

*Sunday, November 25, 1917.*—Cold, and a west wind. After giving all my money to the Meurice, we were off at 9:45 for Havre. Went without incident to a little village six kilometres east of Rouen; passing Van Schaick and wife in a Ford, en route. Strange sight to see on a road in France! Before us, a man on a bicycle, wobbling, zigzagging from one side to the other of the road; we were going slowly enough, and François blew his horn furiously; but I had a feeling that an accident was inevitable, and looked on, half sick, and sure enough, François veered and the bicyclist pitched of course the wrong way; there was a muddle of man and machine then—bump—bump—two thuds—and the motor stopped. Sick at heart, got out; the man was lying in the road, yelling lustily. Ran to him—his trousers torn; and he crying with pain.

No one had been in sight; but now suddenly, the whole village came running, and gathered around us, ignorant, dirty French peasants, with the despicable virtue of the mob everywhere, ready to slay us. We got the poor man into the motor, a peasant mounted the box with François and off they went toward Rouen. The mob gathered round, began to menace; to question—all very loudly,

superior, moral, incapable of evil themselves, or of mistakes; and filled with class hatred too. Demanded my name. "What right have you to demand my name?" I asked—but told them—and, anxious to get away from the sickening scene, and the stinking peasants, we walked on toward Rouen, in the face of the raw wind, Nell, Marie, Kinnie, Tai Tai and I—the dogs delighted with the walk, and the chance to run.

Van Schaick in the despised Ford overtook us, and we piled in, and drove into Rouen. Met François returning; had taken man to Bon Secours, Hôpital Belge—clever François! to have a Belgian doctor examine him before the French doctors could conspire in exaggerating his injuries. François said the doctor thought the poor devil's leg was broken.