

HORSE HANSOM VS. MOTOR CAR

My hansom cab-driver who calls for me every morning at two o'clock after we have sent the paper to press informed me this morning that his brother, who is also a cabman, is taking lessons in automobile driving in the hope that some day he will be able to drive a horseless cab. I told him it would be a good idea if he, too, took lessons, but he shouted through the opening at the top that he wasn't going to waste his money on such foolishness.

'Them automobiles,' he said, 'are all right as playthings, but you can't depend on 'em. Besides, they are dangerous and you can't guarantee getting your fare to the place he wants to reach. You'll never beat my old 'orse.'

I wonder if he is right. You don't always reach your destination by motor, but I do not think the hansom cab has much to brag about on the score of safety, especially on a slippery road.

R. D. Blumenfeld, Diary, 15 December 1901

TO THE NOBILITY & GENTRY
MAY 1896

THE GREAT HORSELESS CARRIAGE Co. Ltd

HAS THE HONOUR TO PRESENT

This NOVEL vehicle is propelled by an
INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINE
OF 2 CYLINDERS AND 6 HORSE POWER
relying on petroleum for its motive force

THE MECHANICAL carriage
will attain the comfortable speed of
TWELVE MILES PER HOUR
on the level, while hills can be ascended
and descended in safety

The Daimler Wagonette
is admirably suited to the needs of the
SPORTSMAN
AND LOVER OF THE COUNTRYSIDE,
giving as it does full facilities for
the enjoyment of
FRESH AIR AND AN
UNINTERRUPTED VIEW OF THE SCENERY

'A new mode of transport that has undoubtedly come to stay'
— VIDE DAILY PRESS

THE TWIN-CYLINDER 6 H.P. WAGONETTE { See Engraving }

Genis et ma dit hic tem. Ovit, sitis adis voluptatus inus eos dicilit harios poresec atisimporum voluptatur? In et occae volo corum si adit provit eius.

THE CAMPAIGN FOR VOTES FOR WOMEN

While I was out this morning doing some shopping, I met a Suffragette! It is the first time that I have seen one, but of course, I have read about them in the papers. This one was not one but like what I should have expected.

Obviously a lady, and most becomingly dressed in a white costume with a green hat, and wearing a large bunch of violets at her waist, she was standing at a corner of the street in the busiest part of town endeavouring to sell papers to the passers-by.

'She a suffragette', said a small boy beside me, in tones of contemptuous scorn, to a still smaller companion.

There was a slight drizzle of rain, and I noticed that most of the people to whom she offered the paper brushed it angrily on one side and walked on.

I paused for a moment to look at her.

Instantly she walked up to me. 'You are wearing our colours', she said, smiling: 'Are you interested in our Cause?'

'What are your colours?' I asked.

'White, purple and green. They stand for purity, courage and faith.'

'I did not know,' I replied; 'and I am not particularly interested in the Cause. However, I am extremely interested in you. I want to know why you are doing this. I would not be in your place for thousands of pounds.'

The Suffragette laughed. 'Will you buy one of our papers', she suggested. 'When you have read it you will understand why. Later on perhaps you will be doing it yourself.'

'Never,' I replied, 'that I can guarantee; but I will buy a paper.'

Katherine Roberts, The Diary of a Militant Suffragette, 4 February 1909



SUFFRAGETTE ACTION

We dined with Lady St Helier, a famous hostess. I sat next to Lady Burchclere, whom I found very interesting.

The suffragettes laid a bomb in the choir of the cathedral. Someone told Kitty that it was an attempt to kill me, and it gave her, in her delicate state, a very severe shock.

Rev. W. R. Inge, Diary of a Dean, 7 May 1913



THE ARCHDUKE ASSASSINATED

H. G. Wells came over to tea. While we were talking news came that Austria's Crown Prince and his wife have been assassinated by a Serbian. That will mean war. Wells says it will mean more than that. It will set the world alight. I don't see why the world should fight over the act of a lunatic.

