"God guard those gallant few above."

HAROLD BALFOUR

In Paris with the Germans

THE FORBIDDEN CITY

THE UNHOLY TERRORS, 1789-1940

Once the France we knew
Was a warm distant place with sun shot through,
A happy land of gracious palaces,
And Paris! Paris! Where twice green the trees
Do twice salute the all delightful year!
(Though the sun lives, the trees are dying here).
And Germany we thought a singing place
Where in the hamlets dwelt a simple race,
Where the untaught villager would still compose
Delicious things upon a girl or rose.
Well, I suppose all I shall see of France
Will be most clouded by an Uhlan lance,
Red fields from cover glimpse, be all I see,
Of innocent, singing, peasant Germany.

DRILLING IN RUSSELL SQUARE

The grey sky overcast, and dying, the sun
red tangled, huge among
the bare branches of trees. Last call
of birds, and, night coming,
cries of children slim and clear
along dusk.
Fear of mortality.

Three days later, Petain announced on the wireless that he had asked for an armistice. I could not believe my ears. France It wasn't credible. France! Of all countries the least compliant, the most refractory, the only country which takes nothing for granted! Incalculable France, all suspicion, all meanness, one minute, all generosity, all spaciousness the next: Soaring, helicopter-like, without transition from the ignoble to the sublime—and back. And this "enfant terrible" among nations, this spoilt child of Europe, with its impudence, cussedness, spunk, is to be surrendered without a murmur to the spirit breaker, the giant bully, the ostracized gate crusher of Europe, all because the "hero of Verdun" hasn't the courage to face the music! God! What folly, what criminal folly! What had possessed Reynaud to send for Petain, why hadn't he tried a "levee en masse," it wasn't too late?

Blind with tears of mingled despair and fury, I stumbled from the room.

An eagle rules the French farmyard, which no longer has the charming insouciance of a Chardin picture, that happy association of sabot and hayloft, crusty loaf, and cream being poured from an earthenware jar.

All that has gone. The farmer's wife cowers in the empty loft, German feldgrau carry off the squawking hens, no triumphant cock crow on the midden. . . .

Daughter of the Maitresse Enttitre to the Royal Boulevardier.

Our ignorance of what has been going on in France in the last two years is a common-place, but one which has not yet lost its power to startle. It is natural, therefore, that we should welcome, rather uncritically, any scraps of news, or even gossip, from France and especially from the now forbidden city of Paris.

It is necessary to choose among so many themes, but two recur again and again. The first is the almost incredulous awe with which the Germans found themselves in Paris. Of course they expected to win; of course they deserved to win; of course they were the bearers of culture as well as the masters of war. And yet, to be in Paris as Masters, to see, for a moment, the dazzling vision of the French accepting them as masters, it was almost too good to be true. So they "did" the conquered city with an unslakable thirst for culture.

The second basic theme is the failure of the Germans to win over the Parisians and their surprise and resentment at their failure. It was no simple case of *oderint dum metuant*. They wanted to be loved as well as feared and did not realize how completely fear can cast out love. PETER DE POLNAY.

†Paul Reynaud, Prime Minister of France. His last broken speech in the Chambre, "France can never die."

PARIS

May the 18th, '40. Mourning, Lamentation, and Woe! Hotel full of Dutch refugees flying from parachutists disguised as Dutchmen.

June the 9th. The first note of impending danger. The Sunday after Black Saturday when the Germans were only 50 kilos. from Paris. On rising, heard the concierge say, beneath my window, "Canons sont près. Ils ont forcé notre ligne. C'est épouvantable." The Madeleine was half empty. Three Red Cross Sisters from Compiègne dined at our Hotel, two pretty girls and one stout married woman. Between the swearing and drinking, "We were bombed three times yesterday," they said. "The Germans have taken our money. We live on 5 francs a day. Oh! This is a bust. We advise you to fly to-night, Madame."

June the 11th. The Consulate advised flight that night. Mr. Newbolt said, "Nothing is sure now. Weygand may let them in to save France." Weygand had broadcast that he had flown over their lines, that their last effort was expended. Paris was safe if only the army did its duty.

The panic at the Consulate was awful. One woman wanted me to take her to Vichy gratis because she was a De Vere Beauclerc! Another hung on to me so desperately, the tailor of the British community and I had to go downstairs arm in arm to get away from her. The only calm person was a negress who addressed me as "Honey." I went to the garage where a widow in tears rushed up to me and begged me to share her motor free of charges anywhere out of Paris "for company." But she refused my baggage. The

man at the garage was awfully rude. His master said, "They get like this at these times." I couldn't help thinking of the French Revolution. The more so that the mercifully distant rumbling of the guns was like the tattooing at the Guillotine. I rushed to the Ritz Hotel, but even they were powerless to help me. "Our clients are returning here!" A Greek family returned to our Hotel. "The roads are impassable."

June 13th, Thursday. It was thought that Paris was impregnable, its defences and black troops debarred them, but it was false dawn, I went to the Consulate. I met two "gentlemen," in plain clothes, who came to see me that evening about a special train to get away. The Consulate said, "the news is better, the Germans have been pushed back 35 miles." The Greek family on the same floor called on me, they said, "The Germans will be here to-morrow! Destroy all evidence that your husband was on the H.Q. Staff of the Army. If you are called before the Commandantur ask for a member of the U.S.A. Embassy to go with you."

14th. On leaving the Hotel, I asked the little, deformed porter if there were "Nouvelles"? "Oui Madame," he hesitated, "Les Allemagnes ont entré Paris!" (*e.g.*, the 13th, Thursday, after their prophecy to be here by the 15th). I met the two "gentlemen" at the U.S.A. by appointment at 10 a.m. The two "gentlemen" turned out to be the British Chaplain and his man. They said, "the Y.W.C.A. will arrange for us." I told the U.S.A. Embassy man that I was a cousin of Senator Pepper. He said, "Don't worry. I'll come with you to the Commandantur if called up. Returning, I met a whole stream of Germans entering, mechanised lorries, machine guns, waggons, horses.

The tailor called upon me and asked if I would leave at once by aeroplane? But I wished to go to my brother in the South of France, so unfortunately refused. At lunch time we heard that Paris had been declared an open town when the Germans were 30 kilometres away. Thus confirming what we heard from the Consulate two days before that Weygand would let them in to save France. The armies were still fighting! After lunch we saw streams of lorries passing our corner from the opera, including the Red Cross. Then we heard singing and saw regiments passing the other end down the boulevard. Cyclists even passed our street, then suddenly there was an entrance of several Germans commanding food. I rushed up in the lift with the Greek and his wife, who promised to protect me. We heard that France had cabled Roosevelt for intervention. The concierge told us *they* had ordered oeufs au plat for lunch.

Reassured by hearing him, again from my window, say, "Pour le moment ils sont aimables!"

Saturday, 15th June. Not a bad night considering. *But* had been told "no Germans on this floor." When I opened my door to deposit my breakfast tray, saw one outside. He coughed as he passed, sending me into shivers. Later, when I went to what has been called General Headquarters Love, the door opened suddenly, and this great hulking beast confronted me! I jumped back with a British "Oh!" Was it imagination or did I see a twinkle of amusement in the grey-green eyes, so exactly matching the uniform of the raw boned giant towering above me? Ceaseless drone of planes and drums reminding of when the tattooing round the Guillotine, which was hard by, drowned the

voices of the aristos. I was told to remain indoors on account of a grand review in the Champs Elysee at which Hitler would speak! Our time already advanced to German time! In the afternoon went to Y.W.C.A. about food in case of stopping it here. Saw lorries of French soldiers in *brown*, being driven off to internment, near the Madeline.

The civilians in the street took off their hats to them. Grey German troops everywhere. Already fraternising and flirting. Saw a smart French girl leading off four Germans to guessable destination! We three English ladies left here, including Mrs. General Cunningham and her Armenian maid, ignore the Germans in the Hotel and talk at dinner of Constantinople. Her son was in the diplomatic service there. She is here because she would not leave his ashes.

Sunday, 16th. Went to Communion in the Embassy Church. About 50 women present.

The Padré, shepherding his little flock, reminded me of the white bearded elders in the Colosseum standing between Christian women and wild beasts. History repeats itself. He said the Germans had slept in his house in a loop of the Seine and taken away all his silk pyjamas and dressing gowns.

I walked home with Colonel Shaw. He advised to stay here. He said we had bombed Germany every day and he thought the War would be over in the Spring. Leaving, three Taubes flew over. In the Rue Royale endless streams of regiments returning from review and winding round the Madeleine like a grey-green snake and singing as they disappeared northwards. The Greek family on my *étage* has left. Am now alone with the Germans and God. My maid won't let me sit

in the passage while she cleans my room. Mrs. Cunningham is still in the Hotel to keep me steady, this by God's great mercy. Otherwise I should be alone with an invading Army.

Monday, June 17th. Went to the U.S.A. Embassy. Admitted as "cousin of Senator Pepper." Mr. Murphy and our Consul were both nice. "Keep out of sight of the Germans, and don't let them hear you talk. There are no trains at present. The cheques will soon be cashed." Mr. Barnes said "if you have enough money for six weeks, you have nothing whatever to worry about. The situation is changing every day." I asked if he meant for Peace? He said, "not that, but financially, if you are in any trouble come and see Mr. Murphy who is looking after British people, and he will put it right." Allelujah!

Coming out I saw the elegant Crillon filled with a rabble of soldiers. Wagon chalked with "Welm Paris! Gott Strafe England!"

I met a French gentleman in the street with the "Matin," he said, "the news is awful, the Allies are falling back everywhere with terrible losses. The government is now military. Weygand and Petain are arranging an Armistice. This was the first "Matin" printed since the catastrophe. I asked where I could get one? He said, "take mine, you must pay 50 centimes!" This well dressed French gentleman was characteristic of France. They pour out their blood for their country, and scrape for sous! It contained this:

La France va-t-elle demander l'armistice?

Notre angoisse est profonde depuis trois jours, depuis que M. Paul Reynaud a adressé un appel déchirant à M. Roosevelt.

Cet S.O.S. signifiait que la France était à bout, et que si M. Roosevelt ne s'arrangeait pas pour intervenir tout de suite, à nos côtés, nous allions être réduits à demander grâce.

M. Roosevelt a répondu que malgré ses sympathies ardentes pour le courage de la France et de ses armées, la Constitution démocratique américaine ne lui permettait pas de prendre l'engagement qu'on lui demandait.

Alors? La demande d'armistice? La capitulation sans phrases ou avec phrases?

Est-ce possible?

Nous allons payer 60 ans de déchristianisation, de dénatalité, de chute dans le paganisme et dans le matérialisme, de chute dans l'anarchie politicienne.

Dies iræ, Dies illa! comme on chante dans le De Profundis, aux messes des Morts, c'est le jour de la colère divine, oui, c'est ce jour-là!

Seigneur, que ta main est terrible, quand elle s'abat sur les nations qui se sont mises en révolte contre toutes les lois divines et humaines!

Nous payons cher, les erreurs et les crimes de notre grande Révolution française de 1789-93. A la Marne, Sainte Geneviève, Saint Louis, Sainte Jeanne d'Arc, Notre-Dame de Paris avaient intercédé pour nous; la Providence, nous accorda 25 ans de répit, de délai pour

nous redresser. Nous sommes retournés à notre vomissement libre-penseur, matérialists, à notre anarchie morale et politique de Front populaire.

Nous avons lassé la Providence !

Nous avons dégoûté le bon Dieu lui-même.

Et maintenant, quand le Seigneur nous accordera-t-il le redressement et la résurrection de la France ?

LA VICTOIRE

Peuple de Paris

Les troupes allemandes ont occupé Paris.

La ville est placée sous le gouvernement militaire.

Le gouverneur militaire de la région de Paris prendra les mesures nécessaires pour la sécurité des troupes et pour le maintien de l'ordre.

Les ordres des autorités militaires devront être exécutés sans conditions.

Évitez chaque action irréfléchie.

Tout acte de sabotage, actif ou passif, sera sévèrement puni.

Il dépend de la prudence et de l'intelligence de la population que la Ville de Paris profite des avantages réservés à une ville ouverte.

Les troupes allemandes ont reçu l'ordre de respecter la population et ses biens, sous la condition que cette population reste calme.

Chacun doit rester à son foyer ou à sa place de travail et reprendre ses occupations.

C'est le meilleur moyen et la meilleure façon pour chacun de servir, à la fois la ville de Paris, sa population et soi-même.

17 juin 1940.

LE COMMANDANT EN CHEF DU GROUPE D'ARMEES

In the afternoon went for a walk. There were crowds of evidently swell Boches outside the Ritz and Hitler's flag flying above. Also at the Meurice and the Wagram which has been the Paris home of my family for 70 years. The tailor met in the Consulate Panic called and said, England would continue the struggle to save the Empire. The Germans were after the South African mines.

The 19th. An enormously stout German passed through our Hall. "He is the worst of all," said the Concierge. "I gave a reasonable bill." "Too much," he barked. "I'll evacuate the Hotel!" This impossible happily. There are nine clients at the Ritz in addition to Hitler's crew.

20th. Germans are strict moralists here. When approached by shameless French women, they replied, "We don't want any of that. No rouge or lipstick for us!" The French rabble have no sense of shame. The girls are in cafés singing with Germans. A German band, leaving the Tuileries for the Concorde, was followed by a French crowd. The Nazi flag is flying from all Government buildings and big Hotels. The Concierge told me that the fat Prussian had threatened to shoot him if he did not turn all British out of the Hotel, on the first day, but when the big bullying Prussian found his threats were no use he quietened down.

Marshal Petain, the Grand Old Man of France, has stated in the papers that the limitation of the family has caused the débacle. "Peu d'enfants." So that particular thing for which England has always looked down on France has caused her undoing. A horrible

little French woman told me that, after the last Armistice, she could not buy the instruments for her perverted taste because the French Government had forbidden the sale of such, in the hope of encouraging a family.

22nd. A brass band was playing in the sweetest spot of the Tuileries. The goose step raising clouds of dust amongst the roses and Roman statues. I sought that sweetest spot, the fountain, surrounded by the shades of the old Kings of France. Hard by is a musée containing the toilet articles of Marie Antoinette. They were only saved from the mob because of repairs. They are of simply varnished wood. All else of hers has the same simple elegance, lilies painted on wooden tables. No luxe. I sat beneath a copper beech, surrounded by pink chestnuts, laburnums, and hawthorns. The roses, delphiniums and geraniums are more gorgeous than ever. France is a Phoenix. Even the boxes of bibelôts on the Seine are open. In the Tuileries gardens French people told me, the Germans said they had done with Paris. They were now going to cut the throats of the English.

The one thing that has given me strength through these, the greatest horrors of a life of horror, combined with charms, is the clairvoyant vision I had *before* General Weygand abandoned hope. I saw *many* times, on waking, the Côte d'Azur. Ever since I drew nearer to Mahadev, who gives the Third Eye, when I took, as a young girl, the first of the four of the great Initiations, I have often seen beforehand places of my destiny. This especially of water, seas, and lakes. I don't know why. As the Germans and their guns drew nearer, the turmoil stopped these visions.

But they sustained me through the horrors of evacuation and concentration camp. I felt *sure* I should get to the blue skies and sea, eventually, and so I did.

23rd. Armistice Day. French papers reviling us for leading them into this War, "to supress Germany." They forget

- (1) We fought in 1914 to protect their Colonies.
- (2) The first rift in the lute was that we refused to let them crush Germany financially in 1923. Madame Foch was stiff to me personally. Called at Lady Decie's, née Drexel and a millionairess. The concierge said she and her son had fled on the historic Thursday, June 13th, when General Weygand had abandoned all hope. (The Germans entered next morning).

For destination unknown, in her limousine. Only her butler and one chambermaid left, of a staff of 14. Now they played a comedy, made a racket when cleaning, to prevent the historic house being requisitioned by the Germans, who had filled the Hotel Lutetia hard by.

July 5th. Heard at the Westminster Bank, our cable for money on the eve of invasion, fruitless. The bank was powerless, but U.S.A. Embassy would get cheques cashed. Called there, woman told me impossible to help. But later she told me where to go to sign a form. Mr. Sutton said the money would be there in three weeks. I saw Colonel Shaw, late 9th Lancers, President of the Relief Committee. He said, "if you have enough for five weeks, you have nothing to worry about."

If I had not had interest they would not have helped me. They give 50 francs a week for relief!

July 7th. Last night the concierge's wife told me the Germans had revenged themselves, for the sinking of ten ships at Oran, "Fait sauter le monument à Edith Cavell, dans les Tuileries." The food is much better, for some days no meat, no milk. My regained peace of mind re the money, has brought back my clairvoyance and again I saw the Côte d'Azur this morning. A more awful predicament cannot be imagined, to be alone and penniless in an invaded foreign city. Neither the Bank nor the Hotel, being French, would have mercy.

I went to see and found that Edith Cavell was now a quarry. There was a black hole where dynamite had blown it all up. Heard that Clemenceau's statue was ditto.

I entered the Madeleine just as a gorgeous tenor voice rose de profundis of the agony of France.

"Ya Ya" sounded all day long on the Paris Boulevards from these reprobates and bounders of the first water.

Count Calvi di Bergolo, whom I met at the Cavalry Riding School at Pinerolo, liaison Officer to Rommel in Africa, was called by the Italian nation "A funny little man." They disapproved of his marriage to the King's daughter. He is a sharper of a brood of sharpeners, the only non-royal family in Europe to make two royal matches. His sister is married to a Danish royal prince.

July 9th. A fearful thing to be a woman alone in Paris, cut off from one's base at a time like this, and at any moment we may be cleared from the Hotel to make room for Germans. Only my *small* room prevented this, the Germans are given the best suites, eggs, milk,

and butter, when we can hardly keep body and soul together. They *pay* well! A big review to be held on the 14th, Bastille Day. 100,000 Germans in Paris, and 100,000 in Versailles to crow over us, this National festival of the French. In all this horror the one steadying factor was the Third Eye of Mahadev, I continually saw the Côte d'Azur, therefore I felt assured that I should get there eventually. My Higher Self the Winner.

11th. I have been helped so miraculously, that I can't help thinking that this means a mission. *e.g.*, yesterday, having paid my bill, I was shaking at my diminishing store, only 2,000 francs between me and destitution, when a bank man passed the office and said, "all right, the money will be paid in three weeks."

30th. A little artist friend returned to the Hotel. She had intended to stay, hearing that the Germans "were very pleasant people!" But was misguided to jump into a friend's motor at the last moment. She was deposited in the Provinces where 4,000 Germans eat up all the food. She was hidden by peasants and fed on garbage. Result, cholera. When she succeeded in getting away, she was twice shot at en route here.

August 2nd. Saw Colonel Shaw at U.S.A. Embassy. He said no woman would be interned who did not offend the Germans; if the money does not arrive from Lisbon it will be lent. Yesterday I was face to face with death for I knew that, once interned, I should never come out. Also the Hotel would kick me out if the money were not forthcoming. The

game to live was not worth the trouble. I meant to write to the executors, last instructions. Facing death was a happy release taking me to my husband. A house to be set in order accordingly. Also the little artist told me tarradiddles about an interment camp at Nice. The awful gusto with which middle class women love to torment each other, in contrast to the calm dignity of the Grande Dame, Mrs. Cunningham, who, widow of a British General, bows most graciously to the Germans in the Hotel. How the common people delight to worry us aristocrats, to "give us our share" at times like these. In the first terror, girls were sent to the guillotine just because they were aristocrats. The British Consul's Staff at the Embassy said rudely, "You've told me four times money is no object. I think the ship getting your money here from Lisbon may have gone down!" Even the Manageress Y.W.C.A. said, "I can only give you one meal a day," when the concierge here (the Manager had fled) said he might have to close the Hotel for want of food. In the Kali Yog there is to be only one class. Caste being a Divine Ruling, it will be swept away. This second War is the prelude to that. May I not be incarnation, at the mercy of the dregs, such as the little man of all work with a cracked laugh!

The Swiss concierge, said, "I wasn't a bit afraid at the German threat of shooting me, if I did not expel the British from the Hotel." It just shows what they are, even a big boss of the Flying Corps.

The higher self "smiles when we are frightened and sometimes it is frightened when we smile." All through this unholy terror, when I jumped out of my skin at a knock, teeth chattered before the gossip of

servants, and ran round the town at a rumour, as Marie Antoinette shivered in her cell in the Temple at the ribald Red Caps below her window. My higher self which flashed the Riviera on my vision, *before* the invasion, has been smilin' thro' to me.

August 8th. Went to a milk shop, the woman screamed so violently, I had to rush out! Heard of a Dispensary that sold to "Aged and Infirm." Went at the appointed hour to find a queue of equally low calibre who yelled at strangers passing. Having previously left my milk pot there, was obliged to wait, but never again! They knitted and screamed ribald jests exactly as their forbears greeted the thud of the heads into the basket of the guillotine. As though to atone for all these horrors, I saw next morning the Riviera coast again; also the Hotel Bristol informed me of a quiet street in their aristocratic vicinity, where milk could be got in decent fashion.

In this second terror we used to look round the *salle à manger* at meals to see who was there? exactly as the guests at the receptions held by Duchess de Noailles, in the prison looked to see who had gone in the tumbrils?

August 10th. Three immense lorries filled with the rabble of the German Army stopped outside while we dined. There were bursts of raucous ribald laughter at

- (1) Two little boys dressed as miniature French soldiers who passed by with rifles in their hands.
- (2) A French girl passed with a German soldier, hugging him.

- (3) Two blousy, lousy, women, to their shame, looked down from a Restaurant balcony opposite to exchange lewd jests with them. Then a German officer came up, and ordered the lorries out of our quiet street. The lower class French seemed to have lost all sense of decency in their defeat. The upper ones fear that if England loses this war they will become vassals of Germany. Rough on us island rats (passively to leave us to save them!)

August 13th. I feel more and more the *magic* of the Life Source. How it helps us when we do well, deserts us when we do ill. Tides over crises, drops succour out of the skies.

August 14th. Lowest depths of degradation! Went to U.S.A. Embassy to obtain promised relief and was ordered about by a nigger! It was only the thought of a little corpse that the life had just left, that lured me on to struggle for the money, to prolong my life to finish our work. That which was too hard for him to do. For his sake I put up with the nigger's insults, and the U.S.A.'s indifference.

"Hold thou thy corpse!"

The French aristocracy was the proudest and haughtiest in Europe before the first terror. Men carried muffs, woman's head dress 3ft. high, a girl aristocrat's bastard was thrown on the bedroom fire. A man drove over a child and asked if his horses were hurt? So the peasantry, liberated, became more furious than any other. Sat knitting to hear the thud of the

heads into the basket. To-day the same in another form. They are rampant to see our agony here.

August 24th. The horrors of invasion and bad food confined me to bed. Both the British doctors had fled to escape prison or the internment camp. So the U.S.A. man came. Lent him my last big book, "Veiled Mysteries of India," published by Nash and Grayson at a guinea. He was kind enough to say, "You have had a great life, it has been worth while!"

It was a common thing to see, during a morning walk in Paris, a poster, signed Stulpnagel, G.O.C. of Paris. It announced that fifty hostages "Communists" had been shot for the assassination of one German soldier. Stulpnagel, Junior, was shot by Germans for cowardice in defending Remagen Bridgehead.

You Have Been Warned

THE full story of the unbelievable that happened to 6,000 British women at the concentration camp of Besancon, in Occupied France, should have fallen into my hands.

So badly do I consider that this country needs awakening to the barbarities prevailing under German occupation that we make no apology whatever for spoiling, as indeed we hope to do, the Sunday of every complacent home in Britain. I am not going to mince any words for you. I am quite willing to be arrested on a charge of publishing obscene matter. It would be well worth three months in the second division to me to know that, at any rate, YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED.

THE MARQUESS OF DONEGALL

We saw the planes swoop down where shambling columns fled,
 And where they had passed we saw the cluttered dead
 Along the roads. And the steel terror tore
 Into the heart of France, and overbore,
 Till helpless into prison we were led.

SONNETS FROM A PRISON CAMP

Lie in the dark and listen.
 It's clear to-night so they're flying high,
 Hundreds of them, thousands perhaps,
 Riding the icy, moonlit sky,
 Men, machinery, bombs and maps,
 Altimeters and guns and charts,
 Coffee, sandwiches, fleece-lined boots,
 Bones and muscles and minds and hearts,
 English saplings with English roots
 Deep in the earth they've left below.
 Lie in the dark and let them go;
 Lie in the dark and listen.

Lie in the dark and listen.
 They're going over in waves and waves
 High above villages, hills and streams,
 Country churches and little graves
 And little citizen's worried dreams;
 Very soon they'll have reached the sea
 And far below them will lie the bays
 And cliffs and sands where they used to be
 Taken for summer holidays.
 Lie in the dark and let them go;
 Their's is a world we'll never know.
 Lie in the dark and listen.

Lie in the dark and listen.
 City magnates and steel contractors,
 Factory workers and politicians,
 Soft hysterical little actors,
 Ballet dancers, reserved musicians,
 Safe in your warm civilian beds,
 Count your profits and count your sleep
 Life is passing above your heads,
 Just turn over and try to sleep;
 Lie in the dark and let them go;
 There's one debt you'll forever owe.
 Lie in the dark and listen.

NOEL COWARD.

When peace descends once more like gentle rain,
 Mention my name in passing, if you must,
 As one who knew the terms—slay or be slain,
 And thought the bargain was both good and just.

SEAMUS HAUGHEY (R.C.A.F., killed in action, Sept. 28th, 1943)

MISSING, PRESUMED KILLED

There is no cross to mark
 The place he lies,
 And no man shared his dark Gethsemane,
 Or, witnessing that simple sacrifice,
 Brought word to me.
 There is no grave for him;
 The mourning heart
 Knows not the destination of its prayer,
 Save that he is anonymous, apart,
 Sleeping out there.
 But though strict earth may keep
 Her secret well,
 She cannot claim his immortality;
 Safe from that darkness whence he sometimes fell,
 He comes to me.

PAMELA HALL.

Only the barren ear has no
 hope to be gathered. The rich are giving
 life to death
 daily. The living are dying
 daily. And death shall come
 not in the moment of expected danger
 but only
 when the reaper is ripe for the corn.

HODGSON.

December 5th. Thirteen special trains took 5,000 women away from all parts of France. We were herded in barracks, 15 days before the Germans expected us. One woman was six months pregnant. A grandmother said, "I have left the children crying by the fire." The floors were washed down and straw mattresses placed for us on them. My pillow was soaked so I dried it by the fire. There was one wash room for each ward of 30 beds, with cold water. Very few undressed or washed. There were three deaths in two days. The latrine in the courtyard, so all excreta was passed into the pail in the ward. There was a wild scramble for food in a long queue. This was semolina

soup, with bully beef in it, and dog biscuits with beet-root jam. Obviously no delicately reared woman could stand it. But after two days I plodded out through the snow and the military doctor sent me to the town hospital. This was paradise. Even to wine to drink, a canary singing volubly. But the unselfish courage of the women, nearly all of the lower classes, showed the sweetness and patience of the English character.

I was arrested with no warning, made to accompany an Agent of Police, after a few minutes hasty packing, to the Police H.Q. From there sent 24 hours journey by train. No one knew our destination, we might have been going to Germany. Happily not. In that horrible hell they put a British princess and her maid, Miss James, head of the Y.W.C.A., was condemned to death for having a radio and also a cheque found from a Philanthropic U.S.A. lady who had stayed there. This was called espionage, but the U.S.A. Embassy saved her.

British airmen flew over the Interment Camp sky writing, "B.C.," *e.g.* "Bon Courage." The British Manager of Galignani, Paris, said there was one death in his ward of 25 beds. 20,000 French soldiers had slept in the Caserne after the defeat, on the staircase, etc. This is where they put delicate British women, with bugs in their beds. In the hospital it was paradise after this, with warm wards, good beds, food and wine, served immediately on arrival. A poor old woman of 84 had been dragged out of her Paris bed, had serum injected into her, and died. As the corpse was carried out the French ward boys crossed themselves. By a horrible coincidence, two British women were dancing a jig together, to keep up their spirits at the other end.

