

Today, Tuesday, I've been at the Town Hall as usual,
& had a very busy time, writing letters, & wrestling
with complicated arithmetical problems to do with
Separation & Allotment Allowances.

We are feeling absolutely averse with the Govt. for their
base treachery of the Irish & Welsh bills. It is the
meanest thing this Govt. has ever done, & that is
the strongest thing I can say about it. Bonar
Law's speech at the Carlton Club was pure. Well,
we must just wait till the war is over. Then we'll
fight!

Friday Sept. 18th. Last Wednesday I went up to London by the cheap train, but
 the proper train wasn't running, so instead of getting up at 4.26,
 it was 12.30 before we reached Charing X! M^{rs} Bainbridge &
 M^{rs} Scott & her sister were travelling by the same train, & I had
 a lot of talk with the two latter. They are from Ipswich, &
 know Willie Roe, ^{other people I knew there,} & are fearfully keen about the Home Rule
 question, so we had plenty to talk about. The last half of the
 journey we were 14 in the carriage! Three were Soldiers,
 & one was an Argyll & Sutherland Highlander, wounded in the
 leg at the battle of Mons, & just out from hospital on a fort-
 night's holiday, & hurrying up to Scotland to see his wife &
 family. Unfortunately I wasn't near enough to hear what he
 was telling the others. He looked very thin & weak, & still had a
 sort of dazed look. At 29 I found little Cherry, the Aberdeen
 puppy, waiting for me. Katie Scriver had brought him up
 that morning; such a dashing. Then I flew off to Whiteley's,
 & met Katie, & gave her lunch there, & flew home, after
 a little shopping, & found M^{rs} Mariaime waiting to see
 me [Mon. 21st], who is going to doctor all my old hats
 instead of getting me many new ones! Then at last I
 was able to see the dear Parents. Dad was still weak,
 but getting on well, & Mother looked far more herself,
 though very pulled down. Lon was still there, but
 leaving next day. Mabel came over in the course

of the afternoon, bringing all the children, who looked so bonnie. Daddie seems a charming boy, & so sweet with the little ones. I stayed for an early dinner at home, & then went back to Chatham with Cluny, who was wonderfully good. W. was dining at the R. E. Mess with Major Christie, & came home soon after I did.

Thursday I took Cluny out before breakfast in a deluge of rain, & again afterwards, & then went down to the Town Hall, leaving Cluny shut up in my bed room, poor little thing, but he was as good as gold. I took him for another run when I came back, & again after lunch, & began to wonder what I had done with my time before I had a puppy! I went to tea with Mr. Scott, at Stronde, & W. & I took Cluny for a stroll when we came back. He is a perfect darling, but does need a lot of attention!

Friday was a glorious morning. Cluny & I had a scamper on the Great Dunes before & after breakfast, & then I dashed off to the Town Hall, where I had promised to do Mrs Hartley's work for the week-end, viz. Treasurer. It didn't mean accounts, only paying out the money, & entering the details, quite easy. afterwards another run with Cluny, & another after lunch, by which time I began to feel

that a puppy in lodgings is rather much, unless you are alone, & can devote your whole energies to him. Besides, with only one sitting room, he was rather a worry to Wolf in his brief moments at home, & at meal times too, & altogether I came to the conclusion that I could not manage a husband & a puppy both at once in lodgings! So, engaging as he is, I decided to ask Katie to take him back. I can't spare attention for anyone else nowadays when Wolf is at home, but yet I can't keep a dog, & not give him a lot of attention, especially such a darling as Cherry, so there you are! Well, I took him for another run after tea, & then put him to bed, so as to be free for a good walk with W. That is another complication, that I can't satisfactorily exercise them both together!

Saturday, programme as before, but after lunch, finding Cherry was not very well, I carried him off to a vet. at Gillingham, & had to shut him in a coach house in the yard here for the rest of the day, & most of Sunday, poor mite, but he was so good. I went to tea with Mrs. Scott Bond, wife of Col. Bond, who has the most fascinating house close to Rochester Cathedral, 15th Century, & with a garden wall dating from Edward 1st! They have two Aberdeens, & Mrs.

Bond asked if they might take Cluny from me! It was
 Col. Bond's idea, as he adores dogs, & you can imagine
 how delighted I was. He will be ever so much
 happier there. We took him for a walk in the dark
 on the great Dunes after dinner, & he followed wonderfully.
 Sunday W. & I went to Early Service at the Garrison Church,
 & to Mattins at the Cathedral, walking all the way there.
 The service was just delightful, more so than anyone can
 imagine who hasn't had a long course of Irish Churches.
 It was a lovely morning, except for a heavy shower while
 we were in church. I took Cluny for a run when
 I got back - W. had to go back to the Office - & again
 after lunch, when we, Cluny & I, got caught in a
 terrific rain & hail storm, & I got absolutely drenched
 through, as I had no umbrella, & had to stop &
 shelter from Cluny, who was terrified by the hail, &
 burrowed frantically into my skirts. W. came home
 for about half an hour in the afternoon, & before
 supper we took Cluny for a run on the great Dunes.
 It's so ghostly out there in the dark; the brilliant lights
 of the towns all round, Gillingham, Rochester &
 Chatham, only serve to make the darkness on the Dunes
 more intense, & the Searchlight on the other side of the
 Medway darts its long white finger hither & thither,

while at its touch, towers & spires & buildings, white & magical, blossom suddenly upon the darkness, & as suddenly disappear; & then, with an upward sweep, it scours the sky for aeroplanes, painting strange white patches on the dark clouds. We & I never tire of watching it. Sometimes, too, you stumble suddenly on a dark patch on the ground close at hand, & find it is a row of prostrate men, their rifles pointing straight at you, & as you pass, they rise stealthily, & move towards you, & I, at any rate, find it an effort not to break into a run. By day, the lines are now one mass of recruits, in squads, practising every form of drill & manoeuvre. Here is a squad of unkempt men in plain clothes being drilled by a disreputable looking individual with no collar, & a squarish hat; there is another, in khaki uniforms, with bowler hats; & another, of mixed khaki & mufti. Here are a lot of young engineers, learning to drive Artillery fashion, with a team of horses & gun carriages. Chung & I used to fire them a wide berth, for the extent to which they get mixed up is best appreciated at a distance! Here is a company of youthful buglers practising their calls, with results which are more like several donkeys in hysterics, than anything

else; & a little farther on are some drummer-boys being taught the side-drum roll, & practising it with the vigor of an Orangeman. Not exactly the place you would choose to exercise a puppy, is it? Especially as Cluny greeted every khaki-clad man we met, with a profusion of affection, apparently under the impression I was Welf!

