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LITTLE JOURNEYS

TOWARDS

PARIS

1914-1918

A Guide Book for Confirmed Tourists

BY

W. HOHENZOLLERN

MON. COLONEL DEATH'S HEAD HUSSARS AND DOCTOR OF SACRED THEOLOGY
(UNIVERSITY OF ESSEN)

Fourth Anniversary Edition

Translated from the original German and adapted for
the use of unteutored minds

BY

SIMEON STRUNSKY

With map, 6 plans of towns, and numerous moral reflections



NEW YORK

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

1918

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

There are two very good reasons why the translator has undertaken the task of introducing Col. Hohenzollern's little volume to the English-speaking public.

1. The author's knowledge of his subject is unrivaled. It is enough to say that he has spent nearly four years traversing the distance from the German frontier to the terminus of the *Nach Paris* line. He has not only covered the ground minutely but has frequently retraced his steps, though modestly refraining from mentioning the fact in his daily communiqués.

2. All other guide-books to Paris exhibit a certain sameness, arising from the fact that they are written by tourists who started out for Paris and got there. Col. Hohenzollern's book, on the contrary, has all the

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

freshness of an unspoiled ideal. It breathes the spirit so admirably conveyed in the familiar Pomeranian proverb, "Not yet but soon." Col. Hohenzollern does not burden the reader with a mass of superfluous detail. Thus, in his account of Paris and its environs, he leaves ever so much to the imagination.

To the young and frivolous, Col. Hohenzollern's tours may seem somewhat leisurely. Let them go their way. The present guide-book is intended for those to whom time and expense are no object.

Such travelers will be more than amply repaid for the moderate price of this volume. Under the guidance of Col. Hohenzollern, who is himself under the special guidance of Gott (so aptly described by Mr. Treitschke as "the Thos. Cook and Son of the Imperial German family"), the tourist may reasonably expect to get to Paris in time for the International Exposition of 1975, perhaps.

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

BY

COL. W. HOHENZOLLERN.

The brief notes which have gone to the making of the present volume were not originally intended for the public eye. They were designed, rather, for the use of my successor when he starts out on his own little journey to Paris in 1939, for my grandson in 1967, for my great-grandson in 1995, etc. So at least Ludendorff argues, but I have misgivings now and then.

These impressions were jotted down at odd times and under conditions highly unfavorable to literary composition. My earliest memoranda were scribbled at night among the glowing embers of Louvain. Again, the lamentations of the Belgian women as they faced the firing squads at

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

Dinant will explain certain infelicities of style for which I beg the reader's indulgence.

Nevertheless, as the work grew under my hands, I became convinced that there was a wider audience to which I might address myself. There will always be a few small portions of the earth outside of the German Empire. In such regions little imperialisms are bound to arise. Sooner or later they will experience an irresistible desire to go touring in their neighbor's territory. As in my own case, the passion for foreign travel will be intensified by the desire to escape from domestic worries—socialists, ballot reforms, tax-riots, maximilianhardens, *und so weiter*.

Within its modest limits, the present volume aims to cover the entire subject of a foreign tour undertaken for self-defense, for Gott, and for new coal fields. It offers a comprehensive account of all the problems that are likely to arise, from the publication of the first edition of the White Book to the signing of a strong peace.

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

Inasmuch as the matters dealt with are constantly undergoing alteration, the author would highly appreciate any corrections or additions with which travelers may favor him. For instance, at the moment of writing, he would welcome any information as to what has become of the drive for Ypres, and where in the dickens that Amiens army of mine will spend the winter.

