World War I

6-Week Morning Time Session | AwakenToDelight.com

Charlotte Mason
MORNING TIME

World War I
Charlotte Mason Morning Time™

Originally created and written by Lara Molettiere as *The Homeschool Garden*

Edited and updated by Alisha Gratehouse and Olivia Gratehouse

Cover image: *Zero Hour*, James Beadle, 1918, Public Domain

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What is Morning Time?

Morning time is a modern interpretation of Charlotte Mason's philosophy of providing a generous variety of short lessons with an emphasis on excellence of execution and focused attention.

It is a lovely daily ritual in which you gather your whole family together to partake of the richness of God's Word, as well as the beautiful subjects that you don't want to get pushed aside by traditional school subjects.

And it is a perfect choice for helping you avoid the overwhelm of trying to fit it all in by looping through all the delightful extras you want to enjoy!

About this Curriculum:

Homeschooling mother, Lara Molettiere, originally created this curriculum as *The Homeschool Garden* in 2018. Her love of music, literature, fine arts, and Charlotte Mason's method led her to create a delightful and simple-to-follow morning time curriculum for her family.

Each volume is rich with the truth, beauty and goodness that Miss Mason encouraged, and provides a generous and varied education all planned out for your family — from elementary to high school.

In over 19 years of homeschooling utilizing the Charlotte Mason method, I can attest to the beauty of this lifestyle of learning. In fact, it completely shaped and formed who my children are today — artists, writers, musicians, and lovers of literature, poetry, and nature.

That's why I am thrilled to be taking Lara's beautiful curriculum, rebranding it as ***Charlotte Mason Morning Time™***, and building a delight-filled community around it so that other families can experience the joy it brings!

Alisha

How to Use These Plans

If you love the Charlotte Mason style of learning, then you'll absolutely *adore* these morning time sessions! Not only are they rich with all the beauty you want your family to enjoy — scriptures, poetry, Shakespeare, picture study, art lessons, music, nature study, and more — they are all planned out and gathered together for you!

There is no need to hunt down the various elements you want to include or go digging around the internet in search of art, music, or poetry to complement your studies. You don't even have to purchase additional resources because we include them all here: art pieces for your picture study, sheet music and links to hymns and folk songs to sing along with, links to classical pieces to listen to, copywork printables for manuscript and cursive practice, and much, much more!

We offer a generous feast, but please remember that you don't have to partake of everything that's on the table, nor do you even have to clean your plate!

Adapt these plans to suit your family's unique needs and schedule. If you only school four days a week, either skip the fifth day, or add one item from the scheduled fifth day to each of your four school days.

Don't stress if you can't fit something in, you can always circle back around to it later. Pick and choose what you want to do depending on which season of life you're in.

Simply print out the schedule (and any parts of the curriculum you need), bring all your kids and teens together each morning, and enjoy that day's scheduled lessons and recommended read-alouds.

Don't forget we've included an art lesson, a handicraft lesson, nature studies, and tea time recipes with each session. These would be delightful "afternoon occupations" if you can't fit them into your morning time.

Each day's scheduled activities should only take around an hour or so to complete (excluding the art and handicraft lessons).

Features

Essential features of ***Charlotte Mason Morning Time™*** curriculum are:

- Prayer & scripture memorization
- Poetry memorization & recitation
- Copywork pages for elementary through high school
- Artist biography & picture study
- Composer biography & classical selections
- Hymn study & singing
- Folk song
- Literature recommendations
- Handicraft lesson
- Art lesson
- Nature study
- Teatime recipes
- Teatime selections to read aloud including:
  - Poetry
  - Short stories or
  - Fairy tales or tall tales
  - Mythological tales
  - Fables
- Shakespeare selections
- Plutarch (in some volumes)
- History (in some volumes)
- Geography (in some volumes)

Each of these subjects are planned out on a 4-week or 6-week (depending on the session) calendar, and looped throughout the days and weeks.

Now, you will never feel overwhelmed trying to fit "everything" in because it's already simply and beautifully planned out for you on the calendar on the following pages.

Please Note: The "Recommended Reading List" is not required. Pick and choose the books you want your family to enjoy, or continue with the family read-aloud you're already immersed in.

Week 1 Schedule

Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
Prayer	Pray Psalm 23.				
Bible	1 Samuel 16	1 Samuel 17	1 Samuel 18	1 Samuel 19	1 Samuel 20
Memory Work	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
Beauty & Nature Loop	Hymn Study: O God, Our Help In Ages Past	Art Selection 1: Houses at l'Estaque, Read: Georges Braque bio	Folk Song: It's A Long Way To Tipperary	Listen to: Alexander's Ragtime Band, Read: Irving Berlin bio	Nature Study 1
History/ Geography	Geography Reading: 1. The Battle of Tannenberg		Geography Reading: 2.The First Battle of Marne		Enter notes into Geography Notebook
Language Arts/ Citizenship	Read: The Riverside Literature Series: A Treasury of War Poetry	Ps. 23 Copywork	Poetry: Read A Treasury of War Poetry, For All We Have and Are	Ps. 23 Copywork	
Read Aloud	*The French Twins Ch. 1	*The French Twins Ch. 2	*The French Twins Ch. 3	*The French Twins Ch. 4	*The French Twins Ch. 5
Afternoon Occupations	Bake: Ration Scones, Read: The Bowmen				*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 2 Schedule

Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
Prayer	Pray Psalm 23.				
Bible	1 Samuel 21	1 Samuel 22 - 1 Samuel 23:5	1 Samuel 24	1 Samuel 26	1 Samuel 27 - 1 Samuel 28:2
Memory Work	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
Beauty & Nature Loop	Hymn Study: O God, Our Help In Ages Past	Art Selection 2: Violin and Candlestick, Review: Georges Braque bio	Folk Song: It's A Long Way To Tipperary	Listen to: The International Rag, Review: Irving Berlin bio	Nature Study 2
History/ Geography	Geography Reading: 3.The Battle of Gallipoli		Geography Reading: 4.The Battle of Jutland		
Language Arts/ Citizenship	Review: The Riverside Literature Series: A Treasury of War Poetry	John 15:13 Copywork	Poetry: Belgium	John 15:13 Copywork	
Read Aloud	*The French Twins Ch. 6	*The French Twins Ch. 7	*The French Twins Ch. 8	*The French Twins Ch. 9	*The French Twins Ch. 10
Afternoon Occupations	Bake: ANZAC Biscuits, Read: His Last Bow			Art Lesson: Poppy Field	*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 3 Schedule

Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
Prayer	Pray Psalm 23.				
Bible	1 Samuel 29	1 Samuel 30	2 Samuel 1	2 Samuel 2	2 Samuel 5
Memory Work	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
Beauty & Nature Loop	Hymn Study: O God, Our Help In Ages Past	Art Selection 3: The Olive Tree Near l'Estaque, Narrate: Georges Braque bio	Folk Song: It's A Long Way To Tipperary	Listen to: When I Lost You, Narrate: Irving Berlin bio	Nature Study 3
History/ Geography	Geography Reading: 5.The Battle of Verdun		Geography Reading: 6.The Battle of Passchendaele		
Language Arts/ Citizenship	Narrate: The Riverside Literature Series: A Treasury of War Poetry	The Wife of Flanders Copywork	Poetry: The Wife of Flanders	The Wife of Flanders Copywork	
Read Aloud	*The French Twins Ch. 11		*The French Twins Ch. 12		*The French Twins Ch. 13
Afternoon Occupations	Bake: WWI Trench Cake, Read: The Kidnapped Prime Minister				*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 4 Schedule

Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
Prayer	Pray Psalm 23.				
Bible	2 Samuel 6	2 Samuel 7	2 Samuel 8	2 Samuel 9	2 Samuel 10
Memory Work	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
Beauty & Nature Loop	Hymn Study: O God, Our Help In Ages Past	Art Selection 4: Fruit Dish, Ace of Clubs, Review/Narrate: Georges Braque bio	Folk Song: It's A Long Way To Tipperary	Listen to: Ragtime Soldier Man, Review/Narrate: Irving Berlin bio	Nature Study 4
History/ Geography	Geography Reading: 7.The Battle of Caporetto		Geography Reading: 8.The Battle of Cambrai		
Language Arts/ Citizenship	Review/Narrate: The Riverside Literature Series: A Treasury of War Poetry	In Flanders Fields Copywork	Read: In Flanders Fields	In Flanders Fields Copywork	
Read Aloud	*The Belgian Twins Ch. 1	*The Belgian Twins Ch. 2	*The Belgian Twins Ch. 3	*The Belgian Twins Ch. 4	*The Belgian Twins Ch. 5
Afternoon Occupations	Bake: Apricot Charlotte, Read: The Old Woman in the Woods			Handicraft: Felt Poppy Pin	*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 5 Schedule

Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
Prayer	Pray Psalm 23.				
Bible	2 Samuel 14	2 Samuel 15	2 Samuel 16	2 Samuel 17	2 Samuel 18
Memory Work	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
Beauty & Nature Loop	Hymn Study: O God, Our Help In Ages Past	Art Selection 5: Man With a Guitar, Review/Narrate: Georges Braque bio	Folk Song: It's A Long Way To Tipperary	Listen to: Smile and Show Your Dimple, Review/Narrate: Irving Berlin bio	Nature Study 5
History/ Geography	Geography Reading: 9. The Second Battle of Cambrai		Geography Reading: 10. The Battle of the Somme		
Language Arts/ Citizenship	Review/Narrate: The Riverside Literature Series: A Treasury of War Poetry	For the Fallen Copywork	Read: For the Fallen	For the Fallen Copywork	
Read Aloud	*The Belgian Twins Ch. 6	*The Belgian Twins Ch. 7	*The Belgian Twins Ch. 8	*The Belgian Twins Ch. 9	*The Belgian Twins Ch.10
Afternoon Occupations	Bake: Jam Tart, Read: Circe's Palace				*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 6 Schedule

Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
Prayer	Pray Psalm 23.				
Bible	2 Samuel 19	2 Samuel 20	2 Samuel 22	2 Samuel 23	2 Samuel 24
Memory Work	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
Beauty & Nature Loop	Hymn Study: O God, Our Help In Ages Past	Art Selection 6: Fruit Dish, Discuss: Georges Braque bio	Folk Song: It's A Long Way To Tipperary	Listen to: That Mysterious Rag, Discuss: Irving Berlin bio	Nature Study 6
History/ Geography				Gingerbread Cup Pudding, Read: The Ass and the Charger	
Language Arts/ Citizenship	Discuss: The Riverside Literature Series: A Treasury of War Poetry	Ode to a Snowdrop During Wartime Copywork	Read: Ode to a Snowdrop During Wartime	Ode to a Snowdrop During Wartime Copywork	
Read Aloud	*The Belgian Twins Ch. 11	*The Belgian Twins Ch. 12	*The Belgian Twins Ch. 13	*The Belgian Twins Ch. 14	
Afternoon Occupations	Bake: Gingerbread Cup Pudding, Read: The Ass and the Charger				*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Recommended Reading List

Elementary & Middle Grades

Casey Over There, by Staton Rabin
The French Twins, by Lucy Fitch Perkins
The Belgian Twins, by Lucy Fitch Perkins
The Singing Tree, by Kate Seredy
One Boy's War, by Lynne Huggins-Cooper
Christmas in the Trenches, by John McCutcheon

Upper Grades

When Christmas Comes Again: The World War I Diary of Simone Spencer, by Beth Seidel Levine
World War I: The Definitive Visual History (DK Ultimate Guides), by DK
The Story of Edith Cavell, by Iris Vinton
We Were There with the Lafayette Escadrille, by Clayton Knight
Flying Aces of World War One, by Gene Gurney
The Falcons of France, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall
Bold Leaders of World War I, by Col. Red Reeder
In Flanders Fields, by Linda Granfield
The Silver Donkey, by Sonya Hartnett
What Tommy Took to War, by Peter Doyle
Where Poppies Grow: A World War I Companion, by Linda Granfield
Rilla of Ingleside, by L.M. Montgomery
The Thirty-Nine Steps, by John Buchan

Read Alouds

The French Twins & *The Belgian Twins*, by Lucy Fitch Perkins

Further Study

A good timeline overview for younger children : https://kidskonnect.com/history/world-war-i/

For middle elementary and up, there are several excellent documentaries on Curiosity Stream.

Photographs from World War I in the National Archives: https://www.archives.gov/topics/wwi

Prayer & Scripture Memorization

For Bible reading, we will make suggestions for your morning time reading. However, if you'd prefer a more in-depth schedule, we recommend checking out various plans that will help you read the Bible through.

For a one-year plan, we recommend YouVersion's One Year Bible: https://www.bible.com/reading-plans/60. You can also listen to it being read aloud on the app.

Download a two-year reading plan from the Gospel Coalition here: https://media.thegospelcoalition.org/static-blogs/tgc/files/2010/12/TGC-Two-Year-Bible-Reading-Plan1.pdf

If you prefer to go even slower, Ambleside Online offers three, four, and five-year Bible reading plans: https://www.amblesideonline.org/L/Lbiblesch.htm

This session, we will learn both **Psalm 23** and **John 15:13** and focus on writing and memorizing them.

Psalm 23

1 The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. 2 He makes me to lie down in green pastures; He leads me beside the still waters. 3 He restores my soul; He leads me in the paths of righteousness For His name's sake. 4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; For You are with me; Your rod and Your staff, they comfort me. 5 You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies; You anoint my head with oil; My cup runs over. 6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me All the days of my life; And I will dwell in the house of the Lord Forever.

John 15:13

Greater love has no one than this, than to lay down one's life for his friends.

1 The Lord is my shepherd;

I shall not want.

2 He makes me to lie down

in green pastures;

He leads me beside the still

waters.

3 He restores my soul;

He leads me in the paths

of righteousness

For His name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk

through the valley of the

shadow of death,

I will fear no evil;

For You are with me;

Your rod and Your staff,

they comfort me.

5 You prepare a table

before me in the presence

of my enemies;

You anoint my head with oil;

My cup runs over.

6 Surely goodness and

mercy shall follow me

All the days of my life;

And I will dwell in the

house of the Lord

Forever.

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He leads me beside the still waters.

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He leads me in the paths of righteousness

For His name's sake.

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the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil;

For You are with me;

Your rod and Your staff, they comfort me.

5 You prepare a table before me in the

presence of my enemies;

You anoint my head with oil;

My cup runs over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me

All the days of my life;

And I will dwell in the house of the Lord

Forever.

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I shall not want.

2 He makes me to lie down in

green pastures;

He leads me beside the still waters.

3 He restores my soul;

He leads me in the paths of

righteousness

For His name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through

the valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil;

For You are with me;

Your rod and Your staff,

they comfort me.

5 You prepare a table before me

in the presence of my enemies;

You anoint my head with oil;

My cup runs over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy

shall follow me

All the days of my life;

And I will dwell in the house

of the Lord

Forever.

Psalm 23

1 The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He makes me to lie down in green pastures; He leads me beside the still waters.

3 He restores my soul; He leads me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for You are with me; Your rod and Your staff, they comfort me.

5 You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies; You anoint my head with oil; my cup runs over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

13 Greater love has no one than this, than to lay down one's life for his friends.

13 Greater love has no one than this,

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13 Greater love has no one than this, than to lay down one's life for his friends.

John 15:13
13 Greater love has no one than this, than to lay down one's life for his friends.

Artist & Composer Study

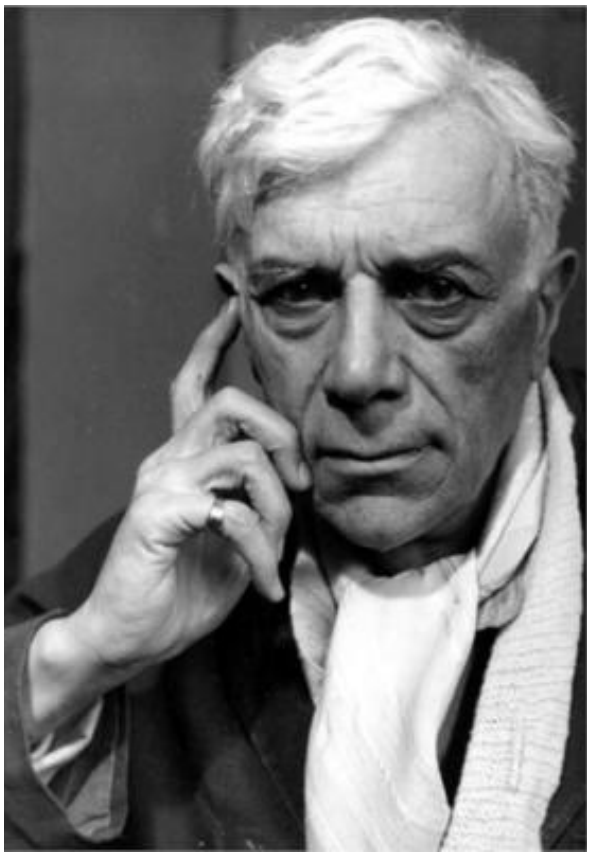
This session's featured artist is George Braques. We've included six art selections for your kids and teens to use for picture study. They are:

- *Houses at l'Estaque*
- *Violin and Candlestick*
- *The Olive Tree Near l'Estaque*
- *Fruit Dish, Ace of Clubs*
- *Man With a Guitar*
- *Fruit Dish*

Our featured composer is Irving Berlin. We've included six pieces (with links to each) to listen to. They are:

- Alexander's Ragtime Band
- The International Rag
- When I Lost You
- Ragtime Soldier Man
- Smile and Show Your Dimple
- That Mysterious Rag

Artist & Composer Study



Georges Braque

May 13, 1882 - August 31, 1963

Georges Braque was a French painter who helped develop the Cubist style of painting. He was born in Argenteuil-sur-Seine, France, on May 13, 1882. His father was a house painter and decorator, and it rubbed off on the young Georges.

He showed an interest in art from an early age and began studying at the École supérieure d'art et design Le Havre-Rouen when he was just 16 years old. However, he soon grew disillusioned with the traditional approach to painting that he was being taught there, and he left the school after only two years.

Braque started off painting in the Impressionism and Fauvism styles, however, he soon began experimenting with different styles. He met and quickly became friends with Pablo Picasso, another young artist who was exploring new methods of art.

Together, Braque and Picasso developed the Cubist style of painting, which sought to break down objects into their component parts and then reassemble them in a new way. The Cubist style was initially met with skepticism by the art world, but Braque and Picasso continued to develop and refine it.

Braque served in the French army during World War I, where he was severely wounded and left temporarily blind. However, he recovered and soon after the war returned to painting. His work began to reflect the somber mood of post-war Europe, and in the 1920s, he started experimenting with different materials, such as sand and newspapers, which he incorporated into his paintings.

While most of Braque's art leaned into the Cubism style, he also dabbled in sculptures, lithographs, and book illustrations.

He died in Paris on August 31, 1963, yet his work had a profound impact on the development of modern art, and he is considered one of the most important modern artists of the 20th century.

Artist Study

Name: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____

Artist Fun Facts: _____

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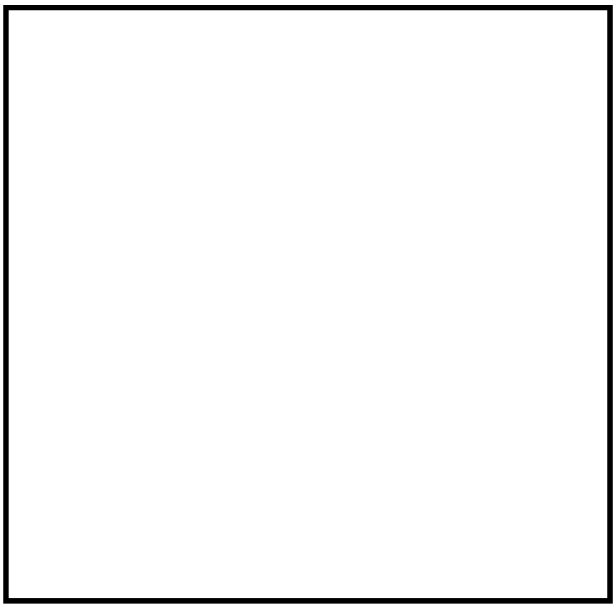

Art Mediums Used: _____

Famous Artworks: _____

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Further Study:

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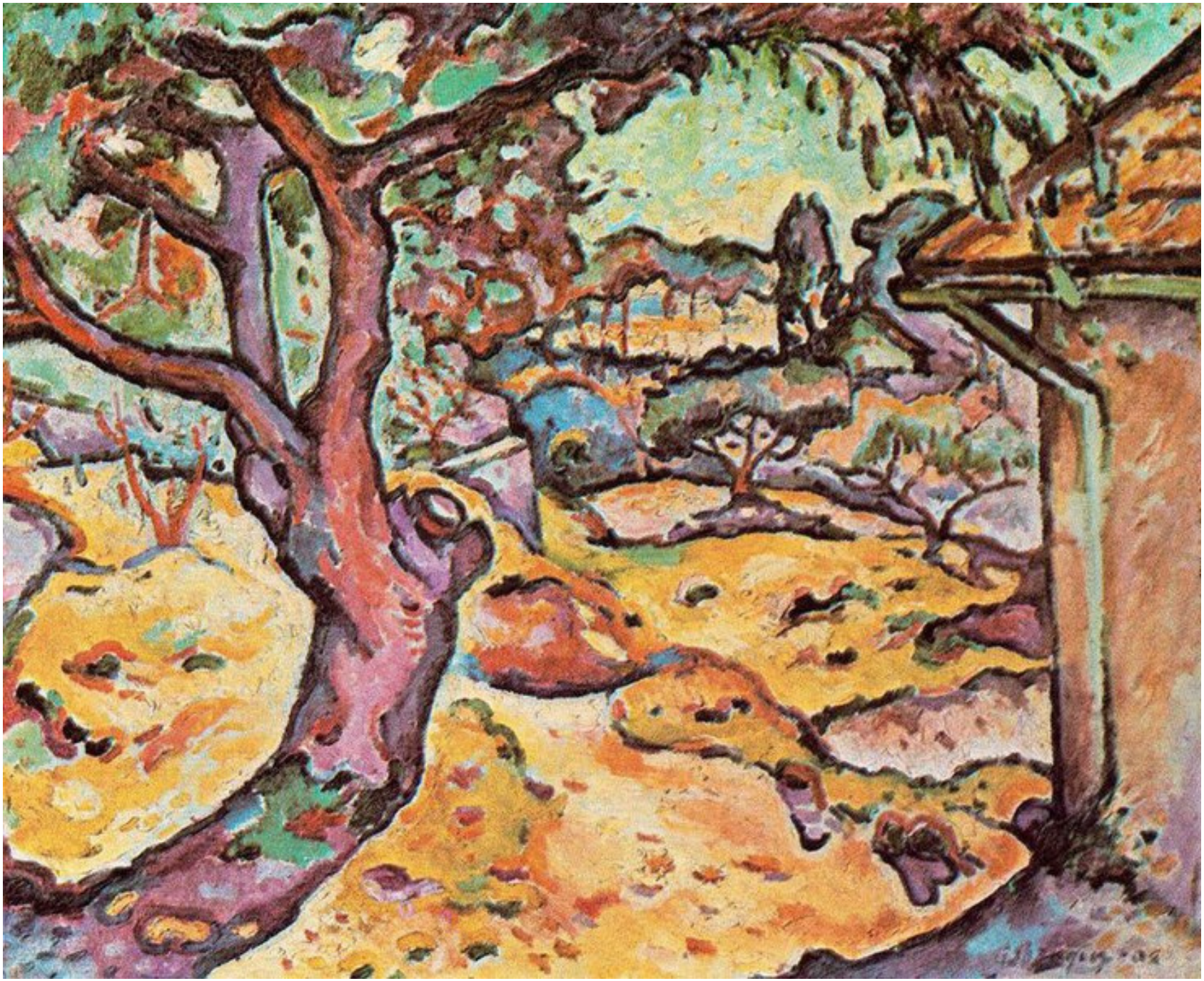
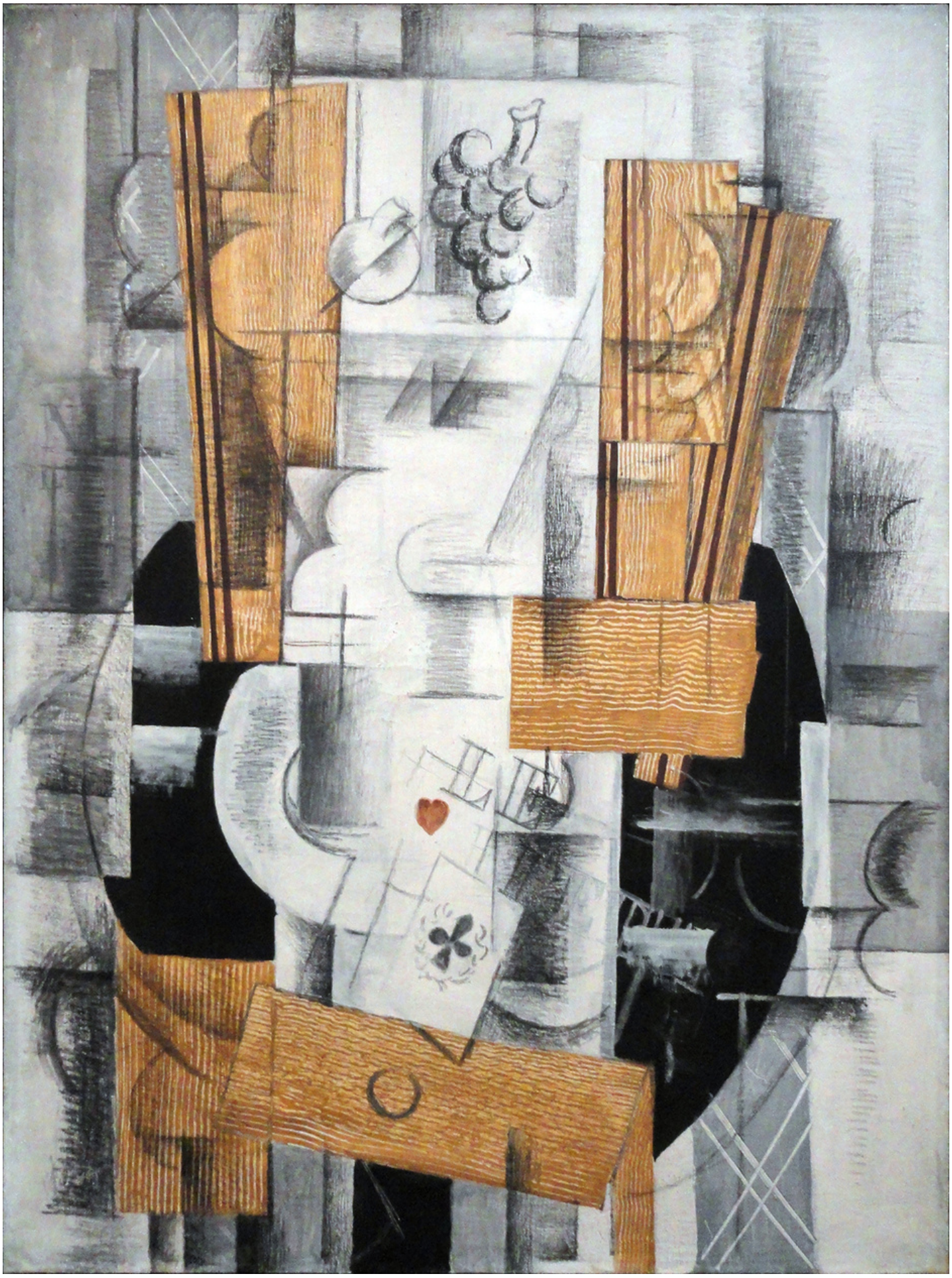
Houses at l'Estaque, 1908

Violin and Candlestick, 1910



The Olive Tree Near l'Estaque, 1909



Fruit Dish, Ace of Clubs, 1913

Man With a Guitar, 1914

Fruit Dish, 1908-1909

Picture Study

Title: _____

Date Created: _____

Art Mediums Used: _____

Further Study: _____

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_____

Use the box to draw a picture inspired by this artwork.

