

THE
QUORNIAN.



Volume II.

No. 6.

JANUARY,

1915.

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EDITORIAL.

Mr. W. F. Bent Beardsley, solicitor, Loughborough, has been appointed Clerk to the Trustees as successor to his father, whose death was announced in our last issue.

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Mr. E. H. Warner, whose resignation of the Chairmanship of the Board of Trustees was announced last March, has recently, and to the regret of all of us, resigned his Trusteeship. Mr. Warner was the last of the Co-optative Trustees who held a life appointment. In accordance with the Revised Scheme of 1896 future Co-optative Trustees will be appointed for six years; and again, under the scheme as further revised in 1909, the next Co-optative Trustee—who has not yet been appointed—must be a woman “residing or having her place of business in one of the parishes of Woodhouse, Woodhouse Eaves, Quorndon, Barrow-on-Soar, or Mount Sorell, or residing within five miles of any part of one of such parishes.” This wide area gives plenty of room to choose from, and we may hope that Miss M. Smith, our first lady trustee, will ere long be provided with an agreeable and capable colleague.

* * *

Mr. Earle, who went to South Africa early in last year, is succeeded in the Science Mastership by Mr. F. C. Andrews, an Honours Graduate in Science of London University; and Mr. Fawcitt, who, in August, was appointed to the French and English mastership at the Latin School, Buckingham, has been replaced by Mr. Percy Lidster, B.A., London, who comes to us from King Edward VI.’s School, Retford.

* * *

Miss Brown, who joined the staff in January last year, has been obliged to leave us in order to complete her engagement with the Kent Education Committee. She has won well-deserved popularity amongst both her pupils and her

colleagues, and will be greatly missed by us all. We gave her a hearty "send-off," emphasised by material tokens of our esteem; and we wish her the best of success in a profession for which her attainments, skill, character, and pleasing personality render her eminently suitable. She is to be succeeded by Miss Dorothy Cox, of Nottingham, whom we heartily congratulate upon the Honours Degree shortly to be conferred upon her by the University of London, and to whom we offer a cordial welcome.

* * *

The undertaking required from parents of new pupils to keep their children at a secondary school until the age of fifteen, which came into force on January 1st in last year, has been readily given. It may, however, be pointed out that fifteen should not be regarded as the normal leaving age for secondary school pupils, but rather as the minimum, short of which it is undesirable that pupils should be entered for a secondary school at all.

* * *

Instead of the usual article on the "School and its Founder" we have printed in this number one entitled "From Peace to War." This is an abridged and otherwise slightly altered edition of a lecture given in October, at Quorn and Mountsorrel, with the two-fold object of enlisting sympathy for our allies, and of raising money for the National Relief Fund. It is reproduced here at the suggestion of some of those who heard the lecture, and though in some respects it is out of date, it is hoped that it may still be interesting and in some measure profitable.

* * *

The Hobbies Competition, held in the Summer Term, was in the main of the usual character. There were, however, two small but popular innovations, a "Penny Competition" which gave scope for considerable ingenuity, and a Plasticine Competition divided into two sections open to Forms I. and II. respectively. Very few Old Quornians sent in any exhibits, the "Things Made" section appealed to but a few of the younger pupils, and the Loan Exhibition was only moderately good. The Cookery section was, however, better than usual

and severely taxed the discriminating powers of the judges by the number, variety, and generally high level of the dishes sent in. Mr. Murray Rumsey, who kindly consented to evaluate the singing, had a difficult task to accomplish, but he did it to the satisfaction of all of us, and his criticisms of each performer's effort should be valuable to those who will take it to heart.

In order to make the function fully effective, more time should be spent by the competitors in preparing for it beforehand, and greater efforts should be made by the pupils generally towards inducing their friends to send articles of interest to the Loan Exhibition, and towards keeping the interest of Old Quornians alive. It would be well too if the older pupils were less prone to hide their lights under a bushel, and to stand aside from the competitions out of mistaken consideration for the youngsters. We want everybody's talent to find full expression; which it does not at present, for we sometimes find out, for instance, quite by accident, after the competitions are over, a decided gift for music or handicraft in a quarter where it was entirely unsuspected.

The net proceeds of the entertainment were divided equally between the Boys' Rifle Club and the Girls' Tennis Club; and the prizes, paid for out of the profits from the tea, were given away at the Annual Prize Distribution.

* * *

The war has been uppermost in our minds both in season and out of season, since the beginning of August, and the many activities and preoccupations which it has given rise to have left us little time or energy to follow the fortunes of old Quornians in their peaceful avocations.

We have, however, learnt a few facts worthy to be recorded, the most notable, perhaps, being the capture of a "Whitworth Exhibition" and a "Royal Free Studentship" at the Imperial College of Science and Technology, London, by Mr. C. G. Richardson. In competition for these prizes he sat for examination by the Board of Education in seventeen subjects of advanced science and mathematics, but the detailed results of the several examinations are not published. He

hopes to obtain a commission in the Royal Engineers upon the completion of his course.

Mr. Wm. Smith, who was a pupil here during Mr. Brittain's assistant mastership, has now been appointed under him to the science mastership at Normanton Grammar School, Yorks.

Miss Patricia Lewis, in the early summer, gained the Reserve Prize in the class open to all England for butter-making at the Newark Agricultural Show; and at the Leicestershire Agricultural Show, held at Coalville, she was placed fourth in the open class, and very highly commended for her butter exhibit.

At the Royal Society of Arts Examination, Mr. J. L. Graves obtained a First Class Intermediate Certificate for Book-keeping. Mr. W. G. Mee has obtained a Lower Pass Certificate in Building Construction from the Board of Education, and Mr. S. T. North a Second Class Certificate, Grade II., for Practical Mathematics, with a Second Class for Applied Mathematics. Mr. F. Bunney was placed in the First Class, Grade I., for Painters' and Decorators' Work, by the City and Guilds of London Institute.

Mr. J. W. Burrows, who, though so far away, still keeps up his interest in the School, will be congratulated by his old school fellows upon his marriage, which took place in California on January 7th in last year.

* * *

Although they have no strict connection with the School, we make no apology for inserting in our magazine the following extracts translated from letters received from a friend in France since the war began, for we are all patriots now.

"I am not at all surprised," says Mr. Leconte, "at the enthusiasm shown in England by all classes of society to attack the enemy of civilisation. The provocation given by Germany, the violation of every right, of understandings and of treaties, the atrocities committed by these monsters in human form, have revolted all mankind, and first of all your noble Government, your valiant King, and the chivalrous people of Great Britain and her colonies. Your soldiers are

fighting bravely by the side of ours, and are generously shedding their blood not only for our country, which will be saved thanks to their strenuous and devoted assistance, but also for the defence of heroic Belgium, for the protection of the weak, and the vindication of the rights of humanity against a horde of savages and brutes. . . . We know that the English are doing excellent work, everywhere displaying undaunted intrepidity and valour. Your soldiers have to us become demi-gods. Everywhere people are viewing with each other to spoil them, and whenever anyone mentions the English, that is sufficient to evoke unparalleled enthusiasm. . . . You ask me if I have seen any of your English soldiers. No, I have seen none myself, as I have been unable to go to Havre. But a good many of my pupils have been. They are never tired of praising the handsome appearance and excellent equipment of your troops. They are very proud at having brought back badges given them by your soldiers, and they are proudly wearing them as souvenirs. . . . Your navy indeed is the great obstacle to the criminal designs of the Germans, to say nothing of the fact that the blows delivered by the ' contemptible little army ' are making themselves severely felt. I don't think they will forget them."