Monday - yesterday - Town Hall, the morning, & runs with Cluny as before. A glorious day. In the afternoon I went down into Rochester to buy cakes - it is unfortunate that the only possible cake-shop is a couple of miles away, & they only send on Saturdays! - I took Cluny with me, as you are allowed to take dogs on the tops of trams here, tho' not inside. An umbrella, a huge parcel of cakes, a bag, & a large puppy, are rather difficult to negotiate up & down a tram staircase, I find! Mr. Bond, & her pretty 17 year old daughter, came to tea, & took Cluny away with them. I nearly wept at parting with him, but I'm perfectly certain I'm wise, tho' he is really an adorable person, & obeys me beautifully already. I am so amused to hear from Mr. Bond that her daughter conceived a sudden adoration for me when we met

at Mr. Scott's the other day, & implored her Mother
to ask me to tea! She goes back to School tomorrow.
We did not get back till after 7. We had our first
joke in the evening, but in spite of its allurement,
we heroically betwote ourselves for a walk after
dinner, which was real virtue!

This morning, Tuesday, was simply heavenly, a real blue &
gold autumn day, & if the Country were within reach
I should have found it hard not to play truant
from the Town Hall. However, a lot of my special
cromis were there. I know so many by sight now, as
they come weekly for their money, but I can't always
remember their names. I love the way they assume you
must remember all about them, & come up to you
with a beaming smile, & say, "I've had a letter
from 'im, Miss", & proceed to show you a grubby
letter or post card, written in the fighting line,
splendid letters, most of them, cheerful & brave, &
full of love & tender anxiety for his family at
home, or for some younger brother in another
division. One woman showed me a letter written to
her from the Brit. Embassy in Paris, by Lady
Austin Lee herself, to tell her that her son was
wounded & in hospital, but doing well, & that

how to write to him. She must have a busy time, if she does ^{writes} that to all the men's wives & mothers, but what a kind thing to do!

You will be amused to hear that I am often asked to copy things out. "Because you write so beautifully"!! I beg to state that when I am doing work of that sort, I do not scribble like this!! Today I was given a long job of entering names in a book, & hav'nt finished it yet. I had rather a bombshell from Mr. Bond, who told me that Col. Bond hadnt understood I wanted to get rid of Chumy permanently, & did nt think they could do with 3 dogs for more than a few weeks! However, Mr. Mullins, who had already asked if they could take him, & been much disappointed to find she was too late, promptly renewed her offer, so the poor mite is going to change hands again, but I am very relieved. The Mullins have a garden, & no other dogs, & have been longing for one. Four homes before you are 3 months old, must be rather agitating!

I can't write what I feel about the Home Rule Bill being a fait accompli. It is too depressing & disheartening, but we'll fight this Govt. yet, when the war is over. Col. Capper left for the front at a moment's notice on Sat., & about 70 young officers went off last week.

Tuesday afternoon was lovely. W. actually had an hour to spare after lunch, & we went for a cycle-ride, & out towards Pitteighbourne, but had to turn back just as we reached the real country. M^{rs} Fleming & her pretty daughter came to tea. The latter's fiancée, a field gunner, is at the front, & she is trying to keep her thoughts off by helping her mother with P. S. F. A. work.

Wednesday, Town Hall all morning, & in the afternoon W. & I had another cycle-ride, & a walk on the downs behind Gillingham, such a lonely day. Afterwards I went to tea with Miss Hartley, at the Charity Organisation Society's Office, where she is doing Sec. at present. Coming back in the train, a poor woman got in whose husband was on the quay. She had no idea if he was saved or not, & was half crazy with grief & suspense. "I've neither slept nor ate nor drank since the news come", she said, & was hurrying off to the ^{Yarvis} Naval Barracks to try & get some news. It is the suspense these women cannot stand. They have plenty of fortitude when the blow comes, but cannot get used to getting no news.

Thursday we woke to a thick fog, but it cleared

off before I went down to the Town Hall, leaving only a delicious smoke-blue mist behind, & a perfectly radiant day. One simply aches for the country on such days. There was a dense crowd round the board outside the Town Hall where the names of the naval survivors are posted up, & such sad, anxious faces in it. Mr Bond brought Cherry down to the S.P.F.A., & you should have seen the welcome he gave me, nearly devoured me! I took him back home, & for a walk, & then he sat in my room for the rest of the morning, while I mended, settling down as if he had never been away, the darling. I paid a call in the afternoon on Mrs Norris, whose husband, a chaplain, is at the front with the R.A.F.C. She had just had her first letter from him, & naturally could talk of nothing else. Her neighbour, Mrs Baskerville, where the Flemings have been staying as p.g.s, has just lost her boy, who was on the Cressy, & Mrs Norris is taking the F. in, as they cannot stay on under the circumstances. Cherry behaved perfectly, & I took him on to Mr Mallis, at Gillingham House, which is to be his home now. I really think he'll be very happy, his behaviour was such as to fill me with

[Sat. 26]

pride! There is a parrot there who was greatly interested in him, & who puzzled Ching hopelessly by imitating my whistle! Every time Ching came to me the parrot whistled, & then family pranced with delight when Ching came tearing back to him! After dinner, W. & I went for a good walk on the Dunes, as he had had no exercise all day.

Yesterday, Friday, was real summer. I went to the T. H. in the morning, but found so little to do, that I came away again, visited a case in this neighbourhood - poor woman, ^{she is a widow,} her only child had ^{joined} ~~enlisted~~ in the Territorials. "I'm not going to wait to be asked, Mother," he had said, "I'm going willingly." I tried to make her feel proud of him, but she was nearly heart broken, & much too proud to come to the P. S. F. A., though they are fearfully poor. - Then I washed my hair, & after lunch paid calls.

We got back soon after 5.30, & we had a delightful walk right round the Docks, the policemen making no difficulty about letting us in. A number of cruisers are in now, being repaired. The "Aethusa" has one mast gone entirely, but has already been newly painted. We saw a number

of the new Destroyers in process of construction
in the dry docks, too. It was a splendid evening,
& the Docks made a wonderful picture, with a
cremion sunset dyeing the water with the colours
I have seen on Canadian maples in autumn, but nowhere
else, & a mother of pearl moon hanging low over the
green battle ships, & giant cranes silhouetted against
the clear evening sky, & lights like glow worms coming
out amongst the black shipping.

Friday Oct. 2nd. Last Sunday I walked down to the Cathedral
 together for Station, I left the way back to. Such a horse
 morning. (Saturday, by the way, I was at the town hall
 all morning, doing Mr Hartley's work of 'paying out',
 in the afternoon I had a good ride with the country
 & faring hot & was. Coming back, I had to leave my
 machine at a shop, as the trader had gone wrong, & walk
 & walk home. After tea I went over to the Club Gardens
 to try & get some flowers. Being to the church - there are
 hardly any to be had, but the gardener is a friend of
 mine, & will give - I mean sell - me flowers when he
 requires them to other people: so I got some nice
 ones & a few dahlias.)