Irving Berlin

May 11, 1888 - September 22, 1989

Irving Berlin was an American composer known as one of the greatest songwriters in history. Much of the *Great American Songbook* is comprised of his music.

Irving was born in Imperial Russia in 1888, and in 1893, his family moved to the United States. At the age of eight, Berlin began to help support his large family by becoming a newspaper boy. His siblings did the same and found work in factories and sweatshops, however, the constant hard work brought little reward and no joy to his life.

When he was fourteen years old, Berlin left home, joining many other young immigrant boys, searching for better opportunities and living in shelters. He began working as a singer and traveled to different saloons to sing to customers, hoping to catch a few donations. He taught himself how to play the piano and stayed at bars until closing to play.

In 1907, at the age of nineteen, he published his first song, "Marie from Sunny Italy." Just four years later, he had his first international hit, "Alexander's Ragtime Band." This tune influenced an international dance craze, making Berlin a well-known name in the music industry. He became an instant celebrity and began working hard at composing, introducing dozens of songs in the next few years.

Listeners loved the simplicity and directness within his lyrics, and his music was capable of reaching the typical American. In 1914, Berlin wrote a ragtime revue, "Watch Your Step," which became the first modified musical. Despite the success of his ragtime hits, Berlin took the next few years to focus on romance and ballads in regard to his musical style. His first ballad, "When I Lost You," was an immediate hit.

In 1912, Irving married Dorothy Goetz. Sadly, she died the same year after contracting typhoid fever on their honeymoon. His first ballad was written to express the grief of losing her. He threw himself into his work, and by 1918, Berlin had written hundreds of songs, many to accompany new popular dances such as the foxtrot. His song "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody" became one of his most important hits, becoming the lead song for the musical Follies of 1919.

Berlin was living a life of luxury, finding much fame before the age of 30 thanks to his many works. In 1924, he met a young heiress, Ellin MacKay, and the two were married. Their wedding made the front page of the New York Times. Her father disapproved of the marriage, but it lasted. They remained together until her death in 1988. The couple had four children together during their 63 years of marriage.

Berlin passed away at the age of 101. During his 60-year career, Berlin wrote over 1,500 songs. This includes 20 original Broadway shows and 15 Hollywood films he created scores for. One of the most famous films was *Holiday Inn*, which popularized Irving's song "White Christmas." The song of the same name continues to be a Christmas classic, with the most famous version being sung by Bing Crosby. Ironically, Berlin never celebrated Christmas since his family was Jewish, however, his popular Christmas songs, much like his ragtime music, are still widely beloved to this day.

Classical Pieces

Week 1 - Alexander's Ragtime Band

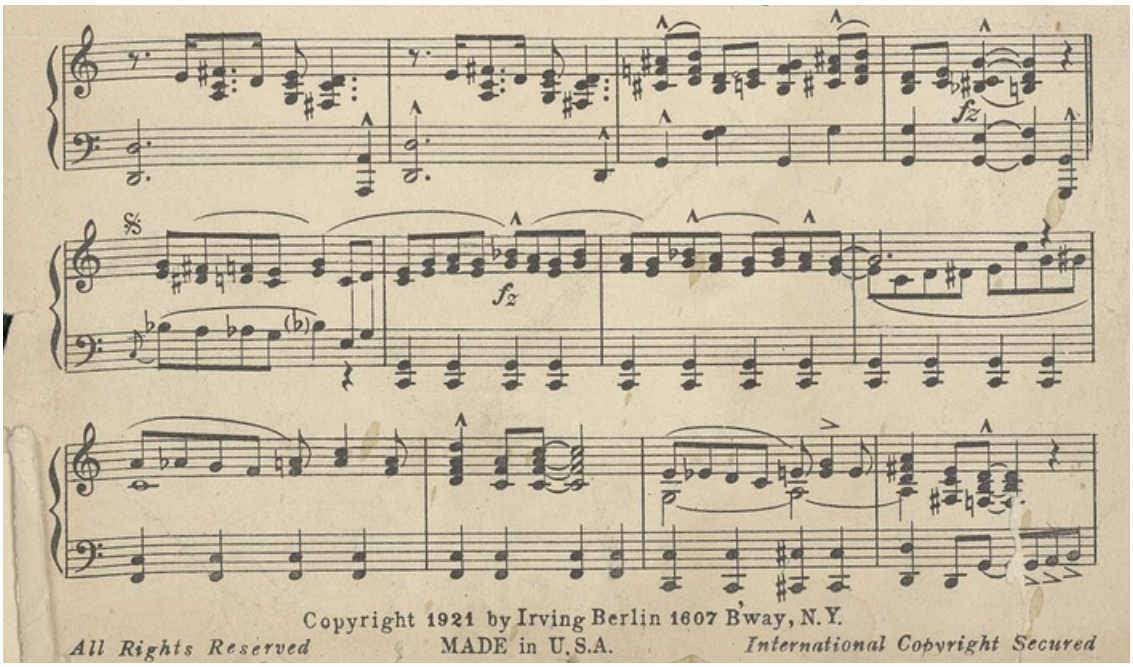
Week 2 - The International Rag

Week 3 - When I Lost You

Week 4 - Ragtime Soldier Man

Week 5 - Smile and Show Your Dimple

Week 6 - That Mysterious Rag

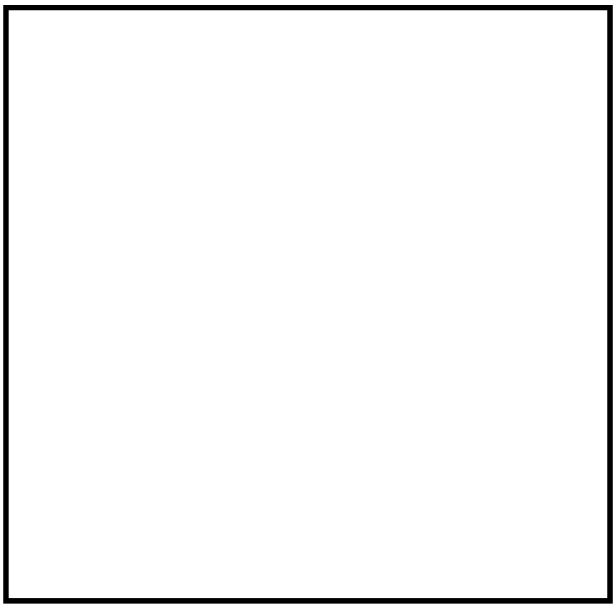


Composer Study

Name: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____



Composer Fun Facts:

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Instruments Used: _____

Famous Compositions: _____

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Further Study:

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Hymn: O God, Our Help in Ages Past

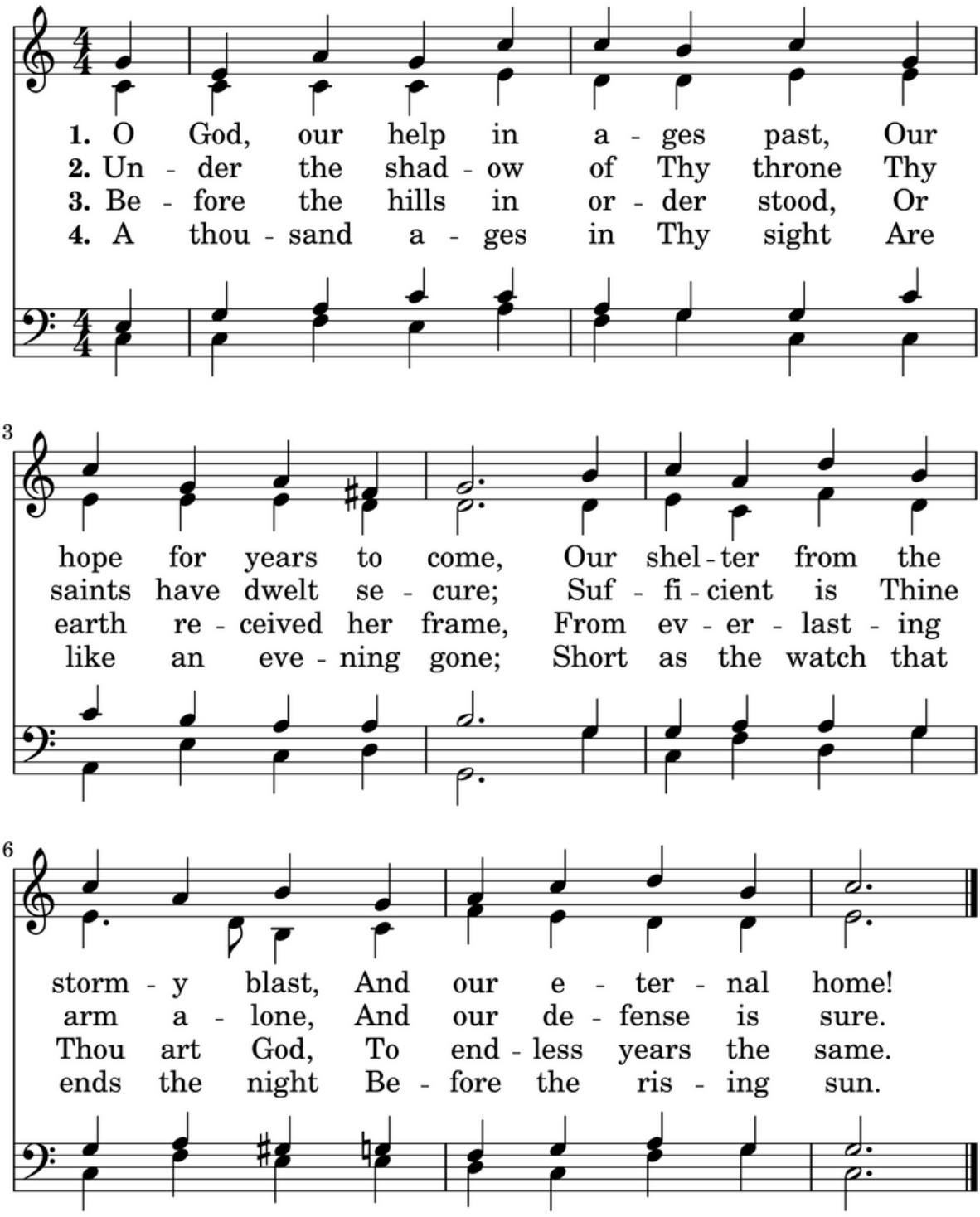
This beloved hymn was written by the English minister Isaac Watts, who published it in 1719. During his lifetime, Watts wrote 750 hymns and is known as the "godfather of English hymnology." For this work, he wrote nine stanzas based on Psalm 90, an ancient poetic prayer from the Bible. It's one of his most popular hymns and is still sung today in churches and by individuals all over the world. The song has been cherished for many years as a beautiful and hopeful expression of faith during hard times.

The lyrics of "O God, Our Help in Ages Past" express gratitude for God's protection throughout the ages and talk about how He is our place of safety and refuge: "O God, our Help in ages past/our Hope for years to come/our Shelter from the stormy blast/and our eternal Home."

This remarkable hymn has been set to many different melodies over the years. The most popular one is a tune known as "St Anne," written by the English composer William Croft in 1708. It's a jubilant, uplifting melody that makes it easy to sing along and reminds us of God's everlasting love and faithfulness.

"O God, Our Help in Ages Past" is a powerful reminder of God's love and faithfulness throughout the years and a perfect way to express our gratitude for His protection. As you sing it with your family or friends, be sure to remember that no matter what life throws our way, we can always count on God to be our help in times of trouble.

74 O God, Our Help in Ages Past



This tune in a higher key, No. 73.

Baptist Hymnal 1991 74
WORDS: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748
MUSIC (ST. ANNE 8.6.8.6.(C.M.)): William Croft, 1678-1727

Folk Song: It's a Long Way to Tipperary

The popular Irish folk song “It’s a Long Way to Tipperary” was originally written by Jack Judge and co-written with Harry Williams in 1912. It became the unofficial marching song of the British Expeditionary Force during World War I, having been sung in popular music halls across England prior to the war. The song gained worldwide popularity during WWI due to its ability to lift the soldiers’ spirits and was often played by military bands as troops marched away from their homes.

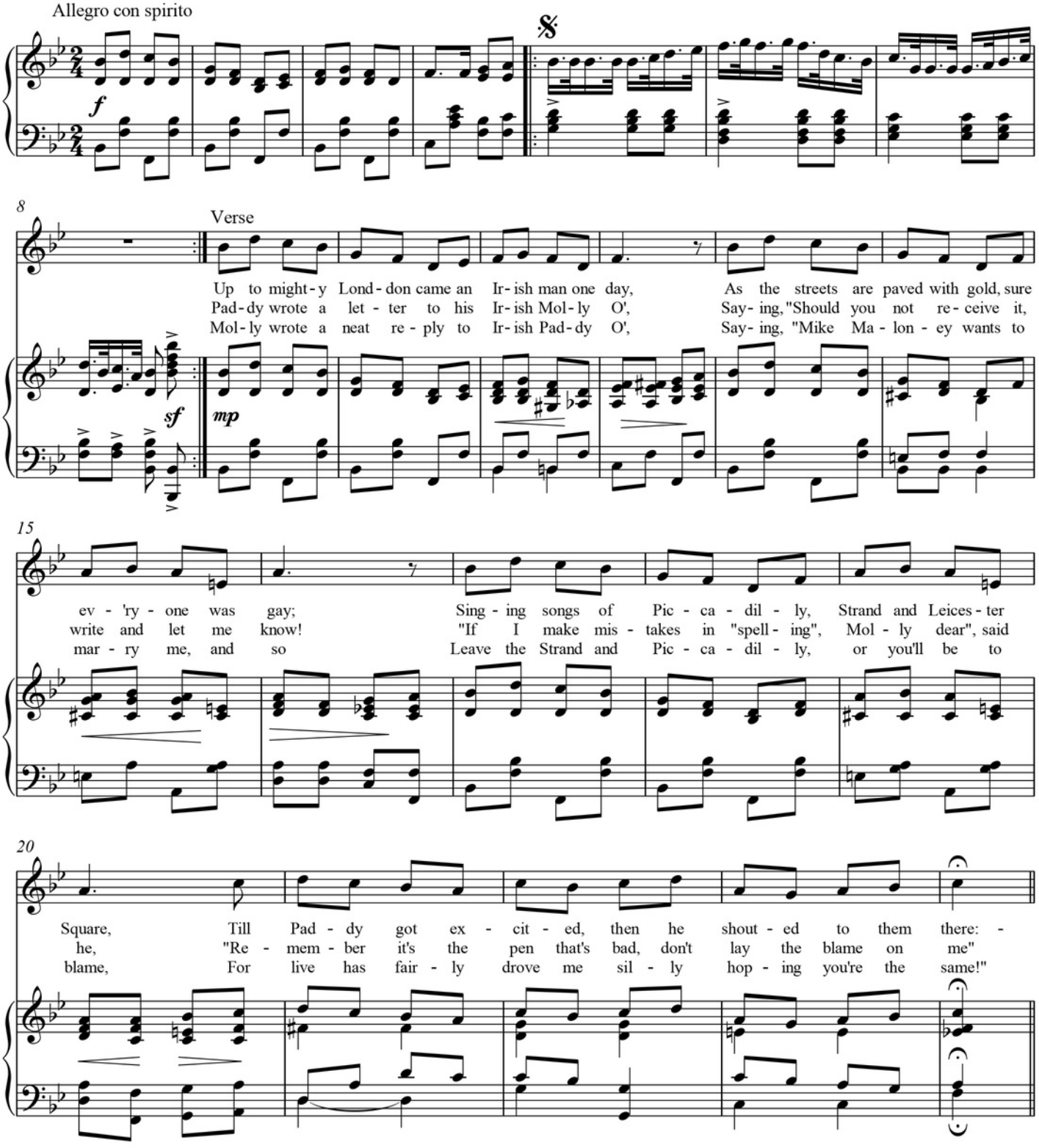
The song tells the story of a soldier bidding farewell to his sweetheart in Tipperary, Ireland, as he is sent off to war. The lyrics reflect the sense of longing for home felt by many of the soldiers, while also expressing a hopefulness for safety and return. The chorus reads “It’s a long way to Tipperary, It’s a long way to go, It’s a long way to Tipperary, To the sweetest girl I know! Good-bye Piccadilly, Farewell Leicester Square, It’s a long, long way to Tipperary, But my heart’s right there!”

The song has been recorded by many popular artists over the years and is still widely covered today. It has become an iconic symbol of the World War I era and continues to provide comfort to those who are away from home. Though the song originated more than 100 years ago, the sentiment of longing for home remains strong today. “It’s a Long Way to Tipperary” continues to speak across generations and cultures as an enduring reminder of the cost of war and the hope that comes with returning home.

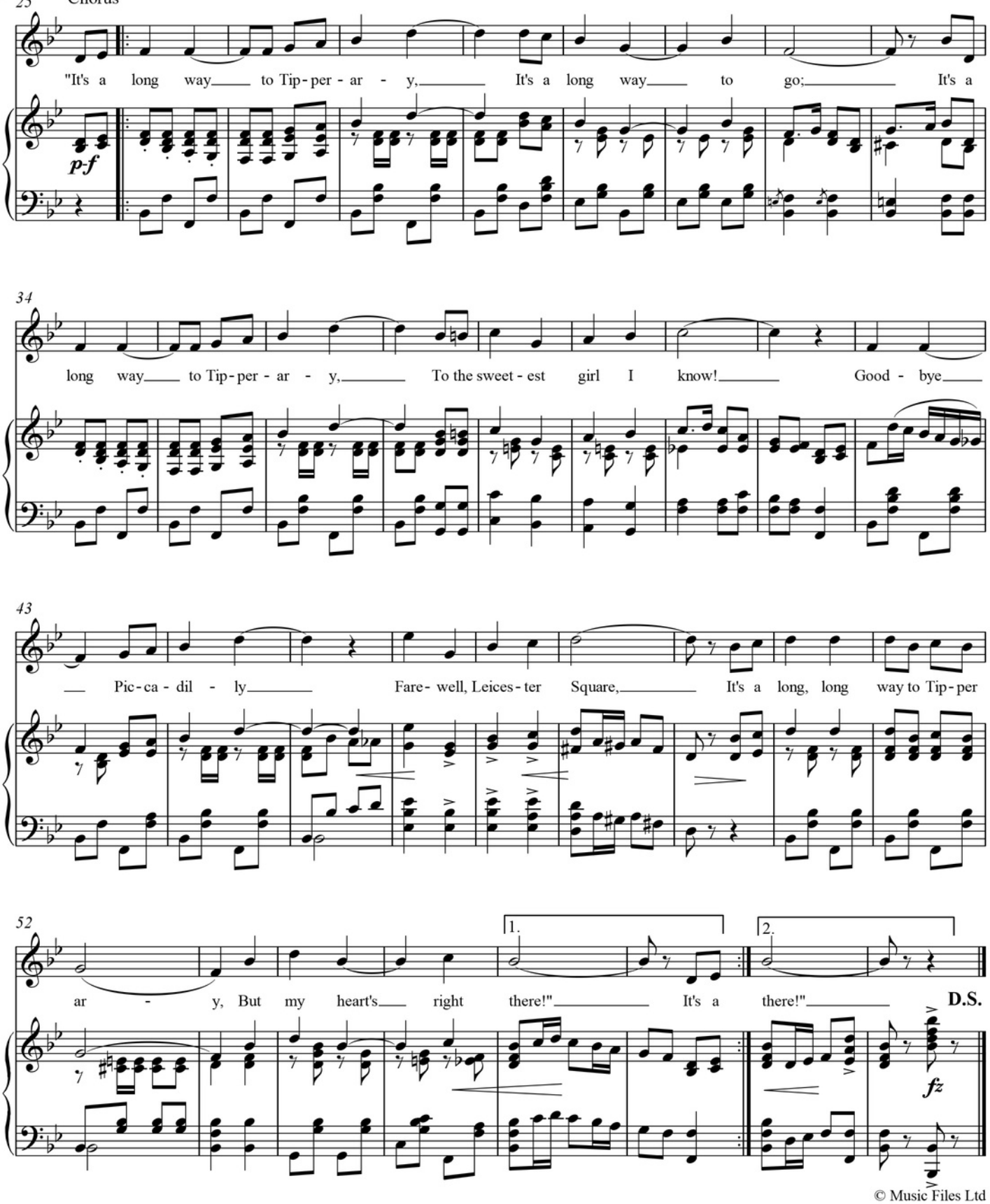
It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary

Jack Judge and
Harry Williams

Allegro con spirito



25 Chorus



Poetry Selections

This session, we have included selections from various poets on the topic of World War I. We've included six poetry selections for your kids and teens to read, listen to, memorize, and recite. They are:

- For All We Have and Are, by Rudyard Kipling
- Belgium, by Edith Wharton
- The Wife of Flanders, by G. K. Chesterton
- In Flanders Fields, by John McCrae
- For the Fallen, by Laurence Binyon
- Ode to a Snowdrop During Wartime, Namur King

For copywork, we have included Zaner-Bloser style handwriting sheets for primary, elementary, and cursive, as well as college ruled for older students. The poems we have chosen are:

- The Wife of Flanders, by G. K. Chesterton
- In Flanders Fields, by John McCrae
- For the Fallen, by Laurence Binyon
- Ode to a Snowdrop During Wartime, Namur King

"All we have of freedom, All we use or know, This our fathers bought for us, Long and long ago"

~ Rudyard Kipling

The Riverside Literature Series: A Treasury of War Poetry

British and American Poems of the World War 1914-1917

By George Herbert Clarke

Introduction

Because man is both militant and pacific, he has expressed in literature, as indeed in the other forms of art, his pacific and militant moods. Nor are these moods, of necessity, incompatible. War may become the price of peace, and peace may so decay as inevitably to bring about war. Of the dully unresponsive pacificist and the jingo patriot, quick to anger, the latter no doubt is the more dangerous to the cause of true freedom, yet both are "undesirable citizens." He who believes that peace is illusory and spurious, unless it be based upon justice and liberty, will be proud to battle, if battle he must, for the sake of those foundations.

For the most part, the poetry of war, undertaken in this spirit, has touched and exalted such special qualities as patriotism, courage, self- sacrifice, enterprise, and endurance. Where it has tended to glorify war in itself, it is chiefly because war has released those qualities, so to speak, in stirring and spectacular ways; and where it has chosen to round upon war and to upbraid it, it is because war has slain ardent and lovable youths and has brought misery and despair to women and old people. But the war poet has left the mere arguments to others. For himself, he has seen and felt. Envisaging war from various angles, now romantically, now realistically, now as the celebrating chronicler, now as the contemplative interpreter, but always in a spirit of catholic curiosity, he has sung, the fall of Troy, the Roman adventures, the mediaeval battles and crusades, the fields of Agincourt and Waterloo, and the more modern revolutions. Since Homer, he has spoken with martial eloquence through, the voices of Drayton, Spenser, Marlowe, Webster, Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Scott, Burns, Campbell, Tennyson, Browning, the New England group, and Walt Whitman,—to mention only a few of the British and American names,—and he speaks sincerely and powerfully to-day in the writings of Kipling. Hardy, Masefield, Binyon, Newbolt, Watson, Rupert Brooke, and the two young soldiers—the one English, the other American—who have lately lost their lives while on active service: Captain Charles Hamilton Sorley, who was killed at Hulluch, October 18, 1915; and Alan Seeger, who fell, mortally wounded, during the charge on Belloy-en-Santerre, July 4, 1916.

There can be little doubt that these several minds and spirits, stirred by the passion and energy of war, and reacting sensitively both to its cruelties and to its pities, have experienced the kinship of quickened insight and finer unselfishness in the face of wide-ranging death. They have silently compared, perhaps, the normal materialistic conventions in business, politics, education, and religion, with the relief from those conventions that nearly all soldiers and many civilians experience

in time of war; for although war has its too gross and ugly side, it has not dared to learn that inflexibility of custom and conduct that deadens the spirit into a tame submission. This strange rebound and exaltation would seem to be due less to the physical realities of war—which must in many ways cramp and constrain the individual—than to the relative spiritual freedom engendered by the needs of war, if they are to be successfully met. The man of war has an altogether unusual opportunity to realize himself, to cleanse and heal himself through the mastering of his physical fears; through the facing of his moral doubts; through the reëxamination of whatever thoughts he may have possessed, theretofore, about life and death and the universe; and through the quietly unselfish devotion he owes to the welfare of his fellows and to the cause of his native land.

Into the stuff of his thought and utterance, whether he be on active service or not, the poet-interpreter of war weaves these intentions, and coöperates with his fellows in building up a little higher and better, from time to time, that edifice of truth for whose completion can be spared no human experience, no human hope.

As already suggested, English and American literatures have both received genuine accessions, even thus early, arising out of the present great conflict, and we may be sure that other equally notable contributions will be made. The present Anthology contains a number of representative poems produced by English-speaking men and women. The editorial policy has been humanly hospitable, rather than academically critical, especially in the case of some of the verses written by soldiers at the Front, which, however slight in certain instances their technical merit may be, are yet psychologically interesting as sincere transcripts of personal experience, and will, it is thought, for that very reason, peculiarly attract and interest the reader. It goes without saying that there are several poems in this group which conspicuously succeed also as works of art. For the rest, the attempt has been made, within such limitations as have been experienced, to present pretty freely the best of what has been found available in contemporary British and American war verse. It must speak for itself, and the reader will find that in not a few instances it does so with sensitive sympathy and with living power; sometimes, too, with that quietly intimate companionableness which we find in Gray's Elegy, and which John Masefield, while lecturing in America in 1916, so often indicated as a prime quality in English poetry. But if this quality appears in Chaucer and the pre-Romantics and Wordsworth, it appears also in Longfellow and Lowell, in Emerson and Lanier, and in William Vaughn Moody; for American poetry is, after all, as English poetry,—"with a difference,"—sprung from the same sources, and coursing along similar channels.

The new fellowship of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations which a book of this character may, to a degree, illustrate, is filled with such high promise for both of them, and for all civilization, that it is perhaps hardly too much to say, with Ambassador Walter H. Page, in his address at the Pilgrims' Dinner in London, April 12, 1917: "We shall get out of this association an indissoluble companionship, and we shall henceforth have indissoluble mutual duties for mankind. I doubt if there could be another international event comparable in large value and in long consequences to this closer association." Mr. Balfour struck the same note when, during his mission to the United States, he expressed himself in these words: "That this great people should throw themselves whole- heartedly into this mighty struggle, prepared for all efforts and sacrifices that may be

required to win success for this most righteous cause, is an event at once so happy and so momentous that only the historian of the future will be able, as I believe, to measure its true proportions."

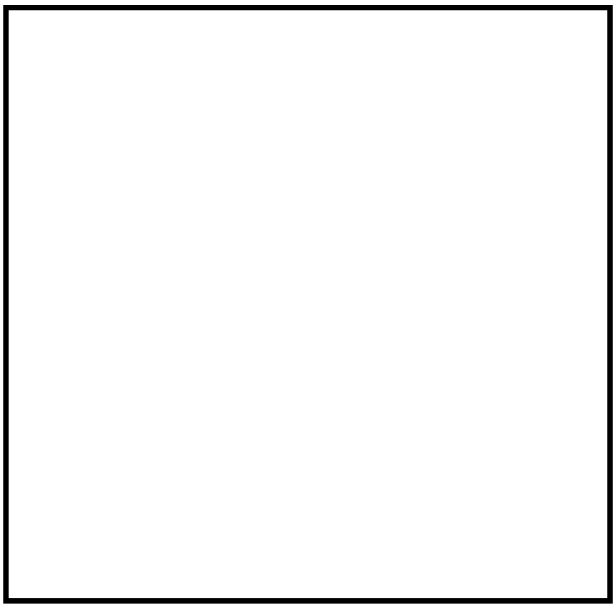
The words of these eminent men ratify in the field of international politics the hopeful anticipation which Tennyson expressed in his poem, Hands all Round, as it appeared in the London Examiner, February 7, 1852:—

"Gigantic daughter of the West,
We drink to thee across the flood,
We know thee most, we love thee best,
For art thou not of British blood?
Should war's mad blast again be blown,
Permit not thou the tyrant powers
To fight thy mother here alone,
But let thy broadsides roar with ours.
Hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound!
To our great kinsmen of the West, my friends,
And the great name of England, round and round.
"O rise, our strong Atlantic sons,
When war against our freedom springs!
O speak to Europe through your guns!
They can be understood by kings.
You must not mix our Queen with those
That wish to keep their people fools;
Our freedom's foemen are her foes,
She comprehends the race she rules.
Hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound!
To our dear kinsmen of the West, my friends,
And the great cause of Freedom, round and round."