This death apparently frightened the Germans. Next day one German doctor and two French doctors, prisoners, made a tour of the ward, and there was a rumour that all women over 60 were to be released. After three weeks in the hospital the Irish Minister procured my release to Paris. For seven months I had been facing death from internment, illness, and starvation and it altered values. A new born baby in the camp had died from lack of attention, in fact it was a case of

"Many a childing Mother then
And new born baby died."

The hospital chapel, where the dead were buried, was most beautiful, built by Louis XVth: A warrior priest celebrated Mass. The Byzantine madonnas chapel was most frequented as it was the warmest part! The snow was deep on the ground as we were only 40 kilomètres from Geneva. Many children were in the hospital.

The release came suddenly, "vous pouvez avoir espoir," said the kindly German corporal. I was only given a few minutes notice in the ward to leave at once. A fellow prisoner, a woman, carried my bag through the "guard." The bayonets let us through to a waggon with a pregnant woman and 2 Irish nuns already seated in it. Owing to the speedy release from the camp, I never plunged the depths. But my friend, Mrs. Bigg, who had been with me from the start of these horrors, has written more fully of them. Mrs. Sybil C. Bigg is an English-woman who, had I not one of my own, I think would make a good substitute mother. You have only to talk to her for a

moment to see that she has that integrity that all our mothers stand for.

Imagine your own mother, having escaped from a concentration camp at Leatherhead or Preston, telling you this story as Mrs. Bigg told it to me December 5, 1940, 3,000 women holding British passports were arrested in Paris by the French police and handed over to the Germans. To take a couple of hard cases among many, one woman had to leave her husband, who was dying of cancer, and had two small children, aged five and eight with no one to look after them. She was French, but happened to have a British passport.

In the train at the Gare de l'Est they were locked in the train for six hours and the lavatories were locked. There were a number of children with the women, so I leave the result to your imagination. There was one woman with a baby in arms, and she had not been allowed to buy its daily milk. I cannot say definitely whether it died or not, but considering that the three long trains, after standing in the station for six hours, started on their journey at 6 p.m., and arrived at midday the next day, only a miracle could have saved it. At a wayside station at dawn the next morning they were given their first food—some so-called coffee from a community bowl and two loaves of brown bread to be divided between eight people and to last for four days.

On arrival at Besançon they were marched to a barracks lately vacated by French coloured troops. These gentlemen, hardly famed for their fussiness in matters of hygiene, had thought fit to leave their cleaning-up to someone else. Two women were well

over 80 years of age. They marched with the rest, but there were some who had collapsed from the journey, and, as they were incapable of moving, the Germans had no choice but to fetch an ambulance. Don't forget this was in the middle of winter and sleet was falling.

Three thousand more women from parts of France other than Paris were due to arrive at any moment. The quarters consisted of rooms where normally 20 coloured soldiers slept, and which the Germans thought sufficient for 48 British women. Some idea of the size of the room can be gathered from the fact that in order to accommodate forty-eight, the Germans had installed double-decker bunks touching each other. The bedding consisted of wet canvas bags filled with wet straw. They were given three damp army blankets, and a straw pillow covered with greasy sacking.

When they asked what they were supposed to drink out of they were told to go and look for an old tin in the rubbish dump. "It would have been kinder," said one woman to a German officer, "if you had put a machine-gun on us and finished the job."

"I know it is dreadful," he said, "but there is nothing I can do about it." Some of the women had to carry the double-decker beds up to the top floor of the barracks. There was one lavatory downstairs, built for men only. The first woman to enter this room sank ankle-deep into a "cess-pit" left by the coloured soldiers.

The wash-house was a stone-floored room with a long lead basin with a dozen taps, from which flowed ice-cold water from the neighbouring mountains. In this establishment these women had to undress to per-

form their ablutions under the eyes of German sentries. The Germans pushed in all who held a British passport, whether Spanish, French, Austrian, a Negress from Jamaica or a Maharajah's daughter. There were a well-known woman artist from Dinard, an English nannie aged 76, a Greek girl married to an Englishman, an Argentine girl by marriage, but who happened to have been born in Canada of American fatherhood, and a number of prostitutes.

Some of the older women were not strong enough to get up and indulge in the dangerous pastime of trying to find an outside lavatory in the dark.

This was hardly calculated to improve the sanitary conditions in the sleeping quarters.

There were, of course, no towels or sanitary paper. So when they had finished washing in front of the German sentries they had to put on their clothes again without drying. Naturally, there was no soap, and on some mornings no water because icicles extended from the taps. At 11.30 a.m. they queued up for two potatoes together with some of the muddy water in which they had been boiled. This was known as potato soup.

At 6 p.m. they queued up again for "coffee" and a small biscuit. There was a canteen run by the Germans where those who had any money could occasionally buy at exorbitant prices a few delicacies such as cheese and apples, but the majority had no money, anyway. Going to the canteen meant queueing up at 7.30 a.m. in a howling dawn and a wait of three or four hours. Some German nurses then arrived and told them to sweep out their rooms, clean up the stairs, and take the snow off the steps outside and clean the

lavatories. Seeing that there were no implements with which to perform these chores, they were informed that they must do them with their hands. The work given to these women was potato peeling. Each one when her turn came had to do it for three to five hours at a stretch. The punishment for failing to do this was to stand up for six hours between two German soldiers. During this process of potato peeling, all except those actually incapable of standing had to stand up. The children also had to do this work.

As a result of standing up, peeling frozen potatoes in a shed with a mountain wind roaring through it, most of the women got ill with pleurisy or pneumonia. At this point we come to the "cow-shed." This was a large wooden building with an opening in front and another large opening on one side. It is illustrated in the drawing reproduced in this page. The drawing was done by Mrs. Bigg and smuggled out when she was released from the camp owing to illness. In this shed were planks of wood, nailed across, with a 12in. space between each plank.

Underneath was a pit the entire length of the shed and about five feet deep. At one end there were roughly erected lavatory seats for the use of the children. There was no drainage of any sort, so you can imagine what the conditions must have been in this place after 2,000 women had used it for some weeks. The tight-rope exercise of walking along with one foot on one plank and the other on another, being careful to avoid falling into the cess-pit, was of course, impossible for more elderly women. In fact, as the filth increased, this exercise became so dangerous that the women had to warn their friends to come and look for

them if they did not return in a short time. They took this precaution after the first death from this cause. The German soldiers also used this "cow-shed" at the same time as the women, and in the dark it was the practice to warn a German soldier that you were there, so that he should not be careless at your expense.

When the thaw came, conditions in this "cow-shed" increased in horror three or four-fold. With the thaw came the rats. By the time Mrs. Bigg left, 700 of these unfortunates between the ages of 4 days and 92 years old had died. After six weeks, the Germans came to the conclusion that there were too many deaths. On the night of January 4, 1941, dysentery broke out. A few young French Army doctors were fetched from the infirmary. There was nothing they could do because there were virtually no medical supplies left by the Germans in Besançon. Women lay all over the stairs and on the freezing stone floors moaning and groaning in their death agony. For a long time the American Red Cross had been trying to visit the camp, but had not been allowed to do so. Finally, towards the end of January permission was given. The day before they arrived the Germans took the precaution of burning the infamous "cow-shed" to the ground. After this visit all the women over 60 years of age and all mothers with children under 17 were sent back to where they came from. Also the women like Mrs. Bigg, who was chronically ill, were sent to their homes in France. It was from Paris that Mrs. Bigg finally escaped to Lisbon. Seven hundred deaths in nine weeks seems to have shaken even the Germans.

British Policy. Some women walked 15 miles through woods to cross the frontier to get to their homes and husbands.

For there was a busy trade going on all the time, to convey persons across the Frontier. A member of the Rothschild family was arrested on the Spanish Frontier by Germans and thrown into jail. I myself was offered a faked passport through a French lawyer for £1,000! Instinct made me refuse. Otherwise I should probably have joined the Rothschild lady.

A retired Officer of the French Mercantile Marine was a great man as a conductor. But when I approached him he said his terms had risen from 4,000 francs to 10,000 francs. I was just leaving the Hotel to tell him I would go, when I saw a letter addressed to me in German. The Germans would let me out because of my Irish father and I had written nice things of Germany in peace. The French would let me out because of my Irish brother at Monte Carlo. This was in November 1941.

I had just passed through the crowning horror of all! No other British woman, to my knowledge, had a severe operation on top of all the rest. But such was my fate. Shaking, I found, for the third time in my life, a tumour. The night before I went to the U.S.A. Hospital to have it cut out, I saw my husband, come to help me through the ordeal. I thought, "if I am brave, perhaps God will send deliverance," and He did.

The day after the operation a postcard was brought to my bed from Mrs. Bigg. She had done an illicit bolt, and arrived safely at the Hotel Windsor, Monte Carlo. It was fresh air after the Black Hole. She had had to leave all her toilet silver, etc., in her Paris

Hotel room and quietly disappear. Mrs. Bigg had a U.S.A. friend named Queta. She planned her escape to a family at Tours, who received her for love. There she was taken ten miles through woods by a French girl, also for love, to the Frontier. This girl has since been shot. Queta herself escaped by walking with her baby 18 miles over the Pyrenees to Spain. Eventually Mrs. Bigg reached home and spent happy united months with her husband before he passed over.

These God's miracles saved my life.

(1) The application for Irish Nationality completed half an hour before arrest.

(2) The Irish Minister saying good-bye to friends in the next carriage in the train to Besançon, the document was slipped into his pocket just as the train moved out.

(3) The pregnant woman spoke German, otherwise we should all three have been sent back to prison from the Besançon Station.

(4) My relationship to the Duke of Alva, Spanish Ambassador to Britain.

(5) An Australian friend in the Sureté of Europe's cesspool, Monte Carlo, was good to me because I had worked with the Anzacs.

This was escape from an era of battle, murder, and sudden death. Of the guns roaring nearer every day to the Paris trap of the invasion.

Of British women dying by the hundred in insanitary camps; in the Besançon, they died of dysentery on the stairs. Pawning their travelling trunks in Paris for a mouthful of food. No murmur escaping their lips. Of my own escape from Sodom and Gomorrah. Of the game of battledore and shuttlecock.

Oh the blessed relief after Lyons and 18 months imprisonment, to get away from grey coats and gutturals!

From the daily notices in the papers of the death penalty for sheltering "Un Anglais." The frequent lists on the walls of 50 names of hostages shot for one German killed. Signed Stulpnagel. Nevertheless there were some just persons who lent me an arm chair that I need not stand in a milk queue. Because they trusted me they showed me news leaflets, circulating privily, of renewed hope, of British successes. The discovery of these would have meant death to us all. They had already given limbs for their country, they were of the small shop-keeper class.

I was sent up and down between the French and German lines from Lyons for days, dragged out of trains, sleeping in wayside inns, in the depth of winter, because I had not a French visa as well as a German one. Plodding on the wet country roads, I prayed that I might die (with blood pressure) as bravely as I hoped I had lived.

Of the good omen to the devoted widow, of arriving in Monte Carlo on St. Devote's day, of the triumphant pæans, of the Christian maid murdered by Diocetian pealing across the town, blue seas, and marble terraces. Of the singing of birds and shadow of cyclamen in the pools of Melisande in the gardens after the inhuman winter of the inhuman war.

I got away also comfortably from Monte Carlo. The Duke of Alva and Berwick is descended from James II and Arabella Churchill. The greatest nobleman in Spain, with 60 titles, he is proud of his British descent. My mother being also a daughter of the

house of Churchill, he has always been charming to me. I had his letters with me, Ergo, the Spanish Consul, visaed my passport through Spain. At the Frontier, Cook's man, heavily paid at Monte Carlo, did not appear, and a gnome-like old hag in black took me behind a screen, stripped me to the skin, and took away 1,500 francs concealed.

But oh! the joy of the first good meal of a chicken's breast and omelette in crust in the train. Monte Carlo had been worse than Paris for starvation. We were all skeletons. A friend who had come to Monte Carlo to get over the death of a favourite cat in Cannes, would never let the two lovely cats remaining out of her sight!

The British arrangements were perfect all through the trip. We were given by the U.S.A. man at Monte Carlo, who received me back into the British fold, a paper describing the appearance of those who would meet us and help us at stations en route. At Lisbon there was a British Club to welcome us all. At Bristol Airport afternoon tea was provided.

Wishing to be fair and just, I must state that all Germans all through were courteous to me personally, but then I was, for the time being, Irish! These perfect arrangements made me more than ever proud of being British.

Mrs. Besant said that war fostered the Higher Self. In Edwardian days England had grown very rich, very idle, and very vicious. The Paris guides told me London aristocrats were always there on shameful quests. At a Simla smart set party a man was made to stand on his head while champagne was poured down his trousers. After 1914, such happened no more.

Hounds of Hell

FLEURS DU MAL

BAWDY NIGHTS

Outside the mad city pins her down
 With a wedge of iron thorn for a crown.
 Along that path old nettles hang.
 Poison purples every fang.
 Hell's rags made of them I'll tear
 Like cobwebs stung with wrinkled care.

ORCHESTRAL MOUNTAIN

IN one of Rachel's last letters the following sentence occurs: "Si les faiseurs de chroniques scandaleuses s'avisait un jour de reproduire ma vie, contezla dans toute sa simplicité." "For God's sake don't whitewash me said John Barrymore to Mrs. Alma Power-Waters, in whose "Authorised Biography" I have been dipping, "play me as I am." Well, it's an old argument. JOHNSON: "Sir, the question is, whether a man's vices should be mentioned; for instance, whether it should be mentioned that Addison and Parnell drank too freely: for people will probably more easily indulge in drinking from knowing this; so that more ill may be done by the example, than good by telling the whole truth." Boswell collated this with another observation made on the same subject when Lord Hailes and Johnson "sat one morning calmly conversing in my house at Edinburgh." On this occasion Johnson said: "If a man is to write 'A Panegyrick,' he may keep vices out of sight; but if he professes to write *A Life*, he must represent it really as it was." And when Boswell objected to the danger of telling that Parnell

drank to excess, Johnson said: "It would produce an instructive caution to avoid drinking, when it was seen, that even the learning and genius of Parnell could be debased by it."

A NIGHT IN ROME

DEADLY NIGHTSHADE

If there be a hell upon earth
It is this! it is this! it is this!

Shake them over the mouth of Hell.

WILLIAM BOOTH.

This chapter is war-time propaganda. Goebbels would not hesitate to publish *anything* against us.

AN ETONIAN AND OXONION

They are more naïve than would have been expected from the propaganda artist Goebbels.

Socrates took Alcibiades, from a house of ill-frame.

Critics of the Voice of the Occident said it described well-known places and nothing new said about them. I had pruned it of two chapters as too strong meat for British tastes. The book became too dull for jaded palates. These two chapters, Nights in Rome and Paris, attracted wide attention in the East. The *Indian Daily Mail*, run by Parsees, headed A Night in Rome, with gusto, "Where Male Prostitutes Flourish!" I eliminated this in deference to British tastes. Result the book fell flat in Britain, I have therefore left the chapter and its title in, this time, with an addition of my own to the title.

All roads lead to Rome. But if the Eternal City is well-known at least there is a way of playing a good old game there new to British sportsmen.

WHERE MALE PROSTITUTES FLOURISH

The serpent was the wisest of the beasts of the field.
MOSES

Lady Oxford and Asquith has written in her candid "Memoirs" the story of a "White Officer" at Dresden which attracted wide attention in the British press. This is the story of a blue and cerise officer at Rome, perhaps even more remarkable.

I had fled from England, worn out with war-work, fogs, snows and the social revolution. The awful tornado of the Armageddon had swept me from my moorings, and left me sans anchor, sans a home, sans everything. I had no objective. The world was all before me where to choose. Should I gather the roses of the Sulphur slopes of Sicily, the lilies of Florentine fame, the Asphodel of Parnassus, or accept a strange war-time experience proffered with the wild, weird perfumes of the African mimosa?

I flew along the glittering, mayavic shores of the Mediterranean. I floated over the Bay of Viareggio. I found myself in the Via Veneto at Rome. The first afternoon I screwed up courage to tea by myself at a little table outside the Café beneath the leafy trees opposite my hotel. Oh the joy of the South! The warm caressing air to the poor coughing lungs! The sunny skies, electric by night, and the flowers to the poor tired eyes! The delirious vibrations of the band playing "Wait" to the poor strained nerves! I waited at my little table and ate an ice-cream. Two young men passed down the street in the uniform of "Piedmont-reale," the crack cavalry corps of heavy dragoons. The glance of the inner one just rested on mine a moment.

I got an impression of brown onyx set in scars. Then they passed on, but the thread of fate was thrown.

In two minutes he re-passed my table, this time alone, and stood waiting for me beneath the old Roman Aqueduct. Of course I took no apparent notice. But that first night in Rome was a night of nights. After the perfect dinner, at which the gracious Italian waiter wished me "bon appetit," I mounted on the lift to watch the red glow behind Saint Peter's. Over the valley towards the circus of Nero rolled an exquisite tenor voice. Some Russian Opera singers from Warsaw had been called up for the war and had not yet returned. It was the finishing touch to one of the few perfect days of a lifetime. That night as the Zephyrs floated to my pillow above the Borghese gines from the Sabine Mountains, I slept at peace. For I knew there was an interest in Rome for me.

Weiniger has written of the type that exists for each. This unknown Italian was apparently mine.

Next day, as I took my seat at luncheon my mind was resolved, but for two or three days he disappeared. Then one morning I saw him again walking down the Via Veneto, all six feet of him, with the carriage of a King.

Someone in the hotel was singing :—

How cruel you are Fleurette.
I know you're not worth one regret
And yet, because your eyes are wet
Dear, I forgive you sweet Fleurette!

I went outside and stood in the shelter of the newspaper kiosk as he came out of the café. He was a man of magnificent carriage, unequalled even in the Italian Army. His face was thin and scarred with

long years of fight with death and pain. His skin was olive. His eyes were dark and piercing. They reminded me disagreeably of someone, for the moment I could not re-call whom. Only they signalled "dangerous." In fact "dangerous" was written in every line of the powerful face and figure.

He returned my glance with interest and then passed the kiosk to speak to a man in a motor in the street. I vanished into the hotel porch and stood talking to the concierge. I don't know if I was more pleased or terrified, but tremendously excited when my grey officer appeared walking slowly up the street armed with a newspaper. I went inside for lunch, three quarters of an hour afterwards he was still there, now seated at my little table beneath the café trees. I flew out of the hotel and into the Borghese Gardens across the road behind the Aqueduct. I raced through the pine woods to my fountain, that most gracious spot in all the world for an idyll, a spot where the world is young again. Just as I gained it I ventured to look round. Yes, there *was* a grey biretta moving rapidly above the box hedge. I seated myself on the low stone bench. A rapid determined step clanged on the path behind me and the "Capitano Enzo Ernani" was bowing before me!

Seen closer, his scarred swarthy face resembled somewhat a typical mephistopheles. I knew from the first moment that he was a devil, but—that added to the excitement.

We talked for an hour, beginning with the Red Cross! He told me of his terrible wounds in Lybia, of his mother city of old Bologna, of many other things. His brains were on a par with his looks. And

I forgot all except that the air was soft and langourous, the pines balmy, that the northern world of carking care was far away and I was in the South with nothing to do but to explore a new vista of life with a fascinating comrade. That we were two units of humanity who had drifted together, alone in Rome with a certain something of attraction. What could be more romantic!

At long last he went off to the Cavalry Barracks. As the grey uniform melted into the pines I thanked God for something new and something good after the year of boredom and horrors of all sorts. Yet as his soft glib tones and elegant figure faded away a warning voice told me "go aste.* What does he want?"

Alack and alas! The romance was short lived. A few nights after he declared himself leaning against a gate of the Borghese, his black eyes blazing fiercely as the fire flies buzzing round us in the Roman twilight, the bells of the Angelus pealing over the Gracious City, and he, well, he played up his best! It was a *mer de force* like Father Tiber in flood, a whirlwind of violence. All the emotion, real or simulated, of one of the strongest of the Italians was there, and if you have never seen an Italian at such a time you don't know what a Tornado is!

It was a wonderful scene that curiosity compelled me to witness and to ask him to dinner at the Hotel that I might explore further.

He came two nights later, all six feet of him, resplendent in his brilliant uniform of "bleu de ciel" with the scarlet facings, bending like a slender arc, with infinite grace, to kiss my hand,

*Go slowly.

"Well, what do you think of my friend?" I asked of a British Officer, also at the dinner, afterwards.

"He seems nice, but—will you let me know the denouement? This is my club address in London."

Two days later, again at the fountain, fell the Deluge! That Roman October was a fleeting Indian summer! How could I possibly have guessed that Enzo Ernani, one of the bravest lions of the Italian army in war, in peace, was nothing but a male prostitute? ready and anxious to sell himself to any woman, old, ugly, or fat who was fool enough to pay him five thousand Lire for a few weeks of his attentions! That was why his eyes had the same expression as those of the last King of Oude whose portrait is always screened by a curtain because it displays parts only shown by western dames of high degree. That the beautiful body in the Piedmontreale uniform contained one of the meanest, most soiled souls in a race admittedly worn out with excessive sin.

And he is most successful in his profession. For he is the incarnation of strength, and so long as women are weak his kidney will flourish, the smart, smiling men who in every large city of the West pass like a blight over the lives of the fair and frail, who carry with them everywhere ruin and destruction to women. As "virtute" to the Romans so is courage to women and he has it more than most men. For this they condone egregious vices, trickery, lying, foulness of every sort and kind. I say the West, because in the East the frail are saved from themselves. Enzo Ernani, mighty hunter as he is, will never penetrate the purdah. You will say such a reptile should be poisoned off God's earth. Yet, should he?

See'st no beauty in
The slimy iridescence of the tarn?
The wryed beneficence of the worm?
O fool,
To School? To School?

He has his uses. He teaches terrible lessons to the women who would never learn the Law of Life without his ilk. The Law which has degraded Louisa of Saxony, from a queen to a street hawker. Most of all he has taught it to the wretched girl who loved him not wisely but too well! She saved his life in the hospital and gave him only too freely five years of her exquisite passionate youth. I saw her once. I shall never forget her. She only reached to his elbow, but he followed her like a lamb, for their love was the one redeeming feature in his terrible life. "Elle est ma femme" he once told me. Smart and mondaine to her manicured pink shells, but with a face in which a grave had been dug. It haunts me now. For, knowing the power of Enzo Ernani, I understood. But he has left her, on account of her aristocratic poverty, for a bourgeoisie with a mari complaisant small, rich, spectacled and ugly who works like a nigger to give him la vie elegante that he loves.

A typical Milanese menage in fact. But even as I write the sword of Damocles is above their heads!

As a rule one associates women with the snake tribe, but Enzo Ernani is one. His figure long, elegant, and sinuous, his small head erectly poised, his onyx eyes old with all the evil of the ages, his soft hissing voice, the same dangerous fascination, slimy as he is, which makes you want to watch and even touch a snake all knowing it will sting you if you do.

When he faded the first time from the fountain it was, and I knew it, holy Moses! the rustling away of the serpent in the grass.

I related this history to the British officer snugly ensconced in arm chairs in his London club. "I have heard many things," he said, "but not that before!" "It opens up boundless possibilities for me!" he continued with esprit. "women are invading our professions, why not turn the tables?"

"Shall you start off to Rome?" I enquired. "No," he replied, "I shall look about here. Plenty of good hunting in Mayfair."

I shall visit my fountain in this incarnation never more. The pain would be too great. At that place, where the world is young, my own youth died.

A Night in Paris

A REBOURS

"FRANCE has completely changed, she is no longer the same country, her fine qualities are atrophied through lack of use, she is *morbida, decadente*." Mussolini, in the last interview he granted to an Englishwoman before the War.

Defeat, springs from the common human weaknesses of the people of France. Every symptom of the profound invalidism of France is exposed to view, so that disaster when it comes truly appears irremediable to those who have feared it. In the chaos of defeat and the faithlessness of capitulation France ceases to exist: Paris when it is occupied—Paris, for its light and grace, for its stones and flowers and the sky above the city—is a memory of carnival, a tomb of greatness.

THE FALL OF PARIS

ILYA EHRENBURG

I had had the honour of an interview with Mussolini myself. Here is how I verified his statement.

Is the fall of France the karma of the unforgivable sin?

ANTINOUS

"The Sin against the Holy Ghost shall never be forgiven"

—THE CHRIST

Paris in the autumn and I in an eyrie of the Regina Hotel. The Tuileries' sweetest corner, with the fountain and the flowers, lies far beneath me.

Paris, lovely lady, when are you most fair? Even the phelgm of Holland feels your spell. When I left you in the springtime for the land of Hodge and Stodge the gardens were filled with tulips of all hues, gifts of balm and healing from the Dutch Government, to the land that has given most for all our Peace.

Now the last red asters for All Souls' Day have replaced them. The autumn tints stretch away to the Arc de Triomphe. France, victorious exhausted phoenix lies at my feet more alluring than ever.

A knock at my door. Enter a female with a pointed face, strange immobile features, and almond eyes of jade expressionless. She has a fatuous smile reminiscent of caricatures of the moon in profile. An uncanny creature who wants me to swallow—dive, with her as guide, into her underworld. I give an evasive reply. She departs amiably and I descend to the gardens.

The parterres are glorious in their rich mauve carpets of the dwarf scabious relieved by the scarlet flags of canna and yellow and red-wine dahlias. Here and there a belated tea rose dreams wanly of the departing summer. The evening sunlight streams beneath the Arc, bisected by the tall needle of the obelisk which deflects it as a prism to gild the windows of the Louvre.

It warms the old palace of the French kings till it glows once more with life. Was there not a wedding in the Royal House of France yester'een?

The obelisk's fair rival, the Eiffel sends kites to the golden fleeces speeding the laughing hours after the sun. As the sky flushes rose the Louvre windows glow so fiercely, as with hidden fires, that, for the illusion of the sunset and trembles for the ten miles of the world's masterpieces within. The fountain basins beneath my eyrie become huge bowls of silver filled with rosy waves.

The sky flushes deeper with shame for the hour of strange sins draw nigh. The red glow sets the Seine on fire. Looking to the west of the bridges, the trees on the river side, towers and spires are blotted in inky silhouette against the blaze and the skyline is a serrated black. Then the sun dips lower. The sky turns green. The statues droop grey and weary in the twilight. The splash and the spray and the music of the fountain dies down, for the time of the sins of the world, foregathered together in Paris, has come.

Before the throng gathered on the bridges, the minarets of the Trocadero become something they have never seen before. More than ever now do they look like a part of the East. A vivid imagination can hear the chant of the muezzin, the tinkle of Temple bells, and the whole song of Islam; ghostly figures in the distance can easily become white burnoused Arabs, padding along softly in slippered feet. A Turner would cry in despair of making such colouring live on canvas. The crowd watches curiously silent. They are more than impressed—they are awed. And when it fades and night falls there are sighs. For reasons con-

nected with a little urn in rose alabaster, just the colour of the sunset, I hesitate to follow the sphinx of the afternoon. I hold the Hindu ideal of widowhood, the widow as a person, sacred and apart.

But again I thought of the brilliant lives of promise, aborted by the life of the sphinx, this horror of our own age, just as in classic days.

Of the Prime Minister of the British Empire of an hour, who as in the evenings, he drives to hear the nightingales, has no other consolation for a life's failure.

And then my thoughts drifted south to a red villa, all gorgeous in crimson lacquer, embossed gold, statuary and mirrors within. At the back in the courtyard are oranges, palms, and big trees planted as striplings when the owner was young. It is the Golden House of Nero. A Nero of the new Satyricon who at 20 was in Parliament and Chamberlain to Queen Victoria. This life, so full of promise, has been passed in this golden prison.