R. D. Blumenfeld, Diary, 28 June 1914



A BOMBSHELL OVER THE BANK HOLIDAY

Territorials called up. A Taylor called away from our office this morning. Afternoon order arrived for all Territorials to immediately join their respective corps. Gray and Crocker called away later – three total from our firm. Bank holiday extended to Tuesday and Wednesday. Mr Asquith informed the House this afternoon that Sir E. Grey had given the German Government notice for a satisfactory reply as to the neutrality of Belgium by 12 o'clock tonight.

Albert Best, The Diaries of Albert Best: A Resident of Teignmouth, 4 August 1914

THE FIRST WORLD WAR IS DECLARED

It was a strange London on Sunday: crowded with excursionists to London and balked would-be travellers to the Continent, all in a state of suppressed uneasiness and excitement. We sauntered through the crowd to Trafalgar Square, where Labour, socialist and pacifist demonstrators, with a few trade union flags, were gesticulating from the steps of the monument to a mixed crowd of admirers, hooligan warmongers and merely curious holiday-makers. It was an undignified and futile exhibition, this singing of the 'Red Flag' and passing of well-worn radical resolutions in favour of universal peace. We turned into the National Liberal Club: the lobby was crowded with men, all silent and perturbed ... Even staunch Liberals agree we had to stand by Belgium. But there is no enthusiasm about the war: at present it is, on the part of England, a passionless war; a terrible nightmare sweeping over all classes – no one able to realize how the disaster came about.

The closing of the Bank for four days and the paralysis of business (no one seems to know whether the closing is limited to banks and many businesses have stopped because there is no money to pay wages) gives the business quarters of London a dispirited air. Every train that steams out of London, every cart in the street, is assumed to be commandeered by the Government for the purposes of war. Omnibuses and taxi-cabs are getting sparse. There is strained solemnity on every face – no one has the remotest idea of what is going to happen now that we are actually at war with Germany.

Beatrice Webb, Diary, 5 August 1914



YOUR KING AND COUNTRY NEED YOU

The first appeal for recruits pasted on the walls to-day. It is printed in national colours. Within a deep red border, in vivid blue letters on a white background, are the words, 'Your King and Country need You' – 'YOU' being heavily underscored. Lord Kitchener, who has been appointed Secretary of State for War, is confident 'that this appeal will be at once responded to by all those who have the safety of our Empire at heart.' The recruiting headquarters is in Old Scotland Yard, off Whitehall. As I passed there this evening I saw a big throng of young men still in straw hats, waiting their turn to get and, in the old phrase, 'take the King's shilling.'

Michael MacDonagh, *The Diary of a Journalist*, 6 August 1914



JOINING UP

9 a.m. The four of us, as instructed, met at the Horse Guards Parade, where there were many hundreds of recruits assembled; after considerable delay – due to the distribution of pay and railway passes – the Bodmin men were sorted out, and marched triumphantly to Charing Cross Underground Station, headed by a brass band and much stimulated by the cheers of the crowd.

On arriving at Paddington we were allowed to scatter for lunch, and rallied again for the train to Bodmin at 1.30. We decided unanimously that the transport arrangements were not creditable to the Committee of Railway Managers. The train was an ordinary one and the amount of space reserved quite insufficient, many having standing room only. Notwithstanding, the journey down was a hilarious one – beer and singing ad lib – it was many days before we were so cheerful again. We had two changes, and did not reach Bodmin till after dark. There we were met by a sergeant and marched up without delay to the Barracks. Our reception there was not encouraging; at the gate we were