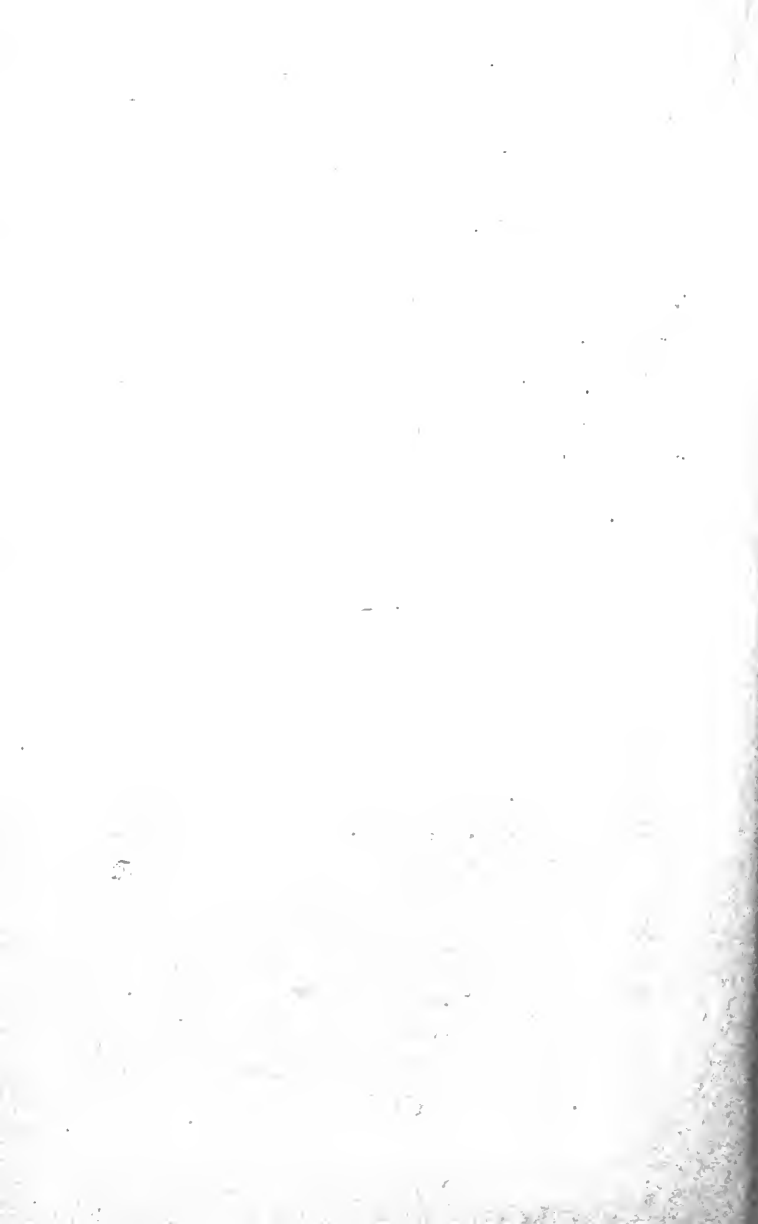


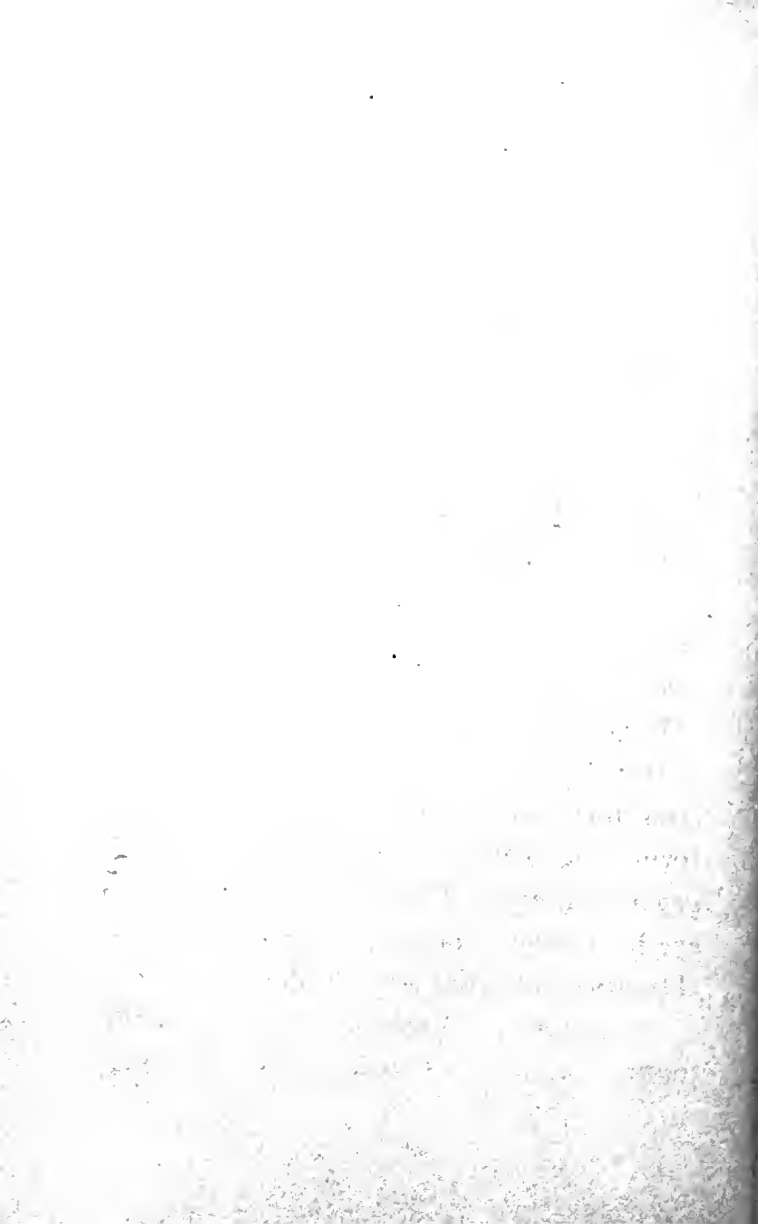
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TOWARDS PARIS



PRACTICAL HINTS

Traveling Expenses.

The cost of a trip to Paris from the German frontier has risen tremendously since 1870, with no corresponding increase in comfort; the contrary rather. Two million dead and wounded a year is a fair estimate. A safe way is to decide in advance how much one is willing to spend, and then multiply by one hundred.

In general we may say that if one chooses to travel by express, to put up only at first-class fortresses, and to consume four solid formations a day, one must be prepared to pay accordingly. The French have a shrewd eye for business and they exact an unreasonable price for what they render.

As usual in Continental travel, family touring is more expensive than traveling

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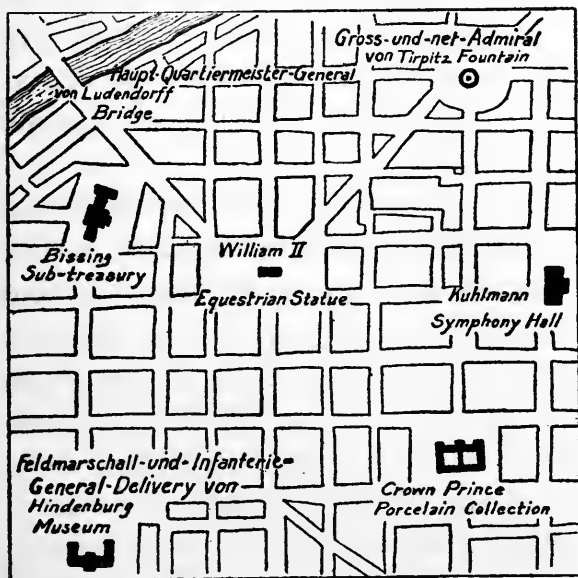
en garçon. Left to themselves, Hindenburg or Mackensen can manage on comparatively little. But whenever any members of the family are around, like the present writer at Nancy in September, 1914, or the Crown Prince at Verdun in 1916, the expenditures mount prodigiously (200,000 to 500,000 casualties).

Extras in the form of tips and gratuities are unavoidable, and where first-class service is demanded, they come high. A Bolo Pasha may well run up into the millions. Bernstorff's tips in the U. S. A. (one of the detours to Paris we shall describe) kept my minister of finance ceaselessly picking at the counterpane, as we say down in Silesia.

Other incidentals, such as broken treaties, lies (both Kühlmann and preferred), and riot and starvation at home, need not be emphasized, since they involve no particular strain on the truly Imperialist conscience.

PARIS

(NOTE: The author not having had the advantage of studying the topography of Paris on the spot, the map below shows Paris as it ought to be rather than as it is.)



Half-way between the Imperial Equestrian Statue and the Gross-und-net-Admiral von Tirpitz Fountain is the restaurant with the cold Imperial victuals that have been waiting since September 2, 1914.

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Climate.

The salubrity of the French climate has been greatly exaggerated. Nor is there any distinction to be drawn between high and low altitudes. I have found the heights of **Vimy** and the swamps of **St. Gond** equally trying. Violent fluctuations of temperature must be expected in the river valleys; likewise in the uplands, the forests, the brick-yards, the slag-heaps and the ruined chapels. On the Marne, September 5, 1914, the temperature changed abruptly from fair and warmer in the morning to violent chills and fever at night.

Reading.

Inasmuch as no literature is sold on the trains after departure, it is well for the tourist to lay in a stock in advance; especially as blockades and other tedious delays are very frequent on the *Nach Paris* line. Out of a virtually inexhaustible list of light fiction, we cite a few titles:

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“The German White Book,” with notes omitted by Von Jagow and telegrams suppressed by Bethmann-Hollweg.

Same, extra-illustrated edition, by Lichnowsky.

“Murderous Belgium.” By the Ninety-three Professors.

“Lusitania Shells.” By Ernst Haeckel and other leading humorists.

“Ten Thousand Reasons Why We Should Love Prussia.” By Charles Hapsburg.

Language.

The modern French tongue is a corrupt form of an old Germanic dialect, having broken away from the Gothic typography in an insane desire to make itself legible. It lacks those fine grammatical distinctions of the German tongue which enable one to say, “The moon, he is in the sky,” or “The young lady, it is playing the piano; and a very fine piano he is.”