My friend Green-Walshman, Mr A. & H. G., & Major Clarke,
 came to lunch on Sunday. The party was in the
 Reserve, & was called up from a party in British
 Columbia, where his wife still is. He is a good
 person, & his words are very nice to write with.
 I sang a bit after lunch, & afterwards after they'd gone
 I went up to the Club Gardens to have a look at the
 packing papers. I met Major Clarke as I was
 starting, & he came along too. He seems very person
 here without his wife, & quite clings to us, which
 amuses me, as in England he was very much

"The Quarry", & very cautious about talking to us!
 We got back quite early, with orders from Major G. W. not
 to come back unless he was sent for, so we had a nice
 long evening together.

Monday, Town Hall as usual, & in the afternoon I
 hunted all over the R. E. Barracks for Col. Rowland
 Ward's house, his wife having called & left no address
 as is the custom here. Finally a friendly officer came
 to the rescue, & ferreted out the address which proved
 to be the other side of the Great Dunes. After tea, when
 we came back, we went down to the Docks again, &
 had a good tramp round.

Tuesday, Town Hall as usual. There are still quite a
 number of women who have not received their Separation
 Allowances etc., & many more who have received mysterious
 sums they can't account for, & bring the papers to me
 for explanation. Many & bewildering are the arithmetical
 problems I have to wrestle with, & what I don't know
 about such matters now, is it worth much!

Wolf came home unusually early in the afternoon, &
 as soon as I had got rid of a caller, we hurried
 out for a walk, after which he went back to the
 office. He heard from Major Craig in the course
 of the day, saying that they were determined to have

him in the White Division, a Major General Powell, who
 has been appointed to command the Division in
 place of Sir George, (who is apparently considered too old)
 was chosen to command next day, & going to see
 about it himself at the War Office. So there is just
 a chance still that something may come of it.
 Yesterday, I got up at 6.15, & caught the 7.46 to London.
 Such a delightful morning, a beautiful view, mountains,
 the air crisp & sparkling; deep blue sky, & the sun at
 summer heat. But alas there was a fog down in
 Chatham, & still more of one in London. I found
 the family better on the whole, Mother much better,
 & father getting on slowly, very thin & weak, but his
 voice decidedly stronger than a fortnight ago, &
 undoubtedly stronger in himself. There still can't be
 her cold, & we persuaded her to write to the hotel down at
 St. Margaret's Bay, & go ^{off} there in the afternoon,
 which she did. She & I did some shopping in the
 morning, & went to the Nursing Home to see her for a
 few minutes. There was up for the day, & came
 to lunch. Quite a number of relations dropped
 in in the afternoon. First Aunt Fanny, then Naomi,
 her daughter, & her son, & Margaret. The latter has but
 all the delightful taste of every youth she had

last year, tho' she is only 18, & ^{she} might be any age now, very self-possessed, & looks clever. Then Nabel Bell turned up, with my old favourite, Vixen, more attractive than ever. I sat with Father during his rest hour, & got back to Thatham just in time for dinner.

Thursday, yesterday, another gorgeous day. Town Hall as usual, & a quiet afternoon, mending &c. W. has got another horse now, - he called 'Fanny' - as the first one pulled so, & went for a ride in the afternoon. I hope I may be able to ride her, but we don't know yet if she has ever carried a lady.

Oct. 5. Mon. Friday, Town Hall all the morning, a quiet afternoon, & in the evening, before dinner, W. took me round to the Barracks, to rehearse in the theatre for the concert next day; or rather, I went to the Barracks & called for him, & sat in Capt. Leggett's office till he turned up, he having, meanwhile gone home to fetch me! Capt. Greis conducted us to the theatre, & my heart sank when a Tommy was pointed out to me as my accompanist, but he proved to be quite excellent, & transposed without turning a hair. He was an organist by profession, & really accompanied beautifully, & I thoroughly enjoyed myself. A very youthful subaltern, with a charming voice, also rehearsed, & I enjoyed that too.

Saturday, I did Sir Bartley's work at the Town Hall, & stayed on to see the King go by; he was coming down to visit the Naval Hospital here, & also Fort Pitt, the Military Hospital. The road was crammed with people, & lined with minute Boy-Scouts, carrying stones much bigger than themselves, who were apparently quite competent to keep the people back! I only got a glimpse of the King & Queen, as they were in a closed motor, but I thought he looked very grave. I rested most of the afternoon, & after an early meal, W. & I went off to the concert. I sang 3 songs,

much enjoyed the rest of the performance, as really the level was astonishingly high. Two or three soldiers - privates - sang excellently, & one had a very fine bass voice. Of course somebody sang 'dread of Hope & glory', & equally of course, we finished up with "It's a long, long way to Tipperary", the entire audience taking charge after the first verse. I had such a delightful invitation that morning, to go & stay ^{2 nights} at Hampton Court Palace with G. Sanderson - widow of Col. Sanderson - who has rooms there, & with whom Eva Boston is now staying. G. S. wants to meet "the wife of the man who has done so much for Ulster", & of course I accepted joyfully.

Sunday morning I went to the Cathedral by myself, & in the afternoon went over to the Mallins chiefly to see Chung, as G. S. said he wouldn't eat, & was worried about him. He knew me in a second, the darling, & could it contain himself with delight! He seems quite all right, only a little thin. I sang a little to them, & G. S. played her Plays, piano, & then I hurried home to Woly, who had already got back, & we had a peaceful, if slightly depressed evening. He had quite given up all hope of being moved from here, having heard nothing

from the War Office, but I still refused to.

This morning, Monday, I did Eric Hartley's work down at the Town Hall, & paid a call in the afternoon. Wolf was out all day, motoring to Shoeburyness, & didn't get back till nearly 8, but a wire came for him about 6 from Belfast, saying that his appointment as General Staff Officer for the Ulster Division was approved, & that he was to report himself at Belfast as soon as possible !!!

Imagine our excitement! We shall probably have to cross in a day or two, but of course I shall come home first.

W. looks years younger since we got the news!

Now, of course, I shall not go to Hampton Court, for which I am sorry. I did, but later on, & only for tea.

Transy. Deramore Drive. Belfast.