each presented with one blanket, and told that the sleeping accommodation was over-full, and that we must do as best we could in the open. Some 20 of us accordingly stationed ourselves under a small group of trees. Food was the next question; although we had been given no opportunity for a meal since Paddington, nothing was provided for us. Luckily, the canteen was still open, and by dint of much pushing we managed to secure a tin of corned beef and bottled beer. Considering the situation in which we found ourselves – the night was a distinctly cold one for September – it was not surprising that certain of the rougher specimens partook rather freely. Anyhow the result was the most extraordinary night I ever remember. Few made any attempt to sleep, and those that tried were not given much chance. It so happened that we shared our 'pitch' with a rabble from Handsworth, Birmingham – a district which is, I believe, notorious. These worthies kept us supplied with a constant stream of lewdness, mostly of a very monotonous kind; there was one real humorist who made some excellent jokes, but they are scarcely repeatable. At about 2 a.m. we were joined by several unfortunates who had found their tents already occupied (by lice), and preferred the open air and the wet grass. Altogether, it was a remarkable experience, the most surprising thing about it being the complete absence of any attempt at discipline.

George Butterworth, *Diaries*, 2 September 1914



CHILDREN PLAY FOR PEACE

The children got up an amusing charade for us. They came into the drawing-room dressed up, Craufurd as the Kaiser, with formidable moustaches; Edward as 'Gussie', the Empress; Catherine as the Crown Prince with a pickelhaube, Paula looking very pretty in a crimson dressing gown and a red cap. She strutted up and down before the mirror admiring herself. Craufurd began, 'I have come to say that I must make peace; I have been losing too many of

my men. I am sorry to I plunged into this war.' 'Very well Kaiser, but you must build again all the houses and churches you have burnt'. 'I can't put back Rheims cathedral; there is too much fine work in it.' Then followed a harlequinade between Willy and Gussie, the little girls dancing about with glee. It was a very pretty sight.

Rev. W. R. Inge, Diary of a Dean, 5 November 1914



SUPPORT FOR BELGIAN EXILES

I have just been to a Belgian 'At Home' in a schoolroom. It was got up by a young wife whose husband is at the front, and her only comfort is trying to cheer the poor refugees. So she has these little 'At Homes' every week for lonely Belgians. She was an actress before she married, and therefore is able to get lots of professionals to come and sing to them. I heard a Belgian tenor sing some French songs most exquisitely. There was also a pretty Russian girl who sang their National Hymn very beautifully. I heard the Belgian National Hymn for the first time. There was a sweet refrain which everyone joined in; some of the older Belgians sang it with streaming eyes, and such a far-away look in their eyes. One knew that they were seeing their old homes, and many other things besides. Two little Belgian girls danced so prettily, and their young brother place the accompaniment; the proud (very fat) parents insisted on going on the platform too! It was all most interesting and touching. They sat in groups and circles, talking in hushed voices to each other. But every now and then some comic thing was sung or recited in French, and it was such a relief to hear them laugh.

Mrs Hallie Eustace Miles, War-Time Diary, 5 December 1914



Genis et ma dit hic tem. Ovit, sitis adis voluptatus inus eos dicilit harios poresec atisimporum voluptatur? In et occae volo corum si adit provit eius.

EAST COAST ATTACKED

It is a specially anxious time just now. Last night there was a German raid on the East Coast by Zeppelins and Aeroplanes. They attacked Yarmouth and King's Lynn, and even Sandringham. There have been several killed by the cruel bombs. So we are on the tip-toe of expectancy that they will continue these visits, and try hard to get to London. Such awful things are prophesied; it makes one's heart stand still to hear of all that many be going to happen to our beloved England, and to London, before Peace is possible. It is strange to read of trenches being made in England, and full of soldiers too, all ready and on the watch. And yet with all the watchfulness from air, land and sea, the Germans seem able to slip in and take us 'unaware'.

We have to be prepared to fly to our basements, and have candles ready, and 'lamps trimmed', like the wise Virgins; for at the first sign of a raid over London all the gas and electric light will be turned off at the mains, and everything will be in pitch darkness. This happened in Paris yesterday. I have two oil stoves and a

little lamp that I keep ready trimmed, and candles in every candlestick. We have a basement room belonging to our flat; it is crammed with books and literature, but we could sit on the piles of books and parcels, which would be better than sitting on the coals, and being run over by rats, as has happened to some of the poor Belgians.