They ratify also the spirit of those poems in the present volume which seek to interpret to Britons and Americans their deepening friendship. "Poets," said Shelley, "are the unacknowledged legislators of the world," and he meant by legislation the guidance and determination of the verdicts of the human soul.

G. H. C.
August, 1917

Poet Study



Poet: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____

3 Facts About the Poet:

_____

_____

_____

Best Known Poems by the Poet:

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

The Wife of Flanders

Gilbert Keith Chesterton

Low and brown barns, thatched and repatched and tattered,
Where I had seven sons until to-day,
A little hill of hay your spur has scattered....
This is not Paris. You have lost the way.

You, staring at your sword to find it brittle,
Surprised at the surprise that was your plan,
Who, shaking and breaking barriers not a little,
Find never more the death-door of Sedan—

Must I for more than carnage call you claimant,
Paying you a penny for each son you slay?
Man, the whole globe in gold were no repayment
For what you have lost.
And how shall I repay?

What is the price of that red spark that caught me
From a kind farm that never had a name?
What is the price of that dead man they brought me?
For other dead men do not look the same.

How should I pay for one poor graven steeple
Whereon you shattered what you shall not know?
How should I pay you, miserable people?
How should I pay you everything you owe?

Unhappy, can I give you back your honour?
Though I forgave, would any man forget?
While all the great green land has trampled on her
The treason and terror of the night we met.

Not any more in vengeance or in pardon
An old wife bargains for a bean that's hers.
You have no word to break: no heart to harden.
Ride on and prosper. You have lost your spurs.

In Flanders Fields

John McCrae

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
  That mark our place; and in the sky
  The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
  Loved and were loved, and now we lie,
    In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
  The torch; be yours to hold it high.
  If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
    In Flanders fields.

Ode to a snowdrop during wartime

Namur King

Fragile flower, hiding your tender purity
In the green shrouds of unborn daffodils;
Tentative symbol of the ultimate surety,
Of Spring, you bring
A waft of beauty to these derelict hills.

Here is mud ! A sticky, filthy, foul morass,
Churned by marching men and wheels endlessly turning;
Where once were flowers and trees, soft dew-moist grass
And mossy banks - now tanks
Trundle noisily through, and the woods are burning.

And yet, I know the vibrant life that lies
Deep in defoliated trees, small flower;
All of Summer's sweetness soon to rise,
The drift, the lift
Eternally, now in your loneliest hour.

Belgium

Edith Wharton

La Belgique ne regrette rien

Not with her ruined silver spires,
Not with her cities shamed and rent,
Perish the imperishable fires
That shape the homestead from the tent.

Wherever men are staunch and free,
There shall she keep her fearless state,
And homeless, to great nations be
The home of all that makes them great.

For the Fallen

Laurence Binyon

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill; Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres,
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted;
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the Night;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain;
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

For All We Have and Are

Rudyard Kipling

For all we have and are,
For all our children's fate,
Stand up and meet the war.
The Hun is at the gate!
Our world has passed away
In wantonness o'erthrown.
There is nothing left to-day
But steel and fire and stone.

Though all we knew depart,
The old commandments stand:
"In courage keep your heart,
In strength lift up your hand,"

Once more we hear the word
That sickened earth of old:
"No law except the sword
Unsheathed and uncontrolled,"
Once more it knits mankind.
Once more the nations go
To meet and break and bind
A crazed and driven foe.

Comfort, content, delight—
The ages' slow-bought gain—
They shrivelled in a night,
Only ourselves remain
To face the naked days
In silent fortitude,
Through perils and dismays
Renewed and re-renewed.

Though all we made depart,
The old commandments stand:
"In patience keep your heart,
In strength lift up your hand."

No easy hopes or lies
Shall bring us to our goal,
But iron sacrifice
Of body, will, and soul
There is but one task for all—
For each one life to give.
Who stands if freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?

Poetry Study

Title:

_____

Type of Poem:

_____

Use the box to at right to draw a picture of what the poem brings to mind.

Write one thing you liked and did not like about the poem:

_____

_____

_____

_____

Write three adjectives about the poem.

_____ _____ _____

Compose a few lines of your own poem inspired by this work

_____

_____

_____

_____

Low and brown barns,

thatched and repatched

and tattered,

Where I had seven sons

until to-day,

A little hill of hay your

spur has scattered....

This is not Paris. You have lost the way.

You, staring at your sword to find it brittle,

Surprised at the surprise that was your plan,

Who, shaking and breaking

barriers not a little,

Find never more the

death-door of Sedan-

Must I for more than

carnage call you claimant,

Paying you a penny for

each son you slay?

Man, the whole globe in

gold were no repayment

For what you have lost.

And how shall I repay?

What is the price of that

red spark that caught me

From a kind farm that

never had a name?

What is the price of that

dead man they brought me?

For other dead men do not

look the same.

How should I pay for one

poor graven steeple

Whereon you shattered

what you shall not know?

How should I pay you,

miserable people?

How should I pay you

everything you owe?

Unhappy, can I give you

back your honour?

Though I forgave,

would any man forget?

While all the great green

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The treason and terror of

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In Flanders Fields

By John McCrae

In Flanders fields the

poppies blow

Between the crosses,

row on row,

That mark our place;

and in the sky

The larks, still bravely

singing, fly

Scarce heard amid the

guns below.

We are the Dead.

Short days ago

We lived, felt dawn,

saw sunset glow,

Loved and were loved,

and now we lie,

In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with

the foe:

To you from failing hands

we throw

The torch; be yours to

hold it high.

If ye break faith with us

who die

We shall not sleep,

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Between the crosses, row on row,

That mark our place; and in

the sky

The larks, still bravely singing,

fly

Scarce heard amid the guns below.

And wave thy silver pinions o'er

We are the Dead. Short days ago

We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset

glow,

Loved and were loved, and now

we lie,

In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:

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For the Fallen

By Laurence Binyon

With proud thanksgiving,

a mother for her children,

England mourns for her

dead across the sea.

Flesh of her flesh they

were, spirit of her spirit,

Fallen in the cause of the

free.

Solemn the drums thrill;

Death august and royal

Sings sorrow up into

immortal spheres,

There is music in the midst of desolation

And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young, Straight of limb, true of

eye, steady and aglow.

They were staunch to the

end against odds uncounted;

They fell with their faces

to the foe.

They shall grow not old,

as we that are left grow

old:

Age shall not weary them,

nor the years condemn.

At the going down of the

sun and in the morning

We will remember them.

They mingle not with their

laughing comrades again;

They sit no more at

familiar tables of home;

They have no lot in our

labour of the day—time;

They sleep beyond England's

foam.

But where our desires are

and our hopes profound,

Felt as a well-spring that

is hidden from sight,

To the innermost heart of

their own land they are

known

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust, Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain; As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,

To the end, to the end,

they remain.

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when we are dust,

Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain;

As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,

To the end, to the end, they remain.

For the Fallen
By Laurence Binyon

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill; Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres,
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted;
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the Night;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain;
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

Ode to a Snowdrop During Wartime

by Namur King

Fragile flower, hiding your tender purity

In the green shrouds of unborn daffodils;

Tentative symbol of the

ultimate surety,

Of Spring, you bring

A waft of beauty to

these derelict hills.

Here is mud ! A sticky,

filthy, foul morass,

Churned by marching men

and wheels endlessly

turning;

Where once were flowers

and trees, soft dew-moist

grass

And mossy banks – now

tanks

Trundle noisily through, and

the woods are burning.

And yet, I know the

vibrant life that lies

Deep in defoliated trees,

small flower;

All of Summer's sweetness

soon to rise,

The drift, the lift

Eternally, now in your

loneliest hour.

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dew–moist grass

And mossy banks – now tanks

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And yet, I know the vibrant life that lies

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Tea Times

In this session we are giving you six recipes for our hospitality tea: Ration Scones, ANZAC Biscuits, WWI Trench Cake, Apricot Charlotte, Jam Tart, and Gingerbread Cup Puddings.

We will also have three Storytime teas, a Fairy Tale Tea, a Mythology teatime, and a Fable teatime:

Storytime Tea 1: *The Bowmen*, by Arthur Machen

Storytime Tea 2: *His Last Bow*, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Storytime Tea 3: *The Kidnapped Prime Minister*, by Agatha Christie

Fairy Tale Tea: *The Old Woman In The Woods*, by the Brothers Grimm

Mythology Tea: *Tanglewood Tales: Circe's Palace*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne

Fable Teatime: *The Ass and the Charger*, by Aesop

"Tea! Bless ordinary everyday afternoon tea!"

~ Agatha Christie

Ration Scones

During World War I, food rationing was necessary for many people on the home front. With limited resources available, it was important to ration food to ensure the soldiers on the front lines had enough to eat. So when more and more ingredients became scarce, finding creative alternatives was a must. Ration Scones were one such alternative, using chopped dates instead of sugar to sweeten the scones.

Ingredients

1 ¼ c self-raising flour (plus extra for dusting)
¼ c butter
⅓ c chopped dates
1 egg, beaten with 2 T milk
A pinch of salt

Directions

Preheat oven to 425°. Rub the butter into the flour and then add the chopped dates. Add egg and milk and mix until soft. Roll dough to about ⅓ - ½ inch thickness on a floured surface and cut out circles (about six). Bake for 10 minutes or until well risen and golden brown.

ANZAC Biscuits

During the war, Australian and New Zealand soldiers had a long and grueling journey to reach the front lines, crossing continents and oceans, often under harsh conditions. Food preservation on these long journeys was a significant concern, and thus ANZAC Biscuits were born. They could be easily transported, had a long shelf life, and their high energy content helped sustain the soldiers through their difficult journeys.

Ingredients

1 c rolled oats
1 c plain flour
1 c sugar
¾ cup coconut
½ cup butter
2 T golden syrup or honey
½ tsp baking soda
1 T boiling water

Directions

Preheat oven to 300°. Combine oats, sifted flour, sugar, and coconut.

Melt butter and syrup/honey over the stove. Mix baking soda with boiling water and add to melted butter mixture. Stir into dry ingredients.

Spoon mixture and place on lightly greased cookie sheets, allowing room to spread. Bake for 20 minutes or until golden. Loosen while still warm, then cool on trays.

WWI Trench Cake

Ingredients
2 c flour
¼ c margarine
1 tsp vinegar
⅔ c milk
⅓ c brown sugar
⅓ c currants or raisins
2 tsp cocoa
½ tsp baking soda
½ tsp nutmeg
½ tsp ginger
Grated lemon rind

Directions

Preheat oven to 350° and grease an 8 inch cake pan.

Mix flour and margarine with your fingers until they look like fine breadcrumbs. Add the dry ingredients, spices, and raisins.

In a separate bowl, mix together milk, vinegar, and baking soda. Add to the dry ingredients and mix well to form a thick batter. (Continue adding milk if batter is too dry.)

Pour into cake pan and bake for 1 hour or until a knife inserted into the center of the cake comes out clean.

Apricot Charlotte

Ingredients

1 ½ c dried apricots
1 T white sugar
¼ c brown sugar
4-6 T butter
White bread (8-10 slices, crusts removed and cut into fourths)

Directions

Cover dried apricots in cold water and soak all night. When you're ready to cook, add soaked apricots to a saucepan and cover with water and white sugar. Bring to a simmer and continue cooking for 10 minutes or until water renders down to thick syrup.

Preheat oven to 350°. Grease a pudding tin with butter and scatter brown sugar on bottom. Dip bread in melted butter and line tin, squishing together to make a crust. Pour apricots and cover with more bread slices.

Cover with lid or aluminum foil and bake in an oven for 30 minutes or until bread is golden.

Jam Tart

Ingredients

2 pie crust dough
4 T seedless fruit jam
½ water
2 tsp custard powder or vanilla pudding mix

Directions

Preheat oven to 350°.

Make the custard/pudding with water and blend with jam. Bring to a simmer and stir for 3 minutes or until it is thick. Take it off the heat and allow to cool.

Meanwhile, roll out one pie crust on an 8-inch pie dish, poking holes in the bottom. Spoon in the jam mixture and spread over the top, then make a latticework pattern with strips of the remaining pie crust.

Bake for 10 minutes or until the pastry is cooked, crisp, and golden brown.

Gingerbread Cup Pudding

Ingredients
6 tsp golden syrup or honey
1 ⅓ c self-raising flour
2 tsp ground ginger
½ c oatmeal
⅓ c vegetable shortening
2 T white sugar
2 T black treacle or molasses
A little milk

Directions

Preheat the oven to 350°. Grease some muffin tins and add a teaspoon of honey in the bottom of each. Mix flour, ginger, oatmeal, shortening, and sugar. Make a well in the middle of the mixture and add the black treacle/molasses. Add enough milk to soften the batter and mix well. Spoon the mixture into each cup, to about two thirds full, cover with foil, and bake for about 20 minutes or until risen. Serve in a teacup, drizzling warm honey over the top.

The Bowmen

By Arthur Machen

It was during the Retreat of the Eighty Thousand, and the authority of the Censorship is sufficient excuse for not being more explicit. But it was on the most awful day of that awful time, on the day when ruin and disaster came so near that their shadow fell over London far away; and, without any certain news, the hearts of men failed within them and grew faint; as if the agony of the army in the battlefield had entered into their souls.

On this dreadful day, then, when three hundred thousand men in arms with all their artillery swelled like a flood against the little English company, there was one point above all other points in our battle line that was for a time in awful danger, not merely of defeat, but of utter annihilation. With the permission of the Censorship and of the military expert, this corner may, perhaps, be described as a salient, and if this angle were crushed and broken, then the English force as a whole would be shattered, the Allied left would be turned, and Sedan would inevitably follow.

All the morning the German guns had thundered and shrieked against this corner, and against the thousand or so of men who held it. The men joked at the shells, and found funny names for them, and had bets about them, and greeted them with scraps of music-hall songs. But the shells came on and burst, and tore good Englishmen limb from limb, and tore brother from brother, and as the heat of the day increased so did the fury of that terrific cannonade. There was no help, it seemed. The English artillery was good, but there was not nearly enough of it; it was being steadily battered into scrap iron.

There comes a moment in a storm at sea when people say to one another, "It is at its worst; it can blow no harder," and then there is a blast ten times more fierce than any before it. So it was in these British trenches.

There were no stouter hearts in the whole world than the hearts of these men; but even they were appalled as this seven-times-heated hell of the German cannonade fell upon them and overwhelmed them and destroyed them. And at this very moment they saw from their trenches that a tremendous host was moving against their lines. Five hundred of the thousand remained, and as far as they could see the German infantry was pressing on against them, column upon column, a grey world of men, ten thousand of them, as it appeared afterwards.

There was no hope at all. They shook hands, some of them. One man improvised a new version of the battlesong, "Good-bye, good-bye to Tipperary," ending with "And we shan't get there". And they all went on firing steadily. The officers pointed out that such an opportunity for high-class, fancy shooting might never occur again; the Germans dropped line after line; the Tipperary humorist asked, "What price Sidney Street?" And the few machine guns did their best. But everybody knew it was of no use. The dead grey bodies lay in companies and battalions, as others came on and on and on, and they swarmed and stirred and advanced from beyond and beyond.

"World without end. Amen," said one of the British soldiers with some irrelevance as he took aim and fired. And then he remembered—he says he cannot think why or wherefore—a queer vegetarian

restaurant in London where he had once or twice eaten eccentric dishes of cutlets made of lentils and nuts that pretended to be steak. On all the plates in this restaurant there was printed a figure of St. George in blue, with the motto, Adsit Anglis Sanctus Geogius—May St. George be a present help to the English. This soldier happened to know Latin and other useless things, and now, as he fired at his man in the grey advancing mass—300 yards away—he uttered the pious vegetarian motto. He went on firing to the end, and at last Bill on his right had to clout him cheerfully over the head to make him stop, pointing out as he did so that the King's ammunition cost money and was not lightly to be wasted in drilling funny patterns into dead Germans.

For as the Latin scholar uttered his invocation he felt something between a shudder and an electric shock pass through his body. The roar of the battle died down in his ears to a gentle murmur; instead of it, he says, he heard a great voice and a shout louder than a thunder-peal crying, "Array, array, array!"

His heart grew hot as a burning coal, it grew cold as ice within him, as it seemed to him that a tumult of voices answered to his summons. He heard, or seemed to hear, thousands shouting: "St. George! St. George!"

"Ha! messire; ha! sweet Saint, grant us good deliverance!"

"St. George for merry England!"

"Harow! Harow! Monseigneur St. George, succour us."

"Ha! St. George! Ha! St. George! a long bow and a strong bow."

"Heaven's Knight, aid us!"

And as the soldier heard these voices he saw before him, beyond the trench, a long line of shapes, with a shining about them. They were like men who drew the bow, and with another shout their cloud of arrows flew singing and tingling through the air towards the German hosts.

The other men in the trench were firing all the while. They had no hope; but they aimed just as if they had been shooting at Bisley. Suddenly one of them lifted up his voice in the plainest English, "Gawd help us!" he bellowed to the man next to him, "but we're blooming marvels! Look at those grey... gentlemen, look at them! D'ye see them? They're not going down in dozens, nor in 'undreds; it's thousands, it is. Look! look! there's a regiment gone while I'm talking to ye."

"Shut it!" the other soldier bellowed, taking aim, "what are ye gassing about!"

But he gulped with astonishment even as he spoke, for, indeed, the grey men were falling by the thousands. The English could hear the guttural scream of the German officers, the crackle of their revolvers as they shot the reluctant; and still line after line crashed to the earth.

All the while the Latin-bred soldier heard the cry: "Harow! Harow! Monseigneur, dear saint, quick to our aid! St. George help us!"

"High Chevalier, defend us!"

The singing arrows fled so swift and thick that they darkened the air; the heathen horde melted from before them.

"More machine guns!" Bill yelled to Tom.

"Don't hear them," Tom yelled back. "But, thank God, anyway; they've got it in the neck."

In fact, there were ten thousand dead German soldiers left before that salient of the English army, and consequently there was no Sedan. In Germany, a country ruled by scientific principles, the Great General Staff decided that the contemptible English must have employed shells containing an unknown gas of a poisonous nature, as no wounds were discernible on the bodies of the dead German soldiers. But the man who knew what nuts tasted like when they called themselves steak knew also that St. George had brought his Agincourt Bowmen to help the English.

His Last Bow

by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

An Epilogue of Sherlock Holmes

It was nine o'clock at night upon the second of August--the most terrible August in the history of the world. One might have thought already that God's curse hung heavy over a degenerate world, for there was an awesome hush and a feeling of vague expectancy in the sultry and stagnant air. The sun had long set, but one blood-red gash like an open wound lay low in the distant west. Above, the stars were shining brightly, and below, the lights of the shipping glimmered in the bay. The two famous Germans stood beside the stone parapet of the garden walk, with the long, low, heavily gabled house behind them, and they looked down upon the broad sweep of the beach at the foot of the great chalk cliff in which Von Bork, like some wandering eagle, had perched himself four years before. They stood with their heads close together, talking in low, confidential tones. From below the two glowing ends of their cigars might have been the smouldering eyes of some malignant fiend looking down in the darkness.

A remarkable man this Von Bork--a man who could hardly be matched among all the devoted agents of the Kaiser. It was his talents which had first recommended him for the English mission, the most important mission of all, but since he had taken it over those talents had become more and more manifest to the half-dozen people in the world who were really in touch with the truth. One of these was his present companion, Baron Von Herling, the chief secretary of the legation, whose huge 100-horse-power Benz car was blocking the country lane as it waited to waft its owner back to London.

"So far as I can judge the trend of events, you will probably be back in Berlin within the week," the secretary was saying. "When you get there, my dear Von Bork, I think you will be surprised at the welcome you will receive. I happen to know what is thought in the highest quarters of your work in this country." He was a huge man, the secretary, deep, broad, and tall, with a slow, heavy fashion of speech which had been his main asset in his political career.

Von Bork laughed.

"They are not very hard to deceive," he remarked. "A more docile, simple folk could not be imagined."

"I don't know about that," said the other thoughtfully. "They have strange limits and one must learn to observe them. It is that surface simplicity of theirs which makes a trap for the stranger. One's first impression is that they are entirely soft. Then one comes suddenly upon something very hard, and you know that you have reached the limit and must adapt yourself to the fact. They have, for example, their insular conventions which simply must be observed."

"Meaning 'good form' and that sort of thing?" Von Bork sighed as one who had suffered much.

"Meaning British prejudice in all its queer manifestations. As an example I may quote one of my own worst blunders--I can afford to talk of my blunders, for you know my work well enough to be aware of my successes. It was on my first arrival. I was invited to a week-end gathering at the country house of a cabinet minister. The conversation was amazingly indiscreet."

Von Bork nodded. "I've been there," said he dryly.

His Last Bow illustration"Exactly. Well, I naturally sent a resume of the information to Berlin. Unfortunately our good chancellor is a little heavy- handed in these matters, and he transmitted a remark which showed that he was aware of what had been said. This, of course, took the trail straight up to me. You've no idea the harm that it did me. There was nothing soft about our British hosts on that occasion, I can assure you. I was two years living it down. Now you, with this sporting pose of yours--"

"No, no, don't call it a pose. A pose is an artificial thing. This is quite natural. I am a born sportsman. I enjoy it."

"Well, that makes it the more effective. You yacht against them, you hunt with them, you play polo, you match them in every game, your four-in-hand takes the prize at Olympia. I have even heard that you go the length of boxing with the young officers. What is the result? Nobody takes you seriously. You are a 'good old sport' 'quite a decent fellow for a German,' a hard-drinking, night-club, knock-about-town, devil-may-care young fellow. And all the time this quiet country house of yours is the centre of half the mischief in England, and the sporting squire the most astute secret-service man in Europe. Genius, my dear Von Bork-- genius!"

"You flatter me, Baron. But certainly I may claim my four years in this country have not been unproductive. I've never shown you my little store. Would you mind stepping in for a moment?"

The door of the study opened straight on to the terrace. Von Bork pushed it back, and, leading the way, he clicked the switch of the electric light. He then closed the door behind the bulky form which followed him and carefully adjusted the heavy curtain over the latticed window. Only when all these precautions had been taken and tested did he turn his sunburned aquiline face to his guest.

"Some of my papers have gone," said he. "When my wife and the household left yesterday for Flushing they took the less important with them. I must, of course, claim the protection of the embassy for the others."

"Your name has already been files as one of the personal suite. There will be no difficulties for you or your baggage. Of course, it is just possible that we may not have to go. England may leave France to her fate. We are sure that there is no binding treaty between them."

"And Belgium?"

"Yes, and Belgium, too."

Von Bork shook his head. "I don't see how that could be. There is a definite treaty there. She could never recover from such a humiliation."

"She would at least have peace for the moment."

"But her honor?"

"Tut, my dear sir, we live in a utilitarian age. Honour is a mediaeval conception. Besides England is not ready. It is an inconceivable thing, but even our special war tax of fifty million, which one would think made our purpose as clear as if we had advertised it on the front page of the Times, has not roused these people from their slumbers. Here and there one hears a question. It is my business to find an answer. Here and there also there is an irritation. It is my business to soothe it. But I can assure you that so far as the essentials go--the storage of munitions, the preparation for submarine attack, the arrangements for making high explosives--nothing is prepared. How, then, can England come in, especially when we have stirred he up such a devil's brew of Irish civil war, window-breaking Furies, and God knows what to keep her thoughts at home."

"She must think of her future."

"Ah, that is another matter. I fancy that in the future we have our own very definite plans about England, and that your information will be very vital to us. It is to-day or to-morrow with Mr. John Bull. If he prefers to-day we are perfectly ready. If it is to-morrow we shall be more ready still. I should think they would be wiser to fight with allies than without them, but that is their own affair. This week is their week of destiny. But you were speaking of your papers." He sat in the armchair with the light shining upon his broad bald head, while he puffed sedately at his cigar.

The large oak-panelled, book-lined room had a curtain hung in the future corner. When this was drawn it disclosed a large, brass- bound safe. Von Bork detached a small key from his watch chain, and after some considerable manipulation of the lock he swung open the heavy door.

"Look!" said he, standing clear, with a wave of his hand.

The light shone vividly into the opened safe, and the secretary of the embassy gazed with an absorbed interest at the rows of stuffed pigeon-holes with which it was furnished. Each pigeon- hole had its label, and his eyes as he glanced along them read a long series of such titles as "Fords," "Harbour-defences," "Aeroplanes," "Ireland,", "Egypt," "Portsmouth forts," "The Channel," "Rosythe," and a score of others. Each compartment was bristling with papers and plans.

"Colossal!" said the secretary. Putting down his cigar he softly clapped his fat hands.

"And all in four years, Baron. Not such a bad show for the hard- drinking, hard-riding country squire. But the gem of my collection is coming and there is the setting all ready for it." He pointed to a space over which "Naval Signals" was printed.

"But you have a good dossier there already."

"Out of date and waste paper. The Admiralty in some way got the alarm and every code has been changed. It was a blow, Baron--the worst setback in my whole campaign. But thanks to my check-book and the good Altamont all will be well to-night."

The Baron looked at his watch and gave a guttural exclamation of disappointment.

"Well, I really can wait no longer. You can imagine that things are moving at present in Carlton Terrace and that we have all to be at our posts. I had hoped to be able to bring news of your great coup. Did Altamont name no hour?"

Von Bork pushed over a telegram.

Will come without fail to-night and bring new sparking plugs.

Altamont.

"Sparking plugs, eh?"

"You see he poses as a motor expert and I keep a full garage. In our code everything likely to come up is named after some spare part. If he talks of a radiator it is a battleship, of an oil pump a cruiser, and so on. Sparking plugs are naval signals."

"From Portsmouth at midday," said the secretary, examining the superscription. "By the way, what do you give him?"

"Five hundred pounds for this particular job. Of course he has a salary as well."

"The greedy rouge. They are useful, these traitors, but I grudge them their blood money."

"I grudge Altamont nothing. He is a wonderful worker. If I pay him well, at least he delivers the goods, to use his own phrase. Besides he is not a traitor. I assure you that our most pan- Germanic Junker is a sucking dove in his feelings towards England as compared with a real bitter Irish-American."

"Oh, an Irish-American?"

"If you heard him talk you would not doubt it. Sometimes I assure you I can hardly understand him. He seems to have declared war on the King's English as well as on the English king. Must you really go? He may be here any moment."

"No. I'm sorry, but I have already overstayed my time. We shall expect you early to-morrow, and when you get that signal book through the little door on the Duke of York's steps you can put a triumphant finis to your record in England. What! Tokay!" He indicated a heavily sealed dust-covered bottle which stood with two high glasses upon a salver.

"May I offer you a glass before your journey?"

"No, thanks. But it looks like revelry."