Nevertheless the Germanic traces in the

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modern French are very perceptible; as, "oui, oui" from "wie geht's"; "donnez-moi" from "donnerwetter"; "liberté" from "leberwurst"; "égalité" from the familiar German expression "Das ist mir egal"; "fraternité" from "Franziskaner-brau."

The French have appropriated bodily such good old Teuton words as "café," "adieu," "au revoir," and "merci." The names of their great writers betray a Germanic origin, as Montaigne-Manteuffel, Corneille-Kuhnle, Molière - Muller, Racine - Rosen, Sainte-Beuve-Seydlitz, Hugo-Ugo, and Anatole France-Anatol Deutsch. The French intonation is pitched disagreeably high; like the people which make use of it, it is virtually impossible to keep it down.

Railways, Tickets, Baggage, Etc.

The railways leading to Paris are comfortable and well equipped, as far as they go. The terminal facilities, however, are very poor. The French army refuses to

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guarantee any connections and time-tables are subject to change without notice. German excursionists, therefore, would do well, in planning their itineraries, to allow for delays. Thus, for the regulation trip of three weeks from Cologne to Paris, a margin of ten or twelve years is not excessive.

Night travel is much to be preferred owing to the aeroplane signal-system employed by the French and the carelessness of their aviators, who are addicted to dropping things on the locomotive.

Food is not sold on the train but may easily be obtained from the nearest peasant house in exchange for a few incendiary bombs and a couple of firing platoons. Beer (French *un bock*, recently changed to *un boche*) is of poor quality, and should be used only when no private wine-cellars are available.

The so-called trains *de luxe* are not to be recommended. They have speed without control, and derailments are frequent. This

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is particularly true of the Metz-Verdun 18-hour Crown Prince Flivver (popularly known as the Rough Diamond Express), the Von Kluck Katapult, and the Picardy Plunger. The French railway administration allows no rebates for failure to arrive at destination.

Fares, as intimated, in our Introduction, are extremely high. The details will be found further on in this volume under the separate Routes. The French army, contrary to the usual custom, refuses to sell through tickets and insists on collecting fares while the train is under way.

Return or circular tickets are obtained without difficulty in advance. The Author has made use of a circular ticket during the last four years and it still has an indefinite time to run. They are to be had in all combinations: Liege-Marne-Aisne-Liege-Berlin; Metz-Douaumont-Mört Homme-Metz-Berlin; Cologne - Brussels - Lille - Brussels-Cologne-Berlin, etc.

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Baggage-checking facilities in France are unsurpassed. Some of the principal checking stations are La Fère Champenoise, Verdun, Ypres, Amiens, etc. Here the well-known French courtesy shows itself at its best. The French, with their associates, the British, Belgians, Americans, etc., are only too happy to turn out day or night to accommodate any Imperial tourist who is in a hurry.

Hotels, Amusements, Shops, Etc.

All the hotels and châteaux to which the tourist is likely to have access are run on the German plan. That is to say, the traveler will begin by smashing the mirrors and pictures, quartering his horse in the salon, and putting his boots into the bed or on top of the piano, according to taste.

The somewhat monotonous scheme of French interior decoration may be relieved by breaking open trunks of feminine apparel

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and festooning the contents around the chandeliers.

French landlords, whether in hotels or châteaux, show little inclination to interfere with the collection of *souvenirs*, always one of the most delightful accompaniments of a trip abroad. Ormolu clocks, Sèvres vases, family portraits, ivory crucifixes, and similar bibelots are to be had in profusion. The exceptionally enterprising tourist, especially if he is of sufficient standing at General Headquarters to command the services of a couple of motor vans, should find it quite possible to secure a Louis XVI sideboard or a grand piano or two.

What careful study and application may accomplish in this respect is already shown in the unrivaled **Kronprinz-Friedrich Wilhelm-Porzellan-Wanduhr-und-Badewanne-Sammlung** (Krown Prince Friedrich William Porcelain-Wall Clock-and-Bathtub Collection) at Berlin. Tourists compelled to evacuate their hotel rooms in a hurry will of course

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see to it that they remain unfit for human (that is, for French) habitation.

AMUSEMENTS, SHOPPING, etc., must necessarily be decided by the taste of the traveler. It is enough to say that the facilities are unrivaled. Tourists of an antiquarian turn of mind will avail themselves of the existing ruins for which northern France is famous or will make their own. People of athletic tastes will find in the orchards of fair France unexcelled opportunities for tree-chopping. To those of more frivolous bent there are certain conquerors' privileges which will not be specified.

Preparations for Trip.

No hard and fast rule can be laid down for the length of time to be spent in preparation for an excursion from Berlin to Paris. From the author's own experience it is obvious that forty-three years are not enough. But circumstances may change.

In the way of mental preparation—study

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of foreign languages, history, customs, etc.—the German tourist has peculiar advantages over every other traveler. Since the German language is the only civilized language, German Kultur is the only Kultur worth mentioning, and German history reveals the will of Gott working itself out in the most perfect medium, the German abroad has nothing to learn.

We would, however, make one exception, in recommending the tourist to brush up his knowledge of architecture, and especially of Gothic architecture, in which Northern France is so rich. In the author's own experience, hundreds of thousands of 42-centimeter shells have been wasted by German tourists who have directed their attention to modern commercial buildings and passed over the rarest thirteenth century examples.

ROUTE I.

From Liege to Paris by Way of the Marne, the Was, and the Ain't.

Two hundred and seventy-five miles in 3 years, 10 months, 15 days. Fare, 750,000 dead, 1,500,000 wounded. Connection (not guaranteed) at St. Quentin with the Von Bülow Accommodation from the Ardennes and thence to Rheims where connection (extra hazardous) with the Krown Prince Special (Rough Diamond Express) from Sedan and Argonne.

Liege (the ancient German **LIEBCHEN**), a city of 175,000 inhabitants before the arrival of the German tourist and 25,000 after, is picturesquely situated on the steep west bank of the river Meuse (the ancient German **MEASLES**). It is or was the seat of a cathedral, a university, and a foundling asylum, all within easy cannon range from the opposite shore. After the first few days'

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bombardment there is nothing more to interest the visitor.

Departing from the station on the left bank, we make our way through the lovely valley of the Meuse. The scenery on the left or Brandenburg Grenadier bank is even more pleasing than on the right, or Bavarian Ersatz bank. With brief stops for fusillades of women and priests at Huy and Andenne, we arrive at

Namur (the ancient German NACHMITTAG), a flourishing city at the confluence of the Meuse and the Sambre (the ancient German SOMBRERO), which immediately ceases to flourish. Here the Belgian checking facilities prove insufficient to delay the tourist. By the light of burning villages we glide along the banks of the Sambre to

Charleroi, a city lying in the heart of a great coal-basin and thus destined by Gott for the delight and profit of German vacationists. Here for the first time we come into contact with the French checking system,

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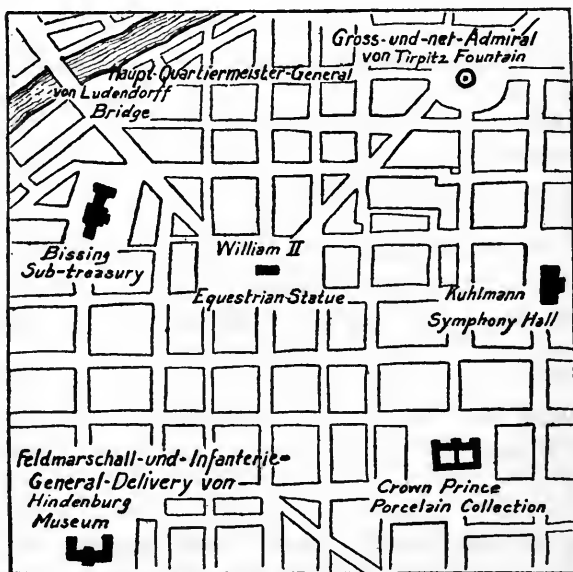
which, however, has not yet got into perfect working order and involves only a single day's stop-over.

