

July 20, 1917.—After luncheon we all drove to Etretât, had a game of golf, the first since—when? November—with Raymond and Cox. Tea with Major Hapgood. On the links we could hear the

guns from the north—that dull throbbing thudding sound I used to hear on the other side of the line. Has the English push begun?

Back here to Ernestine's, sketching till dinner. Afterwards we walked to the cliffs, in the pale, beautiful twilight. Again the thump of the guns, distant, lugubrious; have the English really begun again? Thoughts of the awful war, all this killing, this three years of cruelty, savagery, depression—all on account of a few ignorant, brutal, swaggering German generals—Ludendorff, Hindenburg, von Tirpitzes, Crown Princes and so on. . . . The Kaiser? But that low comedian is set aside, after thirty years of blowing and strutting, is set aside by his own underlings, the Great War Lord is a nerveless, spineless neurasthenic; and Germany is ruled by a military clique. . . . How cruel life and nature are! As we stood looking out across the sea, there in the twilight, heard the loud, angry voice of the captain of the coast guard, abusing an underling. "You get to bed, right away—and then leave me in peace!" Degrading—revolting scene, there in those beautiful, calm fields on the cliffs in the twilight! The same everywhere! Militarism the same always—the poor underling could not, dared not reply.