Friday, Nov. 13. At last I can resume my diary. Last Sunday we went to the Cathedral in the morning, & had a very fine sermon from the Dean. & then went on to lunch with Mr. Higgin, at Malone House. Miss Murray was there, as she usually is, & Mr. Gage, a young man from Guinness's, who is a tame cat there. It gave one quite a shock, in these times, to hear ^{some words} a young bachelor, apparently fit & hearty, who is pursuing the even tenor of his way quite undisturbed by the war, & whose conversation consisted almost exclusively of gossip gleaned from the ladies' Bridge Club here, where he seems to spend much of his time, & edifying tales of how Mr. C. quarrelled with Mr. D., & why! One longed to show one's feelings, but could not under the circumstances. He told W. afterwards that a doctor had said his eyes would prevent his getting into the Army, but W. said he thought it most unlikely that glasses would stand in his way if he were to try now, which appeared to disconcert him rather. After late dinner, Jack Scruen, ^(May is now!) came round to see us, looking very unfamiliar in his khaki, but in great spirits. He had much to tell us about the Division generally, most of which it would be treason to repeat. But on the whole, the material, he says, is splendid. There has been a certain slackness

hitherto, too much leave, & too many week ends among the officers, but that will all be stopped now. W. is already beginning to make things ^{him} in the Division, & last week organised a ^{week's} "Route march" for the 2^d Brigade through Down & Antrim Counties, with a view, partly, to getting recruits. It's such a comfort for him to be once more in a position to be able to organise things, instead of being a kind of superior clerk, which is what he declares he was at Chatham. Col. & M^{rs} Hackett Pain came up to see us too, so they were dining at the hotel. I had not met her before, & was very much not attracted, but I had heard she was rather terrible.

Monday morning ^{Nov. 9th} we left the hotel at 9 a.m., W. to his work, & I to Transy, after seeing the luggage depart. The servants weren't to come till the afternoon, so I had the house to myself till the men came with all the luggage & packing cases &c. I lighted the kitchen fire, but not being used to ranges, got very agitated over the dampers, & could not discover which heated the water, so the latter remained stone-cold, while the range got hotter & hotter! However, I know better now. The men stayed & helped me unpack the 5 packing cases so as to take them away, & I put most of the linen away,

They went down Town for lunch, afterwards going
 to the Safe Deposit, & carrying off our chest of silver.
 The man in charge is a great friend of mine, & we
 parted with mutual wishes for good luck! These Irish
 folks do take such a tremendous personal interest
 in you, & it is so refreshing. The servants arrived
 about 3, & we made a tour of the house, discovering
 all the things there weren't, such as mincing-machines,
 drawing room tea pots, ironing-blankets, Kitchen
 Cutlery, &c. I quite thought I had investigated
 every thing beforehand, but one never does completely.
 The next discovery was that there were no tools, so the
 silver chest couldn't be opened, & Cook had to start
 peeling potatoes with my pocket knife! I was rather
 in despair, as W. would not be back till about 8,
 & I didn't want him to have to tackle the plate chest
 before we could eat any dinner, but finally I remembered
 that Lady Richardson was at Garyville which is
 almost opposite ~~to~~ our road, so I flew round
 to her. She had no tools, but lent me knives, forks
 & spoons instead, so all was well. She was so friendly,
 & so was Sir George, who came in before I left.
 W. had not seen the house at all - except a glimpse of
 the outside - till he came home that evening, & he

was simply charmed with it, so nice for me. He
 did not wonder at all that I preferred it to Adelaide Park.
 By the way, Mr. Phillips is simply furious at our taking
 another home, & has written W. two most abominably
 insulting letters, so we are very glad we did not go there.
 I felt certain he was going to turn nasty, when I
 interviewed him at the hotel last week. Two former
 acquaintances called on Monday afternoon, when the
 servants had only arrived about half an hour! But
 they did not stay long, fortunately. Since Monday I have
 been madly busy unpacking & settling down.
 Tuesday I did not get out all day. Wed. W. took me
 for a run in 'oni' car after lunch, such a beastly
 day. He wanted to have a look at some country
 with a view to manoeuvres. It's a jolly car, a De Dion,
 holds 5 besides the chauffeur, & can be quite open or
 quite shut, so convenient. Wed. Thurs. I was busy in
 the house all day, & Friday W. wanted the car to take
 some things up to Headquarters for him, so it took
 me too, & I did a round of shopping in it, & took
 a short run ^{towards} the country, & then picked up W. at
 Headquarters, & we both drove home. After years of
 trams - in Canada, Ireland & England - a car is
 absolute bliss! But of course it is really only

for W.'s official use, so I can only use it when he needs it too. It has been placed at the disposal of the G. S. O. (General Staff Office) by a man who has gone abroad, & it most conveniently lines in the road next ours. Tonight it is taking us to a concert in aid of the Belgian Refugees which is under the patronage of the General & his Staff, but we shall tram home, which I think is very virtuous! Yesterday I walked part way back with W. after lunch. The weather is wild just now, tearing gales, & lashing showers, & brilliant intervals, & very cold. I was going to describe the home a little, but must wait till next time, as I have to go & pay my duty call on the General's wife, M^{rs} Powell. M^{rs} Higgin has asked me to tea to meet her tomorrow, so I must hastily call first!

Sunday, Nov. 15. Last Friday afternoon I called on M^{rs} Powell, the General's wife, but she was out. Such a bitter afternoon, with icy, lashing showers, that I wondered how soon we should be seeing snow on the hills. In the evening we went to the concert in aid of the Belgian Refugees. Bits of it were quite nice, & some tiny children, dressed up as soldiers of different nationalities, were delicious. One of them, who looked 7 or 8, sang the inevitable "Tipperary", & "Join King & Country, want you", quite wonderfully, such expression & such 'clari', & not a trace of nervousness in her, & yet such a tiny, baby voice. It really was most touching, & I hope there were some shirkens there to hear her.

Saturday morning, sure enough, there were patches of snow on the hills, & it snowed a little as Wolf left the house, but soon turned to rain. I had quite a long walk in the morning, & in the afternoon went to tea with M^{rs} Higgin, to meet M^{rs} Powell amongst others. She doesn't seem at all exciting, but quite pleasant. Such a lonely afternoon, only very cold. I have managed to start my usual Belfast cold, so today, Sunday, I've been in all day, as I'm most anxious to check it, if possible. We went to the office early, just to open letters, & then to the Cathedral, & brought back the news

of Lord Roberts' death out in France. It comes to one with the shock of a personal loss, but what a splendid end (only one doesn't mean 'end') to a splendid life. Surely he contrived, if anyone ever did, to "fill the unforgiving minute with 60 seconds' worth of distance run".