"Altamont has a nice taste in wines, and he took a fancy to my Tokay. He is a touchy fellow and needs humouring in small things. I have to study him, I assure you." They had strolled out on to the terrace again, and along it to the further end where at a touch from the Baron's chauffeur the great car shivered and chuckled. "Those are the lights of Harwich, I suppose," said the secretary, pulling on his dust coat. "How still and peaceful it all seems. There may be other lights within the week, and the English coast a less tranquil place! The heavens, too, may not be quite so peaceful if all that the good Zepplin promises us comes true. By the way, who is that?"

Only one window showed a light behind them; in it there stood a lamp, and beside it, seated at a table, was a dear old ruddy- faced woman in a country cap. She was bending over her knitting and stopping occasionally to stroke a large black cat upon a stool beside her.

"That is Martha, the only servant I have left."

The secretary chuckled.

"She might almost personify Britannia," said he, "with her complete self-absorption and general air of comfortable somnolence. Well, au revoir, Von Bork!" With a final wave of his hand he sprang into the car, and a moment later the two golden cones from the headlights shot through the darkness. The secretary lay back in the cushions of the luxurious limousine, with his thoughts so full of the impending European tragedy that he hardly observed that as his car swung round the village street it nearly passed over a little Ford coming in the opposite direction.

Von Bork walked slowly back to the study when the last gleams of the motor lamps had faded into the distance. As he passed he observed that his old housekeeper had put out her lamp and retired. It was a new experience to him, the silence and darkness of his widespread house, for his family and household had been a large one. It was a relief to him, however, to think that they were all in safety and that, but for that one old woman who had lingered in the kitchen, he had the whole place to himself. There was a good deal of tidying up to do inside his study and he set himself to do it until his keen, handsome face was flushed with the heat of the burning papers. A leather valise stood beside his table, and into this he began to pack very neatly and systematically the precious contents of his safe. He had hardly got started with the work, however, when his quick ears caught the sounds of a distant car. Instantly he gave an exclamation of satisfaction, strapped up the valise, shut the safe, locked it, and hurried out on to the terrace. He was just in time to see the lights of a small car come to a halt at the gate. A passenger sprang out of it and advanced swiftly towards him, while the chauffeur, a heavily built, elderly man with a gray moustache, settled down like one who resigns himself to a long vigil.

"Well?" asked Von Bork eagerly, running forward to meet his visitor.

For answer the man waved a small brown-paper parcel triumphantly above his head.

"You can give me the glad hand to-night, mister," he cried. "I'm bringing home the bacon at last."

"The signals?"

"Same as I said in my cable. Every last one of them, semaphore, lamp code, Marconi--a copy, mind you, not the original. That was too dangerous. But it's the real goods, and you can lay to that." He slapped the German upon the shoulder with a rough familiarity from which the other winced.

"Come in," he said. "I'm all alone in the house. I was only waiting for this. Of course a copy is better than the original. If an original were missing they would change the whole thing. You think it's all safe about the copy?"

The Irish-American had entered the study and stretched his long limbs from the armchair. He was a tall, gaunt man of sixty, with clear-cut features and a small goatee beard which gave him a general resemblance to the caricatures of Uncle Sam. A half- smoked, sodden cigar hung from the corner of his mouth, and as he sat down he struck a match and relit it. "Making ready for a move?" he remarked as he looked round him. "Say, mister," he added, as his eyes fell upon the safe from which the curtain was now removed, "you don't tell me you keep your papers in that?"

"Why not?"

"Gosh, in a wide-open contraption like that! And they reckon you to be some spy. Why, a Yankee crook would be into that with a can-opener. If I'd known that any letter of mine was goin' to lie loose in a thing like that I'd have been a mug to write to you at all."

"It would puzzle any crook to force that safe," Von Bork answered. "You won't cut that metal with any tool."

"But the lock?"

"No, it's a double combination lock. You know what that is?"

"Search me," said the American.

"Well, you need a word as well as a set of figures before you can get the lock to work." He rose and showed a double-radiating disc round the keyhole. "This outer one is for the letters, the inner one for the figures."

"Well, well, that's fine."

"So it's nit quite as simple as you thought. It was four years ago that I had it made, and what do you think I chose for the word and figures?"

"It's beyond me."

"Well, I chose August for the word, and 1914 for the figures, and here we are."

The American's face showed his surprise and admiration.

"My, but that was smart! You had it down to a fine thing."

"Yes, a few of us even then could have guessed the date. Here it is , and I'm shutting down to-morrow morning."

"Well, I guess you'll have to fix me up also. I'm not staying is this gol-darned country all on my lonesome. In a week or less, from what I see, John Bull will be on his hind legs and fair ramping. I'd rather watch him from over the water."

"But you're an American citizen?"

"Well, so was Jack James an American citizen, but he's doing time in Portland all the same. It cuts no ice with a British copper to tell him you're an American citizen. 'It's British law and order over here,' says he. By the way, mister, talking of Jack James, it seems to me you don't do much to cover your men."

"What do you mean?" Von Bork asked sharply.

"Well, you are their employer, ain't you? It's up to you to see that they don't fall down. But they do fall down, and when did you ever pick them up? There's James--"

"It was James's own fault. You know that yourself. He was too self-willed for the job."

"James was a bonehead--I give you that. Then there was Hollis."

"The man was mad."

"Well, he went a bit woozy towards the end. It's enough to make a man bug-house when he has to play a part from morning to night with a hundred guys all ready to set the coppers wise to him. But now there is Steiner--"

Von Bork started violently, and his ruddy face turned a shade paler.

"What about Steiner?"

"Well, they've got him, that's all. They raided his store last night, and he and his papers are all in Portsmouth jail. You'll go off and he, poor devil, will have to stand the racket, and lucky if he gets off with his life. That's why I want to get over the water as soon as you do."

Von Bork was a strong, self-contained man, but it was easy to see that the news had shaken him.

"How could they have got on to Steiner?" he muttered. "That's the worst blow yet."

"Well, you nearly had a worse one, for I believe they are not far off me."

"You don't mean that!"

"Sure thing. My landlady down Fratton way had some inquiries, and when I heard of it I guessed it was time for me to hustle. But what I want to know, mister, is how the coppers know these things? Steiner is the fifth man you've lost since I signed on with you, and I know the name of the sixth if I don't get a move on. How do you explain it, and ain't you ashamed to see your men go down like this?"

Von Bork flushed crimson.

"How dare you speak in such a way!"

"If I didn't dare things, mister, I wouldn't be in your service. But I'll tell you straight what is in my mind. I've heard that with you German politicians when an agent has done his work you are not sorry to see him put away."

Von Bork sprang to his feet.

"Do you dare to suggest that I have given away my own agents!"

"I don't stand for that, mister, but there's a stool pigeon or a cross somewhere, and it's up to you to find out where it is. Anyhow I am taking no more chances. It's me for little Holland, and the sooner the better."

Von Bork had mastered his anger.

"We have been allies too long to quarrel now at the very hour of victory," he said. "You've done splendid work and taken risks, and I can't forget it. By all means go to Holland, and you can get a boat from Rotterdam to New York. No other line will be safe a week from now. I'll take that book and pack it with the rest."

The American held the small parcel in his hand, but made no motion to give it up.

"What about the dough?" he asked.

"The what?"

"The boodle. The reward. The 500 pounds. The gunner turned damned nasty at the last, and I had to square him with an extra hundred dollars or it would have been nitsky for you and me. 'Nothin' doin'!' says he, and he meant it, too, but the last hundred did it. It's cost me two hundred pound from first to last, so it isn't likely I'd give it up without gettin' my wad."

Von Bork smiled with some bitterness. "You don't seem to have a very high opinion of my honour," said he, "you want the money before you give up the book."

"Well, mister, it is a business proposition."

"All right. Have your way." He sat down at the table and scribbled a check, which he tore from the book, but he refrained from handing it to his companion. "After all, since we are to be on such terms, Mr. Altamont," said he, "I don't see why I should trust you any more than you trust me. Do you understand?" he added, looking back over his shoulder at the American. "There's the check upon the table. I claim the right to examine that parcel before you pick the money up."

The American passed it over without a word. Von Bork undid a winding of string and two wrappers of paper. Then he sat dazing for a moment in silent amazement at a small blue book which lay before him. Across the cover was printed in golden letters Practical Handbook of Bee Culture. Only for one instant did the master spy glare at this strangely irrelevant inscription. The next he was gripped at the back of his neck by a grasp of iron, and a chloroformed sponge was held in front of his writhing face.

"Another glass, Watson!" said Mr. Sherlock Holmes as he extended the bottle of Imperial Tokay.

The thickset chauffeur, who had seated himself by the table, pushed forward his glass with some eagerness.

"It is a good wine, Holmes."

"A remarkable wine, Watson. Our friend upon the sofa has assured me that it is from Franz Josef's special cellar at the Schoenbrunn Palace. Might I trouble you to open the window, for chloroform vapour does not help the palate."

The safe was ajar, and Holmes standing in front of it was removing dossier after dossier, swiftly examining each, and then packing it neatly in Von Bork's valise. The German lay upon the sofa sleeping stertorously with a strap round his upper arms and another round his legs.

"We need not hurry ourselves, Watson. We are safe from interruption. Would you mind touching the bell? There is no one in the house except old Martha, who has played her part to admiration. I got her the situation here when first I took the matter up. Ah, Martha, you will be glad to hear that all is well."

The pleasant old lady had appeared in the doorway. She curtseyed with a smile to Mr. Holmes, but glanced with some apprehension at the figure upon the sofa.

"It is all right, Martha. He has not been hurt at all."

"I am glad of that, Mr. Holmes. According to his lights he has been a kind master. He wanted me to go with his wife to Germany yesterday, but that would hardly have suited your plans, would it, sir?"

"No, indeed, Martha. So long as you were here I was easy in my mind. We waited some time for your signal to-night."

"It was the secretary, sir."

"I know. His car passed ours."

"I thought he would never go. I knew that it would not suit your plans, sir, to find him here."

"No, indeed. Well, it only meant that we waited half an hour or so until I saw your lamp go out and knew that the coast was clear. You can report to me to-morrow in London, Martha, at Claridge's Hotel."

"Very good, sir."

"I suppose you have everything ready to leave."

"Yes, sir. He posted seven letters to-day. I have the addresses as usual."

"Very good, Martha. I will look into them to-morrow. Good- night. These papers," he continued as the old lady vanished, "are not of very great importance, for, of course, the information which they represent has been sent off long ago to the German government. These are the originals which cold not safely be got out of the country."

"Then they are of no use."

"I should not go so far as to say that, Watson. They will at least show our people what is known and what is not. I may say that a good many of these papers have come through me, and I need not add are thoroughly untrustworthy. It would brighten my declining years to see a German cruiser navigating the Solent according to the mine-field plans which I have furnished. But you, Watson"--he stopped his work and took his old friend by the shoulders--"I've hardly seen you in the light yet. How have the years used you? You look the same blithe boy as ever."

"I feel twenty years younger, Holmes. I have seldom felt so happy as when I got your wire asking me to meet you at Harwich with the car. But you, Holmes--you have changed very little-- save for that horrible goatee."

"These are the sacrifices one makes for one's country, Watson," said Holmes, pulling at his little tuft. "To-morrow it will be but a dreadful memory. With my hair cut and a few other superficial changes I shall no doubt reappear at Claridge's to- morrow as I was before this American stunt--I beg your pardon, Watson, my well of English seems to be permanently defiled-- before this American job came my way."

"But you have retired, Holmes. We heard of you as living the life of a hermit among your bees and your books in a small farm upon the South Downs."

"Exactly, Watson. Here is the fruit of my leisured ease, the magnum opus of my latter years!" He picked up the volume from the table and read out the whole title, Practical Handbook of Bee Culture, with Some Observations upon the Segregation of the Queen. "Alone I did it. Behold the fruit of pensive nights and laborious days when I watched the little working gangs as once I watched the criminal world of London."

"But how did you get to work again?"

"Ah, I have often marvelled at it myself. The Foreign Minister alone I could have withstood, but when the Premier also deigned to visit my humble roof--! The fact is, Watson, that this gentleman upon the sofa was a bit too good for our people. He was in a class by himself. Things were going wrong, and no one could understand why they were going wrong. Agents were suspected or even caught, but there was evidence of some strong and secret central force. It was absolutely necessary to expose it. Strong pressure was brought upon me to look into the matter. It has cost me two years, Watson, but they have not been devoid of excitement. When I say that I started my pilgrimage at Chicago, graduated in an Irish secret society at Buffalo, gave serious trouble to the constabulary at Skibbareen, and so eventually caught the eye of a subordinate agent of Von Bork, who recommended me as a likely man, you will realize that the matter was complex. Since then I have been honoured by his confidence, which has not prevented most of his plans going subtly wrong and five of his best agents being in prison. I watched them, Watson, and I picked them as they ripened. Well, sir, I hope that you are none the worse!"

The last remark was addressed to Von Bork himself, who after much gasping and blinking had lain quietly listening to Holmes's statement. He broke out now into a furious stream of German invective, his face convulsed with passion. Holmes continued his swift investigation of documents while his prisoner cursed and swore.

"Though unmusical, German is the most expressive of all languages," he observed when Von Bork had stopped from pure exhaustion. "Hullo! Hullo!" he added as he looked hard at the corner of a tracing before putting it in the box. "This should put another bird in the cage. I had no idea that the paymaster was such a rascal, though I have long had an eye upon him. Mister Von Bork, you have a great deal to answer for."

The prisoner had raised himself with some difficulty upon the sofa and was staring with a strange mixture of amazement and hatred at his captor.

"I shall get level with you, Altamont," he said, speaking with slow deliberation. "If it takes me all my life I shall get level with you!"

"The old sweet song," said Holmes. "How often have I heard it in days gone by. It was a favorite ditty of the late lamented Professor Moriarty. Colonel Sebastian Moran has also been known to warble it. And yet I live and keep bees upon the South Downs."

"Curse you, you double traitor!" cried the German, straining against his bonds and glaring murder from his furious eyes.

"No, no, it is not so bad as that," said Holmes, smiling. "As my speech surely shows you, Mr. Altamont of Chicago had no existence in fact. I used him and he is gone."

"Then who are you?"

"It is really immaterial who I am, but since the matter seems to interest you, Mr. Von Bork, I may say that this is not my first acquaintance with the members of your family. I have done a good deal of business in Germany in the past and my name is probably familiar to you."

"I would wish to know it," said the Prussian grimly.

"It was I who brought about the separation between Irene Adler and the late King of Bohemia when your cousin Heinrich was the Imperial Envoy. It was I also who saved from murder, by the Nihilist Klopman, Count Von und Zu Grafenstein, who was your mother's elder brother. It was I--"

Von Bork sat up in amazement.

"There is only one man," he cried.

"Exactly," said Holmes.

Von Bork groaned and sank back on the sofa. "And most of that information came through you," he cried. "What is it worth? What have I done? It is my ruin forever!"

"It is certainly a little untrustworthy," said Holmes. "It will require some checking and you have little time to check it. Your admiral may find the new guns rather larger than he expects, and the cruisers perhaps a trifle faster."

Von Bork clutched at his own throat in despair.

"There are a good many other points of detail which will, no doubt, come to light in good time. But you have one quality which is very rare in a German, Mr. Von Bork: you are a sportsman and you will bear me no ill-will when you realize that you, who have outwitted so many other people, have at last been outwitted yourself. After all, you have done your best for your country, and I have done my best for mine, and what could be more natural? Besides," he added, not unkindly, as he laid his hand upon the shoulder of the prostrate man, "it is better than to fall before some ignoble foe. These papers are now ready, Watson. If you will help me with our prisoner, I think that we may get started for London at once."

It was no easy task to move Von Bork, for he was a strong and a desperate man. Finally, holding either arm, the two friends walked him very slowly down the garden walk which he had trod with such proud confidence when he received the congratulations of the famous diplomatist only a few hours before. After a short, final struggle he was hoisted, still bound hand and foot, into the spare seat of the little car. His precious valise was wedged in beside him.

"I trust that you are as comfortable as circumstances permit," said Holmes when the final arrangements were made. "Should I be guilty of a liberty if I lit a cigar and placed it between your lips?"

But all amenities were wasted upon the angry German.

"I suppose you realize, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said he, "that if your government bears you out in this treatment it becomes an act of war."

"What about your government and all this treatment?" said Holmes, tapping the valise.

"You are a private individual. You have no warrant for my arrest. The whole proceeding is absolutely illegal and outrageous."

"Absolutely," said Holmes.

"Kidnapping a German subject."

"And stealing his private papers."

"Well, you realize your position, you and your accomplice here. If I were to shout for help as we pass through the village--"

"My dear sir, if you did anything so foolish you would probably enlarge the two limited titles of our village inns by giving us 'The Dangling Prussian' as a signpost. The Englishman is a patient creature, but at present his temper is a little inflamed, and it would be as well not to try him too far. No, Mr. Von Bork, you will go with us in a quiet, sensible fashion to Scotland Yard, whence you can send for your friend, Baron Von Herling, and see if even now you may not fill that place which he has reserved for you in the ambassadorial suite. As to you, Watson, you are joining us with your old service, as I understand, so London won't be out of your way. Stand with me here upon the terrace, for it may be the last quiet talk that we shall ever have."

The two friends chatted in intimate converse for a few minutes, recalling once again the days of the past, while their prisoner vainly wriggled to undo the bonds that held him. As they turned to the car Holmes pointed back to the moonlit sea and shook a thoughtful head.

"There's an east wind coming, Watson."

"I think not, Holmes. It is very warm."

"Good old Watson! You are the one fixed point in a changing age. There's an east wind coming all the same, such a wind as never blew on England yet. It will be cold and bitter, Watson, and a good many of us may wither before its blast. But it's God's own wind none the less, and a cleaner, better, stronger land will lie in the sunshine when the storm has cleared. Start her up, Watson, for it's time that we were on our way. I have a check for five hundred pounds which should be cashed early, for the drawer is quite capable of stopping it if he can."

The Kidnapped Prime Minister

By Agatha Christie

Now that war and the problems of war are things of the past, I think I may safely venture to reveal to the world the part which my friend Poirot played in a moment of national crisis. The secret has been well guarded. Not a whisper of it reached the Press. But, now that the need for secrecy has gone by, I feel it is only just that England should know the debt it owes to my quaint little friend, whose marvellous brain so ably averted a great catastrophe.

One evening after dinner—I will not particularize the date; it suffices to say that it was at the time when "Peace by negotiation" was the parrot-cry of England's enemies—my friend and I were sitting in his rooms. After being invalided out of the Army I had been given a recruiting job, and it had become my custom to drop in on Poirot in the evenings after dinner and talk with him of any cases of interest that he might have on hand.

I was attempting to discuss with him the sensational news of that day—no less than an attempted assassination of Mr. David MacAdam, England's Prime Minister. The account in the papers had evidently been carefully censored. No details were given, save that the Prime Minister had had a marvellous escape, the bullet just grazing his cheek.

I considered that our police must have been shamefully careless for such an outrage to be possible. I could well understand that the German agents in England would be willing to risk much for such an achievement. "Fighting Mac," as his own party had nicknamed him, had strenuously and unequivocally combated the Pacifist influence which was becoming so prevalent.

He was more than England's Prime Minister—he was England; and to have removed him from his sphere of influence would have been a crushing and paralysing blow to Britain.

Poirot was busy mopping a grey suit with a minute sponge. Never was there a dandy such as Hercule Poirot. Neatness and order were his passion. Now, with the odour of benzine filling the air, he was quite unable to give me his full attention.

"In a little minute I am with you, my friend. I have all but finished. The spot of grease—he is not good—I remove him—so!" He waved his sponge.

I smiled as I lit another cigarette.

"Anything interesting on?" I inquired, after a minute or two.

"I assist a—how do you call it?—'charlady' to find her husband. A difficult affair, needing the tact. For I have a little idea that when he is found he will not be pleased. What would you? For my part, I sympathize with him. He was a man of discrimination to lose himself."

I laughed.

"At last! The spot of grease, he is gone! I am at your disposal."

"I was asking you what you thought of this attempt to assassinate MacAdam?"

"Enfantillage!" replied Poirot promptly. "One can hardly take it seriously. To fire with the rifle—never does it succeed. It is a device of the past."

"It was very near succeeding this time," I reminded him.

Poirot shook his head impatiently. He was about to reply when the landlady thrust her head round the door and informed him that there were two gentlemen below who wanted to see him.

"They won't give their names, sir, but they says as it's very important."

"Let them mount," said Poirot, carefully folding his grey trousers.

In a few minutes the two visitors were ushered in, and my heart gave a leap as in the foremost I recognized no less a personage than Lord Estair, Leader of the House of Commons; whilst his companion, Mr. Bernard Dodge, was also a member of the War Cabinet, and, as I knew, a close personal friend of the Prime Minister.

"Monsieur Poirot?" said Lord Estair interrogatively. My friend bowed. The great man looked at me and hesitated. "My business is private."

"You may speak freely before Captain Hastings," said my friend, nodding to me to remain. "He has not all the gifts, no! But I answer for his discretion."

Lord Estair still hesitated, but Mr. Dodge broke in abruptly:

"Oh, come on—don't let's beat about the bush! As far as I can see, the whole of England will know the hole we're in soon enough. Time's everything."

"Pray be seated, messieurs," said Poirot politely. "Will you take the big chair, milord?"

Lord Estair started slightly. "You know me?"

Poirot smiled. "Certainly. I read the little papers with the pictures. How should I not know you?"

"Monsieur Poirot, I have come to consult you upon a matter of the most vital urgency. I must ask for absolute secrecy."

"You have the word of Hercule Poirot—I can say no more!" said my friend grandiloquently.

"It concerns the Prime Minister. We are in grave trouble."

"We're up a tree!" interposed Mr. Dodge.

"The injury is serious, then?" I asked.

"What injury?"

"The bullet wound."

"Oh, that!" cried Mr. Dodge contemptuously. "That's old history."

"As my colleague says," continued Lord Estair, "that affair is over and done with. Luckily, it failed. I wished I could say as much for the second attempt."

"There has been a second attempt, then?"

"Yes, though not of the same nature. Monsieur Poirot, the Prime Minister has disappeared."

"What?"

"He has been kidnapped!"

"Impossible!" I cried, stupefied.

Poirot threw a withering glance at me, which I knew enjoined me to keep my mouth shut.

"Unfortunately, impossible as it seems, it is only too true," continued his lordship.

Poirot looked at Mr. Dodge. "You said just now, monsieur, that time was everything. What did you mean by that?"

The two men exchanged glances, and then Lord Estair said:

"You have heard, Monsieur Poirot, of the approaching Allied Conference?"

My friend nodded.

"For obvious reasons, no details have been given of when and where it is to take place. But, although it has been kept out of the newspapers, the date is, of course, widely known in diplomatic circles. The Conference is to be held to-morrow—Thursday—evening at Versailles. Now you perceive the terrible gravity of the situation. I will not conceal from you that the Prime Minister's presence at the Conference is a vital necessity. The Pacifist propaganda, started and maintained by the German agents in our midst, has been very active. It is the universal opinion that the turning point of the Conference will be the strong personality of the Prime Minister. His absence may have the most serious results—possibly a premature and disastrous peace. And we have no one who can be sent in his place. He alone can represent England."

Poirot's face had grown very grave. "Then you regard the kidnapping of the Prime Minister as a direct attempt to prevent his being present at the Conference?"

"Most certainly I do. He was actually on his way to France at the time."

"And the Conference is to be held?"

"At nine o'clock to-morrow night."

Poirot drew an enormous watch from his pocket.

"It is now a quarter to nine."

"Twenty-four hours," said Mr. Dodge thoughtfully.

"And a quarter," amended Poirot. "Do not forget the quarter, monsieur—it may come in useful. Now for the details—the abduction, did it take place in England or in France?"

"In France. Mr. MacAdam crossed to France this morning. He was to stay to-night as the guest of the Commander-in-Chief, proceeding to-morrow to Paris. He was conveyed across the Channel by destroyer. At Boulogne he was met by a car from General Headquarters and one of the Commander-in-Chief's A.D.C.s."

"Eh bien?"

"Well, they started from Boulogne—but they never arrived."

"What?"

"Monsieur Poirot, it was a bogus car and a bogus A.D.C. The real car was found in a side road, with the chauffeur and the A.D.C. neatly gagged and bound."

"And the bogus car?"

"Is still at large."

Poirot made a gesture of impatience. "Incredible! Surely it cannot escape attention for long?"

"So we thought. It seemed merely a question of searching thoroughly. That part of France is under Military Law. We were convinced that the car could not go long unnoticed. The French police and our own Scotland Yard men, and the military are straining every nerve. It is, as you say, incredible—but nothing has been discovered!"

At that moment a tap came at the door, and a young officer entered with a heavily sealed envelope which he handed to Lord Estair.

"Just through from France, sir. I brought it on here, as you directed."

The Minister tore it open eagerly, and uttered an exclamation. The officer withdrew.

"Here is news at last! This telegram has just been decoded. They have found the second car, also the secretary, Daniels, chloroformed, gagged, and bound, in an abandoned farm near C——. He remembers nothing, except something being pressed against his mouth and nose from behind, and struggling to free himself. The police are satisfied as to the genuineness of his statement."

"And they have found nothing else?"

"No."

"Not the Prime Minister's dead body? Then, there is hope. But it is strange. Why, after trying to shoot him this morning, are they now taking so much trouble to keep him alive?"

Dodge shook his head. "One thing's quite certain. They're determined at all costs to prevent his attending the Conference."

"If it is humanly possible, the Prime Minister shall be there. God grant it is not too late. Now, messieurs, recount to me everything—from the beginning. I must know about this shooting affair as well."

"Last night, the Prime Minister, accompanied by one of his secretaries, Captain Daniels——"

"The same who accompanied him to France?"

"Yes. As I was saying, they motored down to Windsor, where the Prime Minister was granted an Audience. Early this morning, he returned to town, and it was on the way that the attempted assassination took place."

"One moment, if you please. Who is this Captain Daniels? You have his dossier?"

Lord Estair smiled. "I thought you would ask me that. We do not know very much of him. He is of no particular family. He has served in the English Army, and is an extremely able secretary,

being an exceptionally fine linguist. I believe he speaks seven languages. It is for that reason that the Prime Minister chose him to accompany him to France."

"Has he any relatives in England?"

"Two aunts. A Mrs. Everard, who lives at Hampstead, and a Miss Daniels, who lives near Ascot."

"Ascot? That is near to Windsor, is it not?"

"That point has not been overlooked. But it has led to nothing."

"You regard the Capitaine Daniels, then, as above suspicion?"

A shade of bitterness crept into Lord Estair's voice, as he replied:

"No, Monsieur Poirot. In these days, I should hesitate before I pronounced anyone above suspicion."

"Très bien. Now I understand, milord, that the Prime Minister would, as a matter of course, be under vigilant police protection, which ought to render any assault upon him an impossibility?"

Lord Estair bowed his head. "That is so. The Prime Minister's car was closely followed by another car containing detectives in plain clothes. Mr. MacAdam knew nothing of these precautions. He is personally a most fearless man, and would be inclined to sweep them away arbitrarily. But, naturally, the police make their own arrangements. In fact, the Premier's chauffeur, O'Murphy, is a C.I.D. man."

"O'Murphy? That is a name of Ireland, is it not so?"

"Yes, he is an Irishman."

"From what part of Ireland?"

"County Clare, I believe."

"Tiens! But proceed, milord."

"The Premier started for London. The car was a closed one. He and Captain Daniels sat inside. The second car followed as usual. But, unluckily, for some unknown reason, the Prime Minister's car deviated from the main road——"

"At a point where the road curves?" interrupted Poirot.

"Yes—but how did you know?"

"Oh, c'est évident! Continue!"

"For some unknown reason," continued Lord Estair, "the Premier's car left the main road. The police car, unaware of the deviation, continued to keep to the high road. At a short distance down the unfrequented lane, the Prime Minister's car was suddenly held up by a band of masked men. The chauffeur——"

"That brave O'Murphy!" murmured Poirot thoughtfully.