E.W.H.

BOYS' GAMES.

During the Football Season of 1913-14 seven matches were played and all were lost, only nine goals being scored by us against forty-four by our opponents.

Of the six cricket matches played during the summer we won three, Barrow Grammar School losing one, and Mount-sorrel St. Peter's two.

Day played a consistently good game, and his bowling was exceptionally effective. North made a good captain, and Flanders scored runs in every match that he took part in.

More matches could be arranged with schools of similar standing to our own, if a more corporate and sportsmanlike spirit were shown, so that "away" matches would not run the risk of being scratched.

It is gratifying to note that during the current Football Season a great improvement has been made, and more interest taken in the practice matches. This has resulted in the winning of our two first matches against the Newarke and Barrow Schools, nine goals being scored by the School against one by our opponents.

There seems to be some latent talent amongst the younger members of the club, and we expect them to get as much practice as they can, so that, when gaps occur in the team, they can be readily filled up.

We are sorry to lose Leslie North, who has worked very consistently, and has given much help to the team in many ways; but we all wish him luck in his new field, and we are sure that he will "play the game" wherever he may be.

F.E.A.

SHOOTING.

The Club did not boast of a large membership, but one can well suppose that had the present war been advertised as a "sure thing" the Sloyd Room would not have been large enough for us.

B. Bates made the best individual target, obtaining 23 out of 25 points at 200 yards. He also made the best average score, and was closely followed by North, Day, Cart, and J. Pick. Amongst the newer members Ritchie shows promise.

F.E.A.

CIRLS' GAMES.

During the Hockey Season of 1913-14 we played seven matches, of which two were drawn with Barrow and Melton Mowbray Grammar Schools, and one, against Melton, gave us our solitary victory. It is fair to say, however, that the team suffered in nearly every match from the absence of our best players through illness, the girls left being in most cases small when compared with those of the opposing teams.

Gertrude Gamble played well in goal throughout the season. Clarise Cotton was a very sure and strong centre-

half. Hilda Jacques showed perseverance and kept wonderfully well on the ball. Winifred Burrows and Irene Cart have developed into quite good players, but Winifred's stick often rebels against the rules, and so gives more help to our opponents than we can afford. Ida Lovett, though young, is a steady and reliable player.

It was satisfactory to note that our girls played the game well to the end, were very good-tempered losers, and were always ready to challenge their victors again.

The Cricket and Tennis appear to call for no remark.

B.R.

THE PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

The twenty-second annual Prize Distribution took place in the Village Hall on the afternoon of Wednesday, November 11th, when the Right Honourable Charles Booth handed the prizes to the winners. There had been some doubt as to the desirability of giving prizes this year owing to the straitened financial position of the School; but, thanks to the private generosity of the Governors, the difficulty was overcome.

The weather was depressingly wet, and the audience much smaller than usual. The gloom of the European war-cloud brooded over the function, though through it the notes of quiet courage and hope were heard.

The Rev. W. A. King, who has succeeded Mr. Warner as Chairman of the Governors, presided. Mr. Beardsley read the report of the examiner, who appeared quite satisfied that the School is doing really good work, and emphasized the fact that thoroughness is a marked feature of it.

The Headmaster reported an increase in numbers, which are now higher than ever before, in spite of the facts that no Mountsorrel or Quorn Town Lands Scholarships have been awarded this year, and that parents have to guarantee that pupils shall stay at this or some other Secondary School until they are at least fifteen years of age.

The most interesting part of Mr. Hensman's report was the list of Old Boys who are fighting for their country or preparing to do so. Up to date he personally knew of 30, and asked for information about any others. He strongly urged the duty and necessity of volunteering for active service by all suitable young men.

Mr. Booth was in a reminiscent mood. He was a schoolboy at the time of the outbreak of the Crimean War in 1854, and ten years later he was in America when the war between the Northern and Southern States was going on. He urged on the pupils the importance of studying the history of past wars in which England has fought for the liberty of small States, thereby securing her own. He warned them of the serious work before them as the coming men and women, on account of the tremendous political, social and industrial changes that will follow the war, and said that their best help would be the study of history both past and present.

After the prizes had been distributed, and the votes of thanks nearly forgotten, the scholars gave the usual entertainment of music and recitations, which was much enjoyed. The programme largely represented the national feeling of the time; it included the National Anthems of the Allies, "Rule Britannia," and three significant recitations—Kipling's "Big Steamers" by Ida Lovett, Lushington's "The Muster of the Guards" by Winifred Burrows, and La Fontaine's "Le Loup et l'Agneau" (which might be translated "Germany and Belgium") by B. Storer. The singing was refined and expressive, the enunciation being very distinct; the recitations were well given and thoroughly appreciated; and L. North's clever and dainty performance of Handel's "Fantasia in C" won much applause.

E. B.

THE PRIZE LIST.

Form V.		Presented by
Gladys M. Peberdy,	Oxford Local, Latin,	Rev. W. A. King. Mr. T. North.
Constance M. Burrows,	Oxford Local,	Mr. E. H. Warner.
B. Storer,	Oxford Local,	Rev. W. A. King.
B. Bates,	Woodwork,	Mr. J. A. Le M. Hayward.
Form IV.		
G. L. T. North,	English,	Mr. C. T. Parker.
Constance M. Mills,	French and Geography,	Mr. W. Turner.
Mary Sanders,	Scripture,	Rev. H. H. Rumsey.
A. A. Cart,	Latin and Needlework, Arithmetic, Algebra, and Woodwork,	Dr. W. R. Tuckett. Mr. I. Kirk.
Form IIIa.		
Phyllis M. Hayward,	English and Writing, Latin and French,	Rev. W. A. King. Mr. C. S. Thomson.
C. Orton,	Scripture and Geography,	Miss M. Smith.
J. W. Pick,	Mathematics and Science,	Rev. A. J. W. Hiley.

Form IIIb.	Scripture, English and French, Writing,	Rev. H. H. Rumsey. Mr. C. T. Parker. Rev. W. A. King.
Ivy Bolland,	Scripture and English, Conduct and Progress, Conduct and Progress, Arithmetic and Writing, History and Geography,	Mr. E. H. Warner. Mr. T. North. Mr. E. H. Warner. Mr. W. Harrington. Mr. W. Turner.
Form II.	English and Writing, Conduct and Progress, Conduct and Progress, Scripture and History, Arithmetic,	Mr. E. H. Warner. Rev. A. J. W. Hiley. Dr. W. R. Tuckett. Mr. C. S. Thomson. Mr. J. A. Le M. Hayward.
Dorothy Mee, Lily Shenton, Maggie Rue, Mona Nevitt, Walter Mee,	Form I.	
B. Bates, C. E. H. Day,	Special Prizes. Rifle Shooting, Cricket (Bowling).	Rev. A. J. W. Hiley. Rev. A. J. W. Hiley.
Hobbies' Competition.		
Ivy Bolland, Rose L. Robinson, Grace Sanders, Mona Nevitt, S. Ellis, Rose L. Robinson, Phyllis M. Hayward, Irene R. Cart, Ida M. Lovett, Mona Nevitt, Irene R. Cart, W. E. Wesley, Walter Mee, W. S. Disney,	1st Needlework, 2nd Needlework, 1st Cookery, 2nd Cookery, Things Made, 1st Singing (Senior), 2nd Singing (Senior), 1st Singing (Junr.), 2nd Singing (Junr.) Penny Competition. Plasticine II. Plasticine I. Old Quornians.	