Wed. 18. Monday was a glorious day, frosty & bright, but I stayed in, hoping to complete the cure. Succeeded beautifully. We had a hard frost in the night. Tuesday there was a thick hoar frost. Wolf had an early breakfast, & went off in the General's car to visit Finnee Camp, right the other side of Water on the Atlantic Coast. He hoped to get back today, but I got a wire from him in the afternoon saying he would not be back till lunch tomorrow, so I'm feeling very lonely. Tho' I've lots to do. I went out yesterday morning, & today my cold has vanished, not even leaving a cough, most astonishing. I am getting more walking here than at No. 12, as we are a mile further out, & also a mile beyond the "penny stage" of the trams, & I make that a reason for walking a good mile at this end, both going & returning, when I go into Belfast!

Mr. Higgin has asked me to help sometimes with the P. S. F. A. here, & I was to have gone on Mon., but for

my cold. Tomorrow there is a meeting of my branch of the Women's Unionist Assoc. here, & I hope I may hear of some opportunities of work there, but I expect opportunities are sure to come pretty soon.

Mavis Dray, our D. A. & M. G., came back from Dublin on Monday, & says the whole city is - or was then - plastered with placards (like huge election posters) saying, "We serve neither King nor Kaiser", & apparently no steps were being taken to remove them! There is a very strong anti-recruiting campaign going on there, as in other parts of the South, & some of the speeches I have read are disgraceful. But it is only a portion of Nationalists who are so disloyal (at any rate openly), & they are, in fact, hopelessly divided amongst themselves. The Sinn Feiners even give 3 cheers for the Germans at some of their meetings, poor fools. - It is rather splendid the way people here have sunk to politics so, & are devoting themselves to the common cause. They say: "We've got to see this war through, then we'll attend to the other matter." And they will, too! The U. V. F. is presenting a voluntary hospital, which has been accepted by the War Office. It is to be staffed entirely from the U. V. Nursing Corps, which, as I

to let you, has now been handed over to the St. John's Ambulance. The building provided is the Exhibition Hall, belonging to the University, where all the big balls used to be held.

Wed. Nov. 25. I think I left off last Wednesday. Wolf came back from his tour with the General to a very late lunch on Thursday. He had an interesting time, remaining one day with the Pinnate, & spending the night at Training Centre with the D'Arcy trainings - a typically British establishment - & the next day & night at Finer, with General Hickman, who commands the 109th Brigade (3rd Brigade of the Ulster Division) which is quartered there. The men had been having a very trying time, still under canvas, & very nearly drowned out by the heavy rains of the preceding weeks, but W. said they looked splendidly fit.

Friday I went up to Wolf's office in the morning, to bring back some diagrams, & a duplicator, as he wanted some drawings & plans of trenches as used in the Aisne district, copied for the use of our Brigades. There were 3 separate sheets, & 70 copies wanted of each, so my next few days were well occupied, as it was a very slow duplicator. M^{rs} Macaulay came to tea, in & was so friendly. She is a dear. W. helped me with the duplicating in the evening.

Saturday Sue arrived about 9.30, W. meeting her at the boat with the car. She had had a very easy journey, & didn't seem at all too tired. She rested

most of the morning, & I got on with the copying. In the afternoon, W. had to inspect the Cadet Corps of the Wesleyan College, & I went too. I hated deserting Sue so soon, but W. was going to make a little speech, & I felt I must go & hear him. It was a lovely day, & very cold. The Corps has only been started 2 months, but already they are fearfully keen, & wonderfully smart-considering. W. made them a delightful little speech, & the Headmaster told me afterwards that he had said exactly the right things. It seems that there is considerable opposition among the parents to the establishment of the Corps, & it has been more than doubtful whether it would be able to establish itself as a permanent, "that," said Mr. Lewis, "it is an absolute certainty now," for many of the parents were there, & were obviously pleased & convinced by what he said. Mr. Lewis was simply beaming over it, so it was really very satisfactory! They were delighted, too, at W.'s condescension in coming! I had to go in to tea with them afterwards as W. had to get back to work, & ^{us} they seemed disappointed at my refusal (such are the penalties of greatness!), but I got home to Sue by 4.30.

Sunday W. & I went to early Service, & for a walk in the morning - the end of our road leads straight

into fields, real Country, which is such a joy. The Lagan runs just below & beyond, & the valley is so pretty. In the afternoon, W. had to attend the Memorial Service for Lord Roberts at the Cathedral & Sue & I went with him. Seats were reserved for the military & the Corporation, & there was hardly room for anyone else. We had seats right in front, & it was a most beautiful service, beginning with the Dead March - Saul on the Organ & tympani, & the Band of the Irish Rifle playing the Chopin March at the end, after which 6 trumpeters stood on the altar steps, & played sounded the Last Post, which completely finished me, as it always does. Afterwards, the General & Mr Powell kindly took us home in their car, W. preferring to walk, as usual. W. & I finished the copies in the evening, & they really were very beautiful, in red & blue ink. W. was fearfully pleased with them!

Monday was very cold & frosty, & foggy too. W. let us have the car for the day, & we motored out to Hillsborough, 12 miles away, to lunch with Mrs Selater. It was so nice to see her again, & she was delightful to us both, & sent us away with an armful of flowers, & a pot of chrysanthemums. From there we drove to Mrs Johnson's (Bobby's mother) (Mrs Little's cousin), & found her in,

Then on to Ballydrain, to return Mr. Montgomery's call, & had tea there. Mr. Higgin came in before we left. We felt most blissfully luxurious with the car, & Sue said she had not had such a gay day for a long time, & felt it quite a relief. Certainly the war makes far less difference here than it does in England, & in some ways it is a pity. I am trying hard to find some regular work to do, for I cannot go on just playing about. As far as I can discover, very little has yet been done in the way of providing things for the Ulster Division, but I can't very well start things myself till I am less of a newcomer. I am trying to get into touch with what is being done, but it's slow work.

Yesterday, Tuesday, we was out all day with the general at Newcastle, inspecting General Conchman's Division. It poured nearly the whole day. Sue & I went to tea with Mr. Walker Craig, the Recorder's wife, at the Bridge Club. She tried hard to make me play, but I would not. I won't play unless I can play well, & I can't play well unless I play a lot, & I won't play a lot, so there you are! [Thursday, 26.] It was a funny entertainment. Mr. Craig was playing when we arrived, & continued to play while we sat by & talked to each other in whispers, so as not to disturb them, & had our tea. This went on till

we left, for, as there were only exactly 4 to each table, & I wouldn't cut in, Mr. Craig had to go on playing, the one unthinkable thing being that the Bridge should cease for a moment! Sue quite sympathised with my dislike of the atmosphere (both actual & metaphorical) of the Club, & my renewed determination not to join. - It's true they have working-parties ^{several times} there ~~once~~ a week, working till 4, & playing Bridge afterwards. -

Yesterday, Wednesday, it streamed most of the day. I went out in the morning, & in the afternoon Mr. Selater came to tea, bringing her sister-in-law, Mr. Head - a daughter of the Mr. Sanderson whom I went to see at Hampton Court Palace the other day - & her daughter. Mr. Selater was charmed with the house, & thought it a huge improvement on the other. In the evening I went out to Mr. Macaulay's to sing at the little party she was giving for her working-girls. Sue stayed at home, & kept Wolf Company. Dorothy Richardson was playing there (whose Mother we are luncheoning with today), & she tells me they badly want help with the S. S. F. A. in East Belfast, so I am going to do that for the present. I find a collection has been started of 'Comforts' for the Ulster Division, so if anyone wants a home for socks, belts,

matters, & mappers, I hope they'll send them to
me, & I'll send them in to the Central place.