"The chauffeur, momentarily taken aback, jammed on the brakes. The Prime Minister put his head out of the window. Instantly a shot rang out—then another. The first one grazed his cheek, the second, fortunately, went wide. The chauffeur, now realizing the danger, instantly forged straight ahead, scattering the band of men."

"A near escape," I ejaculated, with a shiver.

"Mr. MacAdam refused to make any fuss over the slight wound he had received. He declared it was only a scratch. He stopped at a local cottage hospital, where it was dressed and bound up—he did not, of course, reveal his identity. He then drove, as per schedule, straight to Charing Cross, where a special train for Dover was awaiting him, and, after a brief account of what had happened had been given to the anxious police by Captain Daniels, he duly departed for France. At Dover, he went on board the waiting destroyer. At Boulogne, as you know, the bogus car was waiting for him, carrying the Union Jack, and correct in every detail."

"That is all you have to tell me?"

"Yes."

"There is no other circumstance that you have omitted, milord?"

"Well, there is one rather peculiar thing."

"Yes?"

"The Prime Minister's car did not return home after leaving the Prime Minister at Charing Cross. The police were anxious to interview O'Murphy, so a search was instituted at once. The car was discovered standing outside a certain unsavoury little restaurant in Soho, which is well known as a meeting-place of German agents."

"And the chauffeur?"

"The chauffeur was nowhere to be found. He, too, had disappeared."

"So," said Poirot thoughtfully, "there are two disappearances: the Prime Minister in France, and O'Murphy in London."

He looked keenly at Lord Estair, who made a gesture of despair.

"I can only tell you, Monsieur Poirot, that, if anyone had suggested to me yesterday that O'Murphy was a traitor, I should have laughed in his face."

"And to-day?"

"To-day I do not know what to think."

Poirot nodded gravely. He looked at his turnip of a watch again.

"I understand that I have carte blanche, messieurs—in every way, I mean? I must be able to go where I choose, and how I choose."

"Perfectly. There is a special train leaving for Dover in an hour's time, with a further contingent from Scotland Yard. You shall be accompanied by a Military officer and a C.I.D. man, who will hold themselves at your disposal in every way. Is that satisfactory?"

"Quite. One more question before you leave, messieurs. What made you come to me? I am unknown, obscure, in this great London of yours."

"We sought you out on the express recommendation and wish of a very great man of your own country."

"Comment? My old friend the Préfet——?"

Lord Estair shook his head.

"One higher than the Préfet. One whose word was once law in Belgium—and shall be again! That England has sworn!"

Poirot's hand flew swiftly to a dramatic salute. "Amen to that! Ah, but my Master does not forget. . . . Messieurs, I, Hercule Poirot, will serve you faithfully. Heaven only send that it will be in time. But this is dark—dark. . . . I cannot see."

"Well, Poirot," I cried impatiently, as the door closed behind the Ministers, "what do you think?"

My friend was busy packing a minute suitcase, with quick, deft movements. He shook his head thoughtfully.

"I do not know what to think. My brains desert me."

"Why, as you said, kidnap him, when a knock on the head would do as well?" I mused.

"Pardon me, mon ami, but I did not quite say that. It is undoubtedly far more their affair to kidnap him."

"But why?"

"Because uncertainty creates panic. That is one reason. Were the Prime Minister dead, it would be a terrible calamity, but the situation would have to be faced. But now you have paralysis. Will the Prime Minister reappear, or will he not? Is he dead or alive? Nobody knows, and until they know nothing definite can be done. And, as I tell you, uncertainty breeds panic, which is what les Boches are playing for. Then, again, if the kidnappers are holding him secretly somewhere, they have the advantage of being able to make terms with both sides. The German Government is not a liberal paymaster, as a rule, but no doubt they can be made to disgorge substantial remittances in such a case as this. Thirdly, they run no risk of the hangman's rope. Oh, decidedly, kidnapping is their affair."

"Then, if that is so, why should they first try to shoot him?"

Poirot made a gesture of anger. "Ah, that is just what I do not understand! It is inexplicable—stupid! They have all their arrangements made (and very good arrangements too!) for the abduction, and yet they imperil the whole affair by a melodramatic attack, worthy of a Cinema, and quite as unreal. It is almost impossible to believe in it, with its band of masked men, not twenty miles from London!"

"Perhaps they were two quite separate attempts which happened irrespective of each other," I suggested.

"Ah, no, that would be too much of a coincidence! Then, further—who is the traitor? There must have been a traitor—in the first affair, anyway. But who was it—Daniels or O'Murphy? It must have been one of the two, or why did the car leave the main road? We cannot suppose that the Prime Minister connived at his own assassination! Did O'Murphy take that turning of his own accord, or was it Daniels who told him to do so?"

"Surely it must have been O'Murphy's doing."

"Yes, because if it was Daniels' the Prime Minister would have heard the order, and would have asked the reason. But there are altogether too many 'whys' in this affair, and they contradict each other. If O'Murphy is an honest man, why did he leave the main road? But if he was a dishonest man, why did he start the car again when only two shots had been fired—thereby, in all probability, saving the Prime Minister's life? And, again, if he was honest, why did he, immediately on leaving Charing Cross, drive to a well-known rendezvous of German spies?"

"It looks bad," I said.

"Let us look at the case with method. What have we for and against these two men? Take O'Murphy first. Against: that his conduct in leaving the main road was suspicious; that he is an Irishman from County Clare; that he has disappeared in a highly suggestive manner. For: that his promptness in restarting the car saved the Premier's life; that he is a Scotland Yard man, and, obviously, from the post allotted to him, a trusted detective. Now for Daniels. There is not much against him, except the fact that nothing is known of his antecedents, and that he speaks too many languages for a good Englishman! (Pardon me, mon ami, but, as linguists, you are deplorable!) Now for him, we have the fact that he was found gagged, bound, and chloroformed—which does not look as though he had anything to do with the matter."

"He might have gagged and bound himself, to divert suspicion."

Poirot shook his head. "The French police would make no mistake of that kind. Besides, once he had attained his object, and the Prime Minister was safely abducted, there would not be much point in his remaining behind. His accomplices could have gagged and chloroformed him, of course, but I fail to see what object they hoped to accomplish by it. He can be of little use to them now, for, until the circumstances concerning the Prime Minister have been cleared up, he is bound to be closely watched."

"Perhaps he hoped to start the police on a false scent?"

"Then why did he not do so? He merely says that something was pressed over his nose and mouth, and that he remembers nothing more. There is no false scent there. It sounds remarkably like the truth."

"Well," I said, glancing at the clock, "I suppose we'd better start for the station. You may find more clues in France."

"Possibly, mon ami, but I doubt it. It is still incredible to me that the Prime Minister has not been discovered in that limited area, where the difficulty of concealing him must be tremendous. If the military and the police of two countries have not found him, how shall I?"

At Charing Cross we were met by Mr. Dodge.

"This is Detective Barnes, of Scotland Yard, and Major Norman. They will hold themselves entirely at your disposal. Good luck to you. It's a bad business, but I've not given up hope. Must be off now." And the Minister strode rapidly away.

We chatted in a desultory fashion with Major Norman. In the centre of the little group of men on the platform I recognized a little ferret-faced fellow talking to a tall, fair man. He was an old acquaintance of Poirot's—Detective-Inspector Japp, supposed to be one of the smartest of Scotland Yard's officers. He came over and greeted my friend cheerfully.

"I heard you were on this job too. Smart bit of work. So far they've got away with the goods all right. But I can't believe they can keep him hidden long. Our people are going through France with a toothcomb. So are the French. I can't help feeling it's only a matter of hours now."

"That is, if he's still alive," remarked the tall detective gloomily.

Japp's face fell. "Yes. . . . But somehow I've got the feeling he's alive all right."

Poirot nodded. "Yes, yes; he's alive. But can he be found in time? I, like you, did not believe he could be hidden so long."

The whistle blew, and we all trooped up into the Pullman car. Then, with a slow, unwilling jerk, the train drew out of the station.

It was a curious journey. The Scotland Yard men crowded together. Maps of Northern France were spread out, and eager forefingers traced the lines of roads and villages. Each man had his own pet theory. Poirot showed none of his usual loquacity, but sat staring in front of him, with an expression on his face that reminded me of a puzzled child. I talked to Norman, whom I found quite an amusing fellow. On arriving at Dover Poirot's behaviour moved me to intense amusement. The little man, as he went on board the boat, clutched desperately at my arm. The wind was blowing lustily.

"Mon Dieu!" he murmured. "This is terrible!"

"Have courage, Poirot," I cried. "You will succeed. You will find him. I am sure of it."

"Ah, mon ami, you mistake my emotion. It is this villainous sea that troubles me! The mal de mer—it is horrible suffering!"

"Oh!" I said, rather taken aback.

The first throb of the engines was felt, and Poirot groaned and closed his eyes.

"Major Norman has a map of Northern France if you would like to study it?"

Poirot shook his head impatiently.

"But no, but no! Leave me, my friend. See you, to think, the stomach and the brain must be in harmony. Laverguier has a method most excellent for averting the mal de mer. You breathe in—and out—slowly, so—turning the head from left to right and counting six between each breath."

I left him to his gymnastic endeavours, and went on deck.

As we came slowly into Boulogne Harbour Poirot appeared, neat and smiling, and announced to me in a whisper that Laverguier's system had succeeded "to a marvel!"

Japp's forefinger was still tracing imaginary routes on his map. "Nonsense! The car started from Boulogne—here they branched off. Now, my idea is that they transferred the Prime Minister to another car. See?"

"Well," said the tall detective, "I shall make for the seaports. Ten to one, they've smuggled him on board a ship."

Japp shook his head. "Too obvious. The order went out at once to close all the ports."

The day was just breaking as we landed. Major Norman touched Poirot on the arm. "There's a military car here waiting for you, sir."

"Thank you, monsieur. But, for the moment, I do not propose to leave Boulogne."

"What?"

"No, we will enter this hotel here, by the quay."

He suited the action to the word, demanded and was accorded a private room. We three followed him, puzzled and uncomprehending.

He shot a quick glance at us. "It is not so that the good detective should act, eh? I perceive your thought. He must be full of energy. He must rush to and fro. He should prostrate himself on the dusty road and seek the marks of tyres through a little glass. He must gather up the cigarette-end, the fallen match? That is your idea, is it not?"

His eyes challenged us. "But I—Hercule Poirot—tell you that it is not so! The true clues are within—here!" He tapped his forehead. "See you, I need not have left London. It would have been sufficient for me to sit quietly in my rooms there. All that matters is the little grey cells within. Secretly and silently they do their part, until suddenly I call for a map, and I lay my finger on a spot—so—and I say: the Prime Minister is there! And it is so! With method and logic one can accomplish anything! This frantic rushing to France was a mistake—it is playing a child's game of hide-and-seek. But now, though it may be too late, I will set to work the right way, from within. Silence, my friends, I beg of you."

And for five long hours the little man sat motionless, blinking his eyelids like a cat, his green eyes flickering and becoming steadily greener and greener. The Scotland Yard man was obviously contemptuous, Major Norman was bored and impatient, and I myself found the time pass with wearisome slowness.

Finally, I got up, and strolled as noiselessly as I could to the window. The matter was becoming a farce. I was secretly concerned for my friend. If he failed, I would have preferred him to fail in a less ridiculous manner. Out of the window I idly watched the daily leave boat, belching forth columns of smoke, as she lay alongside the quay.

Suddenly I was aroused by Poirot's voice close to my elbow.

"Mes amis, let us start!"

I turned. An extraordinary transformation had come over my friend. His eyes were flickering with excitement, his chest was swelled to the uttermost.

"I have been an imbecile, my friends! But I see daylight at last."

Major Norman moved hastily to the door. "I'll order the car."

"There is no need. I shall not use it. Thank Heaven the wind has fallen."

"Do you mean you are going to walk, sir?"

"No, my young friend. I am no St. Peter. I prefer to cross the sea by boat."

"To cross the sea?"

"Yes. To work with method, one must begin from the beginning. And the beginning of this affair was in England. Therefore, we return to England."

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At three o'clock, we stood once more upon Charing Cross platform. To all our expostulations, Poirot turned a deaf ear, and reiterated again and again that to start at the beginning was not a waste of time, but the only way. On the way over, he had conferred with Norman in a low voice, and the latter had despatched a sheaf of telegrams from Dover.

Owing to the special passes held by Norman, we got through everywhere in record time. In London, a large police car was waiting for us, with some plain-clothes men, one of whom handed a typewritten sheet of paper to my friend. He answered my inquiring glance.

"A list of the cottage hospitals within a certain radius west of London. I wired for it from Dover."

We were whirled rapidly through the London streets. We were on the Bath Road. On we went, through Hammersmith, Chiswick and Brentford. I began to see our objective. Through Windsor and on to Ascot. My heart gave a leap. Ascot was where Daniels had an aunt living. We were after him, then, not O'Murphy.

We duly stopped at the gate of a trim villa. Poirot jumped out and rang the bell. I saw a perplexed frown dimming the radiance of his face. Plainly, he was not satisfied. The bell was answered. He was ushered inside. In a few moments he reappeared, and climbed into the car with a short, sharp shake of his head. My hopes began to die down. It was past four now. Even if he found certain evidence incriminating Daniels, what would be the good of it, unless he could wring from some one the exact spot in France where they were holding the Prime Minister?

Our return progress towards London was an interrupted one. We deviated from the main road more than once, and occasionally stopped at a small building, which I had no difficulty in recognizing as a cottage hospital. Poirot only spent a few minutes at each, but at every halt his radiant assurance was more and more restored.

He whispered something to Norman, to which the latter replied:

"Yes, if you turn off to the left, you will find them waiting by the bridge."

We turned up a side road, and in the failing light I discerned a second car, waiting by the side of the road. It contained two men in plain clothes. Poirot got down and spoke to them, and then we started off in a northerly direction, the other car following close behind.

We drove for some time, our objective being obviously one of the northern suburbs of London. Finally, we drove up to the front door of a tall house, standing a little back from the road in its own grounds.

Norman and I were left with the car. Poirot and one of the detectives went up to the door and rang. A neat parlourmaid opened it. The detective spoke.

"I am a police officer, and I have a warrant to search this house."

The girl gave a little scream, and a tall, handsome woman of middle-age appeared behind her in the hall.

"Shut the door, Edith. They are burglars, I expect."

But Poirot swiftly inserted his foot in the door, and at the same moment blew a whistle. Instantly the other detectives ran up, and poured into the house, shutting the door behind them.

Norman and I spent about five minutes cursing our forced inactivity. Finally the door reopened, and the men emerged, escorting three prisoners—a woman and two men. The woman, and one of the men, were taken to the second car. The other man was placed in our car by Poirot himself.

"I must go with the others, my friend. But have great care of this gentleman. You do not know him, no? Eh bien, let me present to you, Monsieur O'Murphy!"

O'Murphy! I gaped at him open-mouthed as we started again. He was not handcuffed, but I did not fancy he would try to escape. He sat there staring in front of him as though dazed. Anyway, Norman and I would be more than a match for him.

To my surprise, we still kept a northerly route. We were not returning to London, then! I was much puzzled. Suddenly, as the car slowed down, I recognized that we were close to Hendon Aerodrome. Immediately I grasped Poirot's idea. He proposed to reach France by aeroplane.

It was a sporting idea, but, on the face of it, impracticable. A telegram would be far quicker. Time was everything. He must leave the personal glory of rescuing the Prime Minister to others.

As we drew up, Major Norman jumped out, and a plain-clothes man took his place. He conferred with Poirot for a few minutes, and then went off briskly.

I, too, jumped out, and caught Poirot by the arm.

"I congratulate you, old fellow! They have told you the hiding-place? But, look here, you must wire to France at once. You'll be too late if you go yourself."

Poirot looked at me curiously for a minute or two.

"Unfortunately, my friend, there are some things that cannot be sent by telegram."

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At that moment Major Norman returned, accompanied by a young officer in the uniform of the Flying Corps.

"This is Captain Lyall, who will fly you over to France. He can start at once."

"Wrap up warmly, sir," said the young pilot. "I can lend you a coat, if you like."

Poirot was consulting his enormous watch. He murmured to himself: "Yes, there is time—just time." Then he looked up, and bowed politely to the young officer. "I thank you, monsieur. But it is not I who am your passenger. It is this gentleman here."

He moved a little aside as he spoke, and a figure came forward out of the darkness. It was the second male prisoner who had gone in the other car, and as the light fell on his face, I gave a gasp of surprise.

It was the Prime Minister!

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"For Heaven's sake, tell me all about it," I cried impatiently, as Poirot, Norman, and I motored back to London. "How in the world did they manage to smuggle him back to England?"

"There was no need to smuggle him back," replied Poirot dryly. "The Prime Minister has never left England. He was kidnapped on his way from Windsor to London."

"What?"

"I will make all clear. The Prime Minister was in his car, his secretary beside him. Suddenly a pad of chloroform is clapped on his face——"

"But by whom?"

"By the clever linguistic Captain Daniels. As soon as the Prime Minister is unconscious, Daniels picks up the speaking-tube, and directs O'Murphy to turn to the right, which the chauffeur, quite unsuspicious, does. A few yards down that unfrequented road, a large car is standing, apparently broken down. Its driver signals to O'Murphy to stop. O'Murphy slows up. The stranger approaches. Daniels leans out of the window, and, probably with the aid of an instantaneous anæsthetic, such as ethylchloride, the chloroform trick is repeated. In a few seconds, the two helpless men are dragged out and transferred to the other car, and a pair of substitutes take their places."

"Impossible!"

"Pas du tout! Have you not seen music-hall turns imitating celebrities with marvellous accuracy? Nothing is easier than to personate a public character. The Prime Minister of England is far easier to understudy than Mr. John Smith of Clapham, say. As for O'Murphy's 'double,' no one was going to take much notice of him until after the departure of the Prime Minister, and by then he would have made himself scarce. He drives straight from Charing Cross to the meeting-place of his friends. He goes in as O'Murphy, he emerges as some one quite different. O'Murphy has disappeared, leaving a conveniently suspicious trail behind him."

"But the man who personated the Prime Minister was seen by every one!"

"He was not seen by anyone who knew him privately or intimately. And Daniels shielded him from contact with anyone as much as possible. Moreover, his face was bandaged up, and anything unusual in his manner would be put down to the fact that he was suffering from shock as a result of the attempt upon his life. Mr. MacAdam has a weak throat, and always spares his voice as much as possible before any great speech. The deception was perfectly easy to keep up as far as France. There it would be impracticable and impossible—so the Prime Minister disappears. The police of this country hurry across the Channel, and no one bothers to go into the details of the first attack. To sustain the illusion that the abduction has taken place in France, Daniels is gagged and chloroformed in a convincing manner."

"And the man who has enacted the part of the Prime Minister?"

"Rids himself of his disguise. He and the bogus chauffeur may be arrested as suspicious characters, but no one will dream of suspecting their real part in the drama, and they will eventually be released for lack of evidence."

"And the real Prime Minister?"

"He and O'Murphy were driven straight to the house of 'Mrs. Everard,' at Hampstead, Daniels' so-called 'aunt.' In reality, she is Frau Bertha Ebenthal, and the police have been looking for her for some time. It is a valuable little present that I have made to them—to say nothing of Daniels! Ah, it was a clever plan, but he did not reckon on the cleverness of Hercule Poirot!"

I think my friend might well be excused his moment of vanity.

"When did you first begin to suspect the truth of the matter?"

"When I began to work the right way—from within! I could not make that shooting affair fit in—but when I saw that the net result of it was that the Prime Minister went to France with his face bound up I began to comprehend! And when I visited all the cottage hospitals between Windsor and London, and found that no one answering to my description had had his face bound up and dressed that morning, I was sure! After that, it was child's-play for a mind like mine!"

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The following morning, Poirot showed me a telegram he had just received. It had no place of origin, and was unsigned. It ran:

"In time."

Later in the day the evening papers published an account of the Allied Conference. They laid particular stress on the magnificent ovation accorded to Mr. David MacAdam, whose inspiring speech had produced a deep and lasting impression.

The Old Woman in the Woods

By the Brother's Grimm

A poor servant girl was once traveling through a great forest with her master and mistress, and when they were in the middle of it, robbers came out of the thicket, and murdered everyone they found. Everyone perished except the girl, who in her fright had jumped out of the carriage and hidden herself behind a tree. After the robbers had taken their booty and departed, she came forth and saw the horrible disaster.

She began to weep bitterly, and said, "What can a poor girl like me do now? I do not know the way out of the woods. No human being lives here, so I'll most certainly starve to death."
She walked about looking for a pathway, but could not find one. When evening fell she sat down beneath a tree, commended herself to God, and decided to remain seated there and not go away, whatever might happen. After she had sat there a while, a little white dove flew up to her with a little golden key in its beak. It put the little key in her hand, saying, "Do you see that large tree over there? A little lock is on it. Open it with this little key, and you will find food enough to still your hunger."

Then she went to the tree and unlocked it, and found milk in a little bowl, and white bread to break into it, so that she could eat her fill. When she was satisfied, she said, "It is now the time when the hens at home go to roost, I am so tired that I would like to lie down in my bed as well."

Then the little dove flew to her again, bringing another little golden key in its bill. It said, "Open that tree over there, and you will find a bed."

She opened it, and found a beautiful white bed. Then she prayed to God for protection during the night, lay down, and fell asleep.
In the morning the little dove came for the third time, again bringing a little key. It said, "Open that tree over there, and you will find clothes."

Upon opening it she found garments trimmed with gold and with jewels, more splendid than those of any princess. Thus she lived there for some time. The little dove came every day, providing her with everything that she needed. It was a peaceful, good life.

Then one day the little dove came and said, "Will you do me a favor?" "Gladly, with all my heart," said the girl.

Then the little dove said, "I will lead you to a little house. Go inside, where an old woman will be sitting by the fireplace. She will say, 'Good day.' But on your life do not answer her, in spite of whatever she might do. Pass by her on her right-hand side where there is a door. Open it and you will enter into a room where there are all kinds of rings lying on a table. Some of these are some splendid ones with glistening stones. Leave them where they are and seek out a simple one which must be among them, then bring it here to me as quickly as you can."

The girl went to the little house, and entered in at the door. An old woman was sitting there. When she saw the girl she glared at her and said, “Good day, my child.” The girl did not answer, but approached the door.

“Where are you going?” cried the old woman, and grabbed her skirt, trying to hold her fast. She said, “This is my house, and no one can go in there if I do not want them to.”

But the girl said nothing, pulled away from her, and went directly into the room. On the table there was an enormous quantity of rings, which glistened and glittered before her eyes. She stirred through them looking for the simple one, but she could not find it. While she was thus seeking, she saw the old woman sneak by, try- ing to make off with a bird cage which she had in her hand. The girl went up to her and took the cage out of her hand. Lifting it up and looking inside it, she saw a bird with the simple ring in its beak.

She took the ring, and happily ran out of the house with it. She thought that the little white dove would come and get the ring, but it did not. Then she leaned against a tree, determined to wait for the dove. As she stood there, it seemed that the tree was becoming soft and flexible, and was letting its branches down. Suddenly the branches wrapped themselves around her, and had become two arms. Looking around, she saw that the tree had turned into a handsome man, who embraced her and kissed her tenderly.

He said, "You have delivered me from the power of the old woman, who is a wicked witch. She had turned me into a tree, and for a few hours every day I was a white dove. As long as she possessed the ring I could not regain my human form."

Then his servants and his horses, who had likewise been changed into trees, were freed from the magic spell as we, and were standing there beside him. Then they traveled to his kingdom, for he was a prince, and they married, and lived happily.

Circe's Palace

By Nathaniel Hawthorne

Some of you have heard, no doubt, of the wise King Ulysses, and how he went to the siege of Troy, and how, after that famous city was taken and burned, he spent ten long years in trying to get back again to his own little kingdom of Ithaca. At one time in the course of this weary voyage, he arrived at an island that looked very green and pleasant, but the name of which was unknown to him. For, only a little while before he came thither, he had met with a terrible hurricane, or rather a great many hurricanes at once, which drove his fleet of vessels into a strange part of the sea, where neither himself nor any of his mariners had ever sailed. This misfortune was entirely owing to the foolish curiosity of his shipmates, who, while Ulysses lay asleep, had untied some very bulky leathern bags, in which they supposed a valuable treasure to be concealed. But in each of these stout bags, King Æolus, the ruler of the winds, had tied up a tempest, and had given it to Ulysses to keep, in order that he might be sure of a favorable passage homeward to Ithaca; and when the strings were loosened, forth rushed the whistling blasts, like air out of a blown bladder, whitening the sea with foam, and scattering the vessels nobody could tell whither.

Immediately after escaping from this peril, a still greater one had befallen him. Scudding before the hurricane, he reached a place, which, as he afterwards found, was called Læstrygonia, where some monstrous giants had eaten up many of his companions, and had sunk every one of his vessels, except that in which he himself sailed, by flinging great masses of rock at them, from the cliffs along the shore. After going through such troubles as these, you cannot wonder that King Ulysses was glad to moor his tempest-beaten bark in a quiet cove of the green island, which I began with telling you about. But he had encountered so many dangers from giants, and one-eyed Cyclopes, and monsters of the sea and land, that he could not help dreading some mischief, even in this pleasant and seemingly solitary spot. For two days, therefore, the poor weather-worn voyagers kept quiet, and either stayed on board of their vessel, or merely crept along under cliffs that bordered the shore; and to keep themselves alive, they dug shell-fish out of the sand, and sought for any little rill of fresh water that might be running towards the sea.

Before the two days were spent, they grew very weary of this kind of life; for the followers of King Ulysses, as you will find it important to remember, were terrible gormandizers, and pretty sure to grumble if they missed their regular meals, and their irregular ones besides. Their stock of provisions was quite exhausted, and even the shell-fish began to get scarce, so that they had now to choose between starving to death or venturing into the interior of the island, where, perhaps, some huge three-headed dragon, or other horrible monster, had his den. Such misshapen creatures were very numerous in those days; and nobody ever expected to make a voyage, or take a journey, without running more or less risk of being devoured by them.

But King Ulysses was a bold man as well as a prudent one; and on the third morning he determined to discover what sort of a place the island was, and whether it were possible to obtain a supply of food for the hungry mouths of his companions. So, taking a spear in his hand, he clambered to the summit of a cliff, and gazed round about him. At a distance, towards the centre of the island, he beheld the stately towers of what seemed to be a palace, built of

snow-white marble, and rising in the midst of a grove of lofty trees. The thick branches of these trees stretched across the front of the edifice, and more than half concealed it, although, from the portion which he saw, Ulysses judged it to be spacious and exceedingly beautiful, and probably the residence of some great nobleman or prince. A blue smoke went curling up from the chimney, and was almost the pleasantest part of the spectacle to Ulysses. For, from the abundance of this smoke, it was reasonable to conclude that there was a good fire in the kitchen, and that, at dinner-time, a plentiful banquet would be served up to the inhabitants of the palace, and to whatever guests might happen to drop in.

With so agreeable a prospect before him, Ulysses fancied that he could not do better than to go straight to the palace gate, and tell the master of it that there was a crew of poor shipwrecked mariners, not far off, who had eaten nothing for a day or two save a few clams and oysters, and would therefore be thankful for a little food. And the prince or nobleman must be a very stingy curmudgeon, to be sure, if, at least, when his own dinner was over, he would not bid them welcome to the broken victuals from the table.

Pleasing himself with this idea, King Ulysses had made a few steps in the direction of the palace, when there was a great twittering and chirping from the branch of a neighboring tree. A moment afterwards, a bird came flying towards him, and hovered in the air, so as almost to brush his face with its wings. It was a very pretty little bird, with purple wings and body, and yellow legs, and a circle of golden feathers round his neck, and on its head a golden tuft, which looked like a king's crown in miniature. Ulysses tried to catch the bird. But it fluttered nimbly out of his reach, still chirping in a piteous tone, as if it could have told a lamentable story, had it only been gifted with human language. And when he attempted to drive it away, the bird flew no farther than the bough of the next tree, and again came fluttering about his head, with its doleful chirp, as soon as he showed a purpose of going forward.