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

OXFORD LOCAL EXAMINATION.
Senior Pass Certificates : Gladys M. Peberdy, Constance M. Burrows, and B. Storer.

STUDENT TEACHERS.

Gladys M. Peberdy and Constance M. Burrows.

PHILIP WRIGHT SCHOLARSHIP.
B. Storer.

FOUNDATION SCHOLARSHIPS.

Irene Gladwyn Cotton,	Woodhouse Eaves School.
Emily Cook,	Woodhouse Eaves School.
Nellie Smith,	Christ Church, Mountsorrel.
Ida Emily Neal,	Woodhouse Eaves School.
Elsie Mary Eggleston,	Woodhouse Eaves School.
Archie Bodcote,	Woodhouse Eaves School.

(There were twenty-five candidates).

THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

NAVY.

Clifton Ball, H.M.S. *Swiftsure*.

TRANSPORT SERVICE.

Thomas Flanders, S.S. *Archimedes*.

FLYING CORPS, NAVAL WING.

2nd Lieut. Robert Cecil Thompson.

REGULAR ARMY.

Cpl. Horace Lionel Sleath, 120th. Heavy Battery, R.G.A.

COLONIAL FORCES.

Tr. Reginald J. Backhouse, Royal Canadian Dragoons.

KITCHENER'S ARMY.

Sgt. William Moore, Leicestershire Yeomanry, in France

Tr. H. Thirlby Hack, " " "

Tr. Daniel Moore, " " "

Tr. William Moore, " " "

Tr. Cecil A. Pepper, " " "

Tr. Charles E. Pritchard, " " "

Tr. Frank C. White, " " "

Cpl. W. Farquhar Sheddon, " " Reserves.

Tr. M. Henry Hickling " " "

Pte. Henry Barrs, "A" Squadron, 11th Reserve Cavalry Regt.

Tr. Sydney Charles Backhouse, South Notts Hussars.

Lt. J. William Sault, 2nd Bn. King's Royal Rifles.

Pte. A. Douglas Clare, 2nd Bn. Royal Fusiliers (Public Schools Corps).

Pte. George Cecil White, 4th Bn. " "

Pte. Hugh Wright, Sportsmen's Battalion.

Lance-Sgt. J. E. Burnham, 5th Bn. Leicestershire Regt.

Pte. Anderson M. Ball, " " "

Pte. Alfred Kirchin, " " "

Pte. Horace S. Sharman, " " "

Pte. William MacVinish, 6th Bn. " "

Sgt. L. Cyril Sleath, 8th Bn. " "

Lce-Cpl. George Ward Sleath, 8th Bn. " "

Pte. Albert George Burton, " " "

Pte. L. Alexander MacVinish, 8th Bn. " "

Pte. Sidney George Baker, 3rd Birmingham City Bn.

Gunner F. Cecil Hickling, Royal Garrison Artillery.

Sapper Harry Facer, No. 3 Section, Royal Engineers, Signal Service.

TERRITORIALS.

Pte. Walter Philip Wright, Reserve Battery R.H.A.

Lance-Cpl. William Brown, 4th Bn. Leicestershire Res.

Pte. Wilfred E. Wainwright, " " "

Pte. Percy Facer, 5th, " " "

Pte. Cyril H. Burton, " " "

Corrections and additions to the above list are earnestly invited.

THE SCHOOL AND THE WAR.

I am glad to say that so far our brave Old Quornians in France have escaped without casualties, although there have been some narrow escapes. Sergeant W. Moore, for instance, was struck by a shrapnel bullet, which fortunately lighted on his cartridge belt, and failed to penetrate it. All are showing a cheerful spirit under trying conditions, whether in England or abroad, and those at home are eager to go to the front, where some of them are almost due, and where, I am sure, they will do their duty, and will maintain the wonderful reputation already gained by our countrymen for cheerfulness, good conduct, endurance and valour. They all, so far, appear to be having "the time of their lives," and are enjoying the novel conditions of service and discipline, the hard physical exercise, and the open-air life; but they are reticent in the extreme when one asks for particulars of their personal doings or of their hardships and discomforts. I have, however, gathered a few particulars that may be of general interest.

Clifton Ball has been employed on several voyages in convoying troops from India to Aden, and in searching for the "Emden."

T. Flanders has made many trips to France with troops and munitions of war, and has returned with the ship crowded with Belgian refugees.

Cyril Thompson has gained his pilot's certificate, "is now in the Senior Flight," and expects to be in France very soon.

Douglas Clare, who is proud of having been inspected by "Bobs," writes gratefully of the value of the rifle drill

and shooting practice which he had at school. He is hoping to get a commission in the Bedfordshire Regiment.

Two Old Quornians, at least, have had unpleasant experiences abroad. One of them, Miss May Wootton, who was in Carlsbad when the war broke out, attempted to return home through Germany. She was stopped on the way at Nuremberg, arrested as a spy, but released and placed under surveillance in a hotel, and after several re-arrests was allowed to come home through Switzerland, bringing with her a little Scotch boy, whose tutor was detained and imprisoned. —The other, Mr. Robert Brown, came home from Jerusalem to look after the affairs of his father, whose tragic death we all deplore. He could get little money from the Turkish Bank, for Turkey was already making preparations for war. He has been unable to return, and his uncle, whom he left behind, is now known to be a prisoner in the hands of the Turks.

It will be agreed, I think, that the Old Quornians may fairly ask us non-combatant stay-at-homes, "What are you doing for us and for the country?" Let us answer as best we can.

We are doing our work in school with greater earnestness, and a greater sense of responsibility, and in particular we are taking a keener interest in French and History generally, whilst the Upper Forms are making a special study of those parts of European History which deal with the struggles of small kingdoms for freedom and independence, and with the geographical and political causes from which the war has originated. Some of us, we hope, are taking to heart the sentiments expressed in these stirring lines by John Oxenham.

What can a little chap do
For his country and for you?
What *can* a little chap do?
He can fight like a Knight
For the Truth and the Right—
That's one good thing he can do.
He can shun all that's mean,
He can keep himself clean,
Both without and within—
That's another good thing he can do.
His soul he can brace
Against everything base,
And the trace will be seen
All his life in his face—
That's a very fine thing he can do.

The girls have joined the "Girls' Patriotic Union." They have already provided materials and made twenty-four useful garments for the Belgian refugees, and seven knitted articles for the Fifth Leicestershire Battalion.

The boys are subscribing systematically from their pocket money to the National Relief Fund, for which money has also been raised by lectures.

Subscriptions have been organised for Princess Mary's Christmas Fund, and to supply comforts for Old Quornians on service abroad, whilst the balance of the School Prize Fund has been sent to the Red Cross Society.