Friday, Dec. 4. My diary has got rather neglected, but it's difficult to write with dear Sue here, as I want to talk to her all our spare time! Last Thursday week, I went to lunch with Mr. Theodore Richardson, but didn't take S., as she was tired, & it's such a long way, in two trams. No one else was there, & we quietly permitted afterwards. The present custom of taking your permitting wherever you go, is a real joy, & makes lunch & tea parties feel much less a waste of time than they otherwise would in these times. Friday S. & I went to tea with Mr. Higgin. Sir George & Lady Richardson were there, amongst others, & had a long talk with the former. He was so interesting about his experiences of the Russian army. He saw a lot of them when he was in China just before the Russo-Japanese war, & liked & admired them so much, & was on very friendly terms with them.

Saturday Sue & I had the car for the afternoon, & started off directly after lunch, for a run into the country, along the Antrim Rd., over the Belfast hills, & nearly to Lough Neagh, getting some lovely views over it. It's the largest lake in the United Kingdom, & so pretty. We came back into Belfast by the North, & paid a call on the Sam Cunninghams (wealthy business people, typical Belfast). A crowd of Belgians were there,

including a youthful Belgian refugee, lately from Ghent. What he was doing there I can't imagine, as Ulster is a prohibited area. We went on to Mr. Purney's to tea, & dashed from there to Mr. Grierson's, who gave us a warm welcome. It was lonely doing it all in the car!

Saturday Sunday we had a very quiet day. Church in the morning, & the rest of the day peacefully indoors, as it was wet. - I forgot that on Sat. evening W. & I went in to General Powell's after dinner for a quiet evening, & I sang a little. Julie didn't come, not feeling inclined to, after the long drive. I had a lot of talk with the General, & found him charming. He adores northern India, & will talk about it to any extent.

Monday, Mr. Crawford (the fun-runner's wife) & her 17 year old daughter, & a Miss Browne, came to tea. I would much rather have had the fun-runner himself! but he is now busy commanding the Army Service Corps here.

Tuesday Dorothy Richardson came to lunch, & we had a lot of music. I sang heaps, & revelled in having an accompanist again. And she played a little, too. She plays well, & accompanies charmingly. Then P. & I went to tea with Mrs. Peade, another musical girl who plays the fiddle rather well. We also hope to have some music

together soon. She lives with two maiden aunts of the really old school, very thin, with long, mild faces, & black lace caps, & pruri, gentle voices, & rather mining ways.

Wednesday it blew a gale & poured all day, & we joyfully stayed in, & did a lot of work. Lady Richardson was to have come to tea with her relations the Gordons, but she never turned up.

Thursday - yesterday - P. & I walked over to Malone early to shoot with Mr Higgin & Mrs Murray. The latter was very anxious to have a match for $\frac{1}{2}$ with me! Neither of us had touched our rifles since July, & she was hopelessly off her game, but I shot surprisingly well, & beat her hollow, & Mr Higgin too! I made 206, ~~out~~ on the 3 distances, out of a possible 300; 63 at 25 yds., 73 at 50, & 70 at 100. She also shot 10 rounds at 25 yds., & to our astonishment made 54!! never once missing the target. As she has scarcely ever shot at all, it was amazing. She actually beat Mrs Murray, who rather jammis herself! It was a lonely morning, & I thoroughly enjoyed the (nearly) 2 mile walk, & being out the whole morning. Sue left after her one round, as she wanted to go into the town. Mr Richardson

-mother of Dorothy Richardson - came to lunch, & was so pleasant. She had begged to have noone to meet her, as she wanted to see over the house, which she seemed charmed with. After that she left, we had a peaceful afternoon & evening, working & knitting & reading.

Friday
Sat. Dec. 11th. Last Friday, as I think I said, I worked at the S. S. F. A. centre all the morning, ~~not getting back to lunch till after 2.30.~~ In the evening, Sue & I had an early meal, & went to hear the Moody Manners Co. in Sampson & Delilah, & really enjoyed it. Walter Hyde was excellent as Sampson, & the chorus was quite good, but the orchestra was abominable in bits, & feeble most of the time. As, however, the audience talked solidly - & loudly - throughout the prelude to each act, it mattered the less. We had the car to go in, but came back by train, & a more odious night I have seldom encountered: sheets of rain, & a howling wind which blew me to bits, & made me unspeakably cross! I was relieved that Sue was none the worse next morning. Wof, of course, could not get away in time to come too.

Saturday was a lonely day, still & frosty, & I took Sue on favourite walk, down to the Dagan, & across the weir. A Great Dane & an Irish Terrier picked us up on the way, & kindly accompanied us. I miss a dog badly here. We had a quiet afternoon in the house, quite a treat for a change.

Sunday we went to the Cathedral in the morning, where they have choral Celebration every 1st Sunday in the month, travelling in with St George & Lady R. I think the former has a very warm place in his heart for W., he always speaks

so kindly of him. It was a horrible afternoon, so we didn't attempt to go out. Poor W. has no luck with his Sundays, but he enjoys being quietly at home, so I never make any engagement for Sundays if I can help it.

Monday I went to the S. S. F. A., having a frantic scramble to get off in time. Monday is an impossible morning, & I shall attempt it again. I think I forgot to say that it is Mr. Chichester's branch of the S. S. F. A., in E. Belfast, which I have promised to help sometimes. The first time I did Secretarial work, but Monday I interviewed cases. Anybody who knows the Irish poor, will realize what the room - a small one - was like, with 15 or 20 women ^{& children} of the poorest type, (all with shawls over their heads), & no windows open till I begged for it! I didn't get home till past 2.30, so poor Sue had a solitary morning, but I am not going again till she goes. We meant to pray calls in the afternoon, but the fire was too alluring! We get through a lot of knitting in the peaceful time between tea & dinner, & sometimes I sing, or we read out the paper to each other. W. of course, never gets home till 8 or after.