"Have you anything to tell me, little bird?" asked Ulysses.

And he was ready to listen attentively to whatever the bird might communicate; for at the siege of Troy, and elsewhere, he had known such odd things to happen, that he would not have considered it much out of the common run had this little feathered creature talked as plainly as himself.

"Peep!" said the bird, "peep, peep, pe—weep!" And nothing else would it say, but only, "Peep, peep, pe—weep!" in a melancholy cadence, over and over and over again. As often as Ulysses moved forward, however, the bird showed the greatest alarm, and did its best to drive him back, with the anxious flutter of its purple wings. Its unaccountable behavior made him conclude, at last, that the bird knew of some danger that awaited him, and which must needs be very terrible, beyond all question, since it moved even a little fowl to feel compassion for a human being. So he resolved, for the present, to return to the vessel, and tell his companions what he had seen.

This appeared to satisfy the bird. As soon as Ulysses turned back, it ran up the trunk of a tree, and began to pick insects out of the bark with its long, sharp bill; for it was a kind of wood-pecker, you must know, and had to get its living in the same manner as other birds of that species. But every little while, as it pecked at the bark of the tree, the purple bird bethought itself of some secret sorrow, and repeated its plaintive note of "Peep, peep, pe—weep!"

On his way to the shore, Ulysses had the good luck to kill a large stag by thrusting his spear into its back. Taking it on his shoulders (for he was a remarkably strong man), he lugged it along with him, and flung it down before his hungry companions. I have already hinted to you what gormandizers some of the comrades of King Ulysses were. From what is related of them, I reckon that their favorite diet was pork, and that they had lived upon it until a good part of their physical substance was swine's flesh, and their tempers and dispositions were very much akin to the hog. A dish of venison, however, was no unacceptable meal to them, especially after feeding so long on oysters and clams. So, beholding the dead stag, they felt of its ribs in a knowing way, and lost no time in kindling a fire, of drift-wood, to cook it. The rest of the day was spent in feasting; and if these enormous eaters got up from table at sunset, it was only because they could not scrape another morsel off the poor animal's bones.

The next morning their appetites were as sharp as ever. They looked at Ulysses, as if they expected him to clamber up the cliff again, and come back with another fat deer upon his shoulders. Instead of setting out, however, he summoned the whole crew together, and told them it was in vain to hope that he could kill a stag every day for their dinner, and therefore it was advisable to think of some other mode of satisfying their hunger.

"Now," said he, "when I was on the cliff yesterday, I discovered that this island is inhabited. At a considerable distance from the shore stood a marble palace, which appeared to be very spacious, and had a great deal of smoke curling out of one of its chimneys."

"Aha!" muttered some of his companions, smacking their lips. "That smoke must have come from the kitchen fire. There was a good dinner on the spit; and no doubt there will be as good a one to-day."

"But," continued the wise Ulysses, "you must remember, my good friends, our misadventure in the cavern of one-eyed Polyphemus, the Cyclops! Instead of his ordinary milk diet, did he not eat up two of our comrades for his supper, and a couple more for breakfast, and two at his supper again? Methinks I see him yet, the hideous monster, scanning us with that great red eye, in the middle of his forehead, to single out the fattest. And then again only a few days ago, did we not fall into the hands of the king of the Læstrygons, and those other horrible giants, his subjects, who devoured a great many more of us than are now left? To tell you the truth, if we go to yonder palace, there can be no question that we shall make our appearance at the dinner-table; but whether seated as guests, or served up as food, is a point to be seriously considered."

"Either way," murmured some of the hungriest of the crew, "it will be better than starvation; particularly if one could be sure of being well fattened beforehand, and daintily cooked afterwards."

"That is a matter of taste," said King Ulysses, "and, for my own part, neither the most careful fattening nor the daintiest of cookery would reconcile me to being dished at last. My proposal is, therefore, that we divide ourselves into two equal parties, and ascertain, by drawing lots, which of the two shall go to the palace, and beg for food and assistance. If these can be obtained, all is well. If not, and if the inhabitants prove as inhospitable as Polyphemus, or the Læstrygons, then there will but half of us perish, and the remainder may set sail and escape."

As nobody objected to this scheme, Ulysses proceeded to count the whole band, and found that there were forty-six men including himself. He then numbered off twenty-two of them, and put Eurylochus (who was one of his chief officers, and second only to himself in sagacity) at their head. Ulysses took command of the remaining twenty-two men, in person. Then, taking off his helmet, he put two shells into it, on one of which was written, "Go," and on the other "Stay." Another person now held the helmet, while Ulysses and Eurylochus drew out each a shell; and the word "Go" was found written on that which Eurylochus had drawn. In this manner, it was decided that Ulysses and his twenty-two men were to remain at the seaside until the other party should have found out what sort of treatment they might expect at the mysterious palace. As there was no help for it, Eurylochus immediately set forth at the head of his twenty-two followers, who went off in a very melancholy state of mind, leaving their friends in hardly better spirits than themselves.

No sooner had they clambered up the cliff, than they discerned the tall marble towers of the palace, ascending, as white as snow, out of the lovely green shadow of the trees which surrounded it. A gush of smoke came from a chimney in the rear of the edifice. This vapor rose high in the air, and, meeting with a breeze, was wafted seaward, and made to pass over the heads of the hungry mariners. When people's appetites are keen, they have a very quick scent for anything savory in the wind.

"That smoke comes from the kitchen!" cried one of them, turning up his nose as high as he could, and snuffing eagerly. "And, as sure as I'm a half-starved vagabond, I smell roast meat in it."

"Pig, roast pig!" said another. "Ah, the dainty little porker! My mouth waters for him."

"Let us make haste," cried the others, "or we shall be too late for the good cheer!"

But scarcely had they made half a dozen steps from the edge of the cliff, when a bird came fluttering to meet them. It was the same pretty little bird, with the purple wings and body, the yellow legs, the golden collar round its neck, and the crown-like tuft upon its head, whose behavior had so much surprised Ulysses. It hovered about Eurylochus, and almost brushed his face with its wings.

"Peep, peep, pe—weep!" chirped the bird.

So plaintively intelligent was the sound, that it seemed as if the little creature were going to break its heart with some mighty secret that it had to tell, and only this one poor note to tell it with.

"My pretty bird," said Eurylochus,—for he was a wary person, and let no token of harm escape his notice,—"my pretty bird, who sent you hither? And what is the message which you bring?"

"Peep, peep, pe—weep!" replied the bird, very sorrowfully.

Then it flew towards the edge of the cliff, and looked round at them, as if exceedingly anxious that they should return whence they came. Eurylochus and a few of the others were inclined to turn back. They could not help suspecting that the purple bird must be aware of something mischievous that would befall them at the palace, and the knowledge of which affected its airy spirit with a human sympathy and sorrow. But the rest of the voyagers, snuffing up the smoke from the palace

kitchen, ridiculed the idea of returning to the vessel. One of them (more brutal than his fellows, and the most notorious gormandizer in the whole crew) said such a cruel and wicked thing, that I wonder the mere thought did not turn him into a wild beast in shape, as he already was in his nature.

"This troublesome and impertinent little fowl," said he, "would make a delicate titbit to begin dinner with. Just one plump morsel, melting away between the teeth. If he comes within my reach, I'll catch him, and give him to the palace cook to be roasted on a skewer."

The words were hardly out of his mouth, before the purple bird flew away, crying "Peep, peep, pe—weep," more dolorously than ever.

"That bird," remarked Eurylochus, "knows more than we do about what awaits us at the palace."

"Come on, then," cried his comrades, "and we'll soon know as much as he does."

The party, accordingly, went onward through the green and pleasant wood. Every little while they caught new glimpses of the marble palace, which looked more and more beautiful the nearer they approached it. They soon entered a broad pathway, which seemed to be very neatly kept, and which went winding along with streaks of sunshine falling across it, and specks of light quivering among the deepest shadows that fell from the lofty trees. It was bordered, too, with a great many sweet-smelling flowers, such as the mariners had never seen before. So rich and beautiful they were, that, if the shrubs grew wild here, and were native in the soil, then this island was surely the flower-garden of the whole earth; or, if transplanted from some other clime, it must have been from the Happy Islands that lay towards the golden sunset.

"There has been a great deal of pains foolishly wasted on these flowers," observed one of the company; and I tell you what he said, that you may keep in mind what gormandizers they were. "For my part, if I were the owner of the palace, I would bid my gardener cultivate nothing but savory potherbs to make a stuffing for roast meat, or to flavor a stew with."

"Well said!" cried the others. "But I'll warrant you there's a kitchen-garden in the rear of the palace."

At one place they came to a crystal spring, and paused to drink at it for want of liquor which they liked better. Looking into its bosom, they beheld their own faces dimly reflected, but so extravagantly distorted by the gush and motion of the water, that each one of them appeared to be laughing at himself and all his companions. So ridiculous were these images of themselves, indeed, that they did really laugh aloud, and could hardly be grave again as soon as they wished. And after they had drank, they grew still merrier than before.

"It has a twang of the wine-cask in it," said one, smacking his lips.

"Make haste!" cried his fellows; "we'll find the wine-cask itself at the palace; and that will be better than a hundred crystal fountains."

Then they quickened their pace, and capered for joy at the thought of the savory banquet at which they hoped to be guests. But Eurylochus told them that he felt as if he were walking in a dream.

"If I am really awake," continued he, "then, in my opinion, we are on the point of meeting with some stranger adventure than any that befell us in the cave of Polyphemus, or among the gigantic man-eating Læstrygons, or in the windy palace of King Æolus, which stands on a brazen-walled island. This kind of dreamy feeling always comes over me before any wonderful occurrence. If you take my advice, you will turn back."

"No, no," answered his comrades, snuffing the air, in which the scent from the palace kitchen was now very perceptible. "We would not turn back, though we were certain that the king of the Læstrygons, as big as a mountain, would sit at the head of the table, and huge Polyphemus, the one-eyed Cyclops, at its foot."

At length they came within full sight of the palace, which proved to be very large and lofty, with a great number of airy pinnacles upon its roof. Though it was now midday, and the sun shone brightly over the marble front, yet its snowy whiteness, and its fantastic style of architecture, made it look unreal, like the frostwork on a window-pane, or like the shapes of castles which one sees among the clouds by moonlight. But, just then, a puff of wind brought down the smoke of the kitchen chimney among them, and caused each man to smell the odor of the dish that he liked best; and, after scenting it, they thought everything else moonshine, and nothing real save this palace, and save the banquet that was evidently ready to be served up in it.

So they hastened their steps towards the portal, but had not got half-way across the wide lawn, when a pack of lions, tigers, and wolves came bounding to meet them. The terrified mariners started back, expecting no better fate than to be torn to pieces and devoured. To their surprise and joy, however, these wild beasts merely capered around them, wagging their tails, offering their heads to be stroked and patted, and behaving just like so many well-bred house-dogs, when they wish to express their delight at meeting their master, or their master's friends. The biggest lion licked the feet of Eurylochus; and every other lion, and every wolf and tiger, singled out one of his two-and-twenty followers, whom the beast fondled as if he loved him better than a beef-bone.

But, for all that, Eurylochus imagined that he saw something fierce and savage in their eyes; nor would he have been surprised, at any moment, to feel the big lion's terrible claws, or to see each of the tigers make a deadly spring, or each wolf leap at the throat of the man whom he had fondled. Their mildness seemed unreal, and a mere freak; but their savage nature was as true as their teeth and claws.

Nevertheless, the men went safely across the lawn with the wild beasts frisking about them, and doing no manner of harm; although, as they mounted the steps of the palace, you might possibly have heard a low growl, particularly from the wolves; as if they thought it a pity, after all, to let the strangers pass without so much as tasting what they were made of.

Eurylochus and his followers now passed under a lofty portal, and looked through the open doorway into the interior of the palace. The first thing that they saw was a spacious hall, and a fountain in the middle of it, gushing up towards the ceiling out of a marble basin, and falling back into it with a continual plash. The water of this fountain, as it spouted upward, was constantly taking new shapes, not very distinctly, but plainly enough for a nimble fancy to recognize what they were. Now it was the shape of a man in a long robe, the fleecy whiteness of which was made out of the fountain's spray; now it was a lion, or a tiger, or a wolf, or an ass, or, as often as anything else, a hog,

wallowing in the marble basin as if it were his sty. It was either magic or some very curious machinery that caused the gushing waterspout to assume all these forms. But, before the strangers had time to look closely at this wonderful sight, their attention was drawn off by a very sweet and agreeable sound. A woman's voice was singing melodiously in another room of the palace, and with her voice was mingled the noise of a loom, at which she was probably seated, weaving a rich texture of cloth, and intertwining the high and low sweetness of her voice into a rich tissue of harmony.

By and by, the song came to an end; and then, all at once, there were several feminine voices, talking airily and cheerfully, with now and then a merry burst of laughter, such as you may always hear when three or four young women sit at work together.

"What a sweet song that was!" exclaimed one of the voyagers.

"Too sweet, indeed," answered Eurylochus, shaking his head. "Yet it was not so sweet as the song of the Sirens, those birdlike damsels who wanted to tempt us on the rocks, so that our vessel might be wrecked, and our bones left whitening along the shore."

"But just listen to the pleasant voices of those maidens, and that buzz of the loom, as the shuttle passes to and fro," said another comrade. "What a domestic, household, homelike sound it is! Ah, before that weary siege of Troy, I used to hear the buzzing loom and the women's voices under my own roof. Shall I never hear them again? nor taste those nice little savory dishes which my dearest wife knew how to serve up?"

"Tush! we shall fare better here," said another. "But how innocently those women are babbling together, without guessing that we overhear them! And mark that richest voice of all, so pleasant and familiar, but which yet seems to have the authority of a mistress among them. Let us show ourselves at once. What harm can the lady of the palace and her maidens do to mariners and warriors like us?"

"Remember," said Eurylochus, "that it was a young maiden who beguiled three of our friends into the palace of the king of the Læstrygons, who ate up one of them in the twinkling of an eye."

No warning or persuasion, however, had any effect on his companions. They went up to a pair of folding-doors at the farther end of the hall, and, throwing them wide open, passed into the next room. Eurylochus, meanwhile, had stepped behind a pillar. In the short moment while the folding-doors opened and closed again, he caught a glimpse of a very beautiful woman rising from the loom, and coming to meet the poor weather-beaten wanderers, with a hospitable smile, and her hand stretched out in welcome. There were four other young women, who joined their hands and danced merrily forward, making gestures of obeisance to the strangers. They were only less beautiful than the lady who seemed to be their mistress. Yet Eurylochus fancied that one of them had sea-green hair, and that the close-fitting bodice of a second looked like the bark of a tree, and that both the others had something odd in their aspect, although he could not quite determine what it was, in the little while that he had to examine them.

The folding-doors swung quickly back, and left him standing behind the pillar, in the solitude of the outer hall. There Eurylochus waited until he was quite weary, and listened eagerly to every sound, but without hearing anything that could help him to guess what had become of his friends. Footsteps, it is true, seemed to be passing and repassing in other parts of the palace. Then there was a clatter of silver dishes, or golden ones, which made him imagine a rich feast in a splendid banqueting-hall. But by and by he heard a tremendous grunting and squealing, and then a sudden scampering, like that of small, hard hoofs over a marble floor, while the voices of the mistress and her four handmaidens were screaming all together, in tones of anger and derision. Eurylochus could not conceive what had happened, unless a drove of swine had broken into the palace, attracted by the smell of the feast. Chancing to cast his eyes at the fountain, he saw that it did not shift its shape, as formerly, nor looked either like a long-robed man, or a lion, a tiger, a wolf, or an ass. It looked like nothing but a hog, which lay wallowing in the marble basin, and filled it from brim to brim.

But we must leave the prudent Eurylochus waiting in the outer hall, and follow his friends into the inner secrecy of the palace. As soon as the beautiful woman saw them, she arose from the loom, as I have told you, and came forward, smiling, and stretching out her hand. She took the hand of the foremost among them, and bade him and the whole party welcome.

"You have been long expected, my good friends," said she. "I and my maidens are well acquainted with you, although you do not appear to recognize us. Look at this piece of tapestry, and judge if your faces must not have been familiar to us."

So the voyagers examined the web of cloth which the beautiful woman had been weaving in her loom; and, to their vast astonishment they saw their own figures perfectly represented in different colored threads. It was a lifelike picture of their recent adventures, showing them in the cave of Polyphemus, and how they had put out his one great moony eye; while in another part of the tapestry they were untying the leathern bags, puffed out with contrary winds; and farther on, they beheld themselves scampering away from the gigantic king of the Læstrygons, who had caught one of them by the leg. Lastly, there they were, sitting on the desolate shore of this very island, hungry and downcast, and looking ruefully at the bare bones of the stag which they devoured yesterday. This was as far as the work had yet proceeded; but when the beautiful woman should again sit down at her loom, she would probably make a picture of what had since happened to the strangers, and of what was now going to happen.

"You see," she said, "that I know all about your troubles; and you cannot doubt that I desire to make you happy for as long a time as you may remain with me. For this purpose, my honored guests, I have ordered a banquet to be prepared. Fish, fowl, and flesh, roasted, and in luscious stews, and seasoned, I trust, to all your tastes, are ready to be served up. If your appetites tell you it is dinner-time, then come with me to the festal saloon."

At this kind invitation, the hungry mariners were quite overjoyed; and one of them, taking upon himself to be spokesman, assured their hospitable hostess that any hour of the day was dinner-time with them, whenever they could get flesh to put in the pot, and fire to boil it with. So the beautiful woman led the way; and the four maidens (one of them had sea-green hair, another a bodice of oak bark, a third sprinkled a shower of water-drops from her fingers' ends, and the fourth had some other oddity, which I have forgotten), all these followed behind, and hurried the guests along, until they

entered a magnificent saloon. It was built in a perfect oval, and lighted from a crystal dome above. Around the walls were ranged two-and-twenty thrones, overhung by canopies of crimson and gold, and provided with the softest of cushions, which were tasselled and fringed with gold cord. Each of the strangers was invited to sit down; and there they were, two-and-twenty storm-beaten mariners, in worn and tattered garb, sitting on two-and-twenty canopied thrones, so rich and gorgeous that the proudest monarch had nothing more splendid in his stateliest hall.
Then you might have seen the guests nodding, winking with one eye, and leaning from one throne to another, to communicate their satisfaction in hoarse whispers.

"Our good hostess has made kings of us all," said one. "Ha! do you smell the feast? I'll engage it will be fit to set before two-and-twenty kings."

"I hope," said another, "it will be, mainly, good substantial joints, sirloins, spareribs, and hinder quarters, without too many kickshaws. If I thought the good lady would not take it amiss, I should call for a fat slice of fried bacon to begin with."

Ah, the gluttons and gormandizers! You see how it was with them. In the loftiest seats of dignity, on royal thrones, they could think of nothing but their greedy appetite, which was the portion of their nature that they shared with wolves and swine; so that they resembled those vilest of animals far more than they did kings,—if, indeed, kings were what they ought to be.

But the beautiful woman now clapped her hands; and immediately there entered a train of two-and-twenty serving-men, bringing dishes of the richest food, all hot from the kitchen fire, and sending up such a steam that it hung like a cloud below the crystal dome of the saloon. An equal number of attendants brought great flagons of wine, of various kinds, some of which sparkled as it was poured out, and went bubbling down the throat; while, of other sorts, the purple liquor was so clear that you could see the wrought figures at the bottom of the goblet. While the servants supplied the two-and-twenty guests with food and drink, the hostess and her four maidens went from one throne to another, exhorting them to eat their fill, and to quaff wine abundantly, and thus to recompense themselves, at this one banquet, for the many days when they had gone without a dinner. But, whenever the mariners were not looking at them (which was pretty often, as they looked chiefly into the basins and platters), the beautiful woman and her damsels turned aside and laughed. Even the servants, as they knelt down to present the dishes, might be seen to grin and sneer, while the guests were helping themselves to the offered dainties.

And, once in a while, the strangers seemed to taste something that they did not like.

"Here is an odd kind of a spice in this dish," said one. "I can't say it quite suits my palate. Down it goes, however."

"Send a good draught of wine down your throat," said his comrade on the next throne. "That is the stuff to make this sort of cookery relish well. Though I must needs say, the wine has a queer taste too. But the more I drink of it the better I like the flavor."

Whatever little fault they might find with the dishes, they sat at dinner a prodigiously long while; and it would really have made you ashamed to see how they swilled down the liquor and gobbled up

the food. They sat on golden thrones, to be sure; but they behaved like pigs in a sty; and, if they had had their wits about them, they might have guessed that this was the opinion of their beautiful hostess and her maidens. It brings a blush into my face to reckon up, in my own mind, what mountains of meat and pudding, and what gallons of wine, these two-and-twenty guzzlers and gormandizers ate and drank. They forgot all about their homes, and their wives and children, and all about Ulysses, and everything else, except this banquet, at which they wanted to keep feasting forever. But at length they began to give over, from mere incapacity to hold any more.

"That last bit of fat is too much for me," said one.

"And I have not room for another morsel," said his next neighbor, heaving a sigh. "What a pity! My appetite is as sharp as ever."

In short, they all left off eating, and leaned back on their thrones, with such a stupid and helpless aspect as made them ridiculous to behold. When their hostess saw this, she laughed aloud; so did her four damsels; so did the two-and-twenty serving men that bore the dishes, and their two-and-twenty fellows that poured out the wine. And the louder they all laughed, the more stupid and helpless did the two-and-twenty gormandizers look. Then the beautiful woman took her stand in the middle of the saloon, and stretching out a slender rod (it had been all the while in her hand, although they never noticed it till this moment), she turned it from one guest to another, until each had felt it pointed at himself. Beautiful as her face was, and though there was a smile on it, it looked just as wicked and mischievous as the ugliest serpent that ever was seen; and fat-witted as the voyagers had made themselves, they began to suspect that they had fallen into the power of an evil-minded enchantress.

"Wretches," cried she, "you have abused a lady's hospitality; and in this princely saloon your behavior has been suited to a hogpen. You are already swine in everything but the human form, which you disgrace, and which I myself should be ashamed to keep a moment longer, were you to share it with me. But it will require only the slightest exercise of magic to make the exterior conform to the hoggish disposition. Assume your proper shapes, gormandizers, and begone to the sty!"

Uttering these last words, she waved her wand; and stamping her foot imperiously, each of the guests was struck aghast at beholding, instead of his comrades in human shape, one-and-twenty hogs sitting on the same number of golden thrones. Each man (as he still supposed himself to be) essayed to give a cry of surprise, but found that he could merely grunt, and that, in a word, he was just such another beast as his companions. It looked so intolerably absurd to see hogs on cushioned thrones, that they made haste to wallow down upon all fours, like other swine. They tried to groan and beg for mercy, but forthwith emitted the most awful grunting and squealing that ever came out of swinish throats. They would have wrung their hands in despair, but, attempting to do so, grew all the more desperate for seeing themselves squatted on their hams, and pawing the air with their fore trotters. Dear me! what pendulous ears they had! what little red eyes, half buried in fat! and what long snouts, instead of Grecian noses!

But brutes as they certainly were, they yet had enough of human nature in them to be shocked at their own hideousness; and, still intending to groan, they uttered a viler grunt and squeal than before. So harsh and ear-piercing it was, that you would have fancied a butcher was sticking his knife into each of their throats, or, at the very least, that somebody was pulling every hog by his funny little twist of a tail.

"Begone to your sty!" cried the enchantress, giving them some smart strokes with her wand; and then she turned to the serving-men, "Drive out these swine, and throw down some acorns for them to eat."

The door of the saloon being flung open, the drove of hogs ran in all directions save the right one, in accordance with their hoggish perversity, but were finally driven into the back yard of the palace. It was a sight to bring tears into one's eyes (and I hope none of you will be cruel enough to laugh at it), to see the poor creatures go snuffing along, picking up here a cabbage leaf and there a turnip-top, and rooting their noses in the earth for whatever they could find. In their sty, moreover, they behaved more piggishly than the pigs that had been born so; for they bit and snorted at one another, put their feet in the trough, and gobbled up their victuals in a ridiculous hurry; and, when there was nothing more to be had, they made a great pile of themselves among some unclean straw, and fell fast asleep. If they had any human reason left, it was just enough to keep them wondering when they should be slaughtered, and what quality of bacon they should make.

Meantime, as I told you before, Eurylochus had waited, and waited, and waited, in the entrance-hall of the palace, without being able to comprehend what had befallen his friends. At last, when the swinish uproar resounded through the palace, and when he saw the image of a hog in the marble basin, he thought it best to hasten back to the vessel, and inform the wise Ulysses of these marvellous occurrences. So he ran as fast as he could down the steps, and never stopped to draw breath till he reached the shore.

"Why do you come alone?" asked King Ulysses, as soon as he saw him. "Where are your two-and-twenty comrades?"

At these questions, Eurylochus burst into tears.

"Alas!" cried he, "I greatly fear that we shall never see one of their faces again."

Then he told Ulysses all that had happened, as far as he knew it, and added that he suspected the beautiful woman to be a vile enchantress, and the marble palace, magnificent as it looked, to be only a dismal cavern in reality. As for his companions, he could not imagine what had become of them, unless they had been given to the swine to be devoured alive. At this intelligence all the voyagers were greatly affrighted. But Ulysses lost no time in girding on his sword, and hanging his bow and quiver over his shoulders, and taking his spear in his right hand. When his followers saw their wise leader making these preparations, they inquired whither he was going, and earnestly besought him not to leave them.

"You are our king," cried they; "and what is more, you are the wisest man in the whole world, and nothing but your wisdom and courage can get us out of this danger. If you desert us, and go to the enchanted palace, you will suffer the same fate as our poor companions, and not a soul of us will ever see our dear Ithaca again."

"As I am your king," answered Ulysses, "and wiser than any of you, it is therefore the more my duty to see what has befallen our comrades, and whether anything can yet be done to rescue them. Wait for me here until to-morrow. If I do not then return, you must hoist sail, and endeavor to find your way to our native land. For my part, I am answerable for the fate of these poor mariners, who have

stood by my side in battle, and been so often drenched to the skin, along with me, by the same tempestuous surges. I will either bring them back with me or perish."

Had his followers dared, they would have detained him by force. But King Ulysses frowned sternly on them, and shook his spear, and bade them stop him at their peril. Seeing him so determined, they let him go, and sat down on the sand, as disconsolate a set of people as could be, waiting and praying for his return.

It happened to Ulysses, just as before, that, when he had gone a few steps from the edge of the cliff, the purple bird came fluttering towards him, crying, "Peep, peep, pe—weep!" and using all the art it could to persuade him to go no farther.

"What mean you, little bird?" cried Ulysses. "You are arrayed like a king in purple and gold, and wear a golden crown upon your head. Is it because I too am a king, that you desire so earnestly to speak with me? If you can talk in human language, say what you would have me do."

"Peep!" answered the purple bird, very dolorously. "Peep, peep, pe—we—ep!"

Certainly there lay some heavy anguish at the little bird's heart; and it was a sorrowful predicament that he could not, at least, have the consolation of telling what it was. But Ulysses had no time to waste in trying to get at the mystery. He therefore quickened his pace, and had gone a good way along the pleasant wood-path, when there met him a young man of very brisk and intelligent aspect, and clad in a rather singular garb. He wore a short cloak, and a sort of cap that seemed to be furnished with a pair of wings; and from the lightness of his step, you would have supposed that there might likewise be wings on his feet. To enable him to walk still better (for he was always on one journey or another), he carried a winged staff, around which two serpents were wriggling and twisting. In short, I have said enough to make you guess that it was Quicksilver; and Ulysses (who knew him of old, and had learned a great deal of his wisdom from him) recognized him in a moment.