Rugs and cushions have been sent for the wounded in the Leicester base hospital; blankets have been given for the troops; books have been sent to the soldiers interned in Holland; donations have been given towards the maintenance of Belgians in Quorn and elsewhere, and clothing and furniture have been provided for them; the claims of the Church Army and other societies have not been altogether neglected; neither have we forgotten to remember our country, our allies and our enemies during our short morning devotions.

An English class for Belgians in the immediate neighbourhood is held during two evenings in each week at the School, and on the whole with satisfactory, and in some cases with surprising results. The students include refugees from Liège, Antwerp, Malines, Boom, Ostend, and elsewhere, one of the recent admissions being a wounded soldier who helped to extricate the heroic General Liman from the ruins of the fort in which he was buried, whilst another is a civilian bayoneted in the leg by a German as he was helping to carry a wounded compatriot from the battlefield. The tales they tell us of hardship patiently endured, of dangers undergone, and of atrocities committed by the enemy would take more time to narrate and more space in the magazine than we can spare.

This account of what we at home have been doing, believe me, is given in no spirit of boastfulness, but for various other reasons. It is well that our brave "old boys" should know how we are trying to "do our bit"; it is well too that we should "take stock" in order that we may realise how much still remains to be done, may be "kept up to the mark" by what has already been done during the last five months, and may have the example of the past to stimulate us in the future; for when the first excitement of the war is over, we may be in danger of having our energies staled by custom and by that "familiarity which breeds contempt" even in time of war.

E.W.H.

FROM PEACE TO WAR.

On Thursday, July 30th, Mrs. Hensman and I left Quorn for France, where I was to take charge of a number of students from England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, attending a Holiday Course in French at the College of Honfleur. We returned on the following Wednesday night, so that we were in France for a couple of days before mobilisation began, and during the first three days of its progress.

As we were in a friendly country, it is hardly necessary to say that I have no hairbreadth escapes to describe, nor anything really worth calling an adventure. But we had some most novel and exciting experiences, the memory of which will remain with us till our dying day; and the recital of them has aroused considerable interest whenever I have related them, as I have done many times since our return. This interest, no doubt, has been largely personal; but I am assured on more than one hand that my tale has thrown certain sidelights upon French organisation, French character, and the Frenchman's attitude towards the war which have an interest not merely personal; and that must be my apology for inflicting them on you.

In order to indicate the swift march of events and the rapid changes of circumstance and sentiment which marked our visit, it will perhaps be convenient if I reproduce the facts in the order in which they occur in my diary, adding such simple comments and reflections as occur to me from time to time.

Thursday night, July 30th. We reached Southampton about eleven o'clock, and after taking possession of our cabin, I went on deck; for the boat was not to start till after midnight, and it is always interesting to watch the passengers as they arrive. There was the ordinary crowd of travellers, bent on business or pleasure, and almost the last of them was a pursy Englishman, with his family, met by his valet and his chauffeur, and enquiring if the luggage and the car were safely stored on board. There was no sign of the coming storm beyond a small knot of French reservists on the upper deck, exchanging light-hearted and good-natured chaff with some younger compatriots on the quay, singing popular songs interspersed with snatches of the *Marseillaise*, and occasionally—though rather in sport than conviction—shouting “Vive la France” and “A Berlin.”

Friday, July 31st. We reached Havre at 7 o'clock in the morning, and our boat for Honfleur was not to start till half-past one. This, of course, gave us plenty of time to visit points of interest in the town. On my way, noticing a crowd in front of a printer's adjoining the general post office, I went to see what it meant. The source of attraction was a series of bulletins containing the latest news. Amongst these, even then, were reports as to the violation of the French frontier by German troops, rumours as to the movements and manoeuvring of the English and German fleets; and what was more assuring, favourable conjectures as to the probable results of the negotiations then proceeding between the ministries of the great European powers. Newsvendors, men and women—and particularly women with high-pitched voices—were crying the latest editions of the Paris papers. So I bought a copy of the “*Matin*,” and without reading it, went into the Bank of France close by to change some English notes for French currency; and I received fifty-franc notes in

exchange. On leaving the Bank, I proceeded to read my paper, and what was my astonishment to find that the Bank of France had suspended payment of gold, and had begun to issue notes for twenty francs and five francs (i.e., sixteen and four shillings respectively). Somewhat disconcerted, I returned to the Bank to test the accuracy of the statement, and I was met at the door by an irate French lady, who was complaining bitterly to all and sundry that the Bank absolutely refused to give her any cash at all in exchange for her cheque. The cashier, however, who evidently guessed why I had returned so soon, signed to me to say nothing, waited till the lady had gone, and after consultation with his superior, consented to give me ten five-franc pieces for one of my notes. He would probably have returned me my English notes if I had insisted on it, but he assured me that the French notes would continue to have their full face value, and that we should be able to get gold in three or four days' time, adding “*Bien entendu, s'il n'y a pas de guerre*,” i.e., “If there is no war, you understand.”

Here was the first evidence of that special courtesy and consideration for Englishmen which we met with throughout our stay, from Frenchmen of all classes, official and otherwise. I want you also to note that some days before war was declared financial precautions were being taken. The notes were all ready. They were, moreover, beautifully designed and engraved, printed on excellent paper, and very unlike the miserable makeshifts that we have to use, as the result of our unreadiness for a contingency for which France must have long since been prepared.

We reached Honfleur at about half-past two, and our formal reception was held at the College at five o'clock, when we were welcomed by the Principal and Professeurs, by representatives of the Town Council, the English Consul, and the pastor of the French Protestant Church—who, by the way, though a French citizen, happened to be a Scotchman born in Ireland. The speeches were of the usual friendly nature, but the “*entente cordiale*” was naturally referred to with more warmth and in more serious language than usual. The hope was expressed, however, and indeed the conviction prevailed, that the firm front shown by Russia, France and England would “give the Emperor William cause for reflection,” as one put it, and that war might still be avoided.

Saturday, August 1st. The classes were held this morning, and the last touches of organisation given. About four o'clock in the afternoon, I went with Mrs. Hensman to begin a series of formal visits to the “professeurs” and certain officials of the town, and as we left our first house of call we noticed a woman weeping at her door, and a little knot of people talking with more than usual animation close by. We thought that some accident might have happened, and passed on. But the sight of others weeping and gesticulating in every street provoked enquiry; and we heard to our sorrow that the order for mobilisation had been posted at the Town Hall. What did it mean? That the whole male population from 18 to 45 must be prepared to join the ranks. No wonder there are tears; for most of the fisher-folk live from hand to mouth, and when their men-folk have gone there will be hard times for those who are left behind. The first draft, moreover, must start on the morrow, and the rest will follow from day to day as their instructions may direct.

Matters were beginning to look serious for us English folk also; for, although mobilisation may be merely a matter of precaution, and does not necessarily mean war, and although negotiations were still going on between the ministries of the powers concerned, the chance of peace was hanging by the merest thread. The English Consul and our French friends were still insistent that we need not dream of leaving for home. But I was not so sanguine. Moreover, our students and other English and Americans in Honfleur were becoming anxious and restive, and asking what they ought to do. I therefore wrote to the English Consul-General at Havre to ask for advice, intending to follow up my letter by a personal visit.