And again they winged away to Northern climes, where the Aurora Borealis blazes against the sky of the brief summer night where a royal scientist conducts an expedition which has an ulterior hope, a hope that failed, of self deliverance from the body of this death. And then of ruined health and ultimate resignation of a high command in the hour of his country's need. Of one who, living many lives, died his bitterest death in the world's crucible.

Of Hadrian who longed for a death denied, all from the same nameless cause.

I have not the right to withhold the truth from distaste.

NEXT DAY

It is curious that I should have written yesterday of Hadrian for I have not the slightest idea I was going to meet Antinous.

At 10.30 p.m., she of the creepy countenance comes to the hotel and we wend our way to Montmartre. We pass the Moulin Rouge, the Rat Mort, all gorgeous in revolving lights as at Piccadilly Circus, the Chat Noire, Le Ciel et l'Enfer, and many other typically Parisian entertainments.

Bands are braying in cafés all along the Boulevard. At last we leave the music and the lights and turn off sharp to the left to ascend a dark and narrow street with mysterious figures here and there in the shadows. My poor nerves, shattered with many shocks and sorrows, become alarmed. I think of all the gruesome stories told me by an old American female in the hotel of the disappearances in Paris lately. However, she has careful instructions to wake up my ubiquitous friend, Thomas Cook, if I don't turn up to-morrow morning. I decide to mount on with quaking heart. I carefully note our route in case I have to make a flight back to civilisation alone and that there are one or two respectable bakers' shops still open in case of need. At last we come to where a steep flight of steps appears to lead to more mysterious regions than ever. My courage has oozed to such a point that I decide I will "not" mount any further.

"Those lead to Sacred Heart," says my guide. Looking up into the dark sky I dimly descry the snowy purity gleaming far above.

Oh Sacred Heart! Does your blood drop down in anguish on to the Rue Berthe? At its far corner we turn off to the right down another dark mysterious street and, facing a precipitous flight of steps downwards, is our destination.

The door is shut and I have just decided "not" to enter when two agents de police emerge from the shadows and reassure me there is no danger. A heavy curtain guards the entrance. I choose the first table, but am persuaded I shall be more comfortable in the other corner. Gingerly I move. A vociferous welcome makes me scream with fear, but I am reassured it is only the "comique" who is paid 30 frs. per night for being funny by the proprietaire. This last is a short squat man, with pale shaven features and firmly compressed mouth. His son assists him. The walls are covered with clever cartoons done by the funny one. There are other denizens but British taste forbids me to describe them in detail, their costumes, coiffures, nor ornaments, nor the professional names they figured under, these modern representatives of Alkibiades.

One, a personal friend of my guide's and much beloved by her, advances towards us. She had told me of his personal attractions but I had put these down to predilections and had not expected to find Antinous in this trumpy modern disguise. But so it was. There were the chiselled marble features, the beautiful clear cut sensitive mouth, the pensive demeanour, the sweetest, saddest smile in all the world. Only the gimcrack tinsel bandeau replaced the lotus wreath, the brocaded cloak, the toga. He looked in wonder to see compassionate eyes beneath a widow's bonnet in such a place.

In answer to their unspoken question, came the quiet refined voice.

"Ma mere est la consolation de ma vie. Si mon pere ne se conduisit mal, je ne serais pas ici. Mais mon histoire, mes souvenirs sont trop tristes pour raconter. Oui, j'ai un marbre d'Antinous. Cette femme est trop curieuse." He turned petulantly away to execute a dance with sinuous grace, but not before I had caught a gleam of tears, real not crocodile's, in the dark brilliant eyes.

This place is a resort for men of letters as well as for an Infante d'Espagne and his blue-blooded friends bearing ancient titles. I had been told that the denizens were not only respectably born but also well educated. I did not believe it. Imagine my surprise to be addressed in English by one having a complete and exhaustive knowledge of French literature, the leading French authors of the moment and a complete list of their works at his finger ends.

"I have a fine library," he said, "I was educated in an Elysee, till I was 19. Then I worked in a Bank."

"How came you here?"

"An English bishop came to the Bank. He is very rich and lives in the West End of London. He invited me there as his guest. I stayed at the Savoy Hotel. Il m'a laissé. Je n'ai aucune rancune contre lui, mais. . . ."

"Does M. de Pax come here?" I asked, naming a tragedian long associated with Sarah Bernhardt, and therefore as well known in London as in Paris.

"No. He favours apache society. And so does M. Hostand," naming the greatest of French poets.

"Apaches! And intellects like those?"

"The greater the brain, the more it veers off."

It is frequently stated in the Paris Press that the clue to the Enigma of an Empire lies here.

Before leaving, my guide exchanged a clinging farewell with Antinous. I knew her to belong to that circle of ladies which includes some of the oldest aristocracy and the greatest literary reputations in Paris. They are, in fact, modern reproductions of that circle in which "Burning Sappho mused and sung," violet crowned, beside the turquoise sea.

So her tender adieu seemed the most topsy-turvy proceeding of this *Nuit à Rebours*.

When I arrived safely back in my *cyrie*, Paris lay serene and smiling as ever below. The fountain splashed as suavely, the flowers gleamed round it with glamour just the same.

H. P. B. told her esoteric class that the above described was the Sin against the Holy Ghost. It may be so. But my idea of the Unforgiveable Sin is to violate one's own higher intuitions. These told me not to make the above excursion. But an insatiable curiosity and also the desire to make good copy impelled me to go.

Oh Christ! Was it the Unforgiveable Sin?

A Modern Sappho

With a nod
 Old pantaloons leads in the embroiling god,
 There to stand
 Whip in hand
 The ring master centre of the circus stood
 Since he found sport good.

The Well of Loneliness is a scholarly book, kept out of England while D. H. Lawrence's filth is let in, including a tale of a modern Leda and a peacock with no god in him. *Ca va sans dire* it is a roman à clef. *Voici la clef.*

W. H. Smith of Paris told me its suppression here had only increased its circulation. He thought therefore, that these details of its inception might interest the public.

"Valerie Seymour" plays also the principal part in *Idylle Sapphique* by Liane De Pougy and in *Lettres à une Amazone* by Remy de Gourmont.

An American Amazon, living in the centre of French literary life, where indeed she has passed most of her existence, would certainly resent being called one of the curiosities of Paris, but it is equally certain that she is a person who is not at all banal, as the French say.

As a writer, she is rather more a figure of French literature than of American letters, although her ancestry is of the most original New England English. The friend of many contemporary French writers of distinction, she has also made in her charming 18th Century home one of the most brilliant literary salons of Paris.

NO MASCULINITY

Here a reporter of THE NEW YORK HERALD found the author of the "Pensées d'une Amazone" amid the tranquil gardens and the spacious antique rooms of her dwelling, which seem so well to fit the calm and contemplative spirit of its owner. There is perhaps less of the Amazon in her appearance than one might expect of the author who signs with that icy pseudonym; although perhaps in the candour of her eyes and the faintly suggested masculinity of her negligent attire there is something that suggests precisely the ideal of courageous independence which the Greeks imagined in the Scythian maidens, if none of the masculinity of the crusading feminist.

"Of course I am working on a book," she replied to the reporter's question. "It will appear in seven years. It is a rule that I never break to publish every ten years, and that leaves me time for my next book. Of course when I publish I bring out several things usually a big book of verse and a small book of thoughts. Recently I notice they are turning out to be a small book of verse and a big book of thoughts."

"All this is for later," she added pointing to a large heap of papers. "Most of that will be thrown out. My method is to cut down, eliminate, concentrate. My whole style is concentration. That is why it takes me ten years to write a book."

Of Remy de Gourmont, whose long friendship with her was one of the most significant influences in her literary life, she spoke much, and the rooms and the gardens where he so often lingered are full of memories of the dead author for the poetess. It was his

"Lettres à une Amazone," dedicated to her, that called forth the "Pensées" in return.

"He was as great a mind as Anatole France, but he was less known in America," she said.

TEMPLE OF FRIENDSHIP

She has his image, with others of her friends, in the little "Temple à l'Amitié," which still stands in her garden, and is supposed to have been built by the unlucky Adrienne Lecouvreur for her lover, Maréchal de Saxe. For friendship, for this thinker on life, is a cult.

Though so much a French "woman of letters," she is also an American writer, as is symbolised in the title of one of her recent books, "Poems and Poèmes," which contains both French and English poems on opposite pages, and was published simultaneously in France and by George Doran in America. She is also a contributor to American periodicals.

I went last spring to a reception chez elle. I crossed the lovely river with the green lights. I found a circle of ladies, some of the highest position and cultivation. There were also a few peculiar looking men. Alas! The Lords of the Dark Face are everywhere. They seem peculiarly active in Paris. A centre, I believe, of black occultism, as Benares of white.

I think of an old world mansion once tenanted by Adrienne Lecouvreur, in the quiet street on the left bank of the Seine, close to the Ecole des Beaux Arts in that famed quarter where all the brains of Paris live. Of half-an-hour spent alone in the salon in the absence of the owner. Of the murky, sinister influences with

which the air was thick. Of the ten portraits I counted on the walls of her, done by her artist friends. Of one, a cubist, showing the eerie glance from the corners of the slit-like eyes. It was propped on the wide divan with a lyre with a broken string beside it. The lyre is exactly like the lyres of the women in *Soirée Classique*, a picture which just then was deluging Paris, of women in Greek dress sitting or lying in pairs beside a southern sea. Of another showing the red, sucker like mouth, the scaly gleam of the red hair. Of the entrée of the owner herself in white and ermine. Of the strange gathering that later filled the spacious, low roofed rooms looking on to the garden where Maurice de Saxe once came. Of the member by birth and marriage of two of the six greatest families of France, a forbidding looking person with athletic form, short blonde hair, and pointed features beneath a bowler hat. She was said to have originally left all to follow the glint of the coppery hair. I think also of the courtesy and good manners of the hostess herself, who betrayed nought of her sinister reputation till she laughed, the laugh of a Puck. Of a woman bearing the historic name of the Polignacs and whose music has all the force of a man's in Paris. Of the tired diplomat from a Legation who sought repose in the society of women. Of the wife of a great British General who "does not wish to live again." Of the motley crowd, artistes and literateurs, and the yet humbler persons who were made welcome there because of the common bond. Oh wretched slaves that they were! Who could never be delivered from the body of this death. Of the flotsam and jetsam of those who had taken into their own hands and tampered with the electric forces of

the universe and burnt up their lives in doing it. Of the girl publisher of *Ulysses* who, loyal to her patroness, kept a sharp look-out for "spies"! Of the boyish form of the author of the book forbidden in England by Jix and her friend the Admiral's titled wife. All these poor denizens of the Well of Loneliness foregathered in the hospitable salons of one who has been described as "la chère sauvage" who understands more than other étrangère the spirit of French literature. Who, the theme of three great writers, has ranged her beauty, brains and money on the side of evil, bizarre and brazen in the service of the Dark Faces. Of the awful expression of the great lady in the man's bowler hat, which momentarily softened into radiance when a stranger in their midst was taken up and presented. Of her departure under the tunnelled gateway in her carriage and the gradual dispersal of the flotsam.

When I said I knew the General's wife, the Amazon was delighted and took me up to this great lady as "a great friend of hers." They invited me to go with them to the Carnival Ball at the Palais de Glace. I have always regretted I never went near them again. Had I done so, and allowed myself to be adopted into the set, I might have seen Ancient Greece again, as in a looking-glass. On my return to Paris, six months later, the door was closed. I have since ascertained they will *not* admit anyone not of their persuasion to their mysteries.

Lest we forget, the Place de la Concorde was once the Place de la Revolution. "The Son of St. Louis ascended to Heaven" where the obelisk now stands. The stories of the "luxe" of his Queen were all lies. I have even seen her toilet set, saved by being repaired

when the mob broke in. It was of lacquered wood. The furniture of the period was elegant but simple, inlaid with tasteful designs of painted flowers in wood. The hamlet consisted of thatched cottages. Its English Garden was only an English Gentleman's Park. Money was lavished on the children's governess, the Duchess of Polignac. It was *this* that caused the French Revolution. Marie Antoinette knew well *there* was her weakness and her sin. Letters in the Polignac family prove this. So the Duchess of Polignac was hustled out of France before the trouble began. On the innocent head of the Lamballe, proved guiltless by her doctor's memoirs, fell the retribution. When carried on a pike beside the Queen's carriage, an Imitation of Christ was found in her pocket, while a coal heaver smacked his lips over her devoured heart. In the memoirs of Madame D'Adhemar about the Comte de St. Germain she mentions the agony of tears in parting of the Polignac and Marie Antoinette. I have seen the Lamballe's house, little more than an English villa.

A taxi whirled me to the heights of Passy in search of the very great lady in the bowler hat who was said to have abandoned home, husband, and children for love of Valerie Seymour. An obscure portico led to a secluded formal French Garden looking over the Eiffel Tower. This led to a secretive sort of house, bought, its mistress informed me, during the war. This had a sombre door in a recess. A wan and weary looking maid opened and ushered me into a Directoire salon. It was dominated by a marble figure of ugly strength by a French master. All light of day had been excluded, but a black candle burned on a table.

It irresistibly reminded me of the Black Mass which is served on the body of a woman. A masculine voice called "Albert" in stentorian tones to the maid. Later the Princess appeared, a manly figure with fair cropped hair. She is the daughter, grand-daughter and wife of three mighty French Princes. The sale of her father's art treasures, for milliards, was an historic event in France. She herself is an author of no mean repute. But she is separated from her husband, exiled from her home, all because of a nameless sin whispered in the most exclusive sets of Parisian Society. She bewailed the days when she had footmen. The wretched Albert appeared to be the only servant in the house. We passed on into the *salle à manger* and were seated round a bare polished table in French fashion. The wretched Albert was jawed because there was a "tache" on the table. On the Princess's right hand was Madame de V., an old lady of aristocratic but degenerate name. Her expression was cynical with all the knowledge of the ages. Next to her was an uncanny nondescript, Mademoiselle Quelquechose. She bore the mark of the beast all over her. She had large blazing eyes closely set together, which reminded me of the one-eyed giant of Sinbad whose orb he spitted. Her ragged tuft of hair escaped from a beret. An immense wooden bracelet was on her arm. Her figure was masculine. A small vermilion sucker mouth completed her pointed oval face. She reminded me of this verse (with a slight change of genders)

Her heat like a living knife had seared and stabbed him.
Her fierce great tears frightened and made him faint;
Her tongue and all the red parts of her swiftly, sadly
Painted such love upon him like a paint.

None of the others was remarkable. One mild, blonde man, a neighbour pianist whom the Princess had heard playing, came in and the seven ladies of the party turned to him as to a lodestar. They talked Paul Valery all the time. I got so bored I left, but first the Princess spoke of Satanella as of *beauté ravissante*. She had seen her of recent years. Said she "tired of everything after a spell." She seemed to speak feelingly. I speculated as to the nature of their "great friendship." A peculiarly heavy atmosphere always hangs over these people who sin against the Holy Ghost. So that even prolonged thinking about them brings it into the room.

It may be asked why the wretched Albert should stay in what was evidently a very exigente situation. Probably because she had war derelicts dependent upon her earnings. I heard of a girl who gave herself to one of these fiends in woman's form to get 1,000 francs for comforts for her mother.

Now my opinion—. But I forget. I am not a moralist. What I saw was through uncritical eyes. I found it a sombre quarter where human beings live an abnormal life in normal surroundings. A place of futile lusts and wounded hopes. It did not shock me. It depressed me. Not the system, the purpose. It seemed an *abbatoir* of dreams. Not dreams of the individuals, those living within its walls, nor of the men who go there. But of the world, it left the feeling that Civilisation had failed. That religion had failed, and it made false the illusions and fancies of my youth. Dreams of spring when young men made love and the air swooned with the sweetness of blossoming earth. In the face of it, or of any such quarter in any country, meeting loses

its candour and marriage becomes a useless and ineffectual formality.

All over the world the mark of the beast is imprinted somewhere on those who have committed the unforgiveable sin against the Holy Ghost, but, as in the Yoshiwara women of Japan, the stigma is less marked than in any other country, so in Berlin the mark is less apparent than elsewhere. In the Place Pigalle it slaps you in the face, in the Berlin Casino it was only in the wonder stare at the only woman there.

Passing down the Rue d'Alsace, Paris, in quest of curios, I saw the modest Hotel d'Alsace where Oscar Wilde died. Its photograph has been sent all over the world. In the tiny parlour I found the Proprietaire. But he said the hotel had changed hands twice since Oscar Wilde lived there and could give no information.

But Mr. Reginald Turner told me at Doney's in Florence, he was with Oscar Wilde when he died. He knew him very well. He found him the cleverest, most charming, fascinating companion. No coarseness whatever in his nature. No one would be more horrified than he that he should be worshipped by degenerate youths, *not* for his works, but for the least worthy part of him. Nothing effeminate about him. Strong, virile, and self indulgent, he drank deeply every night in company with a certain boon companion. He was never a passionate lover of this person, nor *obsessed* by vice. Mr. Turner thought the grooms, etc., who admittedly were paid by Lord—, said what was expected of them.

Monte Carlo. Saw Satanella, the General's wife, but how changed. An elderly woman in goggles and greying hair opened her own door. Only the great,

brown, blazing eyes remained of her whose great state, wild extravagance, and wilder life, were once the talk of India.

She had formerly a library of 200 of "the shameful books of Elephantis." One, on Ancient Greece, was so rare, there were only 5 copies in the world. Another was the first edition of the preface to the second part of Burton's Arabian Nights, an extremely rare tome. "I have got rid of the books," she says, "and the Amazons' set has passed out of my life, no longer interest me." Is it the grand-children with the brown, magnetic eyes have done this? For Satanella was ever a devoted mother and her son moves in Royal circles.

Being the descendant of eight generations of Irish squires and their chaste, chilly women, myself, I never had the slightest tendency to inversion, never could understand it. But the more foreign it was to my own way of living, the more it fascinated me to investigate that which caused the heir to a great Empire to break his parents' hearts.

ABANA

To
 Count Welszeck.
 Last German Ambassador to France.
 In Memoriam

OUR YOUTH AND DAMASCENE DREAMS

Thro' the old city's silence
 Where the Abana flows,
 O listen to the nightingale
 Sing lyrics to the rose.

A LOVER IN DAMASCUS.

A NIGHT IN DAMASCUS

Four men once sat one evening in a hotel in Damascus.

The hotel was for once filled with soldiers instead of sightseers, of bronzed and determined looking men in sun helmets instead of mannikins with Murray's Guides and curls, who explained they had never done a day's work in their lives to keep better men out, who travelled in their own special train de luxe containing ladies with £40,000 a year, whose mamas paid them £3,000 a year to keep away from home, for it was the time of the tardy unveiling of a monument to a great British hero, John Nicholson, and from every part of India officers of each regiment he had led to death or glory were present that day.

The Bayard of India stood in his accustomed attitude and in his old-time garb facing the City Gate, veiled only by the flag he died for, held equally by a white soldier and a dusky sepoy, immovable on each side as the General himself. A majestic sight and the red and white and yellow roses of the garden breathed out their gladdest perfumes on the quivering evening

heat and the Viceroy, who had expressly come for this great occasion, excelled himself in a soldier's brief epitome of a soldier's life, and the German Royalty present was gracious in his smiles and the blue eyes of the hofgeborn baron on his staff were not inimical to England's fair.

The main street of the City was blazing in colour, the scent of the musk melons in the fruit bazaar was rich to faintness, those melons which brought tears of home memories and loneliness to Baber's eyes, a green parrot with a scarlet bill nestled among the wine-coloured leaves of the oedepia bicolour, a marriage procession, the boy bridegroom seated on a grey horse with cloth of gold jacket and many garlands of the Assyrian jasmine, the sweet white blossoms sacred to the god of earthly love, filled the air with its overpowering tom-toms of triumph as we returned to the hotel.

The orange creeper *bignonia venusta* hung in cascades of fiery passion from the porch to cool its flames below in the snow-drifts of the syringe's maiden purity. The kiosks in the gardens rose grey and soothing from the clamorous scarlets of the hibiscus, the creamy tubes of the millingtonia formed a pattern as a bridal veil against the fading sky. Beneath the hotel could be heard the swirl and swish of the Abana from which the Syrian emerged a leper white as stow.

Of these four men, one lived to be the German Ambassador to France. A second, a public schoolboy, lived to be a mime. A third died from devotion to duty; the fourth, who had commanded the cavalry escort that afternoon, died from drink and dissipation.

Of these four, one represented for me at the time life's high-water mark of attraction.

After dinner the hofgeborn baron was for following his Grand Duke to bed, but the mime swaggered after him: "This won't do," he said, "you must come and drink with us," and brought him back to the table.

"Gay fellow," said the cavalry man to the mime, "tell us of your tales."

So they sat until the night was far apart.

And still the Abana flowed.

Thirty years after, I met Count Welszeck in the soft luxury of the German Embassy in the aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain. There were rich carpets, banks of flowers, cabinets of rare ivories. The same kindly blue eyes looked into mine. "I have a vivid remembrance of that Damascus night," he said, smiling.

"How horrible, the best of two nations gone all for nothing," I replied.

"All for nothing," he answered, significantly, "but we'll hope it will never happen again."

There was conviction in his voice.

Six months after we met for the third time on the Franco-German frontier. The Embassy was flying from Paris, revolvers in hand, in a special train, specially guarded, provided by the French Government.

I was flying from Wiesbaden in my night-gown.

And still the Abana flowed.

Count Welszeck's daughter was a great friend of Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands. She was kind enough to give me a letter to him as "old friend of her father's with heart's greetings."

At the Hague, in the intervals of buying pictures in the Jews' Market and observing typical "Dutchies" in my hotel, I was asked to a reception and dinner at the U.S.A. Legation.

The First Secretary was cousin to Lady Decies, his mother the hostess. There were Chinese and Japanese ladies, all glorious in lipstick and rouge and lacquered hair. There was also the U.S.A. Minister's wife, trailing cyclamen silks and chinchilla furs down the stairs. She talked of her summer cure at Kissingen. Neither she, nor any of that gorgeous assembly, dreamed that ere the summer her country would be in the throes of a death struggle beyond all cure.

Nights in Wiesbaden

Ride in the hollow of the moon, and let
the night's strange music creep
within the seashell of your ear,
and hear the roping sailor's song
from far upon the sunburned sea
at evening sailing home.

Cool your hands in the grey twilight of Gothic things.

Oscar Wilde.

Still stands His Cross from that dread hour to this
Like some bright star above the dark abyss;
Still, through the veil, the Victor's pitying eyes
Look down to bless our lesser Calvaries.

COLOGNE

The world's four most beautiful Cathedrals were all born of the penetration of the sun shafts into the virgin womb of Gothic forest aisles.

Salisbury breathes rest on her cedar swards.

Seville scents warmth from the orange balls in her courtyard.

Milan sparkles snow marbles and snow mountains.

Cologne shouts of mass, symbolically.

All I noticed in Cologne that was new was the intense military activity, especially of the Flying Corps. This was true also at Wiesbaden, and my last glimpse of Germany was a whole regiment of aviators at the frontier station. Nine years before there was not a soldier to be seen. The whole country that of a whipped and broken people. Now the soldiers were buzzing everywhere like a hive of bees.

The largest London publisher said, six months before the war, that the views of representative Germans would interest the British public. Here are some given six weeks before the war.

At Wiesbaden I stayed at the best hotel, Nassauerhof, had the most lavish fare, and heard views of leading Germans.

I asked one was it true that corpses were boiled down to grease for guns. "No one had any fat," he replied, "we were all living skeletons. England stopped our food coming in." He spoke with bitterness. I therefore did not pursue the subject nor ask if each soldier on leave had a district assigned to make as many new little Germans as possible?

He said: "England has grabbed up half the world. Why should not Germany have a little bit? With Italian and German warships she will take Tanganyika."

Another said: "By physical geography all the Southern plateau of Central Europe belongs to Germany, including part of Rumania!"

I said I thought it a mistake on the part of the allies, having once won the war, to permit Germany to rise again in twenty years. "If they had marched to Berlin, smashed the banks, and taken the money, this

could not have occurred. If you have the Army on the run you can do what you like."

"Then the whole civil population would have arisen," he replied, "and burned down everything. A burning country is no good to anyone."

The Herr doctor, secretary to the Anglo-German Club, said: "The people do not want war. But as to Edith Cavell, war *is* war." How he laughed when he heard that, expelled from Italy as a spy, the War Office man at Southampton merely made the remark: "They always get hold of the wrong people!" He went himself to the police, when they expelled me, at six hours notice, early in August. All Germans were personally most kind and got me and my packages out of the train at Cologne, otherwise I should have been carried on.

I was sent for and expelled that evening: "I am old. I am ill. Can I not have one night to rest and pack?" "Nein, heute abend." At the frontier I foolishly showed a twenty mark note. There was a growl and grunt of gloating as they seized it. I made them reluctantly give back the ten marks in silver allowed. The dourness of officials contrasts with the kindness of the nation. No mercy to a conquered country.

This question is in all British hearts. We were told the war was the cheapest thing in British history. There would be no more taxes, fleets, nor armaments. Have our dead died in vain? Our homes mourned? Our fortunes wrecked for nil? - Why, when we had them abject, on the run, did we not smash them once for all? Why let them up again in only twenty years?

This cutting from the book from my old friend A. D. C. to my great friend explains why.

WAS THE ARMISTICE A MISTAKE?
L'HOPITAL GIVES FOCH'S ANSWER

*Marshal's War Aide Discusses Still Burning
Question In New Book, Says Foch Was Not
Responsible But Willingly Approved Allied
Powers' Decision*

The twentieth anniversary of the Armistice that ended the World War will be celebrated on November 11. The celebration this year follows closely on a war crisis that threatened to jeopardize all that the Armistice and the subsequent Peace Treaty stood for. It is no wonder, therefore, that many people are asking themselves whether the Armistice was not a mistake, and whether the fact that the Allies did not pursue the defeated foe over the Rhine to consummate his final disaster is not largely responsible for the critical situation facing the democratic powers at the present time.

This particularly timely question: Were the Allies right in concluding the Armistice? is the leitmotiv of an illuminating volume which Commandant René-Michel L'hospital, former aide-de-camp of Marshal Foch, has just published under the title, "Foch, l'Armistice et la Paix," at the Librairie Plon in Paris. Commandant L'hospital was intimately associated with the great leader of the Allied armies throughout the war and is eminently qualified to discuss this much-debated problem.

FOCH NOT MASTER

Commandant L'hospital, after first stressing that Marshal Foch was not the "master of the hour," as has been said, inasmuch as he was dominated by President

Wilson, Clemenceau and Lloyd George, confirms that the Allied commander-in-chief accepted the Armistice because "it fulfilled all the objects for which the war was being waged," and he did not want to prolong hostilities needlessly.

It is common knowledge that when the Armistice halted military operations on November 11, 1918, Marshal Foch was about to launch a great offensive in Lorraine. This offensive was scheduled to begin on November 14, and the belief persists to the present day that it would have definitely crushed the Kaiser's armies and opened the way to the Allies to impose peace in Berlin.

Commandant L'hopital, quoting Marshal Foch's own words, does not share this belief. Describing the pursuit of the German armies by the Allied forces since the end of July, 1918, Marshal Foch said:—

FOCH VIEW OF THE SITUATION

"Since the beginning of the Allied offensive, the German Army left in our hands 400,000 prisoners, 7,000 field guns and 40,000 machine guns. Its disorganized and disordered masses, flowing back toward Germany, covered their retreat by devastations and a rear-guard equipped with numerous machine guns. It proved impossible to seize the wings and rear of the enemy during the first week of November. At Sedan, it was possible to surround an army of 130,000 men, immobilized in a periphery of ten kilometers. With modern material and armament, it is not yet possible to realize the enterprise of outflanking and turning millions of men retreating on a front of 400 kilometers.