The line now turns south into French territory and we move rapidly through a pleasant country criss-crossed with poplars which might well repay hewing down, and studded with white church steeples which would make excellent targets but for the prohibitive cost of high explosives. Here one may choose the main road through Maubeuge (the ancient German MOPS) or the branch road by way of Mons (abbreviated from the German MONSIEUR), leading either to Le Cateau (Ger. CASTELLUM) or Guise (Ger. GESUNDHEIT).

At both points the checking system once more is applied, with greater though not yet perfect efficiency; in the one case by the English, originally a Germanic tribe from the mouth of the river Elbe, whence Albion, under the guidance of one John French (Johann Franz), and in the other case by

LONDON.

(NOTE: The author not having had the advantage of studying the topography of London on the spot, the map below shows London as it ought to be rather than as it is.)



Close to the Haupt-Quartiermeister-General von Ludendorff Bridge is the famous inn of the Cheshire Cheese, the favorite resort of the celebrated lexicographer Samuel Johnson, whose fondness for words like "honorificabilitudinity" clearly betrays his Germanic origin.

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the natives rallying around **Josef Schaffer**, frequently but erroneously referred to as Joseph Joffre, of whom we here catch our first instructive glimpse.

* * * **Josef Schaffer** (Joffre), one of the most remarkable features of French landscape scenery, will repay close study by the foreign tourist. As the name indicates, he is of German descent with just a dash of the debilitating French blood. He entered the army at an early age, and developed his strategic ideas entirely on the model of those great Teuton military thinkers, Moltke, Clausewitz and Napoleon (Ger. **Apfelstrudel**, though some writers prefer **Apollinaris**).

This Schaffer is about 5 feet 10 inches in height and, according to our best German authorities, about twice as wide. (See Von Kluck, "Indian Summer on the Marne," six volumes, printed for private distribution.) The first impression of Schaffer is of a man of retiring disposition, but after the first five weeks, he reveals an impressive gift for repartee which is characteristically Teuton. This much is certain: that his name will remain indelibly impressed on the memory of the German tourist.

From Le Cateau and Guise we continue to follow the main line past St. Quentin and

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Compiègne to Senlis within less than thirty miles from Paris. Here the line veers abruptly to the southeast and, judging from the Berlin official communiqués, enters a series of long tunnels.

As the train emerges from the last of these into the valley of the Marne, there bursts upon the eyes of the deeply impressed visitor

*** * * An Extensive View of the French and English Army.**

The numerous features of what is undeniably the climax of our journey can be indicated only in the briefest form within the limits of the present volume. The tourist may be referred for a much more extensive account of this interesting phenomenon to the Author's "Junketings with Joffre," 47 volumes, with introduction, appendix and alibi, Berlin, 1914-1987.

Beginning at the extreme west, at the junction of the Marne (Ger. MARINIRT) and the Ourcq (Ger. UGH!), we note the impres-

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sive **Stone Wall of Manoury**, or more correctly **Mannheimer**, reported to have been built in a single night out of rough blocks brought from Paris in taxicabs.

Further to the east the eye lights upon the so-called **John French (Johann Franz)**, no longer avoiding the attention of the pursuing tourist, but now engaged in an operation technically described as **reverse English**.

Beyond that lies the **Franchet d'Esperey** barrier, passing which we come to the marshes of **St. Gond** surmounted by the remarkable combination of quicksand and cliff known to German students as **Ferdinand Fuchs**, popularly but erroneously referred to as **Foch**.

* * * **Ferdinand Fuchs (Foch)** is a frequent phenomenon along the roads of northern France and as such will repay study. It not only occurs on the **Marne**, but is encountered in great strength along the **Yser**, in **Artois**, in front of **Amiens**, and latterly along the entire terrain from the **North Sea** to the **Adriatic**.

The celebrated quarter-miler **Ludendorff** in his

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volume of reminiscences entitled "Foot-Races with Foch," now in course of publication, aptly characterizes Foch as "the Union Terminal for all German tourist traffic in France." Beyond Foch the roads are closed for repairs.

Here, therefore, the traveler will disembark and follow the direction indicated in a sign pointing north with the legend "This way out." He will take his seat without loss of time in one of the long line of specials under the direction of Dispatchers Schauf-fer and Fuchs. A swift run of fifty miles through familiar country brings him to the rivers Oise (German, WAS) and Aisne (German, AIN'T).

EXCURSION A

View of a Decadent Nation.

“French troops began to intervene on March 23 in the battle now being fought on the British front.”—Official Dispatch.

Hold there, Tommy! They come, Pétain’s odoriferous life guards,

Slouching with rifle and bomb and a varied assortment of blankets,

Tinware, onions and stews, and the smile that ne’er failed them at Verdun.

France from her white-bled veins still squeezes a cup for transfusion.

Hold there, Haig you! They come! Their saucepans gleam like the helmets

Of Roland, Joan, Bayard—and a minimum quota of cannon.

Three hundred miles of front, a half-hundred more hardly matters.

France once more is at work spiking the Hindenburg schedule.

Belgium called and they came, this feeble folk from the boulevards,

Frog-eaters sadly addicted to peg-top trousers and absinthe,

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Came in their paper-soled boots and leaped at the
Kaiser's machine guns,
Caught the blow full in the face and reeled back
to Marne and to glory.

Servia called, and they came: "On the banks of
the Struma our soldiers"—
"Our troops in the bend of the Cerna"—"In the
Salonica sector our soldiers——"
Spaded and festered and fought and smoked their
notorious tobacco,
Wond'ring what it all was about, but *alors, ça va
très bien, n'est-ce pas?*

Italy called and they came: "Our regiments
marching through Brescia——"
"On the heights of Asiago our troops——" Oh,
tight-lipped anonymous poet,
Your day and your night communiqués—pro-
nounced as we do it in Kansas——
Show down-and-out Frenchmen just raising Sam
Hill in the Mediterranean.

Stand there, Britain! She comes—France of the
scant forty millions,
Done for three years ago, white-bled by Hinden-
burg's schedule,
France of the Lafayette touch gives still one
more twist to her life veins,
Sounds the call of Verdun and leaps—Hold,
Haig! She is coming!