Mrs Hallie Eustace Miles, War-Time Diary, 26 January 1915



SINKING OF THE LUSITANIA

Lusitania sunk at 2:30 near Cork Harbour. It was on the posters at 5:45. At first I did not believe it. It made almost no impression on me. Then I went back to buy a paper.

Arnold Bennett, Journals, 8 May 1915



GERMAN SHOPS ATTACKED

The rioting in E. London continued with great violence today – any German shops being wrecked and in some cases any with a foreign name; Russians and Belgians suffered. Porters and carriers at Smithfield have joined in the boycott, one supposed to have declared he wouldn't move a German meal if a carcass was hung round with diamonds; German butchers', bakers' and tobacconists' shops demolished and looted; troops and 30,000 special constables called out and a great deal of scuffling and many heads broken with batons, one German ducked in a horse trough at Smithfield...

Rumours that the Germans in London are to set up a-light, – and indeed after and since the Lusitania the public nerve has been very much on the stretch.

Viscount Sandhurst, Diary, 12 May 1915

ZEPPELIN RAID ON THE CAPITAL

We have now had our 'first baptism of fire', for we were actually in the great Zeppelin raid.

E. F. Benson had been dining with us, and of course we had been talking about the raids. I described to him all my preparations for a Zeppelin raid: bags; dressing-case; long coat; Eustace's 'Zeppelin trousers'; and my 'Zeppelin hat', all at the door of our bedroom, ready to snatch up on our way out to the 'basement' of our flat. I showed him the photograph of our basement which appeared in the 'Daily Graphic'. He was very amused at it all, and begged to be allowed to see these grand preparations, including the 'alarm trousers', So I showed him all the little piles at our bedroom door. He thought it very funny, and said, 'I'm afraid you will be disappointed, and that you won't have any use for all these things' to which I replied, 'Perhaps you will have a surprise when you get home!' This was prophetic!

He left us about 10:45 p.m. and hardly had he closed the front door when there was the most awful bang, crash and explosion, close to our flat. How I flew out of the drawing-room down the passage to Eustace! The poor servants were standing at their bedroom door, trembling with horror. I told them to put on their warmest coats, and thick shoes and stockings as quickly as possible and to their money. Then we collected all the 'preparations', dressed in our Zeppelin clothes, gathered up the bags, and got the basement keys. Then with the bombs crashing to earth close to our flat, and the guns roaring all round, we began our solemn journey down to the basement in safety.

When we got there we found that someone had used all the matches and candles, and had not replaced them, and my electric torch, for the first time, refused to act. However, I remembered a secret store of candles and matches that I had hidden in a box when I prepared the basement many months ago, and I groped my way in the darkness and found them. I then lit the little lamp, which was trimmed all ready; and there we stood, wondering what would happen next. The servants were a bit hysterical, but very good, and Eustace was very calm. I think I was quite brave too. My heart beat dreadfully, but I wasn't faint at all. I felt I had all the responsibility of seeing to everything, and was the captain of our little flock, and of course this

helped me not to break down. I could not exactly describe what I felt. It was such an absolutely new experience. It was frightfully solemn, too, as if the War and the Germans were at our very doors. It was so strange, on our way down the long flights of stairs, to see all the flat doors standing wide open, left so by people in their hurried flights to the lower regions. No one had even time to turn out the lights. Even I had left ours full on! Our lift porter was simply wonderful. He cheered and encouraged us all, and filled his own basement kitchen with the frightened servants.

At last the awful roar of the bombs and guns grew less, and we heard the sound of the Zeppelins going further and further away. So we ventured out of the basement and started home again. I shall never forget what we felt when we reached our flat, looking so bright and homely with all the lights on. What a tale it told, and what a lifetime it seemed since the first great bomb crashed about five minutes from our flat. Eustace hung out of the open window directly after the first bomb fell, and saw the wicked Zeppelin in the sky, like a long grey lighted train, and he saw the bombs dropping. He could not bear leaving the open window to go down to the cellar!

When we looked out of our bedroom windows after our return to the Flat, the sky simply looked on fire. This was from the reflection of the fires that had been started.