"All this is said in order to establish that no final disaster of the enemy could be expected to result from the Lorraine offensive of November 14. Upon the arrival of the Allied forces on the Rhine, we should have been compelled to conquer the crossings of the river, to build bridges and prepare bridgeheads. In order to insure transport of supplies for our armies, we should have had to reconstruct rail-roads destroyed by the enemy in his retreat to a depth of 200 kilometers. What efforts, sacrifices and sufferings would have still been imposed upon our troops during the winter! And the struggle would have continued for at least half a year longer in order to obtain by fighting the dominant situation in Europe which the Armistice permitted us to realize in a month, bringing our troops to the Rhine in perfect condition in face of a partly disarmed and completely dominated enemy."

RHINE PROTECTED REICH

Marshal Foch, as quoted by Commandant Lhopital, was convinced that Germany, covered by the Rhine, could reunite and reorganize its routed armies to resume the struggle or, at least, prolong it. Why, therefore, he argued, not conclude an Armistice which gave the Allies possession of the Rhine, reducing Germany to impotence?

As Commandant L'hopital points out, Marshal Foch was never really called upon to make a final decision regarding the conclusion of the Armistice. "The Allied governments," Foch says in his "Memoirs," "never asked me whether they should grant an armistice if the Germans asked for it, and when the latter

did so the Allies had already given their answer and made an agreement with the United States."

It is not the province of a yogini to be a politician but there are some aspects of the mentality of nations which may interest, in view of the present crisis, as having led to it.

In 1923 was the first fatal split between England and France, the rift in the lute of mutual praise. Foch wanted to march to Berlin to make the thief pay. I always knew the exact tension between France and England by Madame Foch's attitude to me at her receptions. Now it was distinctly stiff. "Whenever we want to do anything," said a French political lady, "Britain hangs back." "Yes," replied a French General, "because British banking interests are allied to German interests. The bulk of the British nation is with us."

The awful sacrifices of the Great War are all forgotten in twenty years. Are the British fools? We rule one quarter of the whole human race, but our conquests were made before 1870 when Frank Harris says one third of the earth was unappropriated, unexplored, and unknown. Has Edith Cavell, lying prostrate in the Tuileries gardens with the German helmet on her? Has the young, ambitious Anzac architect, both eyes bombed out nine days before the Armistice, and thousands more of their ilk, bled in vain? And this with money we lent them! Its a mad world, my masters.

The tumult and the shouting dies
 The captains and the kings depart:
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away
 On dune and headland sinks the fire
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The Lady Raped

To my dear France
 who
 Healed a hopeless life,
 Balmèd a broken heart.

It was the first day of the War after the War. High Mass at the Madeleine was being said to a sparse congregation. A young and handsome priest was the celebrant, Monseigneur l'Abbé H. He had aquiline features, hazel eyes, classic brows under waving hair, and the carriage of a king. As he came down the aisle, to us all, he looked too proud to walk this earth. He was dressed in sage-green and gold brocade over flounces of rare lace. He celebrated with much waving of white hands and furling of écreu flounces and rather a mincing voice. But personality has nothing to do with efficacy. As the celebrant drank the Blood himself, the Lord filled the Temple.

One week after, France was in the grip of her hereditary enemy. The Madeleine sand-bagged and empty. The handsome young celebrant of last Sunday gone to the Front. The classic features, hazel eyes, waving hair, voice like a cold in his head, all now ministering in lousy trenches.

Lunch in the Rue St. Pères in one of the few old French Mansions left. The palatial staircase has been trodden by royal feet for four centuries. The grounds were designed by Marie Antoinette's gardener.

It is the Cavoye mansion, a magnificent 17th Century house which is now almost intact, and through Lady Decies has been restored to its former splendour.

Situated close to the Boulevard Saint-Germain, which itself evokes the history of French aristocracy, it was built at the end of the reign of Louis XIII, in 1640, for the King's Grand Almoner. He was not able to retain it for long, and Queen Christine of Sweden rented it for her ambassador, the famous Hugo de Groot, called Grotius.

Then it became successively the property of the Duchesse de Villars (née de Lenencourt), of the Marquise de Courcelles, and of the Marquis de Cavoye, Grand Maréchal des Logis of the King, whose name it has retained to the present time.

Given over to the "sans-culottes" during the Revolution, the mansion was occupied by the Lévis-Mirepoix and the Comte de Beaufort before it became the home of *Lady Decies, who has been intent these last years on restoring it.

A high wall with an ogival gateway conceals the principal courtyard, around which are three facades admirably simple in line, and by a low flight of steps one enters the hall, around which are the ground-floor apartments.

These open on to a French garden, ornamented, as at Versailles, by fountains. The ground-floor is composed of the drawing-room (in which are pictures by *Lady Decies has since died from worry at what the Germans did to her palace.

masters, including a reduction of the Louis XIV by Rigaud, and paintings by Hubert-Robert and Guardi); and a ballroom whose harmonious proportions are well set off by white and gold Louis XIV wood-work discovered in the Saint-Senoch mansion, in the Rue Bayen.

Finally there is the dining-room, with remarkably fine wood-work, from the Hôtel de Crillon.

The great staircase—on a panel of which will soon hang the portrait of Lady Decies in her Coronation dress by the French portrait painter Marcel Maschet—leads to the private apartments.

A library with a circular gallery, panelled with wood-work in natural shade, contains a splendid Boldini—that which occupied the place of honour at the exhibition of this artist's work at the Galerie Charpentier.

In it sits a woman, the original of the Boldini, rich beyond the dreams of avarice, poor as Queen Victoria's "poor widow." Married to a she-man, she renounced her happiness for a mother's bigotry. When that mother died she set her lawyers to work. But the she-man, mocking, brought to her bed a newspaper marked in blue pencil. He was dead! Equal in pathos to a couple who waited for years for the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill. They "did not wish to shame the children." It passed. She was nursing a case. She waited a few weeks to complete years of work. He died!

• Failure of idealism. Ibsen's Wild Duck!

After the lunch, into my hotel came an old woman, with black hair and eyes, carrying a white pom, leaning heavily on a stick. A well-known voice made me start. She was introduced as Mrs. Patrick Campbell. She

said: "I am not pro-German, but I think Hitler the greatest man in the world. We have no more right to interfere with him and with Poland than he has to interfere with Ireland. I am a Christian and all for peace. I lost my son in the last War. But I don't believe in keeping Germany down. I love poise and tranquility. Every one has a right to his own ideas. We have grabbed up India and there we shot the natives like crows and shot the eyes out of idols."

"I have been in India all my life and have never heard of such practices," I said.

"So have I and Byculla market is named after my family."

When she talked about Byculla it dawned on me whence she got the traits accentuated in her old age, the coal black hair, the full pouting lips, the heavy jaw, the dark swimming eyes, the luscious voice, the clipped consonants, the cooing vowels, and the genius. In Southern and Western India the types are more negroid than in the Aryavarta.

She got so excited that I had to change the conversation to Shaw. "You show me a letter from G. B. S. I have two hundred and fifty of them. One came this morning."

"I have only ewe lamb," I said.

Mrs. Campbell said to a little American girl, gold-topped, who flitted through the vast rooms like an oriole, "What tiny feet you have. Men drink out of shoes like yours!"

She was then seventy-five. As she got into the motor to take her to the Hotel 'Josse' at Antibes, I understood why King Alphonso calls the French the most generous and hospitable of nations.

Next day I was in the Galeries Lafayette, buying hats, when there was a cry of "Les syrens" and we all rushed down to the bowels of the earth. Here the chatter of the vendeuses was so over-powering I thought of the aristocratic Patriarchs' Ball in New York, where you can't hear yourself shout! Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady! After half-an-hour of chattering and hysterics we all resumed hats and veils again.

I have had my meed of horrors in my adventurous life. In plague stricken Poona, where we daily escorted our friends to graves filled with monsoon slime, the horror of my husband's life that he might be left there too. I have twice run a race with death and won, to reach my nearests and dearests alive. I have twice been rushed alone to a hospital and cut into bits to keep the cancer fiend at bay.

I have been in two earthquakes, one of which set the Himalayas reverberating, the other the eternal city toppling, I have seen a house sliced neatly in two in the Messina 'quake, an officer's fencing foils left intact on the walls. I have been hounded out of two countries at a moment's notice, on false suspicion of espionage, and made to leave a train in pouring rain in my night-gown.

But for sheer, stark, grand Guignol horror is the weird wail of war syrens over Paris at night when the enemy is unseen, his numbers unknown, his flights three and four thousand feet, from which, at any moment, he may drop a bomb on my pillow. For I am now so inured to horror and danger that I never bother to leave my bed.

GOOD FRIDAY AT HOME

Look now, down garden and through wood across
 The chequer of the flat and fruitful plain
 And air shot through with light, and lifting haze
 Sweet from the distance sounds the happy bell
 The Sunday bell that was so long not heard,
 That in our hill-top room we have not heard
 Before ring in your birthday.

This is your birthday

Yesterday was the eve wherein we hearkened

To all that hurtling tumult in the sky,

Wherein we hearkened, calm in each other's arms.

EDWARD SHANKS

Take me home
 where canals
 flow
 between iris-banks :
 where the heron
 has her nest :
 where the mantis
 prays on the river-reed :
 where the grasshopper says
Amen, Amen, Amen.

The congregation consisted of women and old men on sticks. The bishop is preaching "God is Love." Thus joining hands with Annie Besant who taught "War Brings Out Qualities." Those who come after, in perspective, may see this, but to us it is difficult to see it.

In the hotel is a Belgian of Liège. He was one of a band of 80 patriots. They were betrayed, by Judas, for German money. He escaped by a parachute, falling with a broken arm. When mended he will join his own refugee army here, one of the many foreign armies of many thousands, each of many nationalities, on English soil. He presented me with a Belgian magazine, containing a letter of another Belgian written to his mother, on the eve of his execution. He says

he had hoped to see his baby rollicking on her knee. But now he wants his petite Yvonne to find some other good fellow to give her this and only to call her boy "André" for his sake.

From Penny-a-Liner to Prime Minister

TO WINSTON CHURCHILL

On his 70th birthday,

November 30, 1944

When, in War's darkest hour, the nation's life
Hung trembling in the balance, rose a man
Who, matchless both in faith and fortitude,
Stood, like a rock, to face the impending storm,
And brave the hosts of malice and of hate.
You were that man. Nor have you ever swerved
In thought or act (in scorn of mortal fears)
To quicken resolution, pluck from defeat
The soul of hope: your word a clarion call—
The Voice of England to a listening world.

E. H. BLAKENEY

"A penny a liner" said old Irish Uncle Joe, who used to throw his egg out of the window if too small.

Winston commanded a boating party at the age of ten. A subaltern in the 4th Hussars, he was posted to Tirah as a War Correspondent. He told Major Moody of the Buffs, that he "had done that very well," when he extricated his battalion from an awkward place. The Major said, "he was ready to take Lord Salisbury's place to-morrow." Another friend told me that he was the cleverest young man he had ever met but then he had trained brains from boyhood. In South Africa a Liberal said, "Why don't you leave the Tories for

us?" "I've a good mind to do so, my own party won't do anything for me." Soon after he joined John Burns and Co.

Winston Churchill was on posters all over Paris as an Octopus, cigar in mouth, tentacles stretching round the world.

TO WINSTON CHURCHILL

These verses are contributed by a former Ministerial colleague of the Prime Minister

When half the world was deaf and mute
 You told of wrath to come
 When others fingered on the flute
 You thundered on the drum.

When fierce the fires of slaughter burned
 And Europe's hopes were few,
 Those who had mocked your warning turned
 Almost too late to you.

You promised only what you gave
 As refuge from the flood.
 You knew what only you could save
 Through sweat and tears and blood.

Your words upheld our courage yet,
 Through five remorseless years,
 You gave us glory in the sweat,
 And laughter through the tears.

The storm blew by—the light broke through—
 The world resumed its form.
 Then all our hearts went out to you—
 The man who rode the storm.

In England's cloud-swept history
 Never so great a debt
 Was owed by all to one—and we—
 God grant—will not forget.

PART II

EARTH'S YELLS

The Roaring voice of the Great Illusion

THE VOICE IN THE SILENCE

I

ON THE WET SANDS OF DAWN

To

THE MAN IN FITZROY SQUARE

I PLACIDLY wrote plays, confirmed in my peculiar doctrine that the best will be reached in human mental development when the pleasure taken in brain work by St. Thomas Aquinas and the Webbs, and by saints and philosophers generally, will intensify to a chronic ecstasy surpassing that now induced momentarily by the sexual orgasm, and produce a normal enjoyment of life such as I have only experienced a very few times in my long life in dreams.—G.B.S.

There is nothing for which we would to-day exchange the early Shaw prefaces, but what a lot of misunderstanding they still appear to produce concerning the dramatist Shaw!—*Times*

We grow old, Sirs: all of us grow old. Have I done my best, do you think? My prime is past. In it I worked my hardest. May I rest now? All the heat in me is gone out, and the endurance that was tougher than other men's.

T. E. LAWRENCE

He plays the fool at enormous length but without the bitter core of Sterne. Ideas are often adopted for the sake of their paradoxies and discarded as soon as they cease to startle. His audience imagine they have used their brains, but they have really only strained their eyes at the convulsions of a tumbler.

GRAHAM GREENE

G.B.S. IS A "HIT"

Biggest moneymaker along Broadway is George Bernard Shaw, known here as G. Barnum Shaw, whose "Pygmalion" and "Candida" are netting him £1,000 a week. The present Shaw fortune is estimated at £500,000, despite all his howls about income tax.—*Daily Mail*.

There are two men who, though they are still living, have for the last twenty years been written about as freely as if they were already dead—William Hohenzollern and Bernard Shaw. The ex-Kaiser when he abdicated from the German Throne did, so far as the modern world is concerned, snuff himself out. Bernard Shaw has, however, not abdicated from the presidency of the Universe, as he himself describes his position—far from it. He has been written about because from the very beginning of his public life he has encouraged it and revelled in it. Perhaps there is also another reason. While it is true that he is not dead there are some who ask themselves the question whether he was ever alive—alive in the sense that the ordinary human being lives. It is true that his vitality is the wonder of the age, that his mind has always functioned with the speed and brilliance of a fine machine, or rather of a sword, but where is his heart, or, if you

will, his soul? He lacks both the drawbacks and the advantages of those essentially human possessions. He is at one and the same time a little greater than the vast majority of us and also a little less.

Mr. Ernest Rhys has told us that for many years his literary environment in London afforded him thrills almost equal to his romantic expectation. When he walked round and round Fitzroy Square talking to the young Bernard Shaw, he confesses that he "went home with a curious sense of a movement, a revolutionary rising which would upset many of our conventions and bring a new dispensation . . . into the London world."

One day, introduced by Fabian friends to G.B.S., I ventured to beard Mr. Shaw in his den. He was then living with his mother in Fitzroy Square. He received me most kindly, dressed in Jaegers. He spoke of the one pound subscription he was giving to Mr. Grein's Independent Theatre as "a good deal for me!" His sister was earning £2 weekly in a touring Opera Company. His integrity was shown by the fact that he always refused introductions to managers because, though then a musical critic for *The World*, he said he might at any time become a theatrical critic. His self-discipline was shown in his strictly vegetarian diet to suppress his lower nature. His Irish delicacy to women made him add, after passing my appearance for the stage, "of course I speak as a critic." His Irish repartee, when told that an admirer, a Miss Gilchrist, called him a Christ-like looking man, made him reply like lightning "a Gilchrist looking man." One is charmed by the Celtic flash of his wit and has plenty of opportunities of seeing at first hand the kindness of his personal relationships.

He said, "it is a strange thing there is no recognised method to get on the stage, no dramatic academy. To get anything in London is like knocking at iron doors. One day one of these doors will open."

He then asked me to recite something. When I fought shy of this, he replied, "I am a well seasoned critic and can allow for nerves. You must be ready to show off at any moment. Your great asset is your youth. A woman must never look more than 30." I tried the stage at Sarah Thorne's training theatre at Margate.

The World's Tutor, the Prince of Paradox, wrote to me the following letter to Margate.

Dear Miss Churchill,*

As long as Sarah gives you a part, you can do nothing legally. You cannot expect leading parts for 3/6 which is about what you are paying for each performance. Say to her, "now look here, Sarah, you give me all the small parts and I won't worry you for others." Then elaborate your part to the utmost. If, after this, you are still dissatisfied, leave and think no more of your £31 10s. A grievance is a terrible thing, mentally, morally, physically. It is better to make a stand about every two years for an important point than to get a reputation for litigiousness. If you quarrel with Sarah, she is not likely to introduce you into circles in which you may speak ill of her.

Do not be too hard on Sarah. You have your youth, your ideals, your illusions, a thousand things she has not and which should make you

*For nom de théâtre I took my mother's name of Churchill.

generous towards her. I instinctively take her part, knowing how relentless you are likely to be to her.

And whatever you do, don't get into the tone of the rest of the Company. Unless you are careful, the constant struggle to secure lodgings will soon kill all the artistic aspiration.

Yours sincerely,

G. BERNARD SHAW

At this time Mr. Shaw was admittedly in love with a young girl, one of several who had made sensations by coming up to London and throwing themselves upon the Fabian Society. The Fabians responded handsomely by marrying them. G.B.S. wrote to my friends of his passion for Miss Eglantine Crooner. "With the features of a Madonna, the colouring of a Titian." But, though she returned his passion, Miss Crooner selected a rich Fabian stockbroker, a Mr. Parr, who gave her boxes at the Opera. When G.B.S., himself, married money, his Fabian friends knew him no more.

When I recently visited Germany his plays were running both in Munich and Berlin. Rather a contrast to the Fitzroy Square days. Shaw has always advocated *state socialism* and has lived to see the realisation of his dreams. We may sum him up thus :

What decides whether a man will become immortal is not his character but his vitality. Nothing save intensity confers immortality. A man manifests himself more vividly in proportion as he is strong and unified, effective and unique. Immortality knows nothing of morality or immorality, of good or evil. . . . Here, morality is nothing ; intensity, all.

I have thought these mems of G.B.S.'s early days of interest to the public because, at this moment, eight of his plays are being filmed in a bunch, nine altogether. He is said to be one of the two idols of the British public. Therefore meseems these reminiscences of their idol's early days, from one who knew him personally should be of value.

Mr. Sidney Webb was called "the Webbification of the Fabian Society." Rather a contrast to the peerage days of Lord Passfield.

Gordon Craig came down to Margate from the Lyceum, aged 20, to experiment with all sorts of new lamps for old classics. This made a most amusing struggle with the mustiness of Sarah and angry scenes with her stage manager. On one occasion, he followed him all the way down the street on his knees. He was even then meditating the career of scene painting and lighting on which he is the greatest living expert. He used to tell us the methods of "H. Irving, Esq. on the weird art of making up." When he left he wrote me this :

Lyceum Theatre.

Dear Miss Churchill,

I cannot send you tickets for "The Bells." They are not ringing just now.

We began our life at the Moorish Court on Thursday. Perhaps some day I may again be playing Petruchio and you Bianca (lines *in* this time!) I hope so.

Yours sincerely,

GORDON CRAIG

I met G.B.S. walking in Lancaster Gate in February 1936. He remember me as the guest of Mr. Dryhurst, now head of the British Museum, with whom he used, in the long ago, to play piano duets. I invited him to see my world-wide Art collection and to meet Violet, Duchess of Rutland, and friends from the Irish Legation in my flat looking on to Christ Church: "I should like to meet Violet again," he replied, "But not the Legation. Irish people always hate each other!"

The world's tutor wrote to Frank Harris, "I am a ruin and all the pre-seventy in me is dead." The world's tutor knows not the distinction between personality and entity. He has ruled the world by his quips and cranks. Now the fireworks are fizzled out, the good man writing to the bad man, he does not find himself behind: Granted Shaw's continually vocal and witty enthusiasm for the betterment of the human race, granted his impatience with cant, his loathing of shoddy emotionalism. He does not see with equanimity the things that once we deemed of price consumed in smoke of sacrifice.

I met Gordon Craig in Paris, he also held up by the invasion of 1940. He said "certainly accept Raymond Duncan's invitation to his 'at home.' He is most intelligent!"

Thus he spoke generously of his morganatic brother-in-law, for Raymond himself told me that one of the two children drowned with their nurse in the Seine was Gordon's, the other Paris Singer's. Undeterred by this judgment, Isadora went on sinning till, at Nice, staying with Raymond, as he also told me, this stiff-necked butterfly was broken on the motor wheel.

My Love Life

I

THE DURBAR NIGHT

I cannot find a way
 Through love and through;
 I cannot reach beyond
 Body, to you.
 When you or I must go
 Down evermore,
 There'll be no more to say
 —But a locked door

"Midnight Lamentations"
 HAROLD MUNRO.

In pairing time we know, the bird
 Kindles to its deepest splendour,
 And the tender
 Voice is tenderest in its throat.

Days of delight, all heedless of the hours,
 Youth in our hands and love to throw away,
 When mating birds shrilled loud their roundelay
 And drifting blossom crowned each day as ours.

CARIBBEAN.

The woman does not believe in pleasures, she believes in happiness. A supreme belief in happiness is the woman's soul. It awakens in her the moment she is in love or has a child and accompanies her everywhere. It explains, I think, the curious self-centeredness of her mind, and that strange aloofness which seems to envelop her who has husband and children. In her presence we talk of this and that, and do this and that, and she watches us with eyes in which is the light of knowledge and foreknowledge on happiness.

I have told the story of that Abana night because I want to show the respective bases of Eastern and Western love—the theme of all our lives. Also as a warning to those who shall come after.

I have said in Abana that one of the four at the table was *the* love of my life. Which of the four was

the one that I *thought* that I loved? Was it the Ambassador, the mime, the saint, or the reprobate?

The reprobate, who could never have given me permanent happiness.

These three meetings were all "by chance." Yet they marked my life more than any other. So I have written this to show there is no such thing as "chance." Also, what is more important, to show that attraction of body and brain, and this was very strong in both of us, is useless. The attraction of spirit everything! The Mahabharat shows this in the story of how an initiate king came to be born. The great Rishi, chosen to be the father, was ugly on account of his own ascetic penances. He said if the Princesses of the Royal House could forget this, on account of his spiritual greatness, he would remit their previous year of ascetic penances, otherwise imposed before the great honour of a union with him. "My ugliness shall be the austerest of penances to the ladies."

One closed her eyes, the other turned pale. Their sons were blind and pale accordingly. The servant woman forgot his monstrosity because of his greatness. Her son became the initiate king.

This is the age of candour. Rosita Forbes, always the most generous of women, has given us hers. Why should I not give mine? As a lesson in dharma to those who come after.

Impelled by the imperious call of the East, I married without attraction. There was no excuse for doing this. I see now, at my life's twilight, that what I thought was the curse of my dawn, was really meant for its salvation. The gods gave me nearly all gifts, save one. Owing to the religious fanaticism in

my mother's family, our social outlook was voluntarily restricted by them. The balls, parties, and arranged marriages of other girls of my class were not for me. Now had I accepted that and made the most of the birth, looks, brains, money, and above all the voice bestowed on me, I now know I should have been a singer of no mean status, a career to my mind of all the most delectable. The Irish bog life of my ancestresses was not for me.

I misused a dear little life, just opening, complete in miniature, to my own ends. Without me, that dear little life would have been sufficient in itself to achieve its own destiny and live happily ever after. His "fate" was the intimate friend of his first General's daughter. Their lives kept on crossing, there was a mutual attraction that, but for me, would have flowered. Only that he died blessing me and, with clearer vision, has returned since to me enables me to survive. For me? My fortune lay in my voice, and had I followed it at the time of flood who can tell? As it was, I only once had the illusion of an ideal love.

The men in the Indian Government Service are considered by many the finest in the world. Picked men to start with, their experiences, from shikaring tigers to tasting tea, make them so. It will therefore be assumed that I met the right man too late. No. For never has the physical side of love attracted me. Always had I dreamed of the love of the spirit. This I had passionately longed for. The sensitive plant opening to the soft dews of the spirit had shrunk at the grosser touch of the body.

But the Dark Forces made me think so for their foul purpose. They wanted me to violate the *one* con-

dition imposed on a woman in Hindu white Occultism.

It was in old Delhi of the Dream Days before the monstrous octopus of Raisina throttled it. We first met at the port of destiny, Bombay, and again at Lord Curzon's durbar. The third occasion was the unveiling of the monument of John Nicholson by Lord Minto. The soldier Viceroy was escorted by a troop of Tiwana Lancers in scarlet coats and puggrees, both officers and men. All life for me at the moment was bound up in one face so bronzed that he might almost have been taken for one of his troopers. Afterwards, I knew it was all a mirage. He was a drunkard and got out of India owing 100,000 rupees; but of such personal charm "he might have been," as so many of his regiment were, a star in the Simla Firmament.

And he was one of the four men by the Abana.

I shall always be glad to have heard the Song of Life above the sighing of the Bombay palms and the music of the muezzins call of Old Delhi.

One evening, during the rainy season, in this old Indian city, I sat in close colloquy with a friend, a major man who had been by constant companion all through the hot weather, that time of all times when the few who remain behind are drawn by ties which sometimes last till death and after. We had ridden home from the club together, how many times, when the heat was so great that even the tap water provided a natural hot bath, never a cold one.

We had spent the days, when the rains made outings possible, among the arcades of tombs of kings so long forgotten that even their names were lost. The major was a famous soldier. He bore a grand old military name. His father founded Cooper's Hill. He

was the hardened hero of many campaigns. His softest seat was his saddle, his horses were his family, his dearest friends his dogs. But that hot weather love had touched him, for the first time, and to the quick, and late in life. I had listened to the tender tale in many places and from many lips. I heard it first beneath the sunset sky such as only the waters of the Mediterranean know. There, where Melita loomed like a gigantic whale, against fiery glories which melted into the grey of a dove's breast, I heard it from one who was leaving, only after a few days' acquaintance, for that Orient whose voice had not yet claimed me for its own. Many months after, we two met again in a Mayfair drawing-room, only to bid farewell as he left to combat the Nyassa slave raiders where, in boarding a dhow, a shot from the side quieted that restless spirit for ever. In many lands, and in many climes had it echoed, from burning, mocking cliffs of salt seas, among cool dim shadows on Himalayan lakes. On softly clouded Scotch moors, and by brilliant moonlit tropical harbours, but never more earnestly than among those old tombs of bygone warriors, where a modern soldier man just hinted in blunt, broken phrases of a feeling hopeless, late, sincere.

We were sitting near the tomb of an Indian Princess who in life was famed for the caustic quality of her wit, the diamond cut hardness of her epigrams. Yet, if the royal shade were hovering near to listen, it may have worn a softer smile than of yore.

I have never seen anything to laugh at in love, when seeking nothing for itself. I wished I could have spared this man, have touched his trouble with gentle hands. But Fate willed it otherwise. I had

vowed to save, cost what it might, a life which, even when won, could never be mine. And the only one who could help in this dire distress was Major X.

How often at the end of a cosy dinner in our bungalow, when my cook had excelled himself in a *recherché* repast, and when some new delicacy of the season had appeared on the lace cloth, strewn with rose petals, and lit by fairy lamps, we had "wished" as one wishes when the new moon appears. Then Major X had always promised that whenever the day came that I called upon him, he would always help me to attain the "wish."

Now I was obliged to claim his efforts on the part of another, one who for many years has been the silent sovereign of my thoughts, the unbidden guest at every feast.

I implored him, by his own unselfish love, to save that one. He promised. I hesitated a moment. Then resolutely,

"He is a friend of yours."

"Of mine!"

I placed in his hand a portrait. It was his life-long friend, one closer than a brother! It was a beautiful scene. Worthy of an orchestra. He who could rule the wild spirits of frontier tribes and train them into one of the most renowned regiments could also rule himself. He kept his word. Between us we did our best for the absent. To save a career which folly had nearly brought to a close.

Long after Major X asked me if our friend had proved worthy? I looked from the depths of my "coal mine" into his blue steels. "Does one get from any love any more than one brings to it?"

This opens up the question whether the Hindu ideal of *duty* in marriage, not attraction, has not better *raison d'être*.