Sunday, August 2nd. I went to Havre by an early boat. Thinking that the Consulate might be closed, as it usually is on Sundays, I procured the loan of a directory at the hotel where I was to take my "déjeuner," hunted out the Consul's private address, and called at his house. He had, however, already left for his office, and I followed him there, where I found him at work with most of his staff about him. He received me courteously, and after I had explained our circumstances, pointing out that our premature departure would mean not only great inconvenience to us and the disarrangement of all our plans, but what was of far more importance, considerable loss of money to the professeurs and our various French hosts and hostesses, he advised us to remain where we were; for even if war should break out, he anticipated nothing worse, at first, than some irregularity in the Channel boat service, which might cause some inconvenience and delay. Feeling somewhat reassured, I went next to the American Consulate to make enquiries on behalf of an American lady, who had asked my advice in Honfleur the day before, and, coming to Havre by the same boat as myself that morning, had placed herself under my escort. There also the Consul was in attendance with his staff, but they had no advice to offer, and seemed anxious to receive information, rather than able to give any to the enquirers who kept dropping in.

One caller, who had arrived from Paris by the last available train, described how he had seen every station, bridge, signal box, and culvert guarded by troops, and the sidings filled with freight trucks fitted or being fitted with seats for the soldiers. Another, who had just arrived from America, announced that he could get no money, since the Crédit Lyonnais absolutely refused to cash any cheques or letters of credit. A third, who had tried to secure a place on the "La France," a huge liner belonging to the "Compagnie Transatlantique" then in the basin, said that the ship was "booked up to the funnels," and that, though due to start on the Tuesday following, its departure could not be guaranteed. They all decided to go to England as soon as possible, and so did my lady protégée, though her heavy baggage was in a Paris hotel, her furs at a furriers, her winter clothes at a cleaner's, her jewels in the care of a friend at a Château in Le Mans, and she had only a small handbag with her.

After déjeuner I passed an hour or two in the gardens in front of the Town Hall, taking a few photographs, and watching the people. The trams were fuller than usual, for mobilisation was already in full swing. Reservists were flocking to the dépôt, accompanied in many cases by their women folk. Most of them looked cheerful and confident; there was no sign of haste or

disorder; and the only disquieting circumstance was to be found in the fact that some of the men, though these were few, were bemused in appearance and lurching in gait, for they had evidently been feted too freely and given too hearty a send-off by their friends. Officers were bustling to and fro in cabs and motor-cars; and horses and vehicles of all sorts, requisitioned from the townsfolk, were being taken to the sheds near the quay. In the opposite direction, apparently going towards the railway station, came tumbrils laden with uniforms; others carried boots and haversacks; and the drivers were comfortably smoking their pipes, whilst soldiers were lying at their ease on the tops of the loads. One waggon, stacked with rifles, was guarded by troops on either side, and behind it marched reservists in civilian dress, but with arms shouldered and their long needle-like bayonets fixed. Now and then, singly or in small groups, there came soldiers trudging sturdily along, in full marching kit; and here came a group of three, two of whom carried half filled sacks on their backs, whilst the third bore a large parcel with an outer wrapping of news sheets disclosing an inner lining of greasy paper. What did it contain? I was soon to know, for, as the bearer stepped from the roadway to the pavement, down fell the parcel, and out came a mass of butter or margarine of several pounds in weight. It took but a moment to scoop it back, dust and all, into the paper. An attendant from the gardens hurried the soldier away for a wash and a rub down; a bystander fetched a "voiture de place" from the stand close by, and packed the precious parcel in, and off went the three with hearty laughter, hand shakes, and friendly pats on the back. This little incident gave the only touch of humour to the scenes of the afternoon; but it seemed to reflect the general temper of the men, and the readiness of the civilians to do what they could to help those who were going to fight for "la patrie." The same cheerful spirit still, I believe, prevails, for in a letter from a French friend written but a few days ago, I read of men starting from Alençon for the front with nosegays fastened to the points of their bayonets. Bluster and braggadocio were, and are still I believe, alike absent; but a quite cheerfulness and confidence remains amongst the impressionable Frenchmen, as well as with our sturdy English Tommies. This spirit augurs well, I think, for our ultimate success, and should do something to stimulate any wavering at home, if such there be, to join the ranks, and back up those already in the field.

Throughout the few remaining days that we spent in France, I was struck with the quite orderliness of the French mobilisation. Nothing was done in haste or confusion, but every man seemed to know exactly where he had to go, and what he had to do, and he did it with quiet determination, as though mobilisation were an every-day affair. He worked like a well-oiled portion of a great machine, moving in strict conformity with the will of the master mechanic, and destined to accomplish his purpose with exactitude and crushing force. The sight inspired one with confidence, and one could not help feeling that if the strategy of the generals was equal to the organisation of the executive government and the confidence of the men—and I think we are sure of that now—there was no danger of a repetition of the ghastly disasters of the war of 1870.

Leaving the gardens, I next went to the place where I had seen the "bulletins" on the Friday before. Though of course

war had not yet been declared, all sorts of wild rumours were posted up relating to fighting on the frontier, the destruction of a Zeppelin, and so forth. Two of the announcements were, however, of more moment, and I copied them down.

The first was this: "The 'Petit Parisien' announces that England is preparing an expeditionary force to be placed under the command of General French. The 'Journal,' moreover, is confident that Lord Bertie, the English Ambassador in Paris, has assured the Government that England will support France and Russia." You may imagine with what satisfaction this was read by the assembled crowd, and how thrilling it was to an Englishman to listen to their exclamations of delight and to their expressions of confidence that now all would be well and Germany's plans would be doomed to failure.

The second may be translated thus: "Warning. The Municipality communicates the following notice. The police report that acts of violence have taken place in the grocers' shops, consequent upon the rapid rise in the prices of foodstuffs. These acts are regrettable, and must be repressed. But the sudden rise of prices referred to cannot be justified in a town which will be the first to receive provisions, and tradesmen who thus exploit the fears of the people are liable, if they persist, to repressive measures which will be promptly put into force.

(Signed), The Mayor.
De Vigne, Deputy Mayor."

This too was greeted with approval, for it indicated the determination of the town authorities to deal promptly and energetically with a dangerous situation, and to reckon impartially both with those who provoked and those who engaged in disorder. The warning, moreover, was at once followed by decisive action. Prices were immediately reduced to the normal, and sentries were posted at the shop doors. One of them was stabbed with a knife on the Monday by one of those "who won't work and won't want," a class sufficiently numerous in all large towns. The miscreant was shot on the Tuesday; so too on the Wednesday were eleven others, convicted of even less serious offences. Mobilisation once declared, the whole country was practically under military control, and the fear of God—the God of War—was at once instilled into the minds of evil-doers, at least in Havre, to the satisfaction of all orderly French citizens, and no less one may add of the foreigners then in France.

In the morning I had promised Mr. Churchill, the British Consul-General, to carry a despatch to his colleague at Honfleur, for letters to Honfleur on the other side of the Seine must go via Paris, and the postal service was entirely disorganised owing to the mobilisation. It was now nearly time for me to catch my boat, so I called once more at the Consulate for my despatch, and found that the whole aspect of affairs had changed. English folk were being advised to leave the country at once, and the captain of a small yacht, which had just entered the harbour, was ordered to obey implicitly the instructions of the Admiralty officials, who had now taken over the control of the port, whilst his name and those of his crew were formally registered. I was now advised to get my party off by any available means, and if possible by cargo boat direct from Honfleur, for the steamers from Havre were already fully booked for Monday night, and there was no guarantee that there would be any other boat from England. No reason was given for this sudden "volte face," but more recent information

suggests that it was already suspected that the Germans were mining the North Sea, and that the Channel itself might not be safe.