"Whither are you going in such a hurry, wise Ulysses?" asked Quicksilver. "Do you not know that this island is enchanted? The wicked enchantress (whose name is Circe, the sister of King Æetes) dwells in the marble palace which you see yonder among the trees. By her magic arts, she changes every human being into the brute, beast, or fowl whom he happens most to resemble."

"That little bird, which met me at the edge of the cliff," exclaimed Ulysses; "was he a human being once?"

"Yes," answered Quicksilver. "He was once a king, named Picus, and a pretty good sort of a king too, only rather too proud of his purple robe, and his crown, and the golden chain about his neck; so he was forced to take the shape of a gaudy-feathered bird. The lions, and wolves, and tigers, who will come running to meet you, in front of the palace, were formerly fierce and cruel men, resembling in their dispositions the wild beasts whose forms they now rightfully wear."

"And my poor companions," said Ulysses. "Have they undergone a similar change, through the arts of this wicked Circe?"

"You well know what gormandizers they were," replied Quicksilver; and, rogue that he was, he could not help laughing at the joke. "So you will not be surprised to hear that they have all taken the shapes of swine! If Circe had never done anything worse, I really should not think her so very much to blame."
"But can I do nothing to help them?" inquired Ulysses.

"It will require all your wisdom," said Quicksilver, "and a little of my own into the bargain, to keep your royal and sagacious self from being transformed into a fox. But do as I bid you; and the matter may end better than it has begun."

While he was speaking, Quicksilver seemed to be in search of something; he went stooping along the ground, and soon laid his hand on a little plant with a snow-white flower, which he plucked and smelt of. Ulysses had been looking at that very spot only just before; and it appeared to him that the plant had burst into full flower the instant when Quicksilver touched it with his fingers.

"Take this flower, King Ulysses," said he. "Guard it as you do your eyesight; for I can assure you it is exceedingly rare and precious, and you might seek the whole earth over without ever finding another like it. Keep it in your hand, and smell of it frequently after you enter the palace, and while you are talking with the enchantress. Especially when she offers you food, or a draught of wine out of her goblet, be careful to fill your nostrils with the flower's fragrance. Follow these directions, and you may defy her magic arts to change you into a fox."

Quicksilver then gave him some further advice how to behave, and, bidding him be bold and prudent, again assured him that, powerful as Circe was, he would have a fair prospect of coming safely out of her enchanted palace. After listening attentively, Ulysses thanked his good friend, and resumed his way. But he had taken only a few steps, when, recollecting some other questions which he wished to ask, he turned round again, and beheld nobody on the spot where Quicksilver had stood; for that winged cap of his, and those winged shoes, with the help of the winged staff, had carried him quickly out of sight.

When Ulysses reached the lawn, in front of the palace, the lions and other savage animals came bounding to meet him, and would have fawned upon him and licked his feet. But the wise king struck at them with his long spear, and sternly bade them begone out of his path; for he knew that they had once been bloodthirsty men, and would now tear him limb from limb, instead of fawning upon him, could they do the mischief that was in their hearts. The wild beasts yelped and glared at him, and stood at a distance while he ascended the palace steps.

On entering the hall, Ulysses saw the magic fountain in the centre of it. The up-gushing water had now again taken the shape of a man in a long, white, fleecy robe, who appeared to be making gestures of welcome. The king likewise heard the noise of the shuttle in the loom, and the sweet melody of the beautiful woman's song, and then the pleasant voices of herself and the four maidens talking together, with peals of merry laughter intermixed. But Ulysses did not waste much time in listening to the laughter or the song. He leaned his spear against one of the pillars of the hall, and then, after loosening his sword in the scabbard, stepped boldly forward, and threw the folding-doors wide open. The moment she beheld his stately figure standing in the doorway, the beautiful woman rose from the loom, and ran to meet him with a glad smile throwing its sunshine over her face, and both her hands extended.

"Welcome, brave stranger!" cried she. "We were expecting you."

And the nymph with the sea-green hair made a courtesy down to the ground, and likewise bade him welcome; so did her sister with the bodice of oaken bark, and she that sprinkled dew-drops from her fingers' ends, and the fourth one with some oddity which I cannot remember. And Circe, as the beautiful enchantress was called (who had deluded so many persons that she did not doubt of being able to delude Ulysses, not imagining how wise he was), again addressed him.

"Your companions," said she, "have already been received into my palace, and have enjoyed the hospitable treatment to which the propriety of their behavior so well entitles them. If such be your pleasure, you shall first take some refreshment, and then join them in the elegant apartment which they now occupy. See, I and my maidens have been weaving their figures into this piece of tapestry."

She pointed to the web of beautifully woven cloth in the loom. Circe and the four nymphs must have been very diligently at work since the arrival of the mariners: for a great many yards of tapestry had now been wrought, in addition to what I before described. In this new part, Ulysses saw his two-and-twenty friends represented as sitting on cushioned and canopied thrones, greedily devouring dainties and quaffing deep draughts of wine. The work had not yet gone any further. Oh no, indeed. The enchantress was far too cunning to let Ulysses see the mischief which her magic arts had since brought upon the gormandizers.

"As for yourself, valiant sir," said Circe, "judging by the dignity of your aspect, I take you to be nothing less than a king. Deign to follow me, and you shall be treated as befits your rank."

So Ulysses followed her into the oval saloon, where his two-and-twenty comrades had devoured the banquet, which ended so disastrously for themselves. But, all this while, he had held the snow-white flower in his hand, and had constantly smelt of it while Circe was speaking; and as he crossed the threshold of the saloon, he took good care to inhale several long and deep snuffs of its fragrance. Instead of two-and-twenty thrones, which had before been ranged around the wall, there was now only a single throne, in the centre of the apartment. But this was surely the most magnificent seat that ever a king or an emperor reposed himself upon, all made of chased gold, studded with precious stones, with a cushion that looked like a soft heap of living roses, and overhung by a canopy of sunlight which Circe knew how to weave into drapery. The enchantress took Ulysses by the hand, and made him sit down upon this dazzling throne. Then, clapping her hands, she summoned the chief butler.

"Bring hither," said she, "the goblet that is set apart for kings to drink out of. And fill it with the same delicious wine which my royal brother, King Æetes, praised so highly, when he last visited me with my fair daughter Medea. That good and amiable child! Were she now here, it would delight her to see me offering this wine to my honored guest."

But Ulysses, while the butler was gone for the wine, held the snow-white flower to his nose.

"Is it a wholesome wine?" he asked.

At this the four maidens tittered; whereupon the enchantress looked round at them, with an aspect of severity.

"It is the wholesomest juice that ever was squeezed out of the grape," said she; "for, instead of disguising a man, as other liquor is apt to do, it brings him to his true self, and shows him as he ought to be."

The chief butler liked nothing better than to see people turned into swine, or making any kind of a beast of themselves; so he made haste to bring the royal goblet, filled with a liquid as bright as gold, and which kept sparkling upward, and throwing a sunny spray over the brim. But, delightfully as the wine looked, it was mingled with the most potent enchantments that Circe knew how to concoct. For every drop of the pure grape-juice there were two drops of the pure mischief; and the danger of the thing was, that the mischief made it taste all the better. The mere smell of the bubbles, which effervesced at the brim, was enough to turn a man's beard into pig's bristles, or make a lion's claws grow out of his fingers, or a fox's brush behind him.

"Drink, my noble guest," said Circe, smiling as she presented him with the goblet. "You will find in this draught a solace for all your troubles."

King Ulysses took the goblet with his right hand, while with his left he held the snow-white flower to his nostrils, and drew in so long a breath that his lungs were quite filled with its pure and simple fragrance. Then, drinking off all the wine, he looked the enchantress calmly in the face.

"Wretch," cried Circe, giving him a smart stroke with her wand, "how dare you keep your human shape a moment longer? Take the form of the brute whom you most resemble. If a hog, go join your fellow-swine in the sty; if a lion, a wolf, a tiger, go howl with the wild beasts on the lawn; if a fox, go exercise your craft in stealing poultry. Thou hast quaffed off my wine, and canst be man no longer."

But, such was the virtue of the snow-white flower, instead of wallowing down from his throne in swinish shape, or taking any other brutal form, Ulysses looked even more manly and king-like than before. He gave the magic goblet a toss, and sent it clashing over the marble floor, to the farthest end of the saloon. Then, drawing his sword, he seized the enchantress by her beautiful ringlets, and made a gesture as if he meant to strike off her head at one blow.

"Wicked Circe," cried he, in a terrible voice, "this sword shall put an end to thy enchantments. Thou shalt die, vile wretch, and do no more mischief in the world, by tempting human beings into the vices which make beasts of them."

The tone and countenance of Ulysses were so awful, and his sword gleamed so brightly, and seemed to have so intolerably keen an edge, that Circe was almost killed by the mere fright, without waiting for a blow. The chief butler scrambled out of the saloon, picking up the golden goblet as he went; and the enchantress and the four maidens fell on their knees, wringing their hands, and screaming for mercy.

"Spare me!" cried Circe,—"spare me, royal and wise Ulysses. For now I know that thou art he of whom Quicksilver forewarned me, the most prudent of mortals, against whom no enchantments

can prevail. Thou only couldst have conquered Circe. Spare me, wisest of men. I will show thee true hospitality, and even give myself to be thy slave, and this magnificent palace to be henceforth thy home."

The four nymphs, meanwhile, were making a most piteous ado; and especially the ocean-nymph, with the sea-green hair, wept a great deal of salt water, and the fountain-nymph, besides scattering dew-drops from her fingers' ends, nearly melted away into tears. But Ulysses would not be pacified until Circe had taken a solemn oath to change back his companions, and as many others as he should direct, from their present forms of beast or bird into their former shapes of men.

"On these conditions," said he, "I consent to spare your life. Otherwise you must die upon the spot."

With a drawn sword hanging over her, the enchantress would readily have consented to do as much good as she had hitherto done mischief, however little she might like such employment. She therefore led Ulysses out of the back entrance of the palace, and showed him the swine in their sty. There were about fifty of these unclean beasts in the whole herd; and though the greater part were hogs by birth and education, there was wonderfully little difference to be seen betwixt them and their new brethren who had so recently worn the human shape. To speak critically, indeed, the latter rather carried the thing to excess, and seemed to make it a point to wallow in the miriest part of the sty, and otherwise to outdo the original swine in their own natural vocation. When men once turn to brutes, the trifle of man's wit that remains in them adds tenfold to their brutality.

The comrades of Ulysses, however, had not quite lost the remembrance of having formerly stood erect. When he approached the sty, two-and-twenty enormous swine separated themselves from the herd, and scampered towards him, with such a chorus of horrible squealing as made him clap both hands to his ears. And yet they did not seem to know what they wanted, nor whether they were merely hungry, or miserable from some other cause. It was curious, in the midst of their distress, to observe them thrusting their noses into the mire, in quest of something to eat. The nymph with the bodice of oaken bark (she was the hamadryad of an oak) threw a handful of acorns among them; and the two-and-twenty hogs scrambled and fought for the prize, as if they had tasted not so much as a noggin of sour milk for a twelvemonth.

"These must certainly be my comrades," said Ulysses. "I recognize their dispositions. They are hardly worth the trouble of changing them into the human form again. Nevertheless, we will have it done, lest their bad example should corrupt the other hogs. Let them take their original shapes, therefore, Dame Circe, if your skill is equal to the task. It will require greater magic, I trow, than it did to make swine of them."

So Circe waved her wand again, and repeated a few magic words, at the sound of which the two-and-twenty hogs pricked up their pendulous ears. It was a wonder to behold how their snouts grew shorter and shorter, and their mouths (which they seemed to be sorry for, because they could not gobble so expeditiously) smaller and smaller, and how one and another began to stand upon his hind legs, and scratch his nose with his fore trotters. At first the spectators hardly knew whether to call them hogs or men, but by and by came to the conclusion that they rather resembled the latter. Finally, there stood the twenty-two comrades of Ulysses, looking pretty much the same as when they left the vessel.

You must not imagine, however, that the swinish quality had entirely gone out of them. When once it fastens itself into a person's character, it is very difficult getting rid of it. This was proved by the hamadryad, who, being exceedingly fond of mischief, threw another handful of acorns before the twenty-two newly restored people; whereupon down they wallowed, in a moment, and gobbled them up in a very shameful way. Then, recollecting themselves, they scrambled to their feet, and looked more than commonly foolish.

"Thanks, noble Ulysses!" they cried. "From brute beasts you have restored us to the condition of men again."

"Do not put yourselves to the trouble of thanking me," said the wise king. "I fear I have done but little for you."

To say the truth, there was a suspicious kind of a grunt in their voices, and for a long time afterwards they spoke gruffly, and were apt to set up a squeal.

"It must depend on your own future behavior," added Ulysses, "whether you do not find your way back to the sty."

At this moment, the note of a bird sounded from the branch of a neighboring tree.

"Peep, peep, pe—wee—ep!"

It was the purple bird, who, all this while, had been sitting over their heads, watching what was going forward, and hoping that Ulysses would remember how he had done his utmost to keep him and his followers out of harm's way. Ulysses ordered Circe instantly to make a king of this good little fowl, and leave him exactly as she found him. Hardly were the words spoken, and before the bird had time to utter another "Pe—weep," King Picus leaped down from the bough of the tree, as majestic a sovereign as any in the world, dressed in a long purple robe and gorgeous yellow stockings, with a splendidly wrought collar about his neck, and a golden crown upon his head. He and King Ulysses exchanged with one another the courtesies which belong to their elevated rank. But from that time forth, King Picus was no longer proud of his crown and his trappings of royalty, nor of the fact of his being a king; he felt himself merely the upper servant of his people, and that it must be his lifelong labor to make them better and happier.

As for the lions, tigers, and wolves (though Circe would have restored them to their former shapes at his slightest word), Ulysses thought it advisable that they should remain as they now were, and thus give warning of their cruel dispositions, instead of going about under the guise of men, and pretending to human sympathies, while their hearts had the blood-thirstiness of wild beasts. So he let them howl as much as they liked, but never troubled his head about them. And, when everything was settled according to his pleasure, he sent to summon the remainder of his comrades, whom he had left at the sea-shore. These being arrived, with the prudent Eurylochus at their head, they all made themselves comfortable in Circe's enchanted palace, until quite rested and refreshed from the toils and hardships of their voyage.

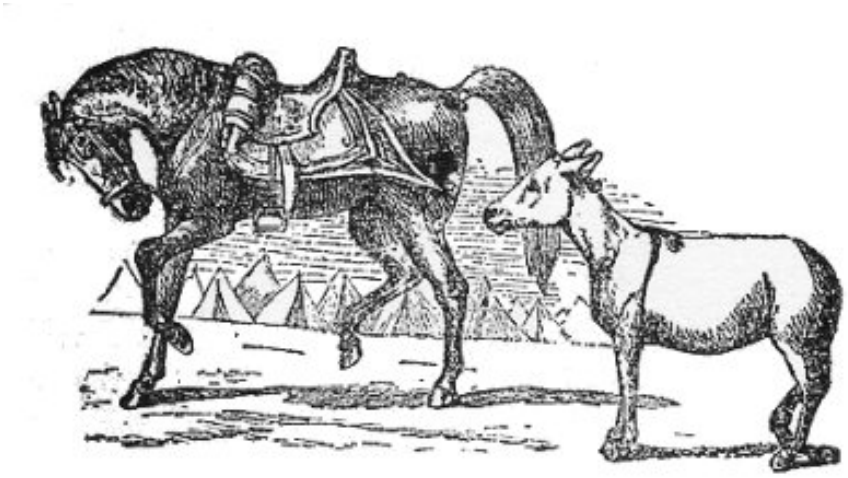
The Ass and the Charger

by Aesop

An ass congratulated a Horse on being so ungrudgingly and carefully provided for, while he himself had scarcely enough to eat, nor even that without hard work. But when war broke out, a heavily armed soldier mounted the Horse, and rushed into the very midst of the enemy, and the Horse, being wounded, fell dead on the battle-field.

Then the Ass, seeing all these things, changed his mind, and commiserated the Horse, saying: How much more fortunate am I than a charger. I can remain at home in safety while he is exposed to all the perils of war.

Be not hasty to envy the condition of others.



Shakespeare Selection

For our Shakespeare selection, we have chosen “Two Gentlemen of Verona.”

Read it from Edith Nesbit’s *Beautiful Stories from Shakespeare* in the following pages. But we also recommend reading the actual play together as a family if you can.

Your older kids and teens may enjoy watching a movie adaptation (please pre-screen these first). And if you can take in a live performance, your family will never forget it!

We are including a link on our website to watch a pre-recorded stage performance.

Shakespeare

Two Gentleman of Verona

by E. Nesbit

Only one of them was really a gentleman, as you will discover later. Their names were Valentine and Proteus. They were friends, and lived at Verona, a town in northern Italy. Valentine was happy in his name because it was that of the patron saint of lovers; it is hard for a Valentine to be fickle or mean. Proteus was unhappy in his name, because it was that of a famous shape-changer, and therefore it encouraged him to be a lover at one time and a traitor at another.

One day, Valentine told his friend that he was going to Milan. “I'm not in love like you,” said he, “and therefore I don't want to stay at home.”

Proteus was in love with a beautiful yellow-haired girl called Julia, who was rich, and had no one to order her about. He was, however, sorry to part from Valentine, and he said, “If ever you are in danger tell me, and I will pray for you.” Valentine then went to Milan with a servant called Speed, and at Milan he fell in love with the Duke of Milan's daughter, Silvia.

When Proteus and Valentine parted Julia had not acknowledged that she loved Proteus. Indeed, she had actually torn up one of his letters in the presence of her maid, Lucetta. Lucetta, however, was no simpleton, for when she saw the pieces she said to herself, “All she wants is to be annoyed by another letter.” Indeed, no sooner had Lucetta left her alone than Julia repented of her tearing, and placed between her dress and her heart the torn piece of paper on which Proteus had signed his name. So by tearing a letter written by Proteus she discovered that she loved him. Then, like a brave, sweet girl, she wrote to Proteus, “Be patient, and you shall marry me.”

Delighted with these words Proteus walked about, flourishing Julia's letter and talking to himself.

“What have you got there?” asked his father, Antonio.

“A letter from Valentine,” fibbed Proteus.

“Let me read it,” said Antonio.

“There is no news,” said deceitful Proteus; “he only says that he is very happy, and the Duke of Milan is kind to him, and that he wishes I were with him.”

This fib had the effect of making Antonio think that his son should go to Milan and enjoy the favors in which Valentine basked. “You must go to-morrow,” he decreed. Proteus was dismayed. “Give me time to get my outfit ready.” He was met with the promise, “What you need shall be sent after you.”

It grieved Julia to part from her lover before their engagement was two days' old. She gave him a ring, and said, “Keep this for my sake,” and he gave her a ring, and they kissed like two who intend to be true till death. Then Proteus departed for Milan.

Meanwhile Valentine was amusing Silvia, whose grey eyes, laughing at him under auburn hair, had drowned him in love. One day she told him that she wanted to write a pretty letter to a gentleman whom she thought well of, but had no time: would he write it? Very much did Valentine dislike writing that letter, but he did write it, and gave it to her coldly. “Take it back,” she said; “you did it unwillingly.”

“Madam,” he said, “it was difficult to write such a letter for you.”

“Take it back,” she commanded; “you did not write tenderly enough.”

Valentine was left with the letter, and condemned to write another; but his servant Speed saw that, in effect, the Lady Silvia had allowed Valentine to write for her a love-letter to Valentine's own self. “The joke,” he said, “is as invisible as a weather-cock on a steeple.” He meant that it was very plain; and he went on to say exactly what it was: “If master will write her love-letters, he must answer them.”

On the arrival of Proteus, he was introduced by Valentine to Silvia and afterwards, when they were alone, Valentine asked Proteus how his love for Julia was prospering.

“Why,” said Proteus, “you used to get wearied when I spoke of her.”

“Aye,” confessed Valentine, “but it's different now. I can eat and drink all day with nothing but love on my plate and love in my cup.”

“You idolize Silvia,” said Proteus.

“She is divine,” said Valentine.

“Come, come!” remonstrated Proteus.

“Well, if she's not divine,” said Valentine, “she is the queen of all women on earth.”

“Except Julia,” said Proteus.

“Dear boy,” said Valentine, “Julia is not excepted; but I will grant that she alone is worthy to bear my lady's train.”

“Your bragging astounds me,” said Proteus.

But he had seen Silvia, and he felt suddenly that the yellow-haired Julia was black in comparison. He became in thought a villain without delay, and said to himself what he had never said before--“I to myself am dearer than my friend.”

It would have been convenient for Valentine if Proteus had changed, by the power of the god whose name he bore, the shape of his body at the evil moment when he despised Julia in admiring Silvia. But his body did not change; his smile was still affectionate, and Valentine confided to him the great secret that Silvia had now promised to run away with him. “In the pocket of this cloak,” said Valentine, “I have a silken rope ladder, with hooks which will clasp the window-bar of her room.”

Proteus knew the reason why Silvia and her lover were bent on flight. The Duke intended her to wed Sir Thurio, a gentlemanly noodle for whom she did not care a straw.

Proteus thought that if he could get rid of Valentine he might make Silvia fond of him, especially if the Duke insisted on her enduring Sir Thurio's tiresome chatter. He therefore went to the Duke, and said, "Duty before friendship! It grieves me to thwart my friend Valentine, but your Grace should know that he intends to-night to elope with your Grace's daughter." He begged the Duke not to tell Valentine the giver of this information, and the Duke assured him that his name would not be divulged.

Early that evening the Duke summoned Valentine, who came to him wearing a large cloak with a bulging pocket.

"You know," said the Duke, "my desire to marry my daughter to Sir Thurio?"

"I do," replied Valentine. "He is virtuous and generous, as befits a man so honored in your Grace's thoughts."

"Nevertheless she dislikes him," said the Duke. "She is a peevish, proud, disobedient girl, and I should be sorry to leave her a penny. I intend, therefore, to marry again."

Valentine bowed.

"I hardly know how the young people of to-day make love," continued the Duke, "and I thought that you would be just the man to teach me how to win the lady of my choice."

"Jewels have been known to plead rather well," said Valentine.

"I have tried them," said the Duke.

"The habit of liking the giver may grow if your Grace gives her some more."

"The chief difficulty," pursued the Duke, "is this. The lady is promised to a young gentleman, and it is hard to have a word with her. She is, in fact, locked up."

"Then your Grace should propose an elopement," said Valentine. "Try a rope ladder."

"But how should I carry it?" asked the Duke.

"A rope ladder is light," said Valentine; "You can carry it in a cloak."

"Like yours?"

"Yes, your Grace."

"Then yours will do. Kindly lend it to me."

Valentine had talked himself into a trap. He could not refuse to lend his cloak, and when the Duke had donned it, his Grace drew from the pocket a sealed missive addressed to Silvia. He coolly opened it, and read these words: "Silvia, you shall be free to-night."

“Indeed,” he said, “and here's the rope ladder. Prettily contrived, but not perfectly. I give you, sir, a day to leave my dominions. If you are in Milan by this time to-morrow, you die.”

Poor Valentine was saddened to the core. “Unless I look on Silvia in the day,” he said, “there is no day for me to look upon.”

Before he went he took farewell of Proteus, who proved a hypocrite of the first order. “Hope is a lover's staff,” said Valentine's betrayer; “walk hence with that.”

After leaving Milan, Valentine and his servant wandered into a forest near Mantua where the great poet Virgil lived. In the forest, however, the poets (if any) were brigands, who bade the travelers stand. They obeyed, and Valentine made so good an impression upon his captors that they offered him his life on condition that he became their captain.

“I accept,” said Valentine, “provided you release my servant, and are not violent to women or the poor.”

The reply was worthy of Virgil, and Valentine became a brigand chief.

We return now to Julia, who found Verona too dull to live in since Proteus had gone. She begged her maid Lucetta to devise a way by which she could see him. “Better wait for him to return,” said Lucetta, and she talked so sensibly that Julia saw it was idle to hope that Lucetta would bear the blame of any rash and interesting adventure. Julia therefore said that she intended to go to Milan and dressed like a page.

“You must cut off your hair then,” said Lucetta, who thought that at this announcement Julia would immediately abandon her scheme.

“I shall knot it up,” was the disappointing rejoinder.

Lucetta then tried to make the scheme seem foolish to Julia, but Julia had made up her mind and was not to be put off by ridicule; and when her toilet was completed, she looked as comely a page as one could wish to see.

Julia assumed the male name Sebastian, and arrived in Milan in time to hear music being performed outside the Duke's palace.

“They are serenading the Lady Silvia,” said a man to her.

Suddenly she heard a voice lifted in song, and she knew that voice. It was the voice of Proteus. But what was he singing?

“Who is Silvia? what is she,

That all our swains commend her?

Holy, fair, and wise is she;

The heaven such grace did lend her

That she might admired be."

Julia tried not to hear the rest, but these two lines somehow thundered into her mind--

"Then to Silvia let us sing;

She excels each mortal thing."

Then Proteus thought Silvia excelled Julia; and, since he sang so beautifully for all the world to hear, it seemed that he was not only false to Julia, but had forgotten her. Yet Julia still loved him. She even went to him, and asked to be his page, and Proteus engaged her.

One day, he handed to her the ring which she had given him, and said, "Sebastian, take that to the Lady Silvia, and say that I should like the picture of her she promised me."

Silvia had promised the picture, but she disliked Proteus. She was obliged to talk to him because he was high in the favor of her father, who thought he pleaded with her on behalf of Sir Thurio. Silvia had learned from Valentine that Proteus was pledged to a sweetheart in Verona; and when he said tender things to her, she felt that he was disloyal in friendship as well as love.

Julia bore the ring to Silvia, but Silvia said, "I will not wrong the woman who gave it him by wearing it."

"She thanks you," said Julia.

"You know her, then?" said Silvia, and Julia spoke so tenderly of herself that Silvia wished that Sebastian would marry Julia.

Silvia gave Julia her portrait for Proteus, who would have received it the worse for extra touches on the nose and eyes if Julia had not made up her mind that she was as pretty as Silvia.

Soon there was an uproar in the palace. Silvia had fled.

The Duke was certain that her intention was to join the exiled Valentine, and he was not wrong.

Without delay he started in pursuit, with Sir Thurio, Proteus, and some servants.

The members of the pursuing party got separated, and Proteus and Julia (in her page's dress) were by themselves when they saw Silvia, who had been taken prisoner by outlaws and was now being led to their Captain. Proteus rescued her, and then said, "I have saved you from death; give me one kind look."

"O misery, to be helped by you!" cried Silvia. "I would rather be a lion's breakfast."

Julia was silent, but cheerful. Proteus was so much annoyed with Silvia that he threatened her, and seized her by the waist.

“O heaven!” cried Silvia.

At that instant there was a noise of crackling branches. Valentine came crashing through the Mantuan forest to the rescue of his beloved. Julia feared he would slay Proteus, and hurried to help her false lover. But he struck no blow, he only said, “Proteus, I am sorry I must never trust you more.”

Thereat Proteus felt his guilt, and fell on his knees, saying, “Forgive me! I grieve! I suffer!”

“Then you are my friend once more,” said the generous Valentine. “If Silvia, that is lost to me, will look on you with favor, I promise that I will stand aside and bless you both.”

These words were terrible to Julia, and she swooned. Valentine revived her, and said, “What was the matter, boy?”

“I remembered,” fibbed Julia, “that I was charged to give a ring to the Lady Silvia, and that I did not.”

“Well, give it to me,” said Proteus.

She handed him a ring, but it was the ring that Proteus gave to Julia before he left Verona.

Proteus looked at her hand, and crimsoned to the roots of his hair.

“I changed my shape when you changed your mind,” said she.

“But I love you again,” said he.

Just then outlaws entered, bringing two prizes--the Duke and Sir Thurio.

“Forbear!” cried Valentine, sternly. “The Duke is sacred.”

Sir Thurio exclaimed, “There's Silvia; she's mine!”

“Touch her, and you die!” said Valentine.