ROUTE 2.

To Paris by Way of Japan, Mexico, and the U. S. A.

This is known as the Z. Z. Line (Zimmermann Zip Express). Distances, duration, fares, etc., can be estimated only in the roughest way, as the route is still imperfectly charted, with numerous gaps which must be covered on mule back or by the Swedish diplomatic pouch.

Our journey starts from **Yokohama** (the ancient German **JUNKERHEIM**), the principal port of Japan. Just how the German traveler may get to Yokohama is described in our seventeen-volume guide book, "How to Be Happy with the British Fleet."

Leaping lightly from Yokohama, the German tourist, at the head of a Japanese army of **two million men**, effects a comfortable landing on the west coast of Mexico, where

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he is joined by an army of equal strength under the command of Venustiano Carranza on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and of Pancho Villa on Tuesdays and Saturdays, unless detained by death or moving-picture contracts elsewhere. Thursdays and Sundays are the Mexican army's days out.

Heading due north along the magnificent macadam roads that cross the Sierra Madre, the tourist traverses the luxuriant cactus groves of Sonora watered by the silvery current of the majestic Juxtlahuacoatlajaraqetzlanapanhuatl (the ancient German town of KATZENJAMMER). Behind us towers the snow-covered **Mount Orizaba** (18,250 feet), one of the tallest points on the North American continent and surpassed only by some of Count Bernstorff's best efforts.

As we advance we catch glimpses, on our right, of the Mexican army pouring carbolic acid into the food kettles of their Japanese allies, and on our left the Japanese army honing their razors on the Mexican allies.

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Shortly before dawn we pull into the railway station at Juarez, its magnificent marble colonnade toned to a rich yellow by the smoke from the tall chimneys of the Special Dispatch Works at El Paso across the Rio Grande.

The passage of the river having been easily effected, the road leads across the rolling plains of **Texas**. The inhabitants are almost entirely of pure Mexican blood, wearing the characteristic national costume of a black frock coat and white string tie. They are bitterly hostile to the American flag, partly because of their Mexican race pride, and partly because only seven out of a total of nine members in the American Cabinet hail from this part of the country.

By closing his left eye and putting the palm of his hand over the right, the tourist may perceive **millions of these Texicans**—to give them their proper name—marching with rifles for an attack on New York. They are brigaded with Japanese and Mexicans under

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the chief command of Don Pedro Alvarez Y Fujiwara.

Further north we encounter strong reënforcements from New Mexico (the ancient German NEU MECKLENBURG), Arizona (EHRENBREITSTEIN) and the southern part of Utah, the last composed of Mormon battalions bearing a banner with the motto *E Pluribus Unum*.

There follows an uninterrupted run of several hundred miles, characterized by the most perfect harmony among the Allies as a result of the unsurpassable Harvey Meals. Tourists of literary inclinations may choose to stop off for a moment at Hannibal, Mo., the birthplace of **Mark Zwei**, famous for his discovery of the dative case in the German language. From this point the route is along the banks of the Mississippi (the ancient German MESOPOTAMIA), until the presence of a strong odor of hops and malt in the air informs us that we are approaching

St. Louis (The ancient German LOOIE), a

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first-class fortress and entrenched camp. The city has a population of 687,029, of whom 3,235,786 have both parents born in Germany, 7,897,453 have a German-born father or mother, 3,453,987 are of native parentage on both sides but, like the others, smoke Turkish Muftis and read the *Saturday Evening Post*, and 24 are of the belief that the Browns will finish in the first division.

St. Louis lies low on the banks of the Mississippi while the American Security League calls it names. Between whiles it sends volunteers into the American army and navy and buys Liberty Bonds. The last, however, has been explained as an ingenious scheme to corner the Liberty Bond market and, by leaving nothing for the rest of the country to buy, to sap the national morale.

On the other side of the river lies East St. Louis, inhabited by a pioneer population addicted to hunting negro women and children through the streets with firearms.

“LITTLE JOURNEYS TOWARDS PARIS”

From St. Louis the tourist may take one of several routes. By proceeding in a general northward direction we reach, after an uneventful run of several hours, a stimulating city, over whose Town Hall waves a red flag with the motto “Guess Again.” In other words,

Milwaukee, the largest city in the state of Wisconsin (the ancient German WAS-KANN-ES-SEIN). Its principal industry, as indicated by the town motto, is keeping newspaper editors awake nights wondering what will happen next. Owing its original fame to a fermented product of world-wide reputation, Milwaukee has persisted in fermenting ever since. It votes for Socialists (the ancient German Social-Demokraten) and buys Liberty Bonds.

Milwaukee has been under a Socialist administration for several years and persists in not going to the devil. Its soldiers were among the first American casualties in the

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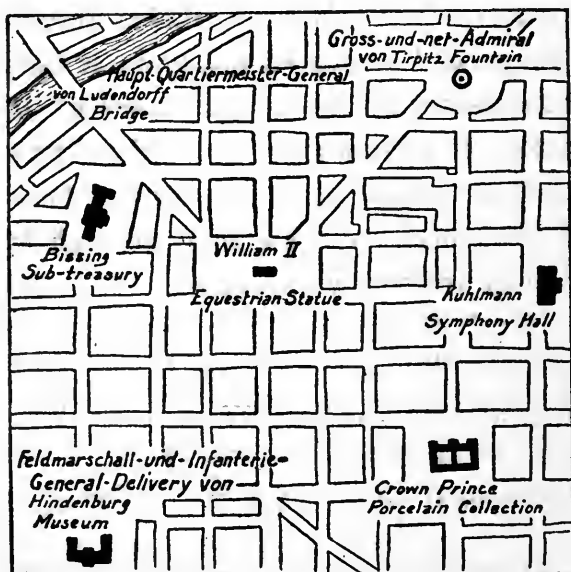
present war. Its favorite resort for light amusement is the **La Follette-Berger**.

Leaving Milwaukee with a slight headache, the tourist pursues his way along the shores of Lake Michigan, flashes through Chicago and spends an afternoon at Gary, Ind., famous as the original home of the football play known to all educationalists as the Gary Double Shift (as opposed to the Hylan Fling). Cutting south through the state of Indiana, we traverse a flat prairie country broken only by primary contests and election indictments, and crossing into Ohio (the ancient German WEI-HAI-WEI) we enter, as night falls, the city of

Cincinnati (the ancient German CINCIN-NATUH). The tourist can tell that it is night and not day by the fact that the porter announces the last call for dinner. If he announced the first call for breakfast it would be day in Cincinnati. Otherwise there is no telling. The leading hotels have facil-

WASHINGTON, D. C.

(NOTE: The author not having had the advantage of studying the topography of Washington on the spot, the map below shows Washington as it ought to be rather than as it is.)



The admirable simplicity of Washington's street plan is due to the fact that the city was originally laid out by a German architect, Peter Karl Kinderlein, erroneously referred to in the text books as Pierre Charles L'Enfant.

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ities for washing shirts and collars at short notice.