On reaching Honfleur I found a number of students and other English awaiting me on the quay. They had heard of my visit to Havre, and had guessed its purpose. All day long they had been calling in twos and threes at my hotel, and now they were impatient for news. From six to ten o'clock, wherever I went, I was bombarded with questions relevant and irrelevant, answerable and otherwise; but I had nothing to tell except that we must go back to England as soon as possible, and could give them no certain information as to how we were to get away. I could only advise them to go to the College at the usual hour in the morning, when I would tell them all I knew. The fact was that a cargo boat, the *Brittany*, was due to arrive at six o'clock on Monday morning; and I hoped to interview the captain before the classes met, and arrange with him to take us off.

Monday, August 3rd. At half-past eight the *Brittany* had not arrived, and no one could tell me if it would come at all. I, therefore, assembled all the students in the refectory, together with some other English who had come on the chance of getting information, and told them the result of my visit to Havre. We then decided to appoint a committee to act on behalf of all the English in the town, and we arranged that it should meet at 9, 2, and 6 o'clock until further notice. Each member of the committee, moreover, was supplied with a complete list of the names and Honfleur addresses of all our compatriots in the place, as far as we knew them, the object being to enable a general meeting to be called with as little delay as possible, should the necessity arise. Everybody, moreover, was recommended to pack as many of his belongings as were not needed for current use, in order that we might be ready to go at a moment's notice, should the means be available. On Sunday the police arrangements to be made with regard to foreigners then in France had been announced by placard to the general public, and the detailed particulars sent by the Prefect of the Department of Calvados to the Mayors under his jurisdiction were handed to me at the meeting. All foreigners who had been unable to leave the country on the Sunday were ordered to report themselves at the police station or the Mayor's office before 6 p.m. in order to establish their identity, and to receive a "permis de séjour," i.e., a permit to remain in the country. They were to show this document whenever required by either the civil or the military authorities, or failing to do so, they would be arrested as spies. Those, however, who wished to leave France were to apply in writing to the Prefect of the Department, who would inform them in due time as to when and how they could go, and would provide them with the necessary passports.

In the meantime—for the passports could not be ready for some days—no foreigner would be allowed to leave the locality of his residence for any other place without a "laissez passer," or pass, which would be issued on demand by the local Mayor or Superintendent of Police. They must bear, pasted on them, for purposes of identification, a stamped and attested photograph of the person to whom they were issued, and they must be countersigned by the police authorities at any place in which the bearer should spend more than six hours or stay the night.

After some demur—for English folk do not take kindly to police supervision—followed by some decided remarks by the

English Consul, who was present at our meeting, the students were persuaded to go to the Town Hall for their "Permis," and then there was a general rush to the photographer's.

The town was already showing unmistakable signs of the rapid progress of the mobilisation. Horses and vehicles were being commandeered; the motor cars to Trouville and other popular resorts in the neighbourhood had ceased to run; many of the fishing boats were lying idle in the harbour for want of men to man them; several of the shops were shuttered and locked up; and all the photographers had gone but one, and that was a woman, Madame Dinet. She, however, was a bustling, capable person, who promised to get some of the portraits ready by the evening, and the rest in good time on the following morning, and she kept her promise. Some of our party were somewhat disconcerted when they saw the results of her work, for they were by no means flattering. The police superintendent, however, pronounced Mrs. Hensman's and mine perfect—and so perhaps they were, for his purpose—though we did look something like criminals waiting our turn for the gallows.

A general meeting was held at two o'clock; but the Brittany had still not arrived. What were we to do? We could get no help from the Consul at Havre, for the telephone service had been cut off, telegrams would be inadequate, and owing to the state of the tide a visit to Havre was impossible. It would, however, be possible to go to Havre and back on the Tuesday morning, and the Honfleur Consul thought that in view of our considerable numbers a special steamer might be arranged for to take us home. We decided, therefore, to send one of the committee across the river in the morning with authority to make any arrangements possible on our behalf, and everybody present promised to abide by any decision he might make.

When the committee met, as arranged, at 6 o'clock there was still no Brittany. But at half-past seven, whilst we were at dinner, we saw it come in. I was almost sorry, for I was tired out with the day's doings, and sadly wanted a little quiet. Before dinner was over, however, there came a note from the shipping agent to inform me that the ship could only take twelve passengers, and that seven places were already booked, whilst there were forty-six of us. I at once went to the nearest committee-man's lodgings, and through him sent word to all the English folk to assemble at the College and wait for me, whilst I went to interview the captain. On the way I met Mr. Charlesson, the Consul, and he at once offered to accompany me. We saw the captain—he was huffy when we called him the skipper—and tried to persuade him to take us all on board; but he was inexorable. On no account, he assured us, dare he exceed his authorised number of twelve, without express permission from the Admiralty or the Board of Trade. He assured us, however, that the Normandy, the Brittany's sister ship, would arrive at Honfleur on Tuesday, and that there would be at least one more boat from Havre to Southampton before all communication was cut off. But now we were faced with a new difficulty. The Brittany was to sail at eight o'clock on the next morning. On that day, according to the recently published regulations, no foreigner must leave Honfleur without a "laissez passer," and our papers could not be ready until after nine o'clock when the public offices would open. What then were we to do? The Consul suggested a visit to the Superintendent of Police. It was true that the police station

would in ordinary circumstances be shut at that hour; but we could but try. So try we did, and we found the office open, the superintendent there, drinking black coffee and hard at work in his shirt sleeves. He told us in fact that he was taking his meals at the office and sleeping there too.

He had already heard from Mr. Gosset, the sub-agent of the shipping company, that we wanted to get to England, and he had actually anticipated our difficulty. French officials can usually make of their red tape bonds of unbreakable steel for those whom they do not like; but they are experts in the art of dodging regulations when it suits their purpose; and fortunately it did suit the purpose of M. le Commissaire to help us in any way that he could. And this is how he did it. "I have written to the Prefect," he said, "telling him that there are twelve English people anxious to leave for England to-morrow (i.e., Tuesday) morning, and that the Consul says they must go. You won't mind my making use of you that way, Mr. Charlesson, I hope." "No, certainly not," said Mr. Charlesson." "Good," said Mr. Superintendent. "Well, I've told the Prefect that I don't want to be involved in any difficulty with the British Consul, and that I don't want to interfere unless I have a telegram ordering me to do so. I know that the Prefect won't be at his office in time to send me a wire at half-past eight, and by that time the party will have left. So you see the students will have their way clear. I have put all the responsibility on the Prefect, and so I shall be all right. And he can't interfere with you. There you are. Do you twig the trick?" We do indeed, and we thank our stars that we have always kept on good terms with the officials at Honfleur, and that they too are on sufficiently good terms with the Consul to venture to take his name—well, not in vain this time—when they can do so to good purpose.