Recently I saw *La Folle du Logis* at "L'Oeuvre." The husband calls out to the lover: "She and I are real, you do not exist." How profoundly true! Love is the glamour of the imagination, for an imaginary person who sooner or later vanishes into thin air.

In Hinduism there is, for a woman, *one* thing needful, fidelity in marriage, in life, and after "death."

Those who can read between the lines can understand why I was once engaged in litigation, from which, though I easily won my case, I was afterwards obliged to withdraw. *The whole of that litigation was inspired by the Dark Powers of Nature, who, knowing my clairvoyant powers, made me see visions rooted in illusion.* Eventually what I had seen in these visions crumbled up like a desert mirage.

Hinduism being the mother religion of our race, its main ideals are supreme all over the world. Leopold of Belgium, who made the bad karma worked under Hun rule, was allowed the prayers of the faithful because his last liaison was legalised. A weedy, seedy brahman chauffeur was congratulated on the birth of a little bundle of flesh who dragged out a few hours of misery before the corpse was torn from the arms of the child-mother to the Gunga, because they had kept the marriage law. Albeit they had defied the other laws of God, Nature, and the family. Is love then only a weakness? A bacillus? A disease? Who can tell? The problem is as old as that of Pontius Pilate.

A writer in *The World* recently remarked that a

grande passion is a thing of the past, vieux jeu, unheard of amongst modern men and women. Certainly Camilla no longer prays in her convent nor does Mariana sigh in her moated grange. Rather do they take a Cook's tour round the world and pick up someone else in the precincts of the Temple of Tokio. Like Japanese dwarf trees, the passions have been pruned down in modern women until their exotic growth, thwarted and stifled, has well nigh ceased to be. And if the Court train and feathers are in order, what matter if the limbs propelling languish well-nigh to death?

A dark-haired Duchess has just brought me a bouquet of magnolias, for Italy's enchanting women have taken kindly to the barbarian of the boggy isle, though exclusive and reticent to hard faced Sister Jonathan. For my part, I find their proud grace, liquid eyes, and languid softness soothing. Why does the white waxen-chalice pour its life essence into my chamber? Why do the petals flutter on the giant tree outside my window? As I have seen the wings of pelicans on Indian trees. Because they seek completion, fertilisation. Oh! why did God devise this exquisite cruelty of life, "the world's divine regret." that it takes two, and the two so seldom meet. The soft shower is filling the cups of the flowers with Nature's tears. Even these in the pitcher plant are used to attract fertilisation. She exudes a sticky substance to hold insects.

The Reversed Curse weighs on women in all its crushing terror. The Curse which lies over the weaker half of the human race. All over the world is this so. Only does East differ from West in that there is no

humbug of "worshipping women." There she represents matter, while man stands for spirit, and she is treated accordingly. In the West, also, the very word "woman" is a term of reproach, though masked by politeness to a "lady." In sorrow shalt thou *not* bring forth children, runs the Western rendering of the Reversed Curse pronounced in the Eastern garden by the old Hebrew God. In Christian Europe how hardly is she allowed the privileged pangs of exquisite pain. How rarely now does she see the fruit of her womb. And yet the pleasures of pro-creation are proclaimed from every house top, sung on every stage, written in every book, hymned in every song, as the supreme moment, the end of all existence.

Par excellence is this held for women, the bitter sweetness of whose passion must always be surcharged with bloody sweat. But for at least a generation it must be denied to half of all European women. For every two girls grinding at the mill of ordinary existence, only one will be taken, even to the gate of Paradise, the other must inexorably be left outside.

The Curse now lies upon all womanhood. Before the Bloody Terror only the fine flower of aristocracy suffered from the selfish so-called celibacy of man. Then, for the lower, happier classes, life was a merry-go-round in which there were partners enough and to spare, to every comely damsel a man or two. Now the dry rot of unsought womanhood extends everywhere. Donna Mimetta Vivarini trails her Caillot creations the weary length of the Grand Hotel at Rome until her listless limbs can hardly propel the shimmering silks from languor. Her wistful eyes become larger in the pinched pallor of her face. The nerves of the nursery

governess give way in a tempest of angry tears before the perpetual racket of children born of another's womb.

Who asked the night
for a long soft kiss
and lost the half-way lips?
Who picked a red lamp in a mist?
Who saw the night
fold its Mona Lisa hands
And sit half-smiling, half-sad,
nothing at all,
and everything,
all the world?

Is the night woven of anything else
than the secret wishes of women,
the stretched empty arms of women?
the hair of women with stars and roses?

The irony of it! To proclaim as the greatest gift of life a boon bestowed, in its entirety, to almost none! Are then the Orientals right, who deny the place of passion and pleasure in the marriage bond? Who maintain that duty, not love, should be the order of the day? But then the apathy of Hindu wives married under this system! The patient, cow-like resignation of the silent almond-eyed woman?

"Volume 2 has just appeared giving its quantum of Hindu horrors. I am always being asked my version. It is this. The Hindu says "Our virgin widows are your old maids. But we make the life required of them easy. If they are to be celibates, they must only have one meal a day. Their time and thoughts must be filled with religious duties. They must be under the special charge of the lady of the house. Otherwise they cannot fulfil the conditions absolutely required of them." There were two English sisters. One was

pretty and one was plain. The attractive one was taken, the other left. Diametrically different lives were required of them. Yet the conditions of their lives in food, liberty, occupation, etc., were the same. Is it reasonable? Here again the question of climate occurs. Our northern chilliness makes possible what is not expected of a Southern sister, what is guarded against for an Eastern one. Here the question of child marriage comes in. A Kasmiri girl is married at 16. "That may do in Kashmir, but not in Bengal," said a Bengali father, and married his girl at 12 or 13 to a good match. In a year she died. The whole problem is too intricate. The Hindu marriage ideal is the noblest in the world. It rests on a spiritual bond. The attraction of the higher self, of the Unknown Guest. It has been expressed by one of our first English novelists thus :

"But this brings me to a thought I've often half entertained. Which is that human beings, as we know them, don't choose each other at all. It is the owner, the second-self inhabiting them, who makes the choice for his own particular purposes, and—this may sound absurdly far-fetched—it's the second self in the other which responds. . . . But I don't know, I don't know. And it may be that it's something entirely individual in me—this sensation (yes, it is even a sensation) of how extraordinarily *shell-like* we are as we are — little creatures, peering out of the sentry-box at the gate, ogling through our glass case at the entry, wan little servants, who can never say for certain, even, if the master is out or in."

He came from a grand old Scottish stock, from men who traced their pedigree from Noah's ark. He

had been a friend of childhood's days, and, with the thoroughness characteristic of his Highland race, he had gone to the devil by the most direct route. Neither wine, women, nor song had he lacked. In the soft sensuous atmosphere of Rangoon, so far away from Edinburgh that all thoughts of the restraints of Scottish life vanish, where slit-eyed Orientals, living on dogs, cats and mice, produce ivories and embroideries and enamels of a poet's dream, in a country with a history and a wisdom hoarier even than that of Hindustan, but a race of Burmese, in their decadence, with the morals of monkeys, there at the other side of the world, where the world seemed turned upside down, where right is wrong, and wrong is right, he had tossed away health and strength and fortune in the giddy swing of a centre of the most senseless society on earth.

It had much of glamour might;
Could make a ladye seem a knight;
The cobwebs on a dungeon wall
Seem tapestry in lordly hall;
A nut-shell seem a gilded barge,
A sheeling seem a palace large,
And youth seem age, and age seem youth:
All was delusion, nought was truth.

Later our ways had crossed, too late to save.

In Bombay, the most alluring of all cities, where the water of the ocean's loveliest bay laps against the garden wall, where the rooks caw overhead in the banyans, and the vultures scream over the corpses on the Towers of Silence, and the yellow lights in the Yacht Club gleam as from a giant Chinese toy, there in the fateful city, the keystone of an empire, our ways had met a moment, to recognise and part.

Bombay is more full of Fate to the upper classes of the Anglo-Saxon race than any other city. Never can such forget their first tropic dawn awakening in Bombay. The parrots flashing emeralds in the banyans. The white wings of the yachts pierce the silver mists and point to Heaven. On the verandah, the bags of cobras smell of hell. At table, the custard apples and tangerine oranges in silver ice bowls allure. At eve, the sail to Elephanta, Mahadeva's flowery isle. His Shrine is so holy that once it was only opened annually on Shivrathri, the day of Initiation of Shivites. Now one feels His sweet, keen Influence at once. Bombay is the quickener of our Karma, accelerator of our evolution. She has changed the currents of countless of our lives. Mine was no exception. Leading to the psychic land of India, no sensitive soul can enter or leave her unchanged. It might be written across her portals, "All change who enter here."

Once more we crossed in the most regal of cities, at that greatest of all meetings, the Imperial Durbar of the greatest of all Viceroys, the scene of that most wondrous of all spectacles, Lord Curzon's great State Ba^{al}. Round the white canvas city of the camp ran the toy railway right to the rosy turret walls, even to the blood-red halls of the Moghul, where the silver shimmering draperies I had carried bravely into King Edward VII's Coronation Court seemed almost like Cinderella's rags amidst the gorgeous array of the most splendid of every nation under Heaven, representing one-fifth of the whole human race, assembled at the bidding of the strongest man and the loveliest woman of our generation.

The grass grows now over the site of that phantom

city. The Durbar arena itself is nought but a low monsoon-washed mound of earth, the railway, the polo grounds, the exhibitions, the spectacles, the crowds, the troops, the bands, have vanished like a fairy dream, but the memories of that meeting of all meetings abide still and have moulded the destinies of men and women in lives unnumbered. For some of us they have left scars which will never fade until death comes.

Delhi Durbar and the Great State Ball! The halls of Shah Jehan and the fashions of Paris! The flower of the West in the Abode of Glory! Never even in the days of the Great Moghul could the red granite walls of the Diwan-i-Am have witnessed a more dazzling spectacle, for Europe had sent of her best as a tribute to Asia's Queen City. The Grand Duke of Hesse, grandson of Queen Victoria, was furious at driving in a horse gharri instead of riding an elephant, thus ranking below dusky potentates of the jungles. Two of the four favourite Duchesses of Queen Alexandra, who had held her Coronation canopy, here found themselves of small account beside "the pork butcher's daughter," to whom every woman lower than a peeress had to bend the knee. Barbarian Princes, with the veneer of Pall Mall, waltzed proudly with such women as consented to be scandalized in the hope of a necklace as a Christmas gift. Mrs. Atherton swept by with violet draperies and floating perfumes trailing behind her. She continued the career, with a Vice Regal A.D.C., which led to a divorce, breach case, pantomime gags, and suicide.

This great meeting of all nations under Heaven was a time of searching of hearts, and many were the Fates then crossed. But outwardly it was a scene of

motley splendour such as our generation never again saw. There in the red sandstone halls of the Great Moghul, and in the white brilliance of the loveliest room in all the world, where the electric lights seemed to penetrate inches deep into the pearl shell walls of the Diwan-i-Khas, and make the gilding dazzling, Lady Curzon floated in the peacock robe over the mosaic pavement where once Emperor's feet had passed, while the band played memories of the might-have-beens.

It was the most dazzling spectacle of our generation. Those who had witnessed the Imperial balls in the Winter Palace, Europe's proudest assemblies, said they paled before the splendour of this.

Yet how many weary hearts that brave show concealed! To how many that great reunion brought pain and disappointment of long-cherished dreams! To how many in that fairy phantom city of the Durbar Camp came home with terrible force and icy blast of withered hopes, perhaps with saddest quartrain of our generation!

Only the walls of one thin rent of canvas,
Only a yard of yellow desert sand
Between us two, and yet I know you distant
As though you lived in some far desert land.

Yet once more, for the third time, we met, this time in Damascus, in a smart modern hotel on the outskirts of the city, the General Asian Home of Kings, where from the uttermost parts of the earth royalties do congregate and sovereigns do holiday make and princesses and duchesses are of small account. And he was the cavalry man in Abana. Thus ended my romance.

Ouida's Love Life

I

THE AUTUMN CROCUS

That most interesting study of Ouida. This ought to command entry to one of the London magazines.

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE, *General Secretary
The Theosophical Society in Canada*

BURNE-JONES wrote to Lady Horner of Mellis and little Jack Horner fame, "There is a fine example in history for the admiration of Ouida. I remember Ruskin and Cardinal Manning routing on their knees amongst some books to find *The Dog of Flanders* which they loved; getting covered in dust and searching with enthusiasm. Also I read a letter of hers so grandly given that I thought I would never forget it."

It is not impossible that *Their place is beside the plays of the minor Elizabethan dramatists*, among that recklessly creative literature that may itself drop out of present use but leaves everything different from what it would have been. Ouida, whose real name was Louisa Ramé, was born in Bury St. Edmunds in 1839, of a French father and an English mother. By 1867 the romantic lure of seeming wholly French had changed the name to "Louise de la Ramé," and shortly afterwards a terminal "e" gave a final touch of *ancien régime* and of languorous femininity to a small, plain mid-Victorian with a sallow skin and a voice like a saw. That was one side of Ouida. But whereas the French father was an undependable adventurer who did nothing to support his family, the simple East Anglian mother remained with Ouida until her death in 1893, and was maintained, loved and mourned by her daughter, as indeed she deserved to be. That was the other Ouida, who, as Miss French says, never lost her head whatever the petulant excesses of her heart and could appreciate the continuous service done to her career by her mother's quiet loyalty.

The Times (Leading article)

In every good library there should be room for a few really silly books. "Under Two Flags" is a classic volume; and to moods of extreme depression (such as that induced by a prolonged study of Mr. Douglas Reed) what better antidote than Ouida's description of a Guardsman's toilette?

PETER QUENNELL

"Never believe any Italian when he talks about love."

AN ITALIAN FRIEND

Croce Rossa Italiana.

Firenze, Dec. 19th, 1915

Madame,

Surement quelque chose est contre nous cette nuit, la pluie n'a jamais cessé de tomber et les routes pour aller à Castagnolo seront horribles et plus, ce matin, mon chauffeur me fait savoir qu'il est obligé d'aller chez lui, ou son père n'est pas très bien. Pardon, infiniment pardon, mais pour cet après-midi je suis consterné mais je dois renoncer au plaisir d'aller à Castagnolo avec vous. Avant que vous partez, j'espère bien que nous pourrions y aller.

Agréé Madame, mes salutations distinguées.

Votre dévoué

Lottaringhi della Stufa

We are always having Fanny Burney hashed up for us. Presumably because she had Court influence. Yet few living had read a word of her works. Yet we seldom hear of Ouida who died in a hovel and yet provided the romance of our youth. Poor passion pale Ouida!

A new biography has lately appeared of Ouida, the second since her death. Evidently she who was the joy of our generation is not vieux jeu. These notes about her, gleaned on the spot, from those who knew her may interest. Ouida, like Chopin, represents an artificial mode of life à la bonbonnière, Watteau.

As I write I am living once again life à la Ouida. The Monte-Carlo Consulate is the Embassy in miniature she loved to describe. All around is battle, murder, and sudden death, and worst of all, poverty. Here, in this delicious atmosphere, horrors are all shut out, just as in a Melba night in the old world days of Covent Garden.

The hostess is a former Spanish duchess who lived in a palace at Vigo, visited by Sovereigns. Her grandmother was one of the three graces painted by Reynolds. The rooms are filled with salvage of real furniture from poor, despoiled Spain. Opposite the window is an orange tree with golden fruit. Beyond the gold is the blue tideless sea. On a Cap to the left is a buff and red tiled Provençal palace in a dell of olive trees. The *mise en scene* is Ouidesque to the life, but the actors are different to her day. *Autre temps, autres mœurs*. The owner of the palace is an Italian princess allied to a large Chinese fortune. By that palace hangs a tale. I last met her by the side of the Holy River at Benares. Her special train had cost £2,000 for a few weeks. Just previously the Eternal City had been convulsed by a cataclysm which ran through social Europe, in which a Dictator, a British Ambassadors, the greatest of all Roman ladies, allied to Colonna, Caetani, and Orsini, a bank man, and a house of ill-fame, had all been muddled up as in a jigsaw puzzle.

Under the shadow of the palace is a modest grey villa with a vine-clad pergola, owned by my eldest brother. Those who love me in East and West will be glad to know that the poor widow is not going down to the crematory alone.

Mrs. Besant said that war bred qualities of unselfishness and heroism. The arbitre des elegances wins the Croix de guerre in the trenches. The gold satin evening cloak gains the D.S.O. at the cannon's mouth. Yes, but at what a cost. In this remote place famine stalks; the croupiers, dressmakers, etc., are unpaid, unfed, gaunt, hollow-cheeked. The French Government cannot cope with it all, so long suffering Britain has to do so.

"Fanny Burney and her Half Sister," recently took up a whole page of *The Times* Literary. Yet no one of our generation has ever read a word of Fanny Burney. Many of us modelled our lives à la Ouida. Max Pemberton writes :

"We, as children, of course, delighted in Christmas numbers, of which some were truly magnificent, if also truly Victorian. The snow-covered churches, the was-sail bowls, the Dingley Dells of that age, not done in a miserly three colours, but real works of art in fifteen, were in touch with the sentiment of the age which still mourned Charles Dickens with a sense of personal loss and read 'Ouida' for a classic.

"That clever woman I was to defend later on in a paper read before a University literary society—to the great scandal of many, who had never read a line of her and feared the perversion of their wives. So moral we were and so ready—in print—to take off our hats to the Seventh Commandment."

When Ouida's rival, Mrs. Ross, died in 1927, the *Observer* gave her a whole page, with portraits, as the last of the Victorian great ladies. I wrote to the *Sunday Times* that no one had mentioned the Homeric Combat waged by the greatest beauty and the greatest

intellect of the women of their day over the Marchese della Stufa. I promised to give the details later. Mrs. Ross said Mlle. de la Ramée was Louisa Rames, begat of a Bury attorney. Well, we only lose the Flemish Count with wanderlust, the child poet dreaming among the primroses of the Meuse. I have always lived à la Ouida. I have always sought the beautiful, if not always the good. Her "Friendship" was responsible for first sending me to Italy. This led to the Italian Royal Friendships already described, one of the happiest episodes of my life. I will leave Ouida's Rival in the present tense, described as I met her. First I will give a summary by Horace Annesley Vachell. He writes :

"Everybody called her Ouida, her own pronunciation when she was a child of her Christian name Louise. In an ancient 'Who's Who' I find this entry : 'Ouida (Mlle. Louise de la Ramée), father English, mother French.' As a matter of fact, her mother, a Miss Sutton, was English, and her father, a Monsieur Ramé, French. Monsieur Ramé seems to have disappeared mysteriously about the time of the Paris Commune. Ouida assumed, characteristically, the 'de la' and the final 'e.' Towards the middle of her life she wrote to her generous friend and publisher, the late Baron Tauchnitz, 'Please to address me Madame de la Ramé or Madame Ouida at all times.' From this we may assume that the final 'e' was annexed later than 1882.

"I saw her for the first time in Florence at the house of her friend and devotee, Madame de Tchiatcheff. Ouida was born in 1839 and must have been then about forty-three. I thought her very ugly with beau-

tiful hands and feet. Out of a sallow face sparkled a pair of blue eyes; her pale hair hung down her back; she wore white satin and white satin shoes. Pilgrims were led meekly to the throne, a sofa, and presented to the goddess who looked like Minerva.

"She was witty and too often very disagreeable. Upon one occasion a young American girl got the better of her. She had been introduced to Ouida, then at the height of her vogue.

" 'This,' said the Mistress of the Ceremonies, 'is Miss X., an American.'

" 'Quite unnecessary to mention that, *my chère*; I knew Miss X. was an American as soon as she opened her mouth.'

The young lady smiled sweetly.

" 'It may interest you,' she said, in a loud, clear voice, audible throughout the big salon, 'to know my first impression of you. I really thought that you had escaped from a menagerie.'

Upon another occasion, she said to her hostess: " 'There is somebody over there who has been staring at me persistently for two hours. Perhaps it is time to present her to me.'

All her life she owned many dogs and treated them better than she treated her friends. She gave a white Maremma hound to a lady in Florence.

" 'That dog of yours——!' exclaimed the lady, meeting Ouida next day.

" 'What has happened?'

" 'He has bitten one of my children severely.'

" 'Heavens! How you frightened me! I thought something had gone wrong with the dog.' "

I have read all Ouida's novels. She wrote to please

herself and she disdained criticism. She perpetrated terrible howlers. In the Grand Military Steeplechase several horses started with odds on each! Her most famous hero was styled "Beauty of the Brigades." It was negligible to Ouida that there is only one Brigade of Guards. She achieved atmosphere regardless of the eternal verities.

Her novel "Friendship" set Florence by the ears in 1878. She became infatuated with the Marchese della Stufa, portrayed as Ioris. The heroine, Etoile, is herself. That eccentric old personage, Lady Orford, a friend of Ouida's whom I knew quite well, was admirably hit off as Lady Cardiff. It would be stirring up mud to say more about this malicious book. Ouida's literary sin was the greater because she was under obligations to the lady whom she pilloried as Lady Joan. When I was in Florence in '83, society was divided into two camps, the Ouidaites and the anti-Ouidaites.

She had many friends, who stood stoutly by her. From some she accepted financial help, rejecting it from others with eccentric unreason. In Elizabeth Lee's "Memoir," of her, it is recorded that a constant friend offered her, in her old age, a "villino." "Woman," exclaimed Ouida, "do you think I can live in a box?"

The earlier novels: "Signa," "Two Little Wooden Shoes," "A Dog of Flanders," and "Ariadne," are captivating. "Tricotrin" and "Pascarel" may, possibly, have helped to inspire Locke's "Beloved Vagabond." I have never asked him if this is so.

"Bimbi" touches high-water mark.

She must have earned and spent large sums of money. She died, as all the world knows, in poverty.

She refused a pension from the British Government and afterwards accepted it. She said once to a kinsman of mine: "It is the privilege of wealth to give to genius."

She is at her best when she describes with amazing vividness simple scenes and simple people. Her worst novels were her best sellers. Did she write about dukes and guardsmen with her tongue in her cheek? We shall never know. Probably not. She gave to her great people great names: Broceliande, Lyonesse, Guilderoy. She revelled in the plural. Princess Zouroff, in "Moths," prinking to meet Corr  ze (Mario) at some embassy ball, puts herself into the hands of *women*! One beholds with awe at least half a dozen Abigails.

But, in the pure English of to-day, she "got her stuff across." Young persons read Ouida in secret and were thrilled when the hero snatched a rifle from a forester and put a bullet through the eye of an eagle soaring a thousand feet above deep green woods!

At the moment one believed in her characters, and and it may be contended, therefore, that she believed in them herself. Many Victorians regarded her as a Juvenal in petticoats because she scourged the vices of the aristocracy. Other Victorians denounced her novels as immoral because vice, as she presented it, was most damnably attractive. As a boy at Harrow, in a house where her works were on the Index, I regretted my inability to throw guinea peaches at the heads of frail women. I wanted to have a "monkey" at least upon possible winners of the Leger and National. I was seized with a desire to possess a hookah with a gold mouthpiece. Scores of men of my vintage have

admitted to me, grinningly, that Ouida inspired just such ridiculous ambitions in them.

She was an amalgam of ignorance and knowledge. Apart from the blunders in her novels, she betrayed the same reckless disregard of facts in her studies and essays, most admirably written. She fulminated against Queen Victoria because she actually didn't know that the English Monarchy is constitutional. She believed that Her Majesty could end the Boer War by merely holding up a finger! Any special case—such as vivisection or cruelty to animals—pleaded by her sincerely and passionately was weakened to breaking point by this astounding indifference to facts. She held "The Massarenes" to be her best book ("worth a thousand Trilbys" she wrote to Tauchnitz). It remains unread, her worst, because her indictment of wealth and fashion was ludicrously overdrawn."

A great novelist can never die, especially when she wrote with her heart's blood. That is why the first chapter of *Ariadne* is, as I think, the finest thing in the English tongue. Why the first part of "Friendship" is as fresh and sparkling to-day as forty-five years ago. She, herself, thought this her best work. They were both written on the smash up of her life by the Marchese Lottaringhi della Stufa.

Hence her bitter cry: "Gods and men alike are faithful only to the faithless."

Now her biographer, Miss Lee, has left it a vexed question as to what his intentions towards her really were. I am able to state, on the authority of his own nephew, the present head of the family, whom I met in Florence, that he never had the slightest intention of marrying her! The truth is that he found

her useful to beguile an idle summer when her potent rival, Mrs. Janet Ross, was called to London on the death of her father, Sir Alexander Duff-Gordon. The wife of an Italian admiral, who lunched with Ouida at this time, described the scena of the few happy hours which lay ever after "like sleeping children in her heart; it is so much to have been entirely happy only once!" As befitted an expectant bride, the dining and drawing rooms were all done in white, white bear skins and a white carpet were on the ground and on them lay big white Spitz dogs. The lunch was all white food, soup, sauces, and creams. The hostess herself was dressed as a bride in white satin with a long train and veil of Brussels lace which fell from her hair to the hem of her train. The bridegroom (*manqué*) used to come all day and every day to lie with Ouida on the white hearth rug and if her feet were cold, he would kiss them.

Now Ouida was then at the "dangerous age" (about 30) when a woman's sexual inclinations are at their strongest. In the words of Monsignor Mori of the Duomo of Florence, aged 90, who knew her, she was "mad about him!" Poor, poor Ouida, she never had a chance! She was "ugly with a jowl like a pug-dog," he said, "though she always wrote in state, well dressed, and in a room full of flowers." Queen Margherita personally described her to me as looking "dirty with a drab skin, but good eyes. Stufa was then in waiting on Us. He was neither handsome nor clever."

Mrs. Ross was admitted by even her enemy, the present Marchese, to have been the most beautiful woman of her day, especially when masked in Venetian costume which showed only the eyes and the mouth,

and Mrs. Ross was not only a friend of the man but queen of his castle and estates.

The pity of it is that the madness of genius destroyed self-respect: Ouida followed him everywhere, even to Rome, where as his nephew told me, he had to leave the Quirinal ball on her account. Here *Ariadne* was written. How often in the Hotel de Russie, where she stayed with Patti, have I pictured her returning from the ball, *désillusionnée*, wandering in the lovely garden in the bitterness of her disillusion. For me, the hotel is haunted with the ghost of Ouida.

Stufa died in 1889, having visited India and Burmah. Mrs. Ross, though ejected from his chateau, appears to have retained the pictures, etc., in it, saying they were gifts to her. Hence the embroglio with the family. The Marchese took me to his palace and showed me a book of Medici records of a hundred armorial bearings of his family which his uncle had kept locked up.

He showed me his portrait, old, bearded, and worn. Nevertheless he had, he said, a charm, fatal to the greatest writer of her day.

The Marchese promised me letters of Ouida, also to take me to see "*Fiordelisa*." To keep him up to it, I gave him a champagne lunch and lent him books and papers. The letters were never forthcoming. On the appointed day for the trip I received the foregoing letter. From its plausibility one can construct the character of his uncle! Poor, poor Ouida! But through it all we must remember she kept her honour. Her betrayer never dared to offer her aught but marriage.

In the mad rush for revenge she rushed to a lawyer.

But there is no "breach" law in Italy. Then in the fury of Hell she wrote the cruellest and wickedest book ever written. But it brought its punishment. Countess Sergardi told me the following details. The Countess is related to the Pazzi family, one of whom slew a Medici, the silver armoured lover of la Simonetta, before the High Altar of the Duomo of Florence, pierced with nineteen wounds. She met Ouida in a Viareggio hotel. In her one bedroom on the table was her one plât, her milk in a common glass. She wore cotton gloves and had common dogs. The dogs were mangy and she looked mangy herself in a dilapidated bonnet tied beneath a grubby chin, her person unkept and unclean. She said, "I shall be drummed out to-day for not paying!" This from the original, and who had once lived the life, of Etoile!