From Cincinnati there is a network of railways extending all over the eastern United States. For the attainment of his objective the traveler may take the Franz Rintelen German-Nickel-Plate, or the Dr. Heinrich Albert Accordeon Portfolio, or the Papen Underground, or any other of the Subsidiaries of the **K. K. & K.** (Kaiser, Kultur and Kamouflage) System.

All these routes, however, after passing through an extensive variety of scenery, ultimately converge, and the Teuton tourist, with an extraordinary assortment of emotions, descends in the capacious union terminal of

Atlanta (the ancient German **TANTALUS**), a city with a considerable German population, largely concentrated within the precincts of the U. S. Federal Penitentiary, a modern institution with unrivaled facilities for the encouragement of sober second

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thought. Here the tourist makes the acquaintance of the famous southern exposure and the equally celebrated southern hospitality.

From this point the only practicable way to Paris is either by **wireless or telepathy.**

EXCURSION B.

Holy Willie's Prayer

(The author wishes to express his obligation to the late Robert Burns, of Alloway, near Ayr, Scotland, for all of the title and some of the meter of the following inspired lines.)

Thou, Gott, zum Grossen Haupt-Quartier,
Whose flaming sword, I greatly fear,
Is giving signs of wear and tear
 (See late dispatches),
Despite Bapaume and Armentières
 New trouble hatches.

Peruse, oh Gott, without delay,
The weather maps from U. S. A.
With winter wheat from day to day
 Booming and swelling.
A billion bushels on the way—
 Hear Hoover yelling.

Pour forth thy wrath on Abilene,
Its long hot days with rain between,
Or hurl thy blast on Moorhead, Minn.,
 Temp. above normal.
Not like *my* crops from the Ukraine,
 More or less formal.

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Let fall thy bolt on Keokuk,
Its isotherms in best of luck,
Its barometric pressures cluck—
 Clucking and chortling,
Much livelier, Gott, than that lame duck
 Von Hertling.

Send forth thy blast on Tatoosh, Wash.,
Where Packards o'er the landscape dash
And Steinways sell for ready cash;
 Wheat at two-twenty!
On Penn Yan let thy anger crash,
 Crash good and plenty.

What Teuton skill wrought on the Somme,
Wreak thou, oh Gott, on Yankee scum,
On orchard, meadow, clay, and loam,
 Ashes and chaff spray.
Or Ludendorff will pack thee home
 Retired on half pay!

S. S.

ROUTE 3.

To Calais and Paris by way of Ypres and Poison Gas.

Fourteen miles to Ypres from Roulers Junction where connection is made for Liege (See Route 1). Time, 3 years, 10 months. Fares: Prussian Guard Rocket, 100,000 dead and corresponding wounded; Crown Prince Rupprecht Slow Freight, 400,000 dead; Von Arnim Sunset Limited, 200,000 dead and several attacks of near-apoplexy in editorial offices of Count Reventlow.

Ypres is the ancient German **WIPERS**, whence the famous line by the Bavarian poet, Tony Weller the elder, "Ah, you generation of Wipers!" Other writers claim that Ypres is the original Germanic form and quote a famous epigram in the Lower Suabian dialect by an ancestor of the present Gen. Von Arnim, "Ypres moi, le déluge."

The city has been for the last four years

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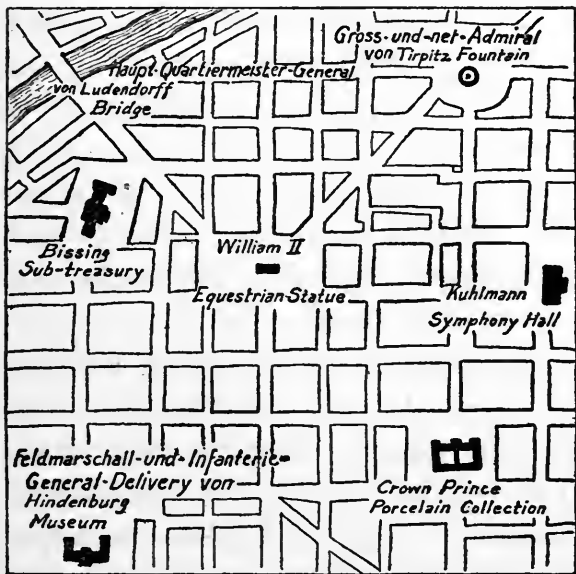
the favorite destination for short-trip commuters from Germany. The line, however, does not approach closer than **two miles** to the town, and the walking, even for commuters, has hitherto been found impracticable. Ypres lies almost entirely underground. The climate is salubrious for the army which has the wind at its back, owing to the prevalence of gas in the atmosphere.

By this time the city is utterly devoid of monuments, other than the magnificent memory of devotion and sacrifice displayed by its occupants since October, 1914, the Germanic tribe of Anglo-Saxons whose home (as already noted) was originally on the lower Elbe, but who are now mostly domiciled in the island of **Blighty** (the ancient Germanic **BLUTWURST**). It is of the early inhabitants of this island that a Bishop of Rome once remarked "Not angels but Englishmen," a description of which they are still inordinately proud.

The run from Roulers to the environs of

CALAIS

(NOTE: The author not having had the advantage of studying the topography of Calais on the spot, the map below shows Calais as it ought to be rather than as it is.)



As the half-way station between London and Paris, the town of Calais naturally has taken on something of the aspect of both cities, a resemblance that will not escape the discerning reader.

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Ypres is short but eventful. The first half of the journey is made at night. Somewhere between Passchendaele and Hollebeke the line divides and the odor of gas is prevalent. The tourist, according to instructions, moves forward either through a hilly region densely covered with hydrochlorate-permanganese ichthyolotoluosciatica ($\text{HO}_3\text{ZWQ}_4\text{V}_6\text{S}_7\text{COD}_3\text{F}_1\text{F}_1\text{F}_1\text{SOS}_2$), or across lowlands drenched in Prussarsenicarbonated-sundæsulphurettediogenes (known in the trade as Ypres blue).

Both roads come to a stop, as indicated, outside the suburbs of Ypres and the commuter immediately starts back in the direction of Germany. The General Staff thereupon announces that all objectives have been attained and instructs the High Keeper of the **Peace Dove** to release the bird for a scouting trip.

Thirty miles beyond Ypres lies Calais (the ancient German **KELLY**), reported to be a very interesting bathing resort.

ROUTE 4.

To Paris by Way of Galicia, Warsaw and Sukhomlinoff.

Twenty-four thousand, six hundred and twenty-five miles, of which 250 miles (Warsaw) in 2 years, 1 month, 5 days. Fares (fairly reasonable), 1½ million Germans; incidental tips, etc.,=3 million Austrians. The journey is all the way by the Trans-Consonantal Road (the Bzzwqurt, JJrxpop, & Grvbglug R. R.) pronounced the most trying roadbed in the world but really much more satisfactory than the much vaunted trains de luxe of northern France and Belgium.

