

November 11, 1918.—This morning, awaking, I heard Max in the garden below my window, saying, in a loud, excited voice, and in his strong Flemish accent:

“Yes, it is signed! I have it from a good source.”

Then the gardener said something and Max, very important, repeated.

“Yes, yes, I got it from a good source!”

And I knew that he meant the armistice—the news for which we have been waiting. And yet, we had been deceived once.

When Marie came with the newspaper, she insisted that it was true. Charles had heard it in town.... It was not in the newspapers; instead the abdication, and the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, and Hindenburg in flight, having fled by motor to Holland. The end, the dénouement, the triumph of justice in the last act, the villain sneaking off amid ruins—a cinema story couldn't have done it better. What more fitting end for this miserable William Hohenzollern after thirty years of cheap theatricalism, to run away, thus, this cheap hero of melodrama! There is something ridiculous, grotesque, in the spectacle, those three, running away, afraid to confront the people they have duped so long. One would laugh—were it not for those millions of dead whom their megalomania has sacrificed. And one has the sentiment, a hard implacable sentiment of justice, that they must not be permitted to escape thus; they must pay, they must pay!

And the German people must pay; they are not to escape either, they who acquiesced, who applauded, who assented so long as they

thought they could win—they can not get off by having a revolution, by going into bankruptcy, by putting a saddler in power, and calling each other "Comrade."

There are two monstrous evils in this world, militarism and Socialism, both made in Germany, and both must be destroyed. We have destroyed one; now we must destroy the other....

At a quarter to eleven I started with the dogs, in the motor, for the country to take a walk. Defenal came running up the hill of the rue Marie Talbot.

"It's true?" I called.

"It's true!" he replied. He said he had it from the Foreign Office, the last gun was to be fired at eleven o'clock. He rode to the edge of town with us; we talked of the vast drama unrolling before us. At the edge of town I got out with the dogs, sending him back in the motor.

We walked on, dear little Kinnie and Taï Taï and I, along the Etretât road. A peasant woman, large, strong, with red hair, no teeth, her dress open at a full throat, came out of the muddy road that leads to Bléville.

"The war is over, is it not?" she cried with that broad "*pas!*" of the Normans.

We walked along.

"It is the poor who have suffered, Monsieur, is it not?"

It was so with all the peasants I met.

"The war is over, is it not?" It was a dark man in a huge cart laden with manure drawn by two horses, in tandem—a little withered, gnarled, ancient man trotting along beside.

They talked of the war—then of my dogs.

I went off across the fields in the keen wind, the sun shining in the autumn haze; peasants everywhere gathering the great reddish roots and heaping them in mounds to be covered with earth for the winter.

Could it be?

Suddenly I heard, from the British Rest Camp, far across the fields, a mile or more, the sound of cheering, happy cheering, high shrill yells—no mistaking them—they were American cheers; the regiment that had arrived this morning to find the war over, the victory won. There came, too, the strains of a regimental band, and all the while, those cheers. Then from Havre, a tumult of sirens, whistles, and ringing bells.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow! Something deeply sig-

nificant, and solemn, in those church bells. I thought of the soldiers at the front, those British, Belgian, French, American lads—the hideous sound of the cannon, not once silenced in fifty months, was still along that front at last. And over those sweet fields of Normandy where the cattle, tethered in rows at equal distances apart, were lying on the damp earth, chewing their cud, those fields where the peasants toiled, a sense of peace seemed to steal. I felt near tears.... Yes, the old Doxology came back: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"

I unleashed the dogs, and they darted forward, racing, gamboling, full of life and spirits and joy, two little balls of heavenly yellowish light in the sun....

The war over—at last!

At the Legation, just as I entered, there were Capt. Boyd, and his whole staff, and Lieutenant Jenks of the Army, come to call officially; and I in rough garments, an old greenish country coat, and muddy boots, all in perspiration from my walk. They were happy, and we laughed and joked.

Villiers had been here, highly excited, Nell said, to get my consent to send a telegram to the King. She gave it, of course. He had said that the best of the war was that it had drawn England and America more closely together. May they ever be more closely drawn together!

I had met Orts on my way home. He said that Brussels would be evacuated within nine days; we might be starting back in a week after that time.

After luncheon Nell and Swift and I drove to Etretât, I to have my throat treated. The little town was bright with flags; British soldiers wore American flags in their caps, and the Americans British flags, and they had organized a procession with horns and drums, making hideous noises, and cheering. And all the convalescents wore happy faces—no more going back to that hell at the front for them! Tonight they are to burn the Kaiser.

Along the road every one, peasants, French soldiers, British soldiers, waved at us in universal comradeship. And in Ste.-Adresse there were Belgians parading the streets, with the flags of all the Allies....

All afternoon and all this evening the town—Havre—has been in excitement—the streets crowded with happy people, the trams are not running; the employees having declared "a day of rejoicing."

Tonight, over the calm, silent sea, where the lights of the ships gleam, the long ray of luminosity from the lighthouse at La Hève sweeps in a vast tranquil arc—the lighthouse lighted for the first time since the war began. Slowly, all around the horizon, round and round the great ray flashes, lighting the seas that are free and safe again, a beautiful sight; infinitely comforting, and a symbol, I hope, of a world at peace.