When at Viareggio I went to Torre del Lago and met by accident Maitre Puccini who has a villa there. He told me Ouida had died at Massa Rosa on the other side, so I took a boat and landed by Palazzo Ginori on the opposite shore. The Palazzo is a red mansion sporting a white coronet. We approached by winding waterways, covered by lotus pink and white, and guarded by palms, as befits the abode of a fairy princess. Mlle. Ginori, the girl owner of 20, was away, but her maitre d'hotel told me how the Ginori family guards the secret of the ancient Ginori porcelain.

Then I went to the village of Massa Rosa to see the last residence of Ouida. The local chemist called an urchin to show me where the "scripticia inglese con canini" lived. We turned down an alley and crossed a muddy backyard to a miserable hovel. A peasant family lived below in the kitchen, brick floored, with

tomatoes hanging from the roof. Ouida lived in the room above with her maid, and three or four dogs were in her own bed. Here she lived the last three or four years of her life. The woman who took up her bath showed me the back door where "Etoile" escaped from this miserable squalor into the vineyard behind. I left unspeakably depressed by this *Via Dolorosa*.

Soon after I met Professor Palladini, a friend of Puccini. He was with Ouida when she died in the hovel, holding the money he had given her to keep body and soul together. The Government pension arrived a few days after her death, so the professor was never repaid. He also agreed that the prologue of "Ariadne" is one of the finest pieces of English prose.

These original details, new to the world, of Ouida, I have collected with care, because the "Athenæm" opined that, "But for the dates we might surmise Ouida to be enjoying a rearnation" in my humble self, "Ouida without her genius!" A great compliment.

We have this much in common.

(1) Both thrown on the world without parental protection.

(2) Both literary protégées of Lord Curzon.

(3) Both adepts at "luscious description," especially Eastern. (Note extract from *Folle Farine*, page 235, "Cities Seen").

(4) Both loved Italy and collecting bric-a-brac.

(5) Ouida is buried at Bury St. Edmunds. My husband died there.

Further, I once lived over again, to the exact details, the early chapters of "Friendship" and played the part of Etoile. I had a suite in a Florentine hotel

in the central square of that loveliest of cities. Flocks of purple pigeons flitted through its cloisters as at Venice. Behind me, the Duomo bell boomed night and day. My suite was filled with choicest exotics. My friend Estella Startin, American prima donna of the opera, stayed with me and sustained the part of "Dorotea Coronis." The present generation of "Mascrips" were actually in the hotel too and, à la bourgeoise, watched us like 'tecs. Nay more, the watch dog was once more named "Marjorie," as of yore, and the part of Ioris was again sustained by a royal equerry. Could history repeat itself more thrillingly?

Estella Startin, like Dorotea, had wonderful beauty and gifts, but she was a delicate, fragile narcissus rather than the "pomegranate flower." (Adelina Patti was the original of Dorotea). Her pointed chin was poised on a Simonetta neck, her great hazel eyes lit up her pale cheeks and golden hair. White furs, completed the resemblance to her flower. She was fresh from Spanish laurels. She left the arms of her Spanish lover to go to her American fiancé.

Oh, Estella! One of my most magnetic friends! When we said good-bye little did you dream I was even then going off to be interned "as a spy!" Little did I dream you had even then the seeds of death in the narcissus petals. When we parted, I promised to write of you. Little did we dream you would read it, if ever, beyond the grave!

In Milan, two years later, I went to inquire for her at the artist's pension which had been the scene of some of her several loves. For Estella was a woman who could find love and riches and bouquets even in a pension! To my horror, I was told: "Elle est morte!"

She had been dead a year. Estella had died on the operating table in Paris just before her projected marriage. She had sown to the flesh, she reaped corruption!

No one before has ever dilated on the joy given to our generation by Ouida. Many have laughed at her guardsmen, their tawny moustaches, their rose water, forgetful that they were perhaps truer to life in the days when army officers wore whiskers and talked of "howwid" than of now, when, on leave, they mostly take "high tea" with their sisters from the schoolroom. It is so easy, so cheap, to laugh. But has any one ever estimated the ease of pain, the delight from dreariness, the governess who, after school hours, alone in the schoolroom, forgets an aching head, and the hours, of stupid, trying children and follows in imagination her mistress in silks and satins into the beau monde, through Ouida, who provides the fairy coach and horses to take Cinderella to the ball. And to us, to whom the life of the beau monde brings weariness and pain, have we not, in Ouida, forgotten it? Can we not construct an ideal world from the beggarly elements of this one, as classical scholars construct a marble Forum of temples fit for gods out of the fluted fragments of the snowy Corinthian pillars lying in the grass, of capitals rescued from dung pits to be trophies among priceless treasures in Diocletian's Baths?

Ouida was ejected by her landlord and spent nights beneath a tree before a pension of £150 was wrung from a Government constructed from English phlegm and Anglo-Saxon hard fact and money makers. Yet her imagination and graciousness made all life seem a gavotte with curtseying women and bowing men.

I am writing this at Stresa, said to be the loveliest corner of Europe. My balcony, in the Hotel des Iles Borromées overlooks Isola Bella and the same lake vista which Ouida loved. But, visionary as she was, I am also more practical. Instead of white mangy dogs, I play with white peacocks, and I sha'nt die in a hovel.

In December, once more, I find myself in Florence, the City of Saints. The Shades of all these Great Ones, surround and protect. The Duomo bell sounds sonorously at 4 a.m. over the sleeping city. The same bell—at the same hour and earlier—called the waiting crowds to hear Savonarola.

Are not the icy streams, snows, and icicles of the journey, and the setting sun glints on the tawny dome of the crouching Duomo, like a mammoth caged by its crowding streets, more lovely than the hectic glitter of the Hotel Meurice, Paris, and the American mother's tale of how "Marcelle caught the catch of Spain!"

I call on the Marchesa della Stufa. I find a girl of twenty, beautiful, of the purest Italian type, for she is a Ridolphi. Beneath the shadow of the Dome, she mourns the death of her young husband, a great nephew of Ouida's Lotteringhi. He has, nevertheless, left her his child. She receives me in her magnificent bedroom, with the State bed hung in crimson, family stuffs and evergreens everywhere. She shows me the rooms hung with old masters, including Van Dyck's Duke of Norfolk. But it is only too evident with her that

"The light of a whole life dies when love is done."

Pope Joan
or
The Red Lily of Florence

A song in the valley of Nemea :
Sing quiet, quite quiet here,
Song for the brides of Argos
Combing the swarms of golden hair :
Quite quiet, quiet there.
Under the rolling comb of grass,
The sword outrusts the golden helm.
Agamemnon under tumulus serene
Outsmiles the jury of skeletons :
Cool under cumulus the lion queen :
Only the drum can celebrate,
Only the adjective outlive them.
A Song in the valley of Nemea :
Sing quiet, quiet, quiet here.
Tone of the frog in the empty well,
Drone of the bald bee on the cold skull,
Quiet, Quiet Quiet.

"NEMEA."

THE MYTH POPE

POPE JOAN was a mythical female Pope, placed between Leo IV (847-855) and Benedict III (855-858). Of English birth, educated in Cologne, she loved a Benedictine monk and fled with him to Athens disguised as a man. On his death she went to Rome under the title of John of England, became a priest and at last got the Cardinal's hat. She was elected Pope as John VIII and died in childbirth during a papal procession. More than one hundred authors between the 13th and 15th centuries gave circulation to this myth. The French Calvinist,

David Blondel, exploded it in two books, in 1647 and 1657, and this exposé was completed by Dollinger in 1863, translated into English 1872.

THE REAL POPE

9th November, 1914.

Poggia Gherardo,
Settignano (Florence).

Dear Madam,

I only returned from London a few days ago and found a pile of letters to answer and accounts to be settled, or would have answered your letter before.

I am always in on Sunday afternoon, but if this does not suit you, I am in any morning. I shall be very glad to make your acquaintance.

My old villa is on the tram line (Via Settignanese before reaching Ponte-an-Mensola).

Yours very sincerely,
Janet Ross.

Americans are overcome when they visit the haunts of Mrs. Hauksbee. I felt the same at meeting the original of Lady Joan Challoner. From childhood "Friendship" has been one of my favourite books, perhaps the favourite. It was only of late years, on visiting Italy, that I discovered that it was a roman à clef. The world in general has only known so since the publication of Elizabeth Lee's book on Ouida in 1914. Poor Ouida! Who knew so well that jealousy of the gods evinced to us on whom they have bestowed gifts. When they give talent and

supremacy over the herd, they strike at our personal happiness to compensate. When they attend our nativities with gifts, they force on us a christening cup of sorrows to be drained to the dregs.

Lady Joan was the sole survivor of the circle of "Friendship," every one of whom was drawn from a living model. Mrs. Henry V. Clams was an American married to a Dutchman, named Van Schuyk, who had realised a large fortune by selling tinned oysters and entertained lavishly in Florence. A cute woman, she met Ouida at a dinner soon after the tornado of "Friendship" had burst upon Florentine society. "Why Ouida," she said, "I hear that Mrs. Clams is meant for me!" Poor Ouida, who always got the worst of it with the world, stammered back, "No, of course not."

Far from being, as she imagined, like "Etoile," she was fat and rude mannered. She once waddled up to a group of dames at an official reception with the remark, "What a set of frumps you are!" Far from praying in her chamber, à l'Etoile, for Ioris after his desertion, she requested a lawyer to sue him for breach of promise of marriage contained in letters she had. She was bitterly disappointed that such is not a legal offence in Italy. The tale of his financial ruin by Lady Joan again seems to have been revenge on her part. From what I can gather, Lady Joan devoted all her practical talents described in the tale, to the salvation of his estates. When he died, in Lady Joan's arms, ten years after the drama was played and published, he left her a substantial sum in gratitude, with which her present beautiful villa was bought. Poor, poor Ouida! Only

those who have known the calamity of a great passion can know what she suffered. Perhaps her mistake lay in thinking that love and hate can lie down together beside one hearth and in one heart.

"Mr. Challoner," far from being as depicted, was in reality "grand seigneur." Marchese Peruzzi, who was Master of the Ceremonies at Court, presented Ioris to "Lady Joan," who was then very beautiful. In 1872, she "hung up her cashmere" at Castagnola and lived there as Chatelaine during the absence of Stufa at Court and abroad till his death in 1889. She made him spend a lot on agriculture.

What was really in Stufa's mind with regard to Ouida lies buried with him. Tales of her fabulous wealth, to the Italian mind, were current in Florence, due to her mode of life à la princesse. She was said to earn £5,000 per annum and to have saved large sums. She herself said £1,600 was the highest sum she received for one book and that her accumulations were debts. To turn Lady Joan out of "Fiordelisa" was too herculean a task, even if he had seriously wished it, unless backed by the steam-roller of wealth.

Then rang the hour of the knell of Ouida's fate. With her happiness, fled her wordly prosperity. She decreased while Lady Joan increased. She sat as the solid rock in her palatial villa while all the rest have vanished as dreams. Her husband, Mr. Challoner, her friend, Ioris, Mrs. Clams, Silverly Bell, Marjorie Scrope Stairs, her watch dog, had all passed away. Death itself appeared to hesitate before so triumphant a creature.

The villa she lived in was at one time thought by experts to have been the first refuge and the Villa Palmieri the second, of Boccaccio's seven young women and three young men when they fled from the plague in Florence in 1348 and told tales for the ten halcyon days of the Decamerone. But it is now generally agreed that if Boccaccio had any special house in his mind, the Palmieri was the first refuge and the Podere della Fonte, or Villa di Boccaccio, as it is called, near Camerata the other.

To some of us the characters in our favourite books are far more real than the shadowy men and women of everyday life. Imagine my amusement then, you, who also know and love "Friendship," when I received the foregoing letter from Lady Joan. The author of "Up and Down the World by a Passionate Pilgrim" has narrated that amusing episode of the "old Masters sold by impoverished Italian families" which she found being prepared in an antichita shop, in which Della Stufa was an accomplice.

Her magnificent towered and castellated villa is on a large estate, every yard of which is like a pin-cushion carefully cultivated. I climbed the winding drive through the vines to the covered pergola. This led to the front door, opened by an ancient butler, who, without asking my name, led me through spacious apartments to a magnificent room. Here sat Lady Joan, a young, stout, healthy woman of 70. She was dressed in white serge. Her white hair was arranged as described but without the spadilla which Ioris used to twist. When I had announced myself, she welcomed me most cordially with "the

straight glance of candid green-grey eyes under thick beetling brows." She talked of agriculture and hyperphosphites. She was an authority in the agricultural world, and the liqueur she makes, and sells, and exports, has twenty ingredients and is seductive.

"Dear old Pam" appeared to be as dead as Queen Anne but "Dear old Glad," she said, "asked me about Italian land tenure. I introduced him to an Italian, the Marchese della Stufa. After they had talked together, he said, 'Child, I know nothing about it. You must write a book for me.' So I did, with immense trouble and research over legal matters."

She showed the same kind and friendly spirit to an entire stranger that even her arch enemy credits her with in her venomous pages.

Again I called on Mrs. Ross, then aged eighty, her figure was active and slender as a girl's. Though credited as a connoisseur, I saw nothing worth looking at in the long corridors and vast rooms of the lovely villa. All objets d'art had apparently been sold. She told me she wrote to "Monckton Milnes" (Lord Houghton) to inquire re Ouida who had dawned on the Florentine horizon. She received the reply that "Ouida's directions to her guests at the Langham, London, were to leave umbrellas and morals outside!" With the frankest gaze possible she declared she only saw Ouida twice, who had paid her two calls, never returned. Though Mrs. Ross belonged to a by-gone day and had patch-work cushions, her brain was virile at over 80 and she brought out frequent books. I called once more. She then admitted that Ouida had dined with her (vide "Friendship" for an account of that dinner).

But she said she had got into her house "through a lie," on the pretext of knowing her father, who was then in the U.S.A.

What then are my impressions as to the rights and wrongs of that Homeric conflict, waged half a century ago, between two women of parts, one the greatest beauty, the other the greatest intellect of their day? As ever, genius played the losing game. Helen got the apple.

First let us pay a tribute to that genius which makes "Friendship" fascinating and sparkling nigh fifty years after it was written.

Then let us deplore that viperous venom which bit to the bone a woman, who, on her own showing, welcomed the author into her home and beside her hearth "with honest warmth"; whose only fault was that she was sufficiently strong and clever to retain her friend, "charmed Ouida never so wisely."

Mrs. Ross told me three separate lies about Ouida, giving as authority Chapman and Hall, her publishers. Number one. That her name was Louisa Rames. Two. That her father was of a lower grade in law than an Attorney, whatever that may mean. Three. That she only met her once, whereas they were constant companions.

Perhaps the real responsibility lay with "Prince Ioris," whose fatal fascination certainly killed the "joie de vivre" and spoiled the life of a woman of genius. He "wrecked the nautilus and let her drown like any common creature." Perhaps, however, it was not so much his personal fault as that of the Latin character. But here I am on delicate ground. So let us put it all upon the gods! How much happier

not to have that genius which excites their jealousy. Ouida shows the failure of idealism as forcibly as Werle in the "Wild Duck." Lady Joan sits serene in her palatial chateau surrounded by admiring and respecting friends. Etoile lies in her lonely grave, a civil list pension having provided her a meagre roof after nights spent homeless, wandering with her dogs on the Lung Arno, and sitting beneath a tree. How much easier to be a Becky Sharp! When Mrs. Ross died the "Observer" printed a whole page about her as the last of the Victorian great ladies.

Another famous woman was contemporary with Ouida and here are new details of Lady Burton, told me during one Bombers' Moon, while cowering under the staircase, huddled together in the darkness, like animals shrinking from the vivisector's knife.

Two old ladies have been thrown out of the hotel on account of the blitz because they "gave trouble." They knew the Burtons at Trieste. Isabelle gave Sir Richard Burton a Roman Catholic burial. This angered his friends so much they took rotten eggs to hurl at her in the procession, but when the Italians saw her dignity in her widow's robes they could not do it. He was always against Catholics. He went for a call on a priest with his wife. He said afterwards, "I've been in *Hell!*" These old ladies thought him "a dear thing" with a kitten round his neck. The old lady's father, the Reverend Thorndyke, said, "Burton is no more an atheist than I." Isabelle was also devoted to animals, especially horses. She was still more devoted to Burton, though their ideas differed. Burton was discovered in disguise at Mecca, saved his life with a revolver. These old ladies,

one almost a hundred, were thrown out of the phlegmatic hotel as giving trouble, e.g., responsibility, in the blitz. They said "God will protect us if no one will." This coincided with my thought in bed as the bombs were smashing all round, "A thousand shall fall at thy right hand, but they shall not come nigh thee." The Hindu widow's guarantee for the completion of her work.

II.

Sex in East and West

I WAS quite accustomed to see Beatrice rise from her chair, throw away her pen and hurl herself on her husband in a shower of caresses which lasted until the passion for work resumed its sway. Meanwhile I placidly wrote plays, but was confirmed in my peculiar doctrine that a point will be reached in human mental development when the pleasure taken in brain work by St. Thomas Aquinas and the Webbs, and by saints and philosophers generally, will intensify to a chronic ecstasy surpassing that now induced momentarily by the sexual orgasm, and produce a normal enjoyment of life such as I have only experienced a very few times in my long life in dreams.

BERNARD SHAW.

Because love is very disconcerting—rather than because it is "profondément animal," as Remy de Gourmont said—civilized men and women are very glad to be told what the latest models are.

There are more anti-social ways of spending a little while than in idealizing love too much, as Dr. Jowett said young men do; but they soon get over it.

And all around they say that I
Am quite myself again.

"She had no words to answer with. The world has turned to music—the snowy city, held by the strength of the impassive wall, the mountains of an incredible pearl-colour shining across the blue-white of the darkening plain, all these flooded into her consciousness, to ring there in an incommunicable harmony of bliss. It was so, then; Heaven had opened; here was certainty, rapture and peace. No words and no need of words—only silence, in which that sense of music was spreading like a flood.

It was true Rupert had not mentioned marriage; but what of that. That wasn't the main thing. He loved her, and she loved him. They loved the same things, too. Towards morning she sank into an unconsciousness that was hardly sleep, so vivid still in it was the sense of a pure space walled in with hills of pearl, ringing with music, in which a face leaned above her and a new voice spoke the ultimate secrets of love.

* * * *

How am I ever to know if it's real or not, when everything turns luminous and sings!"

"That's in you—so it's always real, to that extent," Nugent told her. "But it isn't the important thing. It doesn't matter."

"Doesn't matter?" She stared at him.

"No—it's heavenly, but it's quite irrelevant to loving anyone, really and truly. It isn't the thing that lasts. It may be the prelude to what lasts, but it's quite independent of it." He pointed to the blue figures of the peasants among the graves in front of them. "There are four hundred millions of those people, and they have the most perfect family life in the world. But it isn't based on music—nearly always their marriages are arranged for them. It's based solidly on loyal love and affection growing up through the years, as all good marriages must be ultimately, however they begin." He paused. "I often think," he went on, "that we sacrifice a lot of time and a lot of happiness in Europe to the theory of romantic love."

* * * *

On her marriage to George in London, she saw two places, perfectly clear, in her mind—a pool on a road with stars shining up from dark water, and a young moon between the thin branches of alders—and a little hut standing in an empty space on a great fortification, which looked out over a snowy plain to mountains shining like the battlements of Heaven. And clear and far, but not faint, the echo of the music with which those two places rang was in her ears, unearthly lovely, unutterably sweet. Yes, there was that! Such music draws tears to the eyes just because of its sheer loveliness—it isn't that one needs it! Amber gave her head a little shake. "One

moment, Mademoiselle!" the coiffeur implored—"just to adjust the veil." No she didn't need it—it was a thing by itself, and she had had it anyhow. All was well. She had got that freedom—the freedom that Nugent, staring at some grave-mounds stuck with willow-wands, away in Peking, at the other side of the world, had said was the main thing."

THE GINGER GRIFFIN.

Mahatma Gandhi, who has for lovers one-fifth of the whole human race, says he does not believe that marital relations are a physical necessity; and still less does he consider them to be a need of the soul. He not only advocates absolute continence, even between married people, but has himself practised it for forty years.

"Why," he asks, "should people be encouraged to be the slaves of passion? I know that as long as I looked upon my wife carnally, we had no real understanding. But the moment I said good-bye to a life of physical satisfaction, our whole relationship changed, and became spiritual. Lust died and love reigned instead."

A western sociologist has said that all sex attraction is caused by a spermatazoon hunting for an ovum. Another, rising rather higher, says it can be analysed into over a dozen elements. These are:

1. Primitive sexual instinct.
 2. The aesthetic elements.
 3. Self-esteem. To be selected before others and that by the most admired.
 4. Liberty. The reserves between us and the outer world are broken down.
- And so on.

Victoria Cross has said that marriage without attraction means civil war in the body, fighting it with its own strength, and therefore entailing defeat.

Most male members of the medical profession, especially gynaecologists, will endorse her. Not so the majority of female practitioners. Women, of finer clay, believe in the triumph of the Higher Self, not of the egg.

The Hindu religion says the body should be fought with the spirit. It says spiritual attraction is the only permanent one. And on this rests the Hindu ideal of marriage, which, if realised by a woman is sufficient in itself for her salvation. In Hinduism divorce is not existent.

The Hindu claims this basis is the only secure one. "You don't want the same kind of cake every day," said a leading exponent, who was at one time Mrs. Besant's guru, "Nor the same person, if a matter of the attraction of the body."

Now the Hindu system is all for the subjugation of the body to the spirit, of which the joys are greater because the vibrations are finer.

The Hindu father says, "I have two daughters, girls of the same nature. But the widowed girl must live a life diametrically opposed to that of the wife. It is unreasonable to expect it of her unless the conditions are different. Therefore she must only have one meal a day, prepared by herself. She must be under the special charge of the senior lady of the house. Also, most important of all, her mind must be occupied with religious exercises and she must go to all the pilgrimages.

The bride and groom never see each other before-

hand because physical attraction is of the senses. At their first meeting the veil is only dropped below the eyes from which the spirit looks out.

The first act of a Hindu woman on rising is to dust her husband's feet. Widows sleep on the floor from Maharanis downwards.

In some cases the régime is much stricter. I was once desirous of being the guardian of a "fully charged" lingam. It had been magnetised in a Temple in a holier world than ours, off this planet altogether. In fact this Temple is formed by the Body of Mahadev Himself. It is the holiest spot known to even the greatest adepts of our planetary system. This lingam brought Mahadev Himself into the room and God-like powers to its guardian. Therefore, three years of ascetic penances were previously necessary to obtain it. Having twice failed in these, the Head of the Lodge imposed stricter ones and it was "now or never." The régime involved two-and-a-half hours' sleep only, on the floor. One meal a day cooked by myself. Sand from a holy river instead of soap. Twigs instead of a toothbrush. Hair dressed wet with hands only. In fact, a cave-woman's régime. When I protested, the reply was, "it is only what thousands of Hindu widows do."

Two devoted Hindu wives said in my presence they should be delighted if their husbands took other wives to give them pleasure.

A good Hindu father has his eye on the boy intended for his girl all his life. Under this system it is claimed seventy per cent. of Hindu marriages are happy.

Now let us turn to the western system. The

western idea of love is epitomised in this refrain of our youth :

To-night is ours, my darling,
Because we love ! we love !

Yes, and indifference next morning with a cold chilly dawn and glamour gone. The "Bystander" published a list of "The very young marrieds" in Society. Of the half-dozen couples of boy and girl marriages named, all have come to grief in the law courts. An awful example of free choice. Here are two other awful examples: Two aristocratic families had mutually agreed on a match between the eligible heir and the beautiful girl. Age, means, position, and above all, religious views were most suitable. But the English family arrived on the Scottish estate a week before the arrival of the heir from college. Result, the beautiful daughter eloped with the tutor. On the same estate a General's daughter of gentle birth espoused a collier who sat at table with black hands. Under the Hindu system such *mésailliances* are impossible.

To show the punishments, by the law of Karma, for breaking the moral law, Mrs. Besant told me of a case of a Rajah and Yogini. He saw her in meditation in the forest. Now a Yogini is most sacred to the Hindus. He did not actually seduce her, but shook her for a time. The punishment was, he became insane for three lives and was working this out at the time she told me.

The Duke of Windsor gave up the rulership of a quarter of the human race. What was the

result of his act? He has been photographed in the papers seated alone, dejected, at the back of a box in the opera, the Duchess and her smart friends at the other end.

God has made these feelings terribly strong in women, because they are meant to lead her, through her husband, to his Throne. Therefore the Dark Forces will tempt her through them away from it if they can, too often they succeed. That is the reason women are spoken of disparagingly in the Holy Indian Books, and to-day are rather discounted in Raj Yog by Hindu teachers.

The wife of a prominent public man in London, whose own husband was a satyr, laughed, "fancy going to a man for spiritual truth!" The wife of a great general spoke of a man as "owner and private trainer." To such depths has the ideal of marriage fallen in England!

Now that I am old I can look back dispassionately at it all, as in a masquerade. My husband was the one man in my life that I would wish to have been the father of my child. Because of *his qualities*. Yet he had no physical attraction for me at all. So much for the outer shell. To make things perfect that should be attractive. But the ideal is never in life. I have tried to put it into my books. Have I succeeded, dear reader?

Three Western Love-in-a-Mists

I ARRIVED at the Gaumont cinema, Place Clichy, Paris, found there were two hours to wait for *Three Waltzes*. Wandering down a side street, attracted by flower shops on either side, found myself, to my amazement, in a City of the Dead. The Cimetière de Montmartre is cleverly concealed from the living world. Being a sunk Garden of Sleep, no one would suspect its existence unless they looked for it. An English family had made a special pilgrimage to find the tombs of the Lady of the Camelias and Zola. The latter, a bust, topping red granite slabs, dominates the scene. The Pantheon has claimed *la poussière précieuse*.

They had given up looking for Alphon sine because the graveyard is the size of Hyde Park and Kersington Gardens in one. But the guardian conducted me down the long central avenue of trees, through the hushed stillness, wafted by the zephyrs of the Lord of Ghosts. The influence of Mahadeva vibrated everywhere. Then we went through several lanes of cedars to where a tiny tomb in white marble commemorates her who gave inspiration to the greatest novelist, musician, and actress of her day, whose love is immortal. There were many family mausoleums and gorgeous erections of unknown quantities. They blazed with Byzantine mosaics. But for her whose shadow never grows less, just this tiny white lily. Nestling near a moss-grown wall. Shadowed by evergreens. Consecrated by stillness. The brazen houses and wicked windows of Montmartre too

remote to pry into her penitence. Fools cannot rush where angels guard her rest.

I noticed the kept-up and wreathed condition of the tomb. "Yes," said the Guardian, "people send wreaths from all over the world, even from Germany." The inscription was :

"Alphonsine Plessis, 1824-1847
De Pro Fundis"

Only 23. Yet immortal. Because it was not the cheery lips and dark sparkling eyes which charmed Dumas, but the golden heart concealed by the gilded corruption. "She would have been capable of such a sacrifice," he said. The Abbé Liszt recognised also the appeal to his own higher self in the gaudy café.

Her English sister netaira, Laura Bell, had the same higher self, but Gladstone worshipped at the shrine in the snug Clapham villa, under the husband's cloak. The courtesan evangelist, who mopped her face with a ten-guinea handkerchief. Whose notoriety compelled another honest, modest Laura Bell to take a pseudonym for Continental tours.

A little Provençal cottage, buff, with red roofs, clings to the gorge between Monte Carlo and the Condamine. Behind it is an exotic garden where the plants ape animals. The cactus crawls down the rock like a snake. It rounds and pricks like an hedgehog. Beneath it is the Church of the martyred Christian maid, Saint Dévôte. The gorge is filled with flowers, luxuriant, beautiful greens. In the cottage once lived she whom people stood on chairs in Hyde Park to see. Good and bad how inextricable

they are! Can one say that anyone is good or evil? The gambling of the cheat and splendid things. Much has been said of Lillie Langtry. But she herself said she ruled her life In Tune with the Infinite. She died in great loneliness, with only her maid to speak to but, tending her flowers.