We begin our journey on the shores of the river Dunajec in Galicia at

Sukhomlinoff (the ancient German SCUM), a railroad center of the first rank, though it does not yet appear on the maps. It was founded some time in 1914 and named after the Minister of War in the cabinet of Nicholas II, Emperor of All the Russias (Emeritus).

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To this Sukhomlinoff, as Minister of War, naturally fell the task of regulating foreign tourist traffic into the interior of Russia. Of the vast sums of money placed at his disposal for this purpose, the greater part was not spent on the well established devices for regulating tourist traffic, such as Siberian Riflemen, Cossacks, artillery, aeroplanes, boots, and black rye bread (familiarly known as the Super-Hoover loaf). Sukhomlinoff diverted these funds to certain favorite units of his own, notably the **Ballet Ladies' Own**, the Night Watch, the Champagne Chasseurs, and the Black and Red Wheel Corps.

As a result the tourist's road into the heart of Russia is enormously facilitated. Shortly after leaving the station at Sukhomlinoff we encounter half a million Russians without food, clothes, guns or powder. The foreigner is still much of a curiosity to the primitive Slavs. Instead of evading the onrushing locomotive, they swarm upon the

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train, kick with their bare toes against machine guns, tear with their fists at barb-wire, and indulge in similar excesses, which, however, are more of a nuisance than a danger.

Having cleared the track of such obstructions, the train moves rapidly forward, stopping now and then at wayside stations to drop a consignment of much-needed vowels, and passing through Przemysl (the ancient German SCHLEMIHL) and Lemberg (the ancient German is obvious), we arrive, after a fast run up the river Vistula, at

Warsaw, where the tourist is received by rejoicing crowds of Poles raising the historic cry *Finis Polandiae!*

At Warsaw, the tourist debarks, unfolds his map, traces the remaining 24,400 miles to Paris by way of Vladivostok, San Francisco and Hoboken, and decides to stop for a while and think it over. This process takes 18 months. (Special rates at pensions for the whole period.)

ROUTE 5.

To Paris by Way of the Lusitania.

The Tirpitz Short Line via the half-way house of madness and abomination. An ancient and well-patronized route, e. g., Herod, the Borgias, Ivan of Russia, Marquis de Sade, Mme. de Bin-villiers, Dr. Crippen, and other experts in Kultur bacteria. Time, 3 years, 5 weeks. Immediate costs: nothing save honor and the execration of mankind. Ultimate costs, see below.

The tourist embarks at Wilhelmshaven or Zeebrugge, having provided himself with warm clothes, a copy of Kant's Categorical Imperative, and the tenderer songs of Schubert and Schumann to while away the tedious underwater journey to the Irish coast.

Rising to the surface off **Kinsale**, the traveler gives only a moment's glance towards shore, then turns his attention to the stirring (*herzerfreudige*) sight of a noble steamer

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bounding forward over the waves (*uber die Wellen walzend*). The experienced traveler, however, will not let himself be deceived by appearances. Drawing from his pocket the Bernstorff-Zimmermann patent X-Ray Telephotograph Detector, specially devised for such emergencies, he will train it on the great ship and immediately detect the presence on board of large stores of explosives.

For ordinary purposes this examination should be enough. The truly conscientious traveler, however, will not be content with a superficial view. He will wait until the presence of a large number of **women and children** on board ship is ascertained.

Thereupon, reciting a few appropriate lines from the immortal Goethe, the tourist will take appropriate action, pause a moment to observe results, and submerge.

From that point the sea route to Paris lies under water by way of the Ancona (Ger. **ANGENEHM**), the Persia (Ger. **BORUSSIA**),

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and the Sussex (Ger. SWEET SAXONS), until the traveler, carried on at express speed, suddenly comes to a halt, emerges, and discovers, high on the horizon,

* * * **America** (the ancient German KOLOMBIAH), lying straight across the road to Paris; area, 3,743,308 square miles; population, 110,000,000; annual income, \$150,000,000,000; potential military strength, 15,000,000 men; wheat crop, one billion bushels. Having carefully scanned these figures, the German tourist to Paris by the Lusitania route will don his cork jacket and cancel his ticket in favor of some other route.

ROUTE 6.

Excursion to Kolossal Kavern, also known as the German Mind.

The Lusitania route will be found by the traveler to be shortest and clearest approach to what is probably the most extraordinary natural phenomenon in captivity, namely the **Kolossal Kavern**, better known as the **German Mind**, and properly regarded as one of the Seven Great Blunders of the World. The exploration of this extraordinary subterranean labyrinth, while fascinating, is not devoid of peril. Once inside there is no guarantee that the traveler will find his way to the upper air again, at least in his previous state of mental health.

The trip, therefore, is not to be recommended for invalids, or tourists with dependent wife and children under 18 years of age and not filing separate returns under Form X1056.

The Kolossal Kavern is really a congeries of halls, domes, pits, avenues, lakes, rivers, waterfalls, boiling Kaisers, and inkspouts, scooped out in the soft German soil by the

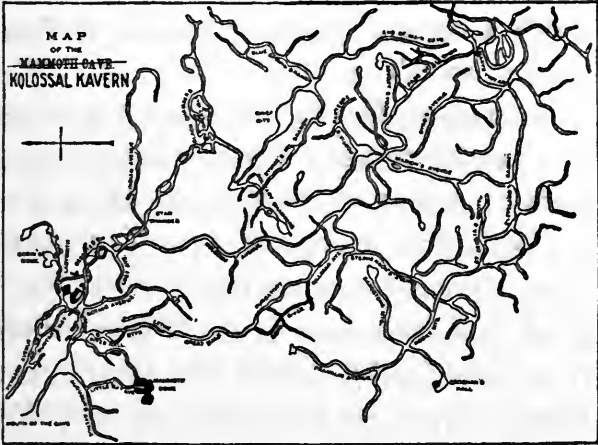
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action of generations of hard Prussian thought, goose-step by goose-step.

The entrance into the Kavern is through the principal door of the **University of Berlin** and affiliated institutions under the authority of the Prussian Minister of Education.

On entering, the visitor is required to put on a pair of ordinary horse's blinders which permit vision only in a straight line and to put himself in charge of an official guide. Almost immediately we find ourselves in a great Rotunda known as the **Will-to-Believe** from which all the paths into the German Mind diverge (not to be confused with Will Hohenzollern or Will o' the Wisp).

From the **ROTUNDA** a short climb brings us to the Dome of the Ninety-three Professors, beautifully decorated with a frieze of crystals depicting the invasion of Silesia by the Belgian army, the execution of German women and children, and the destruction of Cologne Cathedral.



Map of the German Mind

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From this point we proceed by the Haeckel Corkscrew and the Treitschke Twist to the shores of **Tirpitz See** or Lake, inhabited by a species of shark which feeds, strictly in self-defense, upon the eyeless minnows which abound in these waters. Pausing a moment to call up the picture of the gentle old man whose flowing whiskers have turned white trying to figure out how several boatloads of women managed to get away from the *Lusitania*, we proceed in the direction of what is undoubtedly the chief marvel of the Kolossal Kavern, namely the **Teuton Temple of Absolute Truth**, of which the post of Custodian is held by the editor of the *Nord-deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*.