Mrs Hallie Eustace Miles, Diary, 28 September 1915



WHITE FEATHERS

New but unofficial recruiters have appeared on the scene. These are the young women who have formed what they call the 'Order of the White Feather,' which they publicly and forcibly confer upon any young man in 'civies' whom they come upon anywhere, and whom they think should be in khaki. The bellicosity of these females is almost as terrible to the young male who has no stomach for fighting as an enemy army with banners – and guns. At the sight of them he is

glad of the chance of being able to hide anyhow his diminished head.

Going home in a tramcar the other night I was a witness of the presentation of white feathers. The victims were two young men who were rudely disturbed from their reading of the evening paper by the attack of three young women. 'Why don't you fellows enlist? Your King and Country want you. We don't.' One of the girls was a pretty wench. She dishonoured one of the young men, as she thought, by sticking a white feather in his buttonhole, and a look of contempt spoiled for a moment her lovely face.

Those tactics seem to me to be uncomprehending. Those who use them assume that all men are alike; mere machines that can march so many miles an hour and fire so many rounds of ammunition – only some are 'shirkers' evading their duty as citizens. No allowance appears to be made to the infinite variety of constitution, temperament, emotion, disposition, and of idiosyncrasies among men. Fundamentally speaking, Nature makes heroes or cowards from us first, in our mother's womb, without in the least consulting us.

Michael MacDonagh, *The Diary of a Journalist*, 6 October 1915



LOST FOR ETERNITY

This time last year he was seeing me off on Charing Cross station after David Copperfield – and I has just begun to realise I loved Him. He is lying in the military cemetery at Louvencourt – because a week ago He was wounded in action and had just 24 hours of consciousness more and then went 'to sleep in France. And I, who in impatience felt a fortnight ago that I could not wait another minute to see Him, must wait till all Eternity. All has been given me, and all taken away again – in one year.

So I wonder where we shall be – what we shall all be doing – if we all still shall be – this time next year.

Vera Brittain, *Chronicle of Youth: Great War Diary*, 31 December 1915

WAR-TIME FOOD SHORTAGES

Such articles of food as tea, sugar, butter, margarine and bacon are now difficult to get. On an average fourteen vessels bringing food and raw materials are being sunk weekly by the enemy submarines. It is become a regular daily thing in all parts of London to see long lines of people outside provision shops waiting to be served and doubtful whether anything will be left when their turn comes. The Food Controller (Lord Rhondda) is still holding out against the growing demand for compulsory rationing.

Michael MacDonagh, The Diary of a Journalist, 16 December 1917



Genis et ma dit hic tem. Ovit, sitis adis voluptatus inus eos dicilit harios poresec atisimporum voluptatur? In et occae volo corum si adit provit eius.

LAND GIRLS

To-day I was brought into contact with the most important of women's War activities next to the munition-workers – the girls of the Land Army. They had a recruiting procession in London and a meeting in Hyde Park. Before the War there were not more than 90,000 women employed on the land; there are now 260,000. The stretch of grass in Hyde Park where the meeting was held was like a farmyard there were so many pens with lambs, pigs, ducks and hens.

Michael MacDonagh, The Diary of a Journalist, 20 April 1918



A LOATHSOME ENDING

I got to London about 6:30 and found masses of people in streets and congested Tubes, all waving flags and making fools of themselves – an outburst of mob patriotism. It was a wretched wet night, and very mild. It is a loathsome ending to the loathsome tragedy of the last four years.

Siegfried Sassoon, Diary, 11 November 1918



AN INVALID ENJOYS JAMES JOYCE

At 9 a.m. I heard the garden gate being forced open (it was frozen to the post) and the postman's welcome footsteps up the path. He dropped a parcel on the porch seat, knocked and went away again. I could not get at my parcel, though I was only a few feet away from it. So I lay and reflected what it might be. Surely not the book ordered at Bumpus's? Too soon. H's promised cigarettes? It sounded too heavy. My own book? An early advance copy? Perhaps.