SARAH BERNHARDT

It had been an exciting day. In the morning Tout Paris had taken Sarah Bernhardt to her rest. No queen ever had such a funeral. All the more remarkable because the old morality Government had refused a State Funeral to her who had been Queen Alexandra's special guest at her Coronation! She had carried the French tongue all over the world, and Tout Paris and some of London had long ago assisted at "Le Jour de Sarah." We watched from my balcony at the Hotel Wagram. Our party consisted of the Leader of the Catholic set in Rome, a young Italian Adonis, and a Professor from the Louvre. First, in two parallel lines, the ladies and gentlemen of the Paris stage, walking in pairs, led off by a slender girl and a callow youth walking on each side. Then the coaches of flowers. "It is springtime. You'll give me plenty of flowers!" and they did. Then the coffin. Behind it her son and the Prince of Condés. When she had taken her infant in her arms to his mansion, his father had chased her away. Now he was a member of the most exclusive clubs. Then the great men of France. Robert de Montesquiou had been one of her lovers. Then rows of the blue-coated garrison. Mars had wished to follow Venus to her rest. She who had

died fighting, her last film unfinished. Procession passes on and halts at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt. She had wished to lie in a belled casket on the Breton coast, so that the fishermen should hear her knell. But she went to Père La Chaise, where one word is engraved on her massive tomb :

BERNHARDT

Erst War Straws

GLEANED FROM MANY FIELDS

You promised War and Thunder and Romance.
 You promised true, but we were very blind
 And very young, and in our ignorance
 We never called to mind
 That truth is seldom kind.

"Who passeth here?" "We of the new Brigade
 Who come in aid—to take your place who fell."
 "What is the countersign?" "That we have weighed
 The cost ye paid—yet come!" "Pass! All is well."

THE Grand Hotel at Rome was the clearing house for all the Eastern fronts. The tales I heard there from the streams of British officers passing through! As Madeleine, my blonde sunlight maid, said with shrugs of her pretty shoulders, "Ils viennent. Ils vont! Ils ne sont pas trop gais! Ces Messieurs Anglais!"

No, gaiety is not our forte. The fogs have bred us phlegm. But victors always, let those laugh that lose. At the end of the first year, in addition to the terrors of war, the furies of fate themselves seemed let loose upon the earth against us. A battleship was blown up by its own ammunition, safe in harbour, and all on board lost. A troop train collided with two others, running in smooth security in England, into

a Hell Street worse than the trenches. All took fire, the troops are pinioned beneath burning débris. Surgeons release them by operations bravely performed in the flames. The pale horse and its rider rush past. When the roll is called only a fraction reply. And these are extras to the bill of war. Does God laugh?

We have heard of the mad woman who followed the German troops in Africa, but there were savages on our side also.

These uncouth people corrupted Nyasaland's treasured morals, raised the wages of coloured servants, transgressed the Game Laws and violated many of the decencies of society. Some of the people who came to Nyasaland during the war would have vandalized Valhalla. . . . They would have smoked strong Boer tobacco in the corridors of the Vatican and scandalized the Pope with lewd stories.

But they could and did fight. They arrived at Chindio by stern-wheelers and barges up the Zambesi, and were railed to Zomba, the capital, marched to Lake Nyasa and proceeded by steamer northward to Karonga.

The theatre of war was at times beautiful. Near New Langenburg, at the base of the mountains, the sun smiled down into those pleasant glades and tinted the ground with brightness and a shadow embroidery of leaves. Great ferns and rare tropical plants sprouted out of the earth in the deep-set mountain vales. Beautiful white and black Colobus monkeys sprang from bough to bough.

Mr. Garvin Brown, after the retreat of the Servian army, came to the Grand Hotel, Rome. He said that the Premier's daughter, the late Princess Bibesco, at a

dinner party, called Sir Edward Grey "Parsifal at a poker party"—"Too much of a gentleman." He added a year to the war and cost a million men by refusing to help Serbia at the psychological moment. Wires poured in from Athens, Nisch, and Bucharest, "come over and help us!" But Parsifal replied, "the Bulgars are the most loyal, and honest, and upright people in the world. Their mobilisation is not directed against Serbia. If you attack them, the allies will leave you to your fate." The Serbian arm was accordingly withdrawn five miles from the frontier and from the strategical position of St. Nicholas. Mr. Coromilas, the Greek Minister in Rome, said, "the London fine gentlemen must be crazy." Greek understood Greek too well.

Although exhausted by three previous wars, the Serbs had fought the best battle in the beginning of the Great War. The Austrians were in regular rout before the brave little lion. Then their small stock of ammunition gave out and a typhus epidemic carried off 70,000 men. The remaining 130,000 retreated to Albania, the most marvellous military retreat in history. They retreated down the classic valley of Morava, through which all armies of the East from crusading times, had poured. No organisation, no food for six days, over mountains piercing clouds, 30,000 ox wagons were burnt and 250,000 francs worth of French automobiles. These were drenched with petrol. Each driver steered for the precipice, set it alight, and jumped off. The wretched Austrian prisoners warmed themselves at the fires and ate roast horse. A Serb soldier slept by the fire exhausted from no food for six days at the top of the mountain pass. The snow melted and flowed over his feet. He woke

to find them a solid block of ice. "I hesitated whether to shoot him and end his misery. I took out two revolvers and consulted with my pal. It was impossible to take him on. Why leave him to suffer alone on the mountain top? But I have never shot a man and he was too far gone to feel. Only he tried convulsively to move his feet with the instinct to get on down the pass." He saw hundreds dying by the way. A bride, who had been married three days before the war rode with her husband, a badly wounded Major of the A.S.C. Within the year they were both massacred by the Bulgars.

There were four German army corps in pursuit, driving the two Serbian army corps down the mountains. It was a winding mountain path with a rushing torrent. There were 80,000 troops, 40,000 ox wagons, all the R.A. and pontoons. It was like pouring a 200 gallon cask into a pint bottle. And Mackensen telegraphed on ahead of us to close the Nisch end. Nevertheless we got out. When we emerged we found, on the left, the Austro-German army.

On the right the Russians. Behind, Mackensen in hot pursuit. For 21 hours there was no food nor water for the oxen and there were 400,000 refugees with the army. I gave my marmalade to Dr. Elsie Inglis at Brushivad, four hours before the Germans came. I hooked it to avoid 12 bullets." Gen. Garvin Brown said that if the Allies had sent two million men, with the Roumanians' 600,000, and Servians, there would have been a million men to invade Hungary. That would have taken away one million Germans to defend it. "We would have been in Budapest last October. The War would have been over 15 months

from the start. There has been no bigger fiasco in the annals of diplomacy than Serbia. The brothers Buxton, who were pro-Bulgars, influenced Sir Edward Grey. The Serbs made an attempt on their lives, there was no such luck as to kill them."

Madame Marie Van Vorst, the novelist, now Madame Cagiati of Rome, is an intimate friend of Anne Vanderbilt. She worked in her Paris Hospital. She told me it would be impossible to exaggerate the horrors of wanton mutilation of French troops by the Germans.

An American lady working with the Red Cross in France, and now at Evian, was not going beyond her book when she wrote the following lines: "Among the 1,800 (girls) for whom it is our duty to care, there are more than 900, all under 15 years of age, who are mothers, or who are on the eve of becoming mothers. And all—yes, all—are infected with syphilis. About 400 girls, at the highest estimate 10 years old, have been violated by the Boche, and there is not one among them who has not been infected in this awful manner." It is the tale of all the desolated districts of France and Belgium, as of every other country where the Hun soldiery has set its beastly hoof.

Our dead cry out from the Flanders slime;
 Our dead cry out from the Seas;
 Our outraged women moan in the house:—
 And *your* life is forfeit for these.
 By the law of the Sword that you loosed on earth
 By the law of a life for a life,
 Or ever the new world blossom to birth
 Or the peoples cease from their strife,
 There comes a Voice from the Peoples' mouth,
 From city and sea and farm:
*"He has broken the Laws of Earth and the Seas;
 He is guilty of Peoples' Harm;
 A noose, and a beam, and a felon's death
 For the Man with the Palsied Arm!"*

ITALIAN ATTITUDE TO ESPIONAGE

I had just spent a wonderful week in Florence showing the city to an Australian doctor from the rivers of the Queensland border. He was handsome as a god, clever as a sage, with all the lore of Italy at his finger ends to verify in the 14 days' leave from Ypres, who expected to be made to pay in the city of Shylock but to whom it seemed desecration to tip in Florence. Suddenly, in the midst of this life and my Italian Red Cross activities, came a bolt from the blue, an order from the police that I was to be interned in a tiny town of Southern Italy as a spy! Shut up amongst low class Italians, isolated from my kind, perhaps for years! Suspicion is so intense in Italy, it had taken a Queen, a Royal Princess, a Marquis, a General, and a Colonel to push me in to visit a few wounded officers promoted from the ranks! I was sent for to the Questura and told I must leave Florence for the interned town of Benevento. No reason was given, "by order of the Minister of the Interior." I saw reams of correspondence, evidently this had been brewing for weeks. At the some moment, the General commanding the Army Corps renewed my permit to visit the Hospital into which H.R.H. The Duchess of Aosta had personally introduced me! I put it down to the Hotel guides who charged me with robbing them of their legitimate prey, the British Officers in the galleries. They had told the Consul that I had taken money! Or I thought it might have been the wounded Officers in the Hospital to whom I had given chocolates, cigarettes, and newspapers at my own expense. The horror of being interned in a little Italian town,

till the end of the war, kept me waking up every hour of the night. But, in the daytime, I thought of the boys in the trenches. Of the little twin dwarf whose brother, at the first battle of the tanks, had been shot at his side, who, like Hadrian, wanting to die, had lived on for their father's sake. Of the boy with the game leg and gassed eye, one of a sextette of brothers of which only one sound one lived, who was the life of the party. Of the Australian boy who, of the first 30,000 volunteers of whom only 7,000 returned, was three times buried and dug out in Gallipoli, but still fought on in the front line.

Like them

Proud, clear eyed, and laughing.

I attended the *Questura* every day with a bouquet of flowers at my breast. Mercifully they gave me two weeks in place of the customary two days' notice.

No one in Florence had the slightest idea of the wolf gnawing beneath the flowers except Cook's man and the two Consuls. I wrote at once to Sir Rennell Rodd, but got no reply. The U.S.A. Consul, with characteristic chivalry to women, helped me with advice.

When I went to say good-bye to my friend, Zarella Martin of the opera, in the hotel, who had been chivied by the police from Milan to Florence, she thought I was going to Rome for the Easter celebrations. When I arrived in Rome, at 2.30 a.m., after a few hours sleep, I saw three Ministers.

(1) The British Embassy was doubtful as to whether it could help me.

(2) The Belgian Minister, furiously angry, threatened to "tell Sir Rennell Rodd."

(3) The Siamese Minister, "I'll do what I can to stop it." I jumped up and kissed the little fourth race monkey man on the brow. Because I was an Oriental, who had never flinched from declaring myself such in countries where it brought hatred and ridicule from Westerns, he tried to save me. He took the unprecedented step of interfering between a subject and her own Embassy and begged an Official there to act, to save the wife of a Major on the staff of the British army from humiliation and disgrace.

Next day, at Signor Orlando's office, I realised the awful power of Bureaudom, hurried from office to office, webs, burrowings, and docketings. At first it seemed hopeless. All redress was refused, they only changed the interned town to Siena. With an unpleasant shrug of his shoulders, the official, who could not even speak French, said I must leave next day. I sent a petition to the Minister of the Interior begging him to save the honour of a British Officer's wife. I was refused all access to him. "You have already seen the Secretary, that is final." The only reason given was "trop de profugies at Florence." At 3 o'clock I sent Queen Margherita's card to a colleague, of a milder nature, who interceded with his chief. At 6 p.m. the situation seemed saved.

Thinking myself free that evening I attended the *Tenebrae* at St. Peter's. Next morning, the bolt came.

They hustled me off to Benevento. Still brave, I visited the Coliseum the night before and travelled with a British Officer who thought I was only going there for fun! Of course I could have returned to

England, but Lady Allenby had asked her husband for a passport for Egypt for me and I was waiting to hear the reply.

I met a New Zealand officer mooning and moaning in the streets of Florence. "What is the news?" "So bad they are afraid to give it out. One hundred officers have gone in one day including my friend Colonel Eaton." Later, "You don't know what you did for me that day. It wasn't only the loss of Colonel Eaton, etc. I had just heard of the death of my child." For doing this I was interned!

I arrived in Benevento in pouring rain, after an awful night's journey in a crowded troop train. There was no carriage at the station. I walked through mire and mud a mile or more to an awful hovel of an inn frequented by low class Italians. There were no sanitary arrangements, only a cesspool at the end of the passage. The water was admitted by the padrone to be dangerous to drink. It came from a foul well. Food was taken in a separate restaurant, the floor covered with spittle. I went there through a sea of mud. My food was thrown at me by Italian boy waiters and uneatable. No French was spoken, but continual shouting at me in the awful Neapolitan accent of low and vulgar servants. Alone in my own room, I was in hysterics with no bell to call for help.

But for the intervention of the Austrian Countess Kinski I don't know the result. She belonged to one of the greatest families of Bohemia. Her brother won the Derby in London. "For the love of the dear Lord," she arranged for me to be fed in my own room from another restaurant and begged the servants to move and speak gently. She turned her own intern-

ment into "an Easter offering." She arranged for the drinking water to come from a fountain in the square, but we always drank it boiled.

All these horrors for a woman who had had a distinguished career in Italy, six private royal audiences in three years, and was the wife of a Major on the staff of the British army.

Countess Kinski accompanied me to the Questura to translate. Her husband had deserted her for a circus rider so she had come to Rome for the consolation of religion and had lived in the family of a Cardinal. But after Caporetto she also had been called up by the police and told that, on account of popular clamour, she must go. Though all her life had been passed in works of mercy in Rome. The magistrate informed me I might send letters to anyone in Italy but those to my husband in India might be postcards and be passed through the Questura. My one hope was that I might get away by the end of the month, but whether East or West it was impossible to know. As we returned, Countess Kinski said, "leave it in the heart of the dear Lord. Don't say you will, but *do* it."

I visited the Commissary of Police and, for the first time, heard the exact nature of the charge preferred against me, "vague suspicions for having frequented the society of British and Italian Officers." Countess Kinski explained that the Italians were in the hospital and the British in the Art Galleries. He said, "both laudable objects and I hope you will get away soon." I did, leaving Countess Kinski with deep regret; she was old, ill and had just made fresh debts to pay her hotel bill. I doubt if she ever got away alive.

When I arrived at Southampton the War Office man

examined my passport and heard my story. "They always get hold of the wrong people!" he said. Yes, Princess Ypsilanti was allowed to run about Italy unmolested during the first years of the War! Afterwards she clapped her hands when the Allied prisoners were being tortured in Athens. She was the wife of the Master of the House to King Constantine of Greece.

I spent the last year of the War working with the Anzacs at Salisbury. Like all southern nations, they had splendid dash in fighting, but were lacking in sustaining power, fond of women, and expecting their favours free.

But they were loyal to the backbone. I saw a group of six Australian sergeants quietly drinking King George's health at a wayside inn, one of them was a millionaire. This was the sort of thing that happened at a breakfast party in France. To get to their trench they had to go six miles under fire on three sides. "Where's Smith?"

"Shot last night."

"Where's Brown?"

"Shot this morning."

"Where's Feltham?"

"Just shot through the heart."

All particular pals of the survivor who told me.

"Good-morning; good-morning!" the General said

When we met him last week on our way to the line.
Now the soldiers he smiled at are most of 'em dead,

And we're cursing his staff for incompetent swine.

"He's a cheery old card," grunted Harry to Jack,

As they slogged up to Arras with rifle and pack.

* * *

But he did for them both by his plan of attack.

I met an Australian blinded in both eyes by a bomb which blew his horse to pieces. He was picked up days after among the dead. He felt both eyes blown out on his cheeks and red hot. I had the honour of persuading him that life might still be worth living. The moment he heard me speak in the hotel lounge, he said my voice gave him warmth again. "Rivers of fire ran through my veins, you are *bong*."

But the keenest anguish of the War was not borne by the widow or the orphan, but the woman who loved as well, if not so wisely, with an undeclared and hidden love. Hers was the hardest lot, the bitterest anguish, the most agonising suspense. For she must live as though her sorrow did not exist. Often she could not question for news of him. Sometimes he did not even know of her pain.

Beneath the humid skies
 Where green birds wing, and heavy burgeoned trees
 Sway in the fevered breeze,
 My lover lies.
 And rivers passionate
 Tore through the mountain passes, swept the plains,
 O'erbrimmed with tears, o'erbrimmed with summer rains,
 All wild, all desolate.
 Whilst the deep Mother-breast
 Of drowsy-lidded Nature, drunk with dreams,
 Below Pangani, by Rufigi streams,
 Took him to rest.
 Beneath the sunlit skies,
 Where bright birds wing, and rich luxuriant trees
 Sway in the fevered breeze,
 My lover lies.
 The bending grasses woo
 His hurried grave; a cross of oak to show
 The drifting winds, a Soldier sleeps below.

*Victor and Vanquished
Napoleon and Little Willie*

COMMANDEMENT EN CHEF DES
ARMEES ALLIEES

LE MARECHAL

Londres, le 2 décembre, 1918

Madame,

Très sensible aux sentiments que vous avez bien voulu m'exprimer, je vous demande de trouver ici la sincère expression de mes vifs remerciements.

J. FOCH

NAPOLEON

BENEATH the dome where Napoleon sleeps is the Quartier Général of Maréchal Foch. There, in those quiet, Empire rooms, with the sparrows twittering outside, were matured the plans for checkmating savagery for all time.

It was however in the Grand Hotel at Rome, in November 1917, after Caporetto, that I first met the new Napoleon. The second time was when he came to London for his Triomphe de la Paix. Then the French Embassy described the first occasion as "Le pire quart d'heure" for the Allies. Seated at the next table with his staff, as he left I rose and saluted "The saviour of Paris!"

Later his staff departed on various errands. The General, left alone, crossed the rose-carpeted salon to

talk to an unknown British officer's wife in the simplest, friendliest manner. "No, he said, General Gallieni saved Paris. Nor was I at the Battle of the Marne, but at the first Battle of Ypres." He did not say that it was he who saved the situation when only the Thin Khaki Line lay between the Goths and Calais. "This Italian business can be arranged," he said, "The Russian débacle is much more serious, but even that is compensated for by the entry of America into the war. We have them in France already."

"When will it end?"

He shrugged violently and rose.

It had ended. Foch had arrived at Trafalgar Square as Roman generals to the Via Triumphalis. He appeared, with his bâton, on the balcony to cheering crowds. The Royal suite of the Carlton was crowded with French and British generals. I was told to wait in General Weygand's bedroom. He had received my husband's card. When he opened the door of the tiny room and saw me, tall and slender, in black panne with an immense black hat, standing beside his austere bed, he looked as he might have done at a surprise Hun attack. I bowed low to give him time to recover.

Then I told him of the Roman episode, "*Le Maréchal voudrait renouveler un moment si agréable,*" he replied, "*Venez à 6 heures.*" Again the tumultuous cheers of the crowds outside and inside the Carlton. Foch returned at 7 p.m. Again the inevitable bâton, balcony scene. After the posse of generals had departed, General Weygand ushered me into the Maréchal's presence preceded by an A.D.C. bearing one of the greatest names of France.

He came forward, flushed, excited, with outstretched hands. "Je vous me rappelle parfaitement," he cried, "c'était après Caporetto." He led me to a seat. "What can I do for you?" "I want nothing but to present my homage. Vous étiez très gentil à Rome à une femme inconnue d'un officier anglais," "Inconnue et connue," he replied.

Sunday. High Mass in Westminster Cathedral. We sat in the War Office seats, a yard or two from Foch's gilded chair before the altar. He came, wrapped in a soldier's overcoat, reserved, grave, tired, and pasty-looking, as if he had endured "too much madness of kissing" from the mob of women at the Carlton dinner the night before. He was met at the door and conducted in procession up the aisle like a bride. He looked neither to right nor left, seeing no one, his eyes fixed on the altar of the God of Battles. He crossed himself devoutly when specially incensed. He sank wearily into his chair, half reclining, in the intervals of the frequent risings required by the ceremony. His bald and grizzled head was like a tonsured priest.

In his rear sat General Weygand, young, spruce, alert, his black eyes ranging the congregation, his black head covered with his close-cropped curly hair, his small ears sticking out and pointed like a faun's, responding to the slightest movement of his chief, his short, compact figure in trim uniform and spurred boots.

The Mass was poor after Rome, notwithstanding the vermilion robes of the Cardinal spread out like a fan beneath his silver ascetic head and the gorgeous green and gold of assistant priests. Then the Last

Post was sounded before Foch and Weygand rose to their feet and the procession passed out in the same order as it came. The crowds were so dense, there was the greatest difficulty in finding seats for the throng of Allied attachés who had preceded the advent of Foch.

My interview with General Weygand next morning has been reported in the Press. He declined to have his portrait inserted with that of Foch. "For me he stands alone like Nelson in Trafalgar Square." I asked if the French were angry with us re Scapa Flow. "The French cannot be angry with the British about anything at all," was the diplomatic reply. "They are too near to our hearts."

At 6 p.m. I was in the royal suite with Foch for the last time. He begged me to talk to him while he posed for a photograph. "Je suis pire qu'une jolie femme," he said. At 6.30 he left for France amid roaring crowds.

In February 1923, I was in Paris patching my life together after its crowning tragedy. I called on Madame Foch. The ladies curtsied, as to royalty, to the little quiet woman with small, shrewd, grey eyes who has been the solace of the Saviour of our Race.

A life-sized portrait of the new Napoleon hangs in an ante-room, vis-à-vis to one of Napoleon the First, with *November 11th, 1918*, painted on it.

FUNERAL OF MARSHAL FOCH

I was conducted by a Chef de Police to the Place de la Concorde, near the band and a lamp-post, on which I mounted and saw beautifully above the teem-

ing crowds. The procession took two hours to pass. First, detachment of the French Army giving an idea of the enormous force of the greatest military power on earth. Then colours of disbanded regiments, tattered and torn. Then the officiating Bishops and Cardinals and train-bearers. Then the coffin with one tottering British Field Marshal amongst the bearers. Then the family nurses. Then the Prince of Wales, only the blue eyes showing beneath the enormous busby weighing down the slight red figure and looking bored to tears. Then the representatives of the Powers, British and others, "the new Nelson," Lord Beatty, etc. Then the immortals of the Academy with green facings on their black coats, doddering with age. Then crowds of French Generals. After these one rank of four men en civile with swathed faces, the "multilés en face de la guere." Then unending military and civilian deputations including the Arabs in Burnouses and on white horses, hurriedly summoned from Maroc. I scrambled down the lamp-post and hurried home, always escorted by an agent. This is the second great French funeral I have seen, the first was that of the divine Sarah. Hers was most remarkable for its flowers, this for its force.

The Artful Dodger

The author of "Memories Indiscreet," gave her version of why the Crown Prince was sent home from India.

Having been actually on the spot, and at the ball, where the supposed romance began, I can give the exact, prosaic details. It was *not* on account of love

for "a very beautiful lady," but from ugly hatred of Britain, his host.

The city was Allahabad, the ball given by the Middlesex Regiment in his honour. He was asked to open the State Quadrille. He curtly refused to do so. He had been ferreted out, sitting in a kala jagga with the Burmese Princess; a family deposed and exiled by the British. She has the semi-oblique slits of the half-way to Japan type. He returned from Lucknow to visit the princess and gave her a photograph signed, "To my little friend," because they had grievances against the British. She showed it to me a few days after with an apathetic air, bored to tears. On the return journey, the motor broke down. He took an ekka to the nearest station and proceeded by ordinary train. Meantime the Talukdars of Oudh had given a fête in his honour at which he failed to appear. His bear leader, old General Graf Zu Dohna, found this the last straw and cabled the Kaiser accordingly.

There was not a vestige of a love affair. He favoured the Burmese Royals simply and solely because they were enemies of Britain. The British officials bore with characteristic phlegm his many rudenesses, refusing to take the Colonel's wife to supper, rushing after girls, etc., etc., merely laughing behind his back.

He was given the best that India and Egypt could show. Within a few months of his return home, he was clapping his hands in the Reichstag at the idea of war with the "splendid fellows" of Britain.

At the Middlesex ball much remarked was Count Finck von Finckstein, A.D.C., a great big man covered with decorations, who danced indefatigably. The

point of this sordid story is that we learn from the Crown Prince's Memoirs that, like the Imperial entourage, "Finck lies in a soldier's grave," while Little Willie, safe and sound in his Silesian castle plots and plans and spits like a toad, spawning a prolific progeny of Anglophobes venom on the "splendid fellows."

THE METHOD IN THE MADNESS

Approaching the shabby mansion, 36 Unter den Linden, I saw a grey-headed man on the balcony. I thought it was the servant, but was taken up to the drawing-room and found the Crown Prince there, immaculately dressed in light grey, flesh socks, and an Oxford and Cambridge blue tie. Asked his views as to the pre-disposing and exciting causes of the War, he said that Bismarck had tried to make a treaty with England. At the time of the Boer War he, the Crown Prince, knew of a secret Treaty, Chamberlain, "the man with the orchid," had made with France and Russia. He told this to Kaiser Wilhelm who refused to believe it. He said "the mad French" had always been the pest of Europe since Napoleon's time. Germany had never wished to take the French colonies, only to keep them in their place. Germany was squashed between France and Russia but never wished aggression! I asked "why then did you not accept the naval holiday proposed by Winston Churchill?"

"It was my father's hobby, and that of Tirpitz, to have a big navy!"

It struck me little Willie was the most artful dodger

I had ever met! He addressed me "m'am," like an American. He said he had warned his father that Britain must join in because of her treaties with France and Belgium, made by Asquith, Grey and Churchill. "Uncle Henry, who visited Britain just before the War, also told my father that Asquith, Grey and Churchill would join in with France." So that, apparently, Prince Henry was not there to spy and that may be the basis for his wire to King George, "if you really desire peace," etc.

The Crown Prince said, "If the treaty of Bismarck with England had been arranged, to divide the globe between them, Germany would always have given precedence to Britain as the elder brother! My father refused to believe my uncle up to the last moment he signed for the declaration of War. He tried to keep in with everyone all round, hence the Willy Nicky letters."

He said he much admired Churchill and Fisher, and so did Tirpitz the latter. I replied that Churchill had described in Nash's Magazine the German manoeuvres. That he was allowed to see the new guns because the British Intelligence would already know of them. He said "yes, there are spies now and always, everywhere, and the cleverest are women."

"Will the Monarchy be restored in our time?"

"It is impossible to say, so many factors."

"I danced with Count Finck at Allahabad."

"My A.D.C. was killed and all my friends about 1914."

"The Vice-regal A.D.C.'s were also killed." "There were many times hand to hand conflicts at Mons and Ypres."

I did not like to say that Ypres salient had been won by gas.

Of the Burmese Princess he said the motor broke down going to her not on return, and it was all bunkum the stories invented he had read in an English paper, that he had visited a brothel, that there was a row there, that a British officer had taken the blame on himself and had been cashiered. The truth about his recall to Germany was that Japan and China were already jealous of the Germans there. They feared the Crown Prince would increase German prestige. They invented the scare of the bubonic plague to scare his father. They had already built a castle and a special train for him!

I asked about Daisy Pless. He said she was a very beautiful woman and a great friend of his, but *mad*. He denied the stories of her divorce and banishment for visiting British soldiers!