One may approach the Temple of Truth by several routes. One way lies by the Hegel Gallery, which at intervals expands into large obscure chambers such as the Here (*das Hier*), the There (*das Dort*) and the Neither-Here-nor-There (*das Bethmann-Hollweg*).

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An alternative route of about the same length and attractiveness leads through the Immanuel Kant Alley, which crosses a number of chasms on rope bridges, variously called the To-Be (*das Sein*), the Not-to-be (*das Nichtsein*) and the Has-Been (*das Czernin*). It then skirts the precipice of Ordinary Truth, over which dashes a much-remarked waterfall known as **Lichnowsky's Leap**, and arrives at the entrance to the Temple.

For the more active traveler who is not averse to a bit of rough work, there is a short cut known as the Wolff Bureau.

The principal feature of the Temple of Truth is a great central chamber illuminated by policeman's bull eyes and over the marble doorway to which is inscribed the motto "**Necessity is the Mother of Invention.**" Within are statues (carved by the corrosive action of the subterranean waters and the moonshine) of all the great inventors—Bethmann-Hollweg, Zimmermann, Helffer-

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ich, Von Jagow, and the man who described the results of the battle of the Marne as "the strategic withdrawal of our right wing."

For the ordinary visitor the route we have outlined may suffice. The more enterprising traveler will no doubt insist on pursuing his explorations into the inner recesses of the German Mind. He may proceed by Von Papen's Whirl, leading through Dynamite Hall, to the Hall of Perfect Amity. Or passing the Rintelen Morass and the Boy-Eddy he may arrive at the confluence of German Honor and Slush Creek.

Other galleries lead to the Mausoleum or Slav's Folly. Here, owing to certain peculiarities of air refraction, self-defense is spelled l-o-o-t, and no annexations means Odessa and Sebastopol.

Thence we pass a desolate waste of charred woods and orchards known as Kaiser William Land, from its strong resemblance to northern France. Across the waste trickles the Rivulet of Joyful and Grateful

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Tears, shed by said monarch at the thought of Germany's being spared the sorrows inflicted (by some person or persons unknown) upon unhappy France.

With a final glance at the **Hall of Wonders**, representing the members of Main Committee of the Reichstag engaged in wondering why nobody loves them, we make our way out of the Kolossal Kavern into the air of the open day.

ROUTE 7

To Paris by Way of Verdun and the Krown Prince 18-hour Flivver.

Eight miles forward and 6 miles back in five months. Fare, 150,000 dead, 300,000 wounded and prisoners, 1 Chief of the General Staff, several heart-to-heart talks at Potsdam.

Starting from the general neighborhood of Metz in the early morning of February 21, the train goes bowling over the plain of the Woevre in the direction of the Heights of the Meuse.

On our right we observe the Krown Prince feverishly calculating the number of clocks and Sèvres vases in the Louvre. On our left we observe the Pony Ballet of Prussian Professors rehearsing the French indemnity. Up stage, in deep center, Wilhelm II is preparing to mount his horse for the twenty-

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seventh grand entry into Somewhere in France, the twenty-six previous performances having been postponed on account of wet grounds. Off stage we catch a glimpse of the Hindenburg Reserve, grimly reserving its judgment as to the outcome of the trip.

Rushing forward through space, we arrive in the afternoon of February 25, at Douaumont Junction, having covered five miles at break-neck speed in five days. Entering a tunnel—the view here from both sides strongly resembles the Berlin attitude on the rights of small nations—the train suddenly slows up at the flash of a semaphore signal,

“**Ils ne Passeront Pas!**” (the ancient German VERBOTEN), and crawling forward, the conductor walking ahead, it emerges at the union terminal of

Pétain (the ancient German PETERKIN), firmly situated on the Heights of the Meuse and built out of the rock quarried in the immediate vicinity. In the two and a half years

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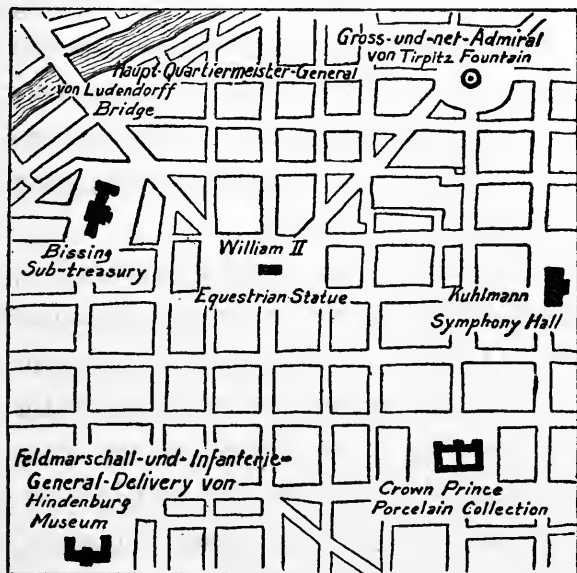
since August 1, 1914, Pétain underwent a marvelous expansion, having risen from the fourth, or Colonel, class to first or commander-in-chief rank. It is the center of a group of flourishing communities notable among which we may name Castelnau (the ancient German NEU-KASSEL), and Nivelles (the ancient German NIBELUNG). From the outskirts of Pétain, the tourist, before changing cars, may catch a glimpse of

Verdun (the ancient German VERDAMMT), a city of absolutely no consequence when one comes to think of it, and certainly not worth the trouble of arguing about with the Pétain Home Guards. Here, therefore, we cross over to the station marked Exit, and embarking on the Crown Prince Shuttle Express, enter the tunnel once more and head for Metz and points east and north, for rest and recuperation.

On March 2, considerably refreshed by a week's study of German explanations how it

VERDUN

(NOTE: The author not having had the advantage of studying the topography of Verdun on the spot, the map below shows Verdun as it ought to be rather than as it is.)



The noble monuments shown in the above plan were erected by the Krown Prince on the occasion of his first, second, third, fourth and fifth triumphal entry into Verdun, respectively.

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all happened, we set out once more in the direction of Verdun, which on further consideration does offer considerable interest to the traveler.

This time we make our way by the Switch-back Accommodation along the western bank of the Meuse, on the other side of which we enjoy a glimpse of the Côte de Poivre (Hill of the French Pep). By March 14, proceeding in characteristic national fashion, *langsam und deutschlich*, we arrive at the outskirts of Mort Homme (FRENCH MUSTARD).

Descending the reverse slope we find that by an extraordinary bit of municipal enterprise, *the Pétain Terminus has been moved over from the other side of the river.*

Returning to the top of Mort Homme we catch an extensive view of the country to the south which confirms the earlier impression of its not being worth bothering about. We then set out for the return journey to Metz. This excursion may be frequently

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repeated in the course of the next five months, but the prohibitive costs must be balanced against the educational benefits derived.

ROUTE 8

To Paris by Way of Brest-Litovsk (Trotzky Hot Air