The next step was to hunt up the agent of the steamboat company and secure the twelve berths on the Normandy. That would account for seventeen of our forty-six. Then we must go to the College with the news, and face the delicate task of deciding as to who was to go and who to remain. On the way we met Mr. Gosset himself, and we not only secured our berths but learnt from him that five of the places already taken in the Brittany were for English students and their friends, boarded in his house, the other two being an English officer and his wife staying at an hotel called the "Cheval Blanc." That accounted for twenty-two of us. That was good as far as it went. When we reached the College, we were received with cheers of hopeful anticipation; but faces fell when we had to announce that only a limited number could go; and for a time I began to fear that we might have some difficulty in making our selection without friction. Good sense, however, prevailed, and we were soon able to hit upon certain principles to guide us. Children, of whom there were just a few, were to be first considered, with those who had charge of them. The youngest ladies were to come next, and if they had come over as a united party they were not to be separated. There should be at least one lady of responsible age with each boat-load, and any places left over should be filled by persons travelling singly, preferably ladies. These principles worked out well, and as soon as they were adopted there was a brisk fire of suggestions as to how they should be carried out, marked by the usual unselfishness of English folks when in difficulty, and by a general unwillingness to take any unfair advantage of one another; so my chief difficulty

now was to prevent those who were chosen from giving up their places to others who did not satisfy the conditions laid down. When, however, all was settled, congratulations were showered on those who were selected to go; and from the warmth with which they were given and the cheerful faces of those who received them, we could see how great had been the tension during the time of waiting. This was perhaps natural, for many of the students were young women or mere girls from Wales and Scotland, who had never been abroad before, and who could speak little if any French; and it was quite uncertain whether any more of us would be able to get away at all.

When the meeting broke up the town was in darkness. The shops and cafés had been shut since six o'clock, and the streets were almost deserted; and as we made our way to our various lodgings it was evident that we were being carefully shadowed by the armed guards who had been called in to supplement the regular police.

Tuesday, August 4th. From the hotel window, as I was dressing, I saw the Normandy from Southampton come into the harbour, and it was just tying up at the quay when I went out to see our first batch of refugees safely on board the Brittany. The boat was just about to unmoor, when it was discovered that only ten passengers were present, instead of the full complement of twelve. Who were missing? The English officer from the "Cheval Blanc" and his wife. There was just time to fetch them if they were ready, so a messenger was sent for them. In next to no time we saw someone running full tilt towards the quay, and in the distance a hotel porter carrying a handbag; what was our surprise to find that it was not the English officer, but one of the students. His shoes were untied, he had no collar or tie. He evidently had not shaved, his hair was in disorder, and it was doubtful if he had washed. Though out of breath, he managed to make me understand that the two missing passengers had gone on Sunday to try their luck at Havre, and that he had been called up at the hotel next door with the news that a boat was leaving for England, with two places to spare. Acting on the advice given on Monday that luggage should be kept packed as far as possible, he had nothing to do but to rush on his clothes and be off. So down he came, and got on board. The boat had already cast off, and the engines were going; the gangway was withdrawn almost before he had crossed it, and the ship began to move. When she was getting under way and was some ten or twenty feet from the quayside, up came a small boy, the hotel "buttons," with a boat in each hand. "Chuck 'em," shouted a Welsh girl in her excitement, suiting the action to the words. The boy understood the gesture, if not the language, shied one boat after the other with commendably accurate aim, and they each fell plump into the middle of the deck. Off went the boat to the accompaniment of cheers, laughter, and the waving of handkerchiefs, and the last we saw of her as she rounded the head of the stone pier was the look of astonishment which had not yet faded from Mr. Dowden's face. Ten minutes before he was thinking in leisurely manner of dressing and breakfast. Now he was on the way to England, and the boat was fast slipping out towards the open sea.

From those who had been down to witness our friends' departure I learned that some of them had been alarmed during the night

by a loud clanging of metal. Some thought that fighting was going on in the streets; but after a time the noise died away in the distance, and they composed themselves again to sleep. The cause of the scare was this. At the corners of some of the streets there were displayed, on enamelled iron sheets, some glaring advertisements of a German desiccated soup called "Kub." It was noticed, moreover, that these sheets were fixed only along lines of route which might be of importance to an invading force, and that they were so shaped that they could be and were placed not merely at but half-round the corners of the buildings where the line of route turned. The conclusion was drawn, therefore, that these sheets were secret signs pre-arranged by the Germans for the guidance of their troops should they succeed in entering the country. Whether this conclusion is correct or not, one need not enquire, but it was certainly prevalent in Havre and other French towns, and, as we afterwards heard, in Belgium. Moreover, it is quite in accordance with our present knowledge of the minuteness of the German preparations for their long pre-meditated war. At any rate, the decision of the French to remove the advertisements and to take no avoidable risks was a wise one, and the workmen employed on the task evidently took a fiendish pleasure in hacking them down from the walls and banging them on the ground, regardless of the nerves of the sleeping population.

On going to the Town Hall later in the morning for our "permis de séjour," we found the stairs leading to the Mayor's office thronged with women and children waiting to draw the modest Government pay to which the wives and children of those called out for active service were entitled. We had reached but the third day of the mobilisation, and one could not fail to be struck with the rapidity with which relief of distress followed on its heels, and with the perfection of organisation of which this rapidity was one of the many visible signs. What a lesson it might teach to slow, plodding old England.

It was the third day of the mobilisation, and some two thousand men, in all probability, had already joined their regiments, out of a total population of about ten thousand. The Principal of the College, his predecessor, one at least of the "professeurs," and our hotel proprietor had already sent each a son; our pastry-cook had lost her baker and two sons, who helped her in her business; the College porter—a hearty, wrinkled, apple-cheeked old dame of some eighty winters—had lost her son, her grandson, a son-in-law, and six nephews, and there were others who we knew would soon be gone. A considerable number of the shops were closed, and some of those still open had no one to manage them but women and boys. There was not a horse in the town, and scarcely a vehicle; those that were left were of course useless, unless they could be drawn by a donkey, which appeared to be the only draught animal available. No visitors came into the town, and our hotel had only two other guests besides ourselves. The fishing boats were idle, and the social and business life of the town was practically dead. No complaints were heard, however, for the men had gone to fight for "la patrie," and, though sacrifices must be made, there was no lack of confidence as to the final result now that England's help was practically certain, Belgium's resistance assured, Italy neutral, and Germany hated by all the world. It was, however, with a feeling of relief that we heard from our Havre messenger that one more boat would sail for Southampton on Wednesday

night, and that he had engaged twenty-six berths on it for the rest of our party.

We had now only to announce the fact to the English who remained, to pay our parting calls, and to settle our bills. Amongst the chief of these, so far as I was concerned, was the debt due to the "professeurs"; and I was in some difficulty under this head, for, not knowing how long we might have to remain in France, and what the particular needs of the students might be, I had decided not to take any fees from the students, and I hardly knew what was due to the "professeurs" under the unprecedented circumstances in which we were placed. When I sounded them on the matter, they with one accord exclaimed, "No lectures, no pay," and it was with difficulty that I persuaded them to accept the half of their usual fees, and to leave the decision as to the rest to the English Committee by whom the courses are organised. This is typical of the attitude of everyone in the town, as I might show by other examples of extreme generosity. In spite of their own troubles, and the distress which faced them in the near future, the townspeople not only made no attempt to take advantage of our necessity, but they could not in some cases be persuaded to accept what was justly their due. They gave little outward sign of the anxieties with which they must have been oppressed, but their sole thought seemed to be for us, and their sole desire to help us, by any means in their power, to a safe and speedy return to our own country. When I recall the readiness of some of my own countrymen, at the first outbreak of war, to secure their own position regardless of others, or even to make additional gain by the misfortunes of their fellows, I almost wish, for the moment, that I were a Frenchman.