Tuesday Sue & I went to Mr. Swiney's, who was having about 20 of the Giddy Gammers Opera Co. to tea! including Mrs. Fanny Giddy & her husband Mr. Gammers, - or

Mauser, as his real name is. He comes from Tipperary. It was a funny entertainment, full of elements which would mix. There were ourselves, Sir G. & Lady R., one or two Belfast people, three naval lieutenants of a rather unattractive breed (one was exactly like the very unconvincing naval lieutenant of Amatein theatricals, & didn't look the least at home in his clothes, nor even in his beard!), who all arrived fairly early, & were firmly established in a neat single row all round the walls, when the Opera troupe arrived, & stood in an uncertain bunch in the middle. Tea broke things up a little, however, & then I got talking to some of the 'troupe', & felt much happier, & Sue soon followed suit, in fact at the end I found Sue surrounded by a group of chorus girls, all eagerly describing their exact positions on the stage in the various operas, so that he could look out for them next time she went! Such nice creatures they were, in spite of their powder, & overpowering scent, & they sang most goodnatureedly, but their singing was of the treacherous order, & we didn't enjoy it. A girl played the fiddle very well, however. Some of the men were there too, but they were too shy to sing. I tackled a fat tenor, but his manners proved so trying that I escaped hurriedly! And he meant to be so agreeable, poor man!

Wednesday It was a heaven-sent day, perfectly still (which is a miracle here) white frost, hot sun, & cloudless sky. I had to go 'down town', much to my disgust, but I managed to go a good way by the fields, Sue coming with me, & I walked most of the way home. Miss Barklie - the Hollams' old friend - came to tea. We are to lunch with her up at Larne next week.

Thursday - yesterday - was blowy & wet again. We walked in the morning, & I had to go in to town & interview servants after lunch. Both these two are leaving on Jan. 4th. I shall be thankful to see the last of the h.p. maid who is quite unacceptably disagreeable, but I'm sorry to lose Cook. She wants to go where there are 3 maids, housewife, & she certainly is a very bad laundress, so perhaps it's as well. I had a hectic time with them both yesterday. Cook had quarrelled violently with Maggie, & I found her in tears, & declaring she'd go out of the house this minute! However, I managed to pacify her, & today she is all smiles. But I'm afraid she has an awful time of it with this wretched Maggie. I went to the Old Town Hall the other morning, to see what the Unionist women are doing for the war. They have turned the U.V.F. "Post House" into a

Clearing House for gifts for the Troops, & also for the Ulster Division, & have done & are doing a perfectly splendid work in that way. They are also collecting Xmas toys to give to the children of Belfast men who are serving either at the front or in the Ulster Division; either old toys, if sound, or new toys, or money.

There was a remarkable article in the "Irish Independent" - the Nationalist organ - the other day, in which it actually pointed out that Ulster had contributed a far higher percentage ^{of its population} to the new Army than the rest of Ireland (this in contradiction of Mr. Redmond's recent speech), giving full figures to support its statement, & saying that, profoundly as it differed from Ulster Unionists... &c. &c., it saw no use in ignoring facts. A pretty courageous thing to publish such facts in such a paper.

My last diary is sad reading indeed. W. says he only wishes it could be published, so that people might know how affairs have been muddled in B. E. A., but of course it's impossible. The Governor ought to be court-martialled.

My very

best thanks to the family for their noble contribution
to the Ulster Division. Most-welcome.

Sat. Dec. 19th. Last Friday we had some people to tea; M^r & Sue Macaulay, M^r Powell & her sister Miss MacKenzie, & M^r Higgin. The Macaulays stayed on till after 6.30, & Sue was charmed with M^r M.

Sat. Sue & I went to lunch at Toharavoran, (Eva Boston's home.) Eva was not there, as she is still busy with her Red X hospital in Kent, but M^r Boston was, & he took us round the garden after lunch. Unfortunately it was a horrible day, blowing a gale & pouring, so Sue didn't see the pretty garden at its best.

Sunday, M^r & I went to Early Service, & he went up to the office for a little, & on to the Cathedral, while P. & I went to the little church close by here. It rained all the afternoon, - Wolf has no luck with his Sundays - so we didn't go out again.

Monday was an appalling day, but we went out for a constitutional in the morning, much against the grain, & in the afternoon went to tea with M^r Kirk, heroically paying two calls on the way. Miss Bruce was staying there, who is to be Matron of the Ulster Volunteer Hospital. It is now settled that it is not, after all, to be staffed by U.V.F. nurses, as the War Office will not allow it, but I believe the Staff is to be entirely voluntary, all the same. Some of the busiest doctors in Belfast have volunteered as Staff Surgeons.

Tuesday we went to tea with M^r Kinahan - Miss Grierson that was - two or three other people were there, & we both sang

a little.

Wednesday we went up to Larne to lunch with nice Miss Barclay Bartle. We had hoped to have the car, but it has been out of order for some days, & wasn't quite ready. On the way, we were electrified by the news of the German raid on the Yorks. coast. It is atrocious, but only what one expects. The loss of life seems surprisingly large, & it is sad to think of the dear old Whitty Abbey being damaged. The news created a sensation at the luncheon party, as it had not reached Larne. We had an exceedingly pleasant ^{time}. An old Mr. McNeill (cousin of Ronald McNeill, the Irish Member) & his son were there, also an American, Mr. Goldsmith, (her name is really Smith, but she got so bored with it that she tacked on the Gold!) & Miss Callwell - Cousin of Miss Barclay, & sister of General Callwell, now Director of Military Training at the W.O. I discovered that both the McNeills knew Ottawa well, & the father had been a member in the Canadian House of Commons, so we hardly stopped talking all lunch time. He knew the Experimental Farm well, tho' not under its present régime, & seemed exceedingly interested to hear all about my work there. Mr. Goldsmith is a most entertaining person, with a fund of stories, & she kept us in fits at dessert. Afterwards, she & Miss Callwell & Miss Bartle vied with each other in telling

delicious Irish stories. We did enjoy ourselves so, & Sue loved it. We were rather late getting back, so went into the Midland Hotel to get some tea, before taking the train home. It was a heavenly day, still & clear & frosty, & the Dough looked so pretty.