He showed me books on India by Craddock, and the "Lost Dominion"; said he thought it was written by Lord Curzon. I replied that Lord Curzon would never waste his pen on anonymous writing. He spoke of Mother India as "unspeakable horrors." He asked after the Hardinge family "and Diamond." I said she was both married and dead and that Lord Hardinge had had nothing but trouble since he had taken over India. He said that Britain was now weakened and there was trouble everywhere, in India, S. Africa, etc., and that U.S.A. would fight and conquer us. I said they would do so with money, not by guns. He said the whole European continent would be the slave of U.S.A. with Britain hanging on somewhere! That Asia would be a black continent. That Gallipoli was

an awful mistake, "the poor fellows were shot down, without defence, from above."

"I nearly cried when the Blue Boy went to U.S.A. I think them so vulgar and I think they were cowardly to take on Germany in the War because of her isolation!" Now he thinks all the nations are mad! He said I might print what I liked in the British and U.S.A. papers because he didn't want the German Diplomatic press to get it and make mischief. He thought the next war would be by submarines and aeroplanes. He had played polo with British officers at K ln recently and visited a British cruiser at Rapallo; they had all drunk his health, but he would not visit France or Europe while one British or French remained on German soil. I said the last word of the allies and Britain particularly would always be that we had once and for all to stop brute force as we have with the miners at home. He replied that Germany never wished to take anything at all! Only to squash France, the enfant terrible.

Wilhelm von Preussen paces up and down the balcony of his modest flat in Unter den Linden, his grey head showing above the railing, looking like a Polar bear in captivity. Or as Napoleon might have done at St. Helena, seeing the vision of the Old Guard. Does Wilhelm see the ghosts of the 11,000,000 men he could once put in the field? Do they file past him down the Unter den Linden in battle array? Does he imagine himself on review? In the old mad, bad, glad days of swaggering gay uniforms? Whose madness brought mourning to the whole earth.

The Great Pro-Consul

Families, when a child is born,
 Want it to be intelligent.
 I, through intelligence,
 Having wrecked my whole life,
 Only hope the baby will prove
 Ignorant and stupid.
 Then he will crown a tranquil life
 By becoming a Cabinet Minister.

SU TUNG-P'Ö
 11th Century

IN the year 1895 I had the privilege as a young officer, of being invited to lunch with Sir Willam Harcourt. I asked the question "What will happen then?" "My dear Winston," replied the old Victorian statesman, "Take the experience of a long life. Nothing every happens." Since that moment nothing has ever ceased happening. The smooth river which we then sailed seems inconceivably remote from the cataract down which we have been and the rapids in whose turbulence we are now struggling—The World Crisis.

In the course of thirty long voyages I met some who may be of interest here. That eminent lawyer, the late Lord Davy, told me he considered the Transvaal War unrighteous. It was, he said, forced on the Boers by Mr. Chamberlain who, determined to annexe the country, did not give them sufficient time to decide upon the points at issue. Sir Henry Lawrence, who was British Resident in Oudh at the time of annexation, told Lady Inglis before the actual bursting of the Mutiny, that he considered it the most unrighteous act ever perpetrated by the British.

The Karma of these acts has come down on us in the decimating war caused because Austria would not allow Serbia time to come to terms. I met

Lord Lonsdale in Lucknow. He had just been with the German Emperor in Palestine. He said that Bismarck had called Wilhelm "the greatest intellect in Europe." In view of the Von Bulow v. Lonsdale row this may interest. He said the Vice Royalty had been offered to three other persons including himself, before Mr. Curzon. The F.O. had eventually given it to him that the warm climate might restore his health for future work.

On Lord Curzon's Durbar ship sailed Mrs. Atherton, later Mrs. Eliot. "The Star" compared her to the Regency demi-mondaine Mrs. Elliott. I met her three times. First at the Curragh Camp. Newly married, beautiful figure and dress, of quiet demeanour. (2) On this ship. Two British grand seigneurs of the Boer War base had turned her head. She was loud, flashy and vulgar. *Quem dei vult*, etc.

(3) In Buszard's shop on Xmas eve. A solitary divorcée trying to be festive. Soon after she shot herself. The last lines in her diary remind one of Lena's in "As in a Looking Glass," one of Sarah Bernhardt's greatest creations.

The coroner read the passage, "I am horrified at my looks. I do look deadly. You'd think I was dead."

These bear out the remarks on her made by a leading article at the time. The lesson she taught of the mistake she made of trading only on beauty.

A TRAGEDY OF BEAUTY

"The world, or a section of it, has just been shocked by the suicide of a woman who had once filled the town with talk of her brilliance and beauty.

Now it is all over and done with.

The inquest has revealed, to those who read intelligently, the course of a career devoted to the so-called joys and amusements of life—to the amusement, above all, of what the moralist calls the sentimental comedy.

There are women who can hardly help relying upon beauty as the means of getting the best out of life. What are they to do then, what *can* they do, when the beauty which was their very life begins to leave them?—when the colour fails and fades for them, when autumn comes down on a world once glorious with spring?

It is a crisis, this, in many women's lives—the crisis analysed by great novelists, like Balzac.

But it is severest and most dangerous in the lives of those women who have never been taught, or had strength to learn, that we have one day to accept the fact of change in ourselves; and that the only way to meet it is to seek for the deeper joy of life in work, in healthy occupation, in care for others, in self-sacrifice.

If this maturer view of things never comes to a woman she is left helpless or hopeless to face declining years. She broods over herself. That may be partly the secret of the story now so tragically ended. It has been the secret of many others like it."

I first met Lord Curzon at the Elizabethan Tourney Ball in 1912. This was one of the last family gatherings of the British aristocracy which are now as dead as the dodo. I came up for this from Chatham where my husband held a command at the time. The

night and day hammering in the dock-yards warned those who had ears to hear of the doom to come.

It was the last season in London before the lamps went out for ever for over a generation.

Every barrel organ all day long played the lilting "Beautiful Garden of Roses" and "Roses of Picardy."

Little we dreamed as we danced those roses would soon be drenched in blood.

At this ball I also met the Duchess of Rutland, who had written charmingly to an unknown author. She was delicate, fragile and witchlike, in medieval English dress. The ball's hostess was the then Mrs. George Cornwallis West, Lady Randolph Churchill† sombrely dressed as Catherine of Aragon. Old looking and bowed in figure, she rushed about the room to greet new-comers with "have a jolly dance." The young host looked crushed and mournful. Inability to keep still appears to be a sign of smartness, as I noticed that Mrs. George Keppel, at Princess di Teano's Flower Ball at Rome, though grey-haired, considered it incumbent to jump about the room in tune with the music even when she was not dancing. Two younger ladies were at my elbow, one was the Princess Errant of the Ball, who cried, "Ain't it? Ain't it?" to "Sheile." "Awfully, awfully!" replied the latter, bold and buxom, and weighed down with turquoises and ropes of pearls. They both stared curiously at the unknown person in Indian dress, but with a white face, who had dared to monopolise Lord Curzon.

* I have always thought that the great "pro-consul" is the greatest of all Romans returned to Briton in the flesh, and he would be the first to smile at the Chinese poem pre-fixing this chapter. Dressed in a pale green

sari, as the Rani of Jhansi, I took the place vacated by Mr. Lulu Harcourt beside him. "Your 'Voice of the Orient' was full of imagination," he said. "Not imagination, but fact," I replied, "and you wrote me 'The Mystery of the East', beckons and allures, but it also eludes."

"Well, so it does. Haven't you found it so?"

"No."

"Oh! Glad to hear it hasn't eluded you! I should like to see your new book."

Shortly after a letter of three sheets arrived apropos of "Cities Seen."

Oscar Browning settled in Rome at the age of 80. He was writing a History of the World backwards and very proud that "The right crowd had got hold of him." Of the Duchess of Sermonata (Vittoria Colonna) whom he called the Queen of Rome, he said "She plays more bridge than her mother or I like!" He said that Lord Curzon indulged in delicate chaff with his first wife at the table. "Well, Mary, how did your father make his pile at Chicago?" etc. He had been Lord Curzon's tutor at Eton and afterwards went to visit him in India.

A few weeks later I met the Duchess of Rutland again in Venice. She was the guest of Lady Cunard who had taken the house of the late Lady Layard. The latter, the previous year, had shown me much kindness and she had a priceless collection of old masters then the subject of litigation by the Italian Government. Mr. and Mrs. Asquith were in Lady Cunard's party. One noticed the difference between the ideal and the real. Mrs. Asquith was at that time considered of the smartest, most chic, the acme of success. But she

was pale and haggard in looks, nervous and jerky in manner, domineering in conversation. She wore a red riding hood cloak with a white hat, sporting a green pompom. The Prime Minister, popularly supposed to be the most worried man in England, looked a burly red-cheeked farmer.

Lady Diana Manners reposed in gondolas after her first season as a raging belle. Later she was in a nursing home with a sprained ankle. A friend of mine, a Scotch millionairess, was in the home at the same time. Lady Diana lay on the top of her bed in brocade night-gowns of a low transparency, designed by herself and made by her maid. She entertained until 2 a.m. in the morning. She made fruit salads herself for her friends. What with orange peel and whipped cream about the place, soiled dishes thrown under the bed, and the litter of two love-birds let loose in the chamber, the room was a mess *par excellence*. One evening Mr. Asquith came and took her out to dinner at Downing Street, in her brocade night-gown. At Christmas she sent a present to the man-servant of the home inscribed "James from Diana." He showed appreciation by saying that Lady Diana and my friend, the millionairess, were the only two ladies in the place.

About 1905 first appeared in India the poems of Laurence Hope.‡ My friend Cecily, Lady Sly, née Dane, and I used to read them simultaneously at Simla. She wrote to Laurence Hope asking her to meet her in London. After a long time a cordial reply came from Ceylon. But, before they could meet, Laurence

‡For further personal details of Laurence Hope see *The Voice of the Orient of Lady Sly*, see *Cities Seen*, Page 110.

Hope had killed herself on her husband's grave. These poems were to us what T.P. has told us Tennyson's *Maud* was to his generation. The expression of our own hearts' cry. So sacred were they to us that we would not even read them together. Only in the solitude of our own rooms, looking on to the rhododendron khuds. Soon after a man shot himself for the sake of Cecily of the spun-gold hair. Betrayed by her "best friends," she was divorced on account of a travelling actor with whom she said she had never been so happy in her life before.

In 1909 the *Voice of the Orient* was published. Written for my personal friends, to my amazement it was taken up by the public throughout the Empire. Oscar Wilde said "there is something tragic about the enormous number of young men there are in England at the present moment, who start life with perfect profiles and end by adopting some useful profession." But his biographer, E. T. Raymond, adds, "there is something tragic about the enormous number of young men in England at a given moment, who start life with some Greek and Latin, a knack of good form and social dexterity, a more-than-competent physique, enough money to enable them to spend a few of their best years in rather laborious idleness, and no notion of giving the world what they propose to take out of it. The number of young women in much the same case is scarcely less disquieting." Up to this, my life had been a wretched failure. The moment I did successful work it all changed. All doors flew open from Royal portals down.

In 1910 I travelled out to India with the Hardinge party. It consisted of ten people all very pleased with

themselves and very disagreeable to everyone else. As Lady Hardinge was "an earnest Christian" and the secretary a clergyman's son, they were particularly disagreeable to me, a Hindu. The party consisted of

- Lord and Lady Hardinge.
- Their girl. Their friend. Their governess.
- The private secretary.
- Two A.D.C.'s.
- Doctor and wife.

In a few years Death had touched six of that party, Lord Hardinge three times. He took Lady Hardinge, his son and daughter.

The two A.D.C.'s were killed in the retreat from Mons where the Guards were heavily engaged. The secretary lost his child.

Lord Hardinge had a series of unparalleled misfortunes. He was the greatest failure of all the Viceroy's. He was twice impeached in the House of Lords. Once by Lord Curzon. His new capital cost twelve million pounds when the ryot lived in incredible poverty. Again he was impeached for his ghastly Mesopotomiam failure. In the words of one who took part, "I never expected to get out of the mess alive. It was 450 miles from Ctesiphon to Basra, the base. No steamer could ply the river drawing more than 6ft. 3in. draught of water and the boats banged the banks at each bend of the river. There were no doctors, no anaesthetics, no sanitation. There were ropes of filth hanging from the boats, which bumped the wounded against the banks. There are no stones in the country as big as a pin's head so we were all dust in the dry weather and all slime in the wet." A broken old man, Lord Hardinge went out to see the opening

of New Delhi. Even the loyal, long suffering Indian Princes showed apathy to that costly blunder. How much of the present revolution may be laid to the door of him whom a Governor's wife called "that pompous old failure, Lord Hardinge?"

In 1913 my husband and I took our last Outward Bound together. We sailed with the Northumberland Fusiliers, the Fighting Fifths. The Colonel spoke of the impending struggle. "I think we were better prepared to fight the Kaiser a year ago than now," he said. Before another year, nearly all that gallant regiment was gone. Colonel Enderby in Holland, the handsome boy-bridegroom with the fair lovely bride in yellow to match her hair, blown to bits in the first few days. At San Remo I recently met the sole survivor, Colonel Philip Sydney, a grey, bowed old man. "The Suffolks on our flanks surrendered. The Germans got behind," he said.

Lord Curzon was inspired by Akbar. . . . As he took his seat at his Durbar, sitting alone, preceding Royalty, in that vast arena, while 101 guns boomed his salute, one wondered what thoughts filled his mind, at this, the acme of his career. Was it of Eton days? of "the boy's dreams which led to man's fulfilment?" Or was it, further back, of Akbar? For his speech was of him. "Akbar never dreamt of such an Empire."

Now it is a tradition of the Hindus that Akbar was a reincarnation of a great yogi who had broken his caste by eating the wrong food. Hence his rebirth as a mlech. But the astrologers knew of his identity from the hour of his nativity. Hence the adoration of his Hindu subjects.

SIDE LIGHTS ON AGITATORS

It has been said we lost India through Jawaharlal Nehru. I knew him personally. I have stayed for days at his father's palatial residence at Allahabad. The British community were his guests. The English governess married a Simla "big-wig" who would eventually get a province. I met Jawaharlal Nehru, fresh from Cambridge, at a titled wedding in London. He expected to be received in that Allahabad society which Oscar Wilde has called jaded and second-rate. He was not. Hence India has gone. The atmosphere of the British women who made Anglo-Indian society has been called the most loathsome in the world. A man, described as the most bounding bounder, once warned me that if I dared to know Indians I should be cut by the British community.

As to Sarojini Naidu, she entertained me in her palatial suite at the Taj Mahal, Bombay, we lunched à la carte. The room was full of expensive ivory tributes from South Africa. Her daughter was at an Oxford College. She talked of experiences with "the Boris lot" in Paris. It clearly paid to be agitator. I was also the guest of Mr. Jinnah. His wife, a ravishing beauty, was also persona grata in imperial circles at Claridges of Paris. Hence his mildness. They entertained me to dinner in Bombay, a typical Bombay dinner. Furniture oldest styles, with elephants legs, dishes of whipped cream in toffee. She was a Parsee who had married against her family's wishes. He was getting £30,000 a year at the Bar, he spent eight months of the year in Delhi. "J. wants to get you all out." "I don't think he will do it." "That remains

to be seen." Well we've seen. I was horrified to find the Parsee smart set contaminated by the Paris ~~fish~~, there were even foul books of the lowest order in her house-boat on the Jhelum. I once asked a sweet little girl of an Indian noble family to lunch with me at the Kasmiri Hotel. A V.C. man pointedly got up and left the table and all the other British people looked after him sympathetically. Her father was on the police list as an agitator, but the British Government requested later of this same man to be Vice Chancellor of a University. The Lion had become a Lamb simply and solely because the late Ross Scott, Judicial Commissioner of Lucknow, treated him as a friend and as a brother instead of a skunk. Which was the normal attitude of Anglo-Indians at that time.

To show what Anglo-India of a bygone day was, a police officer and a doctor once had a row. The doctor's wife was a missionary's daughter. This row, as she herself told me, between her worthy husband and the police official "shook the whole of Central India" e.g. : an area equal to France and Spain !

Simla—so English,
where the offensive poverty of India is shut out by
English gentry, by English gaiety, by English health—
robustious in the Whisky-Bar,
glowing and maidenly-flushed on horseback or tennis court,
virtuous in Church and in the rickshaw going up and down
inhuman gradients.

"I LOOK UPON SIMLA."

COLLECTING FROM CORDOVA TO CALEDONIA

Holy men at their death have good inspiration
—*Shakespeare*

"DIE IN BEAUTY"

Hedda Gabler

The Duchess of Clermont Tonnerre and Passionate Pilgrim have each written chapters on their gleanings in the world's markets. Why should I not give the benefit of my experience also? The Eastern Wisdom deems selfishness the worst of all vices, leading to black magic. I have always had means and liberty to travel. It seemed a duty to pass on its delights to others in two ways. By *contes de voyages* and collection of curios.

To the true traveller, next to sight-seeing, comes the joy of collecting. To those who cannot share my "fascinating life of travel" I would say "make trips to the Caledonian market!" The nearest approach to the collector's world's tour.

I have never penetrated into those circles where Renoirs and Modiglianas were picked up for a few francs. Where men are treated "like penguins, to be left out in the cold!" But I have picked up a Teniers for a few pounds in the Caledonian market, an old copy of Murillo's greatest, "The Bishop and the Beggar", in the street market, Seville, where he painted

the "Madonna of the Duster" for his lunch!

Every cultured person is a collector. For such one of the main objects of travel is to collect. I met a girl in Thibet who had visited twenty-three countries in twenty-four months. In all this scampering she had collected nothing, not even ideas. I have collected everywhere, found a torn Murillo in a Seville market as well as a signed, dated Teniers (1647) in the Caledonian Market, among lavatory utensils! I finally retrieved this in the cold lairs of West Ham. The vendor said he had bought it from a dying bobby. The supposed burglar, a butcher, the Teniers and myself all went west together in the butcher's cart. En route we passed Sidney Street where Peter the Painter kept Winston and his guardsmen at bay! Now the morning sun glints from the gothic panes en face to the amber tones of the Teniers.

I have seen screens from Japan and China, miniatures from Delhi, and silver from all over the world in the Caledonian Market. "Why are these so cheap," I asked, "I took them and can't get rid of them," replied the burglar.

In the boxes on the Seine ordinary prints of the French Court can be bought for twelve francs, but prints of the premiere plante showing the rampant perversity of that Queen whose perversity caused the Revolution were valued at 500,000 francs in the recent Rothschild Exhibition, in Paris.

My collection contains treasures found in my life long, world-wide travels. It includes silver and needle-work from every part of India, Thibet and China; from the torrid plains of Madras and Burmah to the Floating pedlars of the Jhelum. Some of the gems

are two Kashmiri screens, considered the finest wood carvings in the world; an Aubusson tapestry, collected for the Rothschild family; old copies of Valesquez, Murillo and Riberas, bought in happier days in the street markets of Madrid and Seville; and a cabaret scene, signed by the old Dutch Master, Tenier, 1647, found in the Caledonian Market, London.

There are also six Medieval venetians chairs inlaid after Michel Angelo; a Meizzen mirror, framed with porcelain birds and flowers; and seven dessert services painted respectively with British birds, grasses and flowers; British and French landscapes, Austrian birds. Also rare examples of laces from Brussels, Flanders, Spain, Venice, Genoa, Malta and Alençon. The collection of rare books will go to the new library at Adyar, Madras, under the care of Dr. Arundale, President of the Teosophical Society. It is hoped also to arrange for a memorial at Benares and for an additional room for devotions at the London Headquarters in which the coral alabaster urn of Major Walter Tibbits will rest on a cactus court train worn by his wife at the coronation of George V, after his ashes have been consigned to British waters in the presence of British Officials at Folkestone.

Boxes on the Seine. There is a story of one who, walking along the river bank, saw a drawing of a foot. He paid 7 francs for it in a packet of others. It turned out to be by Boucher, the foot of Miss Murphy, Maitresse de Louis XV, whom Boucher painted nude. When cleaned and framed it sold for 7,000 francs. I have never myself found these miraculous bargains. Having collected all over the world, I wish to make this chapter for collectors as practical as a cookery

book. I have found that antique shops, unless they are "in liquidation," are prohibitive in price. If a dealer thinks he has a "find," he phones at once for a big man to see it and charges accordingly. The only place to acquire bargains is in street markets. Of these the Caledonian Market of the Mistress of the World has the richest harvest. The Flea Market of Paris is hard to get at, away in the North, and there is nothing of value when you get there. In Rome, the weekly Market has pictures, lace, and brass, but dearly priced. In Florence there are two Auction Rooms where pictures may be bought cheaply.

In Seville Street Market I bought for 8/6d. an ancient copy of Murillo's "The Bishop and the Beggar," which Mr. Spink says he can restore equal to the original.

Life's Epitome

Freedom

Dig me no prison-grave, but when I die
 (Free lived I, and in death would still be free),
 Leave me at rest, under the changing sky,
 To change, to quit, my sad mortality.
 And there the shadowed hours as they pass
 Will loose my heart, and from its dust (who knows?)
 May come a brighter lustre to the grass,
 A softer velvet to the bending rose.

JUDITH FOLJAMBE.

I am one of the links with that England which the Continental aristocracy leaned on as the last bulwark between them and Socialism. Poor British aristocrats! They are nearly all in shops! I can still

remember peach velvets and powdered footmen. When beauty came before utility. The rose garden and peacocks of Ashridge. The white farm at Crichel.

When I first went to India I was threatened with social ostracism for knowing "Natives" in pursuit of truth. I once took a lovely little brahmani, of a Maharajah's family, and her English governess to lunch at the hotel in Kashmir. A V.C. man sitting opposite at once left the table and the room. All the other Anglo-Indians looked after him sympathetically. When the Maharajah himself went to London for a Coronation, "nothing was too good for us!" Jawaharlal Nehru was at one time the prime Indian agitator, the stormy petrel who prevented peace. Why? Because, persona grata at Oxford, he was cut at Allahabad. Ross Scott, the Judicial Commissioner of Oudh, turned a disloyal agitator into a Government servant and Vice-Chancellor of a University. Why? Because he was almost the only high official free from race prejudice. Now we have lost India. I hope you are pleased with what you have done, white ladies and gentlemen!

There is mixture in my books. Mixed pickles from a mixed person. Like the Mahabharata, my books, I hope, have something for everyone.

The poor intellectual fallen woman, who started life as a girl's friend in a ducal household, was taken on the honeymoon, and is now kept by a syndicate in Belgrave Square, saw more clearly than the social world. "Does anyone know the real Mrs. Walter Tibbits?" she said.

I have often wondered whether the fruit of the brain brings equal joy to the fruit of the body: "She

has a large following in India," says the Bengali. "Love and sympathy" came, in illness, from Canada. From Greenland's Icy Mountain to India's Coral Strand have penetrated the fruits of my brain. Is it equivalent to the fruits of the body?

A marriage is not a failure if it lasts stronger than ever, after the death of the body. If there are no children of the body may it not be the more satisfied? The children of the body may disappoint. The children of the brain never.

Our urns will rest by British seas. By that very same Channel through which I have so often sailed smiling down to the Orient.

I have so passionately loved my life of wild adventure. But now it is tinged with a certain sadness. For soon these scenes of beauty will know me no more. They will be a background for other generations. Other lives will be lived out against them. Soon I must take the leap in the dark of the intermediate life and who knows when, where and how I shall return to rebirth?

The world has always been to me, as it was to Jesus, quoted by Akbar, engraved on the deserted city of Fatehpur Sikri, quotes a bridge. "Pass over, build no house thereon." This was the motto of Charles Lister among the crimson camelias of the Embassy of Rome of which he was the life till he spent it for his country in Aegian Seas. To me all life has been romantic. Even at Bayswater Hotel because of the snow-drops and crocuses in the sward below it. Even if I dreamed of the lemon trees vis à vis to my window at Monte Carlo. I have tried to make England as romantic as foreign climbs. England with her clear

cool atmosphere, reflected in the Aquilean features and clear eyes of her sons, her exquisite cool art reproducing her women, her wild flowers. I built no house, my hotel bedroom was a storage of such art to be passed to the public when I have crossed the bridge.

PART III

HEAVEN TELLS

THE CATHEDRAL SPIRE

Thou Child Shalt Be Called The
Prophet of the Highest.

"I wish you all success in your
efforts to pierce the Veil."

The MARQUESS CURZON when Viceroy of India.

To

Her Who Opened Heaven

In the Hoary Himalayas

From an ashram in the heart of the Himalayas via mists and snows comes this sublime message.

Mirtola is a very nice and peaceful place and we are very happy here. It is right in the midst of a forest. Only a fortnight ago our little two-year-old bull was killed by two leopards. I am working away like a slave for Shri Krishna. My body has become very old but my mind is just as young as when you saw me last. You may call me Shivite or a Vishnavite or anything. The Lord has many names and He answers to all. Love and blessings from your mother.

Shri Yashoda Mai.

The Last Flight

Gaining Height, R.A.F.

"Youth cannot die." His veins thrilled with the Spring.

To others Fate may bring the last decree!

He, as he flew, passed Death upon the wing

Then, deathless, rose to Immortality.

SEYMOUR COCKS.

TO HIM WHOM I WORSHIP AS A HINDU WOMAN SHOULD

One last word, my dear, darling public who has given me the greatest joy of a not too joyful life. "She has a large following in India," says the native paper of a woman of the alien, hated race. So I have not lived in vain. Now the last flight has come to a prisoner out of gaol. The gaol of rushing upstairs from a pro-German landlady that she might not throw me into a Parisian back-street. Then the gaol of Bayswater. Of rushing away from the hotel, hateful middle-class

My girlhood's dream was fulfilled when I went to India as a bride. After a year's study in the Poona Library I became a convert to Hinduism in Benares. My books will be found in many libraries in India and elsewhere. I have bequeathed the considerable fortune left to me by my husband to be divided into four parts. One to rebuild the Theosophical Library at Adyar, a second to the Theosophical Lodge at Benares, a third, with my art collection, to the British public, and the fourth, with my collection of rare books, for a

memorial room at the Theosophical Headquarters in London. This will also contain our urns. I shall be cremated, the ceremony performed by a Brahman, in the sunset-hued robes of the Hindu Ascetic which I have so often worn in the Temples and on the ghats of Benares. Half of my ashes will be sent there for consignment to the Ganges. The remaining half will rest beside those of Major Walter Tibbits, who was born in Shakespeare's country and died serving the Empire, in London.

The tawny, winey tints of the park are to me what the spring translucencies are to most. The bronzed beeches cuddle up to the yellow elms. The willows weep tears on to the swans back for lack of sun but the sap of spring is in my soul. I escape into the Realms of Fancy. I see the luscious lemons opposite my window, the tiny oranges dropping sweetness on my path. The smiles of the Gracious Lady in Napoli *Bella in a wintry August.

I have heard the Harps in the Wind of reeds reddened by Sicilian sunsets, as Hadrian and Antinous heard and saw them on the Nile, fresh from palaces of vices of which their world stank. I have slept beneath the world's biggest dome, hidden in the heart of an Indian desert. I have seen dwarf columbines, the size of cups, sheltered, in purple richness behind stones, where Himalayan glaciers melt. I have also sensed the world's chakram revolving on tops of Himalayan peaks. Nature in grandiose wild-

*The Duchess of Aosta, Princess Hélène of France, was once engaged to the Duke of Clarence, elder brother of King George V. Had he married he would probably have lived, but the Pope forbade the marriage. Otherwise the succession would have been changed for all time.

ness of giant boulders and broken trees smashes her way through to drench Himalayan sweetness on a stinking world. The world's profoundest mysteries are hidden here. These are three outstanding experiences in a life of thrills. I have known many of the best and brightest of our time from her, whom had she been less good a woman, would have been Queen of England and Empress of India, to the worldwise prelate who has risen from a tallow chandler's shop to an Archbishop's throne.

And I have found, like Daphne and like Ouida, when the laurel springs from the breast of a woman, it hurts.

Though my rime be ragged
Tattered and jagged
Rudely rain-beaten
Rusty and moth-eaten,
If ye take well therewith
It hath in it some pith.

SOUTHEY.