Wednesday, August 5th. The uppermost thought in my mind during the night and in the morning had been, "What can I do to show our French friends how much we appreciate their generosity, sympathy, and unselfishness?" Two ideas evolved themselves. The first, that we might raise, among the remnant of us who remained, a small subscription for the poor of the town; and the second, that I might draw up some letter of thanks and get it published in a local paper. But our boat was to start from Honfleur at half-past eleven, and the time was short. Mr. Blomfield, however, a member of our committee, undertook the first of these duties, and Mr. Leconte, one of the "professeurs," kindly agreed to get my hastily-drafted manifesto passed by the superintendent of police and published in the local papers. We had fortunately struck the right note, for Frenchmen are readily responsive to genuine sympathy, and their appreciation of our small attempt to show our gratitude was immediate and greatly in excess of our deserts.

At half-past eleven we left for Havre to the accompaniment of mutual cheers, our friends running alongside as we passed between the piers, and waving hats and handkerchiefs until the distance made them indistinguishable. Arrived at Havre, we found the landing guarded by police and soldiers, the latter with bayonets fixed; but our passes gave us free egress from the boat. The trams were running a limited service, but there were few other vehicles, and as the carts by which the Southampton Company usually carry our luggage to their steamer on the other side of the harbour were commandeered, we had to shift for ourselves. I was fortunate in securing a "voiture de place" at a reasonable rate, and we all managed to get our luggage trans-

ferred without extortion, thanks to the good offices of the police who secured us fair terms. On arriving at our destination, our baggage was taken from our conveyance and dumped down on the quay by a swarm of cab runners, who immediately demanded payment. But a policeman came up, and advised us to pay them nothing. When I suggested that perhaps it would be wise to give them a "pour boire" in order to secure the safety of the ladies, who might be molested on the quay side as they returned to the town, the policeman pointed significantly to the carbine slung at his back. "It is loaded with ball cartridge," he said; "we shall look after you; and if they try any nonsense, so much the worse for them." Everywhere, in fact, we found evidences that the town was under armed control, but everywhere we received the utmost courtesy, and when we were recognised as English, everyone seemed effusively anxious to assist us.

We were none the less, however, under surveillance, for every imaginable precaution appeared to be taken to prevent spying and any sort of secret correspondence. For example, wishing to assure our friend Mr. Leconte that our return to England was really certain, and that the boat had really arrived from England and was to depart that night, I wrote out a telegram to that effect and handed it in at the post office; the clerk, however, refused to take it until it had been passed by the police officials. This was done, and the telegram was despatched; but from information received from Mr. Leconte a fortnight afterwards I gathered that though the sense had been preserved my words had been altered—a precaution no doubt intended to defeat any attempt that might have been made, by the use of a secret code, to send a treasonable message under the guise of a friendly communication. During the afternoon I went once more to read the bulletins posted at the printing office, and this is what I saw. "The Governor of Havre has ordered the warehouses belonging to the Chamber of Commerce to be placed at the disposal of the Port Authority, in order to receive English troops on and after to-morrow, the sixth of August." Now we went on board our steamer at about eight o'clock, as it was thought inadvisable that the ladies of the party should have to find their way amongst the intricacies of the docks and quays after dark. We thus had plenty of time to while away before ten o'clock, the advertised time of departure. Whilst I was enjoying a quiet smoke on the upper deck, three smart young officers saluted me, and after an exchange of civilities, I asked them what they were doing on board, thinking that possibly they might be going to England on business connected with the war. They told me, however, that they had come to welcome the English troops, who were expected to arrive that night. They were loud in expressing their admiration for Sir Edward Grey, and their gratitude to England, and they insisted on shaking me by both hands. This was but one of many instances which showed how intense was the relief of the French when England openly threw in her lot with the allied nations, for almost to the last the French were in some doubt as to our attitude, and feared that we might leave them to their own resources, as we had rightly done—though as they deemed perfidiously—in 1870. It may be noted, again, that some of our soldiers were actually landed in France within two days after the declaration of war, and about a fortnight before the news was announced in the English papers.

Our boat unmoored shortly after the advertised hour, and as we were nearing the end of the long stone quay, we saw lined up

on it, and standing on the roof of a goods shed greyly outlined against the blackness of the night, some hundred ghostly forms just distinguishable as men with military headgear. They were our friends, the soldiers; and as we came abreast of them, they gave vent to a hearty "'eep, 'eep, 'urrah" and cries of "Vive l'Angleterre." We, of course, responded with cheers and cries of "Vive la France." They then thundered out the strains, if not the words, of our National Anthem, and we did our best to sing the "Marseillaise" and so out to sea.

Reaching the Isle of Wight early in the morning, we were brought up by a gun fired across our bows, and we had to wait till a Government pilot came on board. For Southampton water was thickly strewn with mines, the channel between them was narrow and tortuous, and only the Government pilots knew where they were. We passed safely through them, and once more set foot in our own country, to find Southampton humming with troops on their way to embarkation; but before we cleared the Custom House, we had the satisfaction of meeting our friends from the Normandy, which, though it left Honfleur some hours before we left Havre, arrived some half-an-hour or an hour after we did.

Our difficulties, however, were not yet entirely at an end, for trains were running anyhow, some of the ladies of the party, who were to have been met by friends, were thrown upon their own resources owing to the failure of telegraphic communication, others could not get home because the lines were blocked by trains conveying troops and war material, and all the hotels in Southampton were commandeered by the soldiers; and one student, who had come to Honfleur from Switzerland, was without money. I was fortunate, however, in being able to tide over these inconveniences, and found myself before nightfall amongst friends in the West of England.

Although I have unfolded no details of adventure worth calling by that name, and have merely explained in some measure how war affects a little peaceful French town, I may possibly have thrown some interesting side-lights on the perfection of French organisation, both civil and military. I trust, moreover, that I may at the same time have stirred you to sympathy with a people who deserve and need all the sympathy that you have to bestow. I need not say, at this time of day, that, to a Belgian, the war is one of determined resistance against wanton and revolting aggression. To the Frenchman it is certainly no officers' war, no mere political campaign, it is a people's war, a fight for the sanctity of hearth and home, and France will not shrink from any sacrifice that may be necessary to bring it to a successful and final issue. With us no less, it is a fight against aggression, and a struggle for hearth and home; but it is also a war for the maintenance of treaty obligations and national honour. Let us never forget what little Belgium has wrought and suffered for us as well as for themselves, or what France has done—for us as well as for themselves. You are all, no doubt, still asking yourselves, "What can I do for England?" But I want you to take a wider outlook, and show a broader patriotism. I want you to ask "What can I do for France? What can I do for Belgium? What can I do for the benefit of our common humanity?" and when you have found out what to do, I want you to do it—with your might.

E. W. H.