Thursday we had an early lunch (after packing in the morning), & went in the car to fetch W. from the Office, taking sandwiches for him, & then we all 3 went off in the car out beyond Carnmoney, & W. got out & reconnoitred the country with a view to a "Scheme" he is planning for the troops. It was simply steaming, & blowing such a gale, that when he got in again W. said Sue must attempt to cross that night. Such a relief to me, & a great joy to have her for a little longer. So we had a peaceful afternoon & evening together after all, knitting & reading & talking. I thinking the family would laugh to see us knitting. Olive, I know, would have a "weak fit". We get into such hopeless muddles, & between us we have made every conceivable mistake, besides a good many which, I am sure, are entirely original. The particular mittens I am knitting now, began life as a comforter; then, not having enough wool, they entered into a new existence as cuffs, which I began about 7 times, as I could not hit on the right size. Now they are thumbless mittens, & I am

most anxious to see if this will be their final transmigration.
 The wool is holding out wonderfully, considering.
 Friday - yesterday - was beautifully still, though grey. Sue & I
 had the car in the morning to go out to White Abbey &
 see Sir Chas. Darwin's old house, which is now a
 Sanatorium. Such a fine place, it must have been.
 Callers came in the afternoon, but left before tea, so we
 had a peaceful evening - our last together, alas. I can't
 think what I shall do without Sue. She seemed to have
 taken root entirely. I wish she really had!

Poor Wolf came home with toothache, so couldn't come & see
 Sue off, but I went, & saw her safely on board.
 W.'s toothache was bad in the night, & I had to give
 him hot fomentations, but it's better today. I would not
 let him go & meet 'Mateo the', but went off at 8
 myself in the car, & met her & Jessie, & brought
 them back.

Dec. 23. Wed. Last Saturday Kate & Jessie arrived, as I think I said, & I met them, as it's tooth was still not right. They seemed to have had an excellent crossing, & to be none the worse for it. In fact Kate was eager for a walk in the afternoon, & seemed most vigorous. Sunday, let's stayed in, but Kate & I went to the rear church, & for a walk afterwards. As usual, it was not a fine day, so we didn't go out again. In the morning before church, General Powell came in to see W., & Kate was charmed with him.

Monday we woke to another hard frost, & it soon began to snow. I have been feeding the birds since the frost came, & get quite a variety, robins, blackbirds, thrushes, starlings, jacksnaws, numbers of rooks, & of course sparrows. M^{rs} Schute rang up to know if she might come to lunch, & I stopped madly all the morning. M^{rs} S. was as nice & friendly as usual, & Kate liked her greatly.

Tuesday it was still freezing. Let's wanted the car in the morning, so we had it first, & did some shopping, Kate & Jessie coming too, & going home by tram. I came home later, such a delicious day, with a low mist out of which the pine ^{trees} ~~woods~~ - in the wood near here - emerged mysteriously,

while beyond them a snow peak gleamed against the soft blue sky. Mr. Gordon called in the afternoon & - all Sue - conveyed Lady Richardson's apologies for not coming to see me, but she has been laid up for some time with a bad cold. W.'s tooth is all right now, thanks be, & is not likely to give any further trouble.

This morning, Wed., was lonelier than ever, so we seized the opportunity to have the car, & Kate & I had a lonely run, over Shaw's Bridge, through Bally Lesson, to Seiburn, & practically to Hillsboro' before turning. The country looked enchanting, I longed for Sue. How she would love this weather. Then I took the car on to do my last remnants of shopping, & called for W.

we had our Xmas dinner in the evening, the maids having had theirs at mid-day.

On the previous evening, Eva had rung me up, having only just arrived, on leave from her V. A. D. hospital with her brother who is just back from F. A. S. & on Boxing Day they & Mr. Bolton all came to lunch. It was a glorious day, quite mild & balmy, & I wandered about the garden in the morning in my thin silk shirt, & thin silk jersey, basking in the sun! This is a crazy climate! We had quite a festive lunch. Rex had sent me a pheasant on Xmas Day, which came in very handy. Afterwards Mr. & Mrs. Bolton went for a jolly walk through the fields & along the river, coming home by Pharo's Bridge. Mr. Bland is so nice, has worked about a lot, in S. Africa 11 years as an Electrical Engineer, then in Brit. Columbia doing any 'chores' that came his way, & now in F. A. S. as a planter. He is crazy about music, & when we got back we had an orgy. He has a really fine ^{bar} voice, with a compass of 2 octaves, & some beautiful notes, & only wants training, to sing splendidly. Col. Finnis & Col. Gray hired up to tea, & when they had departed, we fell to again until they had to go. I did enjoy

it, & we're going to have another orgy on Thursday.
So our lovely Boxing Day quite made up for our
very sober Xmas Day.

Sunday it rained & sleeted & snowed all the morning,
so Gates & I didn't attempt to go to church, — we
went off early to the office & the Club — but it very
obligingly cleared up by the time we had to start
to go off to lunch with the Theodore Richardsons,
& became radiantly fine & sunny. We had a very
pleasant luncheon. Mr. R. was more friendly than
ever, inquired particularly for Sue, & said how
delightful she was, & how sweet, to which I said
Dear, dear, or words to that effect! We walked the
last mile home, with a clear red sunset on one
hand, & a high shining moon on the other.

Monday yesterday, was fine, but grey all day, & very
cold. I was too busy to go out all the morning
but Gates went out with Jessie, as she usually does,
& after lunch I flew off to meet Eva & the two Y. B.'s
at the Picture House, Mr. Britton & her two daughters
being of the party. The film made me wild. It
depicted the Kaiser & Crown Prince as clowns, meddling
first with the map of Belgium, then with the globe,
& so on, & each time, at the psychological moment,

To my Bull & Britannia steps in, & drive them off.
 When you consider that we are only holding about
 15 miles of the enormous line in France, & have
 only about 114,000 men there to their 2 million
 or so, it seems to me the worst kind of cheek, &
 abominably bad taste, to be so boastful. Besides,
 it is genuinely misleading. It was infuriating
 to sit there, & see rows of young men peacefully
 smoking & enjoying the spectacle. Unfortunately,
 I couldn't say much, as I was sitting beside Mr.
 Bland, who has not volunteered. He has just
 been offered a very good new appointment, which
 he doesn't think he ought to lose the chance of at
 his time of life, but if it doesn't come off, he
 means to go soldiering somehow. Of course I think
 he ought to anyhow, but one can't say so to a stranger.
 I asked him if he knew Lawrence, but he does
 so only by name. I left before the end, as Kate
 was to call for me in the car, & we were going on
 to the Barracks hospital, to an entertainment Mr.
 Crawford's children were giving to the wounded there.
 But the car turned up with no Kate, having misunder-
 stood, & gone off without her. So we flew home to fetch
 her, but by that time she wasn't keen to go, so we

abandoned the idea.

Today, Tuesday, is brilliantly fine again, though windy. It froze hard last night. We are having an early lunch, & fetching W. in the car, taking lunch for him, & going out of the way as we did with Sue, as he wants to do some more prospecting.