“I should be a fool to risk anything for her,” said Sir Thurio.

“Then you are base,” said the Duke. “Valentine, you are a brave man. Your banishment is over. I recall you. You may marry Silvia. You deserve her.”

“I thank your Grace,” said Valentine, deeply moved, “and yet must ask you one more boon.”

“I grant it,” said the Duke.

“Pardon these men, your Grace, and give them employment. They are better than their calling.”

“I pardon them and you,” said the Duke. “Their work henceforth shall be for wages.”

“What think you of this page, your Grace?” asked Valentine, indicating Julia.

The Duke glanced at her, and said, “I think the boy has grace in him.”

“More grace than boy, say I,” laughed Valentine, and the only punishment which Proteus had to bear for his treacheries against love and friendship was the recital in his presence of the adventures of Julia-Sebastian of Verona.

History & Geography

For history and geography, you can read through the major battles of WWI that we have included below. We have also included several maps of Europe for map drills.

For your younger children, this timeline is a good overview for further study: https://kidskonnect.com/history/world-war-i/

For middle elementary and up students, there are several excellent documentaries on Curiosity Stream.

See many photographs from World War I in the National Archives: https://www.archives.gov/topics/wwi

"Life does not consist in thinking, it consists in acting."
~ Woodrow Wilson

History & Geography


Europe Pre-World War I
NORWAY
Oslo
SWEDEN
St. Petersburg
DENMARK
Copenhagen
North Sea
Baltic Sea
RUSSIA
GREAT BRITAIN
London
NETH.
Amsterdam
Berlin
Brussels
BELGIUM
GERMANY
LUX.
Paris
ATLANTIC OCEAN
FRANCE
Bern
SWITZ.
Vienna
AUSTRIA-HUNGARY
ROMANIA
Bucharest
Belgrade
SERBIA
Sofia
BULGARIA
ITALY
Rome
MONTENEGRO
Tirana
ALBANIA
PORTUGAL
Madrid
ANDORRA
SPAIN
Mediterranean Sea
GREECE
Athens
50°N
40°N
30°N
0
0

Geography of The Great War

Find and map each battle, adding to your book of centuries as you wish.

The World War I battles fought between major global superpowers opened up new frontiers in international warfare. Lasting from 1914 to 1918, many battles were experienced during World War I.

The 1914 assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand at the hands of 19-year-old Gavrilo Princip began the march toward the war. Throughout the war, terrible battles were fought between the central powers of the world, battles that were made even worse by the relatively recent invention of the machine gun.

1. Battle of Tannenberg

The August of 1914 Battle of Tannenberg was fought between Russian and German soldiers. It is notable for being the first battle fought on the Eastern Front. The Russian army, under the command of Grand Duke Nicholas, had come to the aid of French soldiers who were under attack from the Germans. Although it was predicted that the Russian army would have a decisive victory due to being larger and more powerful, the Germans were victorious.

By the month's end, the Germans had taken 92,000 prisoners and destroyed half of the Russian 2nd army. In total, the Russians lost about 250,000 men as well as military equipment. The only positive outcome for the Allied forces during the Battle of Tannenberg was diverting the Germans from attacking France. That allowed the French to counterattack at the First Battle of Marne.

2. First Battle of Marne, Marne River near Brasles, France

In September of 1914, the First Battle of Marne marked the end of the German incursion into France and the beginning of the trench warfare so widely associated with World War One. German Field Marshal Alfred Von Schlieffen devised a plan to conquer France by his armies invading it from Lille. The army would then turn west near the English Channel before turning south to cut off the French retreat. If the plan worked, German armies would encircle the French Army from the north and capture Paris.

A French offensive in Lorraine caused the Germans to counter-attack and threw the French to a fortified barrier. The French defense strengthened and they sent their troops to reinforce the left flank. The German northern wing troops weakened after the removal of 11 divisions to fight in Belgium and East Prussia.

When the German 1st Army under General Alex von Kluck targeted points to the north of Paris, they had to pass into the valley of the River Marne and across the French defenses and were exposed in doing so.

On September 3rd, French General Joseph Joffre ordered a halt to French retreat; three days later he reinforced the left flank and began an offensive. That compelled General Kluck to stop his advance to support his weak flank at Meaux. September 9th, the German ambassador Bernhard Bullow learned the British force was advancing between his 2nd and 1st army, and he ordered Kluck's men to retreat. A counterattack by the 5th and 6th French and British armies resulted in the First Battle of the Marne. That forced the battle-worn Germans into full retreat by September 11th. France's strategic victory saved Paris from German capture and pushed the enemy 45 miles away, enabling them to continue the war.

3. Battle of Gallipoli, Gallipoli peninsula (Gelibolu in modern Turkey)

Lasting eight months, the 1915-1916 Battle of Gallipoli was launched by the combined British, French, Indian, New Zealand, Australian, and Canadian forces to deter the Turkish Ottoman Empire that sided with Germany.

The British and her allies planned to sail a huge fleet at the 65-mile Dardanelles water strait that linked the Mediterranean and Istanbul, the Ottoman capital they planned to capture. The plan was to force the Ottoman Empire to surrender but failed due to the outdated allies' fleet, and many ships that were sunk by Ottoman cannons and mines.

The Battle of Gallipoli saw 58,000 Allied soldiers' casualties. These included 29,000 British and Irish soldiers and 11,000 Australians and New Zealanders. There also were about 300,000 wounded troops from either side.

The Ottoman victory propelled the lieutenant colonel of the 19th Turkish Division, Mustafa Kemal Ataturk, to prominence. He later became the founding father of the modern-day Turkish Republic in 1923.

4. Battle of Jutland, fought near the Skagerrak, an arm of the North Sea, about 60 miles off the west coast of Jutland (Denmark)

Believed to be the biggest naval battle of the First World War, on the 31st of May and the 1st of June in 1916, the Battle of Jutland pitted the British against the German fleet with their "dreadnought" battleships.

The battle involved 250 ships and about 100,000 troops. The battle occurred in the North Sea, and German Admiral Reinhard Scheer planned to draw in both Admiral Sir David Beatty's Battlecruiser Force and Admiral Sir John Jellicoe's Grand Fleet. Scheer's plan was to destroy Beatty's force before Jellicoe's arrived.

According to the Imperial War Museum's records, the plan was thwarted when the British were alerted by their code-breakers, and they placed their forces early to sea. The encounters between Beatty's force and the German high-seas fleet caused the loss of several ships.

The Germans destroyed the HMS Lion and also sank HMS Indefatigable and HMS Queen Mary. They exploded after German shells hit their ammunition magazines.

Seemingly staring at defeat, Beatty withdrew until Jellicoe arrived with the main fleet. The outgunned Germans retreated.

The British lost 14 ships and suffered 6,000 casualties, while the Germans lost 11 ships and over 2,500 men. After this battle, the Germans never seriously challenged the British control of the North Sea. It also secured the British control of shipping lanes, after which Britain put in place a blockade that caused Germany to be defeated in 1918.

5. Battle of Verdun, Verdun-sur-Meuse, France

Beginning February 21st and ending December 19th, 1916, the Battle of Verdun was one of the longest and most devastating of all World War One battles.
Nearly three-quarters of the French army fought in this battle.

It began when the German army began attacking French forts and trenches with artillery fire from 1,200 guns, according to Verdun Memorial Museum reports. The General aimed to end the trench warfare that began in 1914, allowing his troops to advance.

Initially, the Germans breached the French front lines and took over Fort Douaumont without a fight. Despite heavy shelling, the French Infantry was unmoved from their positions and repelled the Germans. French General Henri Petain was appointed to defend Verdun and command the troops. He raised the traffic volume on the Bar-le-Duc to Verdun route, which took men, basic supplies, and artillery to the battlefield.

This ensured that the Germans couldn't reach the French frontline when they attacked the left bank of River Meuse on March 6th, 1916.

By June's end, the Germans had captured Fort Vaux. On July 1st, the French and British launched an offensive on Somme, relieving the German pressure on French troops at Verdun.

In the fall of 1916, the French counter-attacked and recaptured Fort Douaumont, and a few days later they entered Fort Vaux, which the Germans had deserted. From December 15th to the 18th, the French attacked and recovered nearly all of the territory lost since February. After the battle ended there were over 305,000 dead or missing and about 400,000 wounded on both warring sides.

6. Battle of Passchendaele, 1917, Ypres salient on the Western Front, Belgium

Also known as the Third Battle of Ypres, the Battle of Passchendaele gained notoriety not only for its many casualties but also for the widespread mud. This battle was fought in Ypres, a town along the British lines.

After a warning that a German blockade would cripple the British war effort, Field Marshal Douglas Haig desired a British offensive in Flanders. He wanted to destroy German submarines stationed on the Belgian coast. The British infantry began to attack on July 31st at Ypres.

The constant shelling broke up the battlefield soil and destroyed drainage systems. In the following days, the heaviest rains in 30 years turned the loose soil into mud, which clogged rifles and halted tanks. Many men and horses drowned in this mud.

There was a stalemate for a month, but when the weather improved, attacks resumed on September 20th. On November 6th, the little of what remained of the Passchendaele village was captured by the British and Canadian forces. That gave Haig an excuse to halt the offensive and claim victory.

The three-month battle of Passchendaele had cost both sides greatly, with 325,000 British and Allied modern-day casualties and 260,000 German casualties.

7. Battle of Caporetto (autumn 1917), near the town of Kobarid in North Italy (near modern-day Slovenia)

Also called the 12th Battle of the Isonzo, the Battle of Caporetta saw Austro-Hungarian and German forces break through the Italian defenses in northern Isonzo after catching the Italian soldiers by surprise. This Italian defeat resulted in a change of government and the dismissal of Luigi Cadorna as Chief of Staff.

When depleted Austrian and Hungarian allies faced collapse at Gorizia, their commander Arz Von Straussenberg sought help from the German Third Supreme Command led by Paul Von Hindenburg.

When Cadorna learned of German involvement, he called off his own attacks in mid-September 1917 and assumed a defensive stance. Six German divisions under the command of Otto von Below supplemented the Third Supreme nine Austrian army divisions.

The Germans chose a 25-kilometer-long line in front of Caporetta, north of Gorizia along Isonzo, as the preferred point of attack where the Italians were weak for the combined offensive. The Italian commander Luigi Capello was ordered to prepare a defensive line but massed his troops to attack the southern flank of Von Below's arm, to the east of Gorizia.

At 2 A.M. on the 24th of October, 1917, at Tolmino, the combined Austrian, Hungarian, and German forces attacked and surprised the Italians. By the close of the day, the German, Austrian, and Hungarian forces had breached the Italian lines using grenades and flamethrowers, adopting infiltration tactics.

Cadorna made the Italian forces cross the river, which took four days, culminating on the 30th of October, 1917. The Italians incurred 300,000 casualties, of which 90 percent were prisoners. As a result, Cadorna was dismissed, and Marshal Armando Diaz replaced him. A new Prime Minister, Vittorio Orlando, assumed office and replaced incumbent Paolo Boselli.

8. Battle of Cambrai (1917), Cambrai, France

During the battle of Cambrai, which took place from November 20th to December 4th, 1917, the British and Germans engaged in the first large-scale use of battle tanks in northern France.

The usage of tanks was combined with air power and heavy artillery. The nineteen British divisions assembled had about 476 tanks, of which 324 were fighting tanks, and the rest were supply and service vehicles. The battle commenced on the dawn of 20th November 1917, when the British Third Army launched an attack on the Germans towards Cambrai.

Initially, eight British divisions attacked three German divisions and took 7,500 prisoners. The Third Army attacked the German's Hindenburg defensive line to relieve pressure on French forces. Though the British made gains at first, they were overrun by the German counter-offensive, in part due to bad weather.

The British forces had advanced 5 miles and taken a series of villages. However, by the end of the first day over half of the British tanks were destroyed. This slowed the British progress even as fighting intensified.

On October 28th, the British reached the crest of Bourlon Ridge. Two days later German forces launched a counter-offensive using heavy artillery and infantry tactics. The British army retreated, having captured only the Havrincourt, Ribécourt, and Flesquières villages, according to the Imperial War Museum.

The Battle of Cambrai opened the way for the use of sophisticated arms tactics and armored warfare. Both the German and British had casualties of about 45,000.

9. The Second Battle of Cambrai (1918), Cambrai, France

During the spring of 1918, German General Erich Ludendorff ordered his forces to attack the Western Front, an over 400-mile-long strip of land stretching through France and Belgium, and from the Swiss border to the North Sea.

Knowing a German attack was imminent, the British reinforced their coasts, as did the French to the south of the British. However, in Cambrai, an incomplete British trench system left a weakness in the British line, manned by the Fifth Army.

On March 21, 1918, the Germans attacked and in five hours, they fired a million artillery shells at the Fifth Army. The Germans intensified their attacks with elite troopers, who were armed with loud flame throwers that panicked the British. The first day of the attack resulted in 21,000 British soldiers being taken prisoner as the Germans advanced through the Fifth Army lines. This German attack was the biggest breakthrough in three years of warfare on the Western Front, and Gough ordered the Fifth Army to withdraw.

The British also surrendered the Somme region to the Germans. This put Paris within the German's target as they moved their three Krupps cannons, which they used to shell Paris from 75 miles away.

Their push to Paris made German emperor Friedrich William II declare March 24th a success, with many Germans assuming the war was over. However, the Paris advance by the Germans was not sustainable.

Ludendorff ordered the highly effective German 18th Army to advance on Amiens, an important railroad city, thinking it would hamper the British and their allies. But the 18th Army ran out of supplies, and horses that were to be used in Amiens advance and transport were killed for food.

Heading towards Amiens, the Germans passed by Albert, where they looted the shops there due to hunger. With their discipline gone, the advance to Amiens stopped, which shocked the exhausted Ludendorff.

The German Spring Offensive conquered much territory, but by April, the Germans had 230,000 casualties. Those numbers were too much for the German Army. By the end of March 1918, 250,000 Americans poured into the Western Front to join their British allies. Their effectiveness was hindered by their general, John Pershing, and his refusal to have his forces commanded by French or British officers.

In spite of these allied conflicts, by June 1918 the German army had been weakened by the many casualties it suffered. When Ludendorff ordered a last World War I German offensive on July 15, 1918, the Germans suffered huge losses at Marne after a French ambush and counterattack. From March to July 1918, the Germans had lost a million men.

10. Battle of the Somme, 1916, Somme River, north-central Somme, and south-eastern Pas-de-Calais Départements, France

From July 1st until November 18th, 1916, a massive joint operation between British and French forces against the Germans occurred in the Somme area in northern France. Dubbed the Battle of the Somme, it had been planned in December 1915 by Allied commanders to counter the German offensive at Verdun.

The British spearheaded the offensive and faced a German defense developed for many months. Despite a seven-day bombardment before the July 1st attack, the British did not achieve the success the military leadership anticipated- having sent 100,000 men to capture the German trenches.

Somme became a battle of attrition, and for 141 days, the British advance captured only three square miles of territory. Collectively, the opposing sides saw over a million casualties wounded, captured, or killed.

According to experts, losses incurred by the British in the battle of the Somme were due to the use of untrained volunteers as soldiers and inadequate artillery used in the seven-day bombardment, as it didn't affect German soldiers who were safe in deep trenches. The British also underestimated the well-trained and battle-hardened German forces. As a result, the German forces were able to regroup, counter-attack, and retake much lost territory. In five months, over a million soldiers from the French, British, and German armies had been killed or wounded.

Europe Pre and Post- WWI


Iceland
Reykjavik
Sweden
Finland
Russia
Norway
Helsinki
Oslo
Stockholm
Tallinn
Estonia
Moscow
Latvia
Riga
Lithuania
Vilnius
Kazakhstan
Denmark
Copenhagen
Minsk
Belarus
Dublin
Ireland
United Kingdom
Amsterdam
Netherlands
Berlin
Poland
Warsaw
Kiev
London
Brussels
Belgium
Germany
Ukraine
Prague
Luxembourg
Czech Republic
Slovakia
Moldova
Chisinau
Paris
Bratislava
Vienna
Liechtenstein
Austria
Budapest
Tbilisi
Georgia
Bern
Switzerland
Hungary
Romania
France
Slovenia
Ljubljana
Zagreb
Bucharest
Yerevan
Armeniak
Croatia
Belgrade
Italy
Bosnia and Herzegovina
Serbia
Bulgaria
Sarajevo
Montenegro
Sofia
Portugal
Andorra
Podgorica
Ankara
Skopje
Macedonia
Madrid
Rome
Tirana
Albania
Turkey
Lisbon
Spain
Greece
Syrian Arab Republic
Athens
Lebanon
Nicosia
Cyprus
Iraq
Beirut
Damascue
Algier
Tunis
Malta
Valletta
Amman
Saudi Arabia
Rabat
Morocco
Algeria
Tunisia
Jerusalem
Israel
Jordan

Nature Study

Nature Study

Each Friday morning, you will go through two of our nature cards. They are labeled in the upper right corner with the corresponding week. These are short, factual cards with images to help your child become familiar with objects in the natural world.

As you progress through our sessions, you may find it handy to keep your past nature cards in a binder for easy reference when your children come across a familiar object. These seeds you are planting will grow into a wonderful garden of knowledge for your children in years to come.

As you explore nature outside your home, watch and listen for newly discovered delights. Most of all, remember...

"Point to some lovely flower or gracious tree, not only as a beautiful work, but as a beautiful thought of God."

~ Charlotte Mason

1

Poppy Flowers

Opium poppy

- Poppies bloom in spring and early summer.
- Ancient Egyptian doctors used poppies for pain relief.
- Moina Michael is credited with first using the poppy for war remembrance.
- Poppy is a flowering plant of the family Papaveraceae, native to Turkey.
- The milky latex sap of opium poppies contains isoquinoline alkaloids.

1

Winnie

Ursus americanus

- Winnie became the mascot for the Canadian Army Veterinary Corps.
- Winnie was a black bear found by Lt. Henry Colebourn, a veterinarian in the army.
- Colebourn bought Winnie for $20 at a train station. He named her Winnie for the Canadian city “Winnipeg.”
- Before being shipped out to France, Colebourn left Winnie at the London Zoo.
- Winnie was the inspiration for A.A. Milne’s series “Winnie the Pooh.”

2

Deadly Nightshade

Atropa belladonna

- Deadly nightshade was used in chemical warfare during WWI.
- People had been using belladonna for war since the 1600s.
- It is a highly dangerous and toxic plant.
- It can grow up to five feet.
- It belongs to the plant family Solanaceae.
- Atropos was the name of one of the Three Fates in Greek mythology, the one who cuts the thread of life after her sisters have spun and measured it. Carl Linnaeus chose the name Atropa after her.

2

Carrier Pigeons

Columba livia

- Pigeons were used in both world wars for their speed and homing ability.
- Carrier pigeons were used for delivering messages.
- One of the most famous pigeons was named Cher Ami. Her last message was in October 1918. She had been shot, but still delivered the message bravely.
- That message saved nearly 200 lives.
- 32 pigeons received the Dickin Medal, an award offered to brave animals during WWII.

3

Humble Moss
Sphagnum

- Humble moss was used to stuff wounds during WWI.
- A botanist and surgeon helped to come up with the idea since the moss has antiseptic properties.
- Humans have used it for hundreds of years to heal injuries.
- Collecting the moss is labor intensive, but scientists have tested it for modern use.
- Today the plant is known for its use in horticulture and biofuel.

3

Horses
Equus caballus

- Armies used horses for transporting supplies in battle during WWI.
- In some battles, more horses died than humans.
- People believed that well-bred horses would fare worse in wartime than lesser breeds.
- WWI was the last time horses were used on such a massive scale in wartime.
- Horses belong to the taxonomic family Equidae.
- The first archaeological evidence of horses used in warfare dates to between 4000 and 3000 BC. (The first settlement of Jerusalem is believed to have been around 3500 BC.)

4

Northern French Farmland

- In Northern France, some farmland is still contaminated from WWI shells, which were used over 100 years ago.
- Some areas of farmland are still unapproved to grow produce.
- During the war, France was among several countries that had to get rid of leftover weapons. The metal was left in the soil.
- Now, in the contaminated areas, the food that is grown has small amounts of lead in it.

4

Camels
Camelus

- In the Middle East, the British formed the Imperial Camel Corps Brigade.
- The Brigade ultimately had four battalions.
- The lighter Egyptian camel became the mount chosen for carrying troops
- The Brigade had 4,150 men and 4,800 camels.
- The brigade suffered 246 men killed.
- The soldiers were from Britain, New Zealand, Australia, and India.
- After the war, the ICCB disbanded.

5

Limestone

- These sedimentary rocks were used to build limestone quarries.
- Near the Chemin des Dames on the Western Front, limestone quarries sheltered soldiers while war was all around them.
- Some soldiers crafted artwork on the cave's walls. The Passamaquoddy Indian Tribe from Maine was one group who left their stories etched into the cave walls.
- Some quarries were used for underground hospitals.

5

Sergeant Stubby

- Stubby was the most decorated dog during WWI.
- He was the mascot of the 102nd Infantry Regiment.
- The men in the regiment taught Stubby how to "salute" with his paw when an officer walked by.
- Stubby was able to hear bullets before the men could.
- He was present in 17 battles and served for 18 months.

6

Lochnagar Mine

- The British planted the Lochnagar mine in France during WWI.
- A large mine was placed on the German front lines. After it exploded, the Lochnagar crater was created.
- The explosion happened in July 1916.
- Today, it serves as a memorial and is visited by over 200,000 people a year.

6

Dogs

Canis lupus familiaris

- Aside from Stubby, dogs were used by nearly every country during WWI.
- The Germans used about 30,000 dogs in battle.
- The most common dogs in battle were Doberman Pinschers and German shepherds.
- Messages were put in tins around the necks of dogs, and they were identified by a scarlet collar or tally.
- Dogs could sense the enemy faster than humans could.
- The Red Cross also commonly used them to find wounded soldiers.

Handicraft

For our handicraft lesson, we will sew felt pansies based on the paper pansies worn in Great Britain on Remembrance Day (celebrated on November 11th each year) in honor of armed forces members who have died in the line of duty.

Several years ago, we were in England in November, and ladies were selling paper poppies. I bought a “bouquet” of them to bring back to the States.

The tradition of wearing paper poppies on Remembrance Day in Britain has its roots in the aftermath of World War I. The poppy, a bright red flower, became symbolically associated with the conflict due to the famous war poem "In Flanders Fields," written by Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae, where he described how poppies grew amidst the graves of soldiers in war-ravaged fields.

"I’ve filled him with the Spirit of God, giving him skill and know-how and expertise in every kind of craft to create designs ... he’s an all-around craftsman."

~ Exodus 31:3-5

Handicraft Lesson

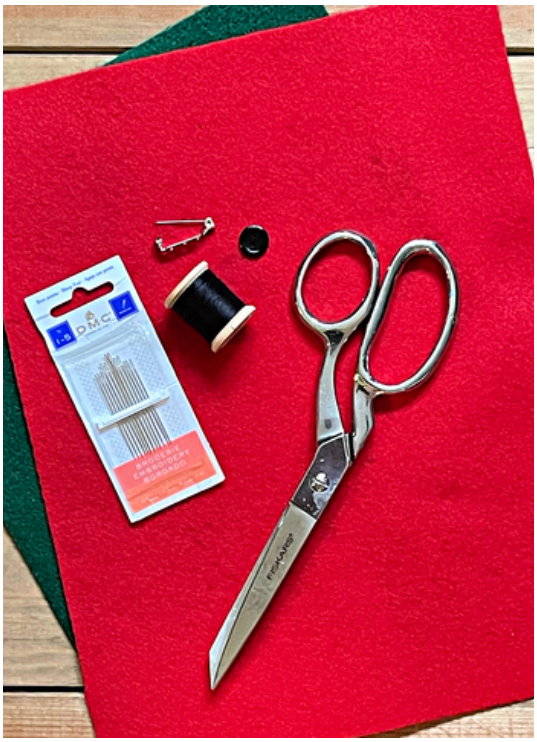
Felt Poppy Pin

As the story goes, during World War I, after a particularly bloody battle in the fields of Flanders in Belgium, thousands of bright red flowers appeared.

Inspired by this, an American teacher, Moina Michael, started making silk poppies to raise funds for ex-servicemen. Visiting delegates from the Royal British Legion saw this and decided to sell poppies in the UK to raise funds to support veterans.

The first British "Poppy Day" was held in 1919, and the tradition continues to this day, with millions of paper poppies sold each year to support veterans and their families.


POPPY APPEAL
POPPY APPEAL

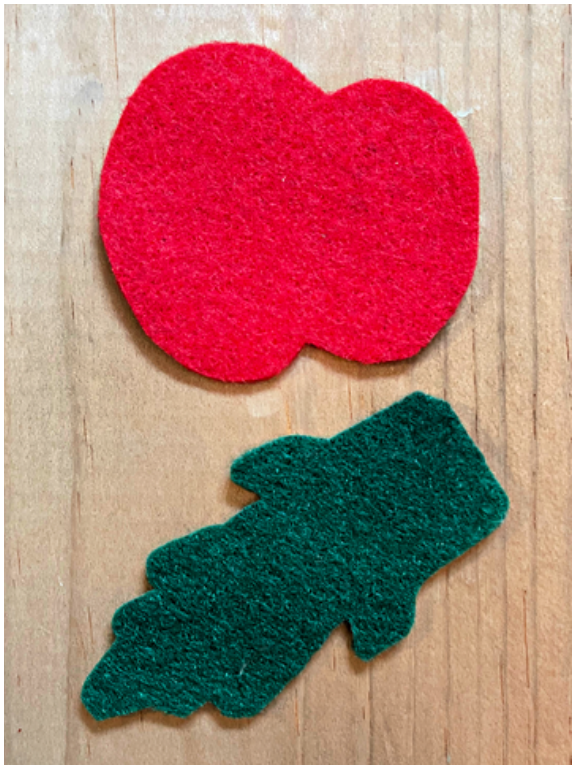


Supplies

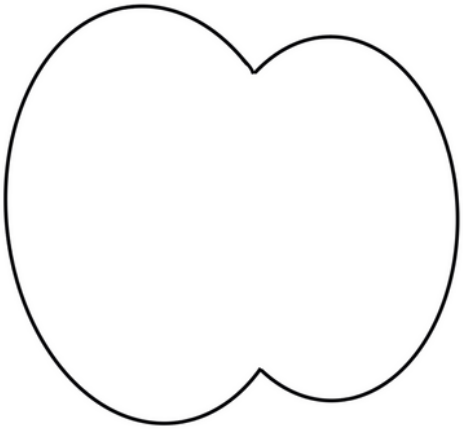
- Craft felt (red & green)
- Small black button
- Locking brooch pin (a safety pin can be substituted)
- Needle and black thread
- Scissors
- 2 straight pins
- Poppy & leaf pattern

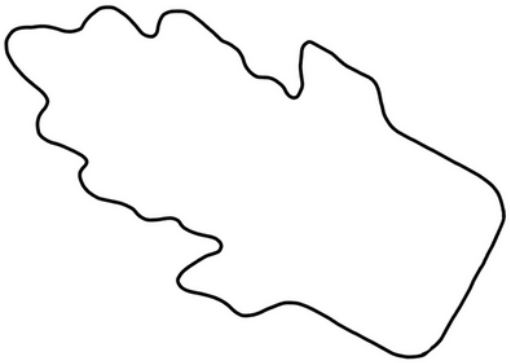
Directions

1. Carefully cut out the patterns (next page).
2. Using the straight pins, secure the poppy pattern to the red felt and the leaf pattern to the green felt, then cut out each shape.
3. Position the leaf behind the poppy, then center the button on top of the poppy.
4. Sew on the button, making sure to go all the way through to the leaf.
5. Sew on the brooch pin, securing it to the back of the leaf only. (Do not sew through to the poppy.)



Poppy & Leaf Patterns





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Charlotte Mason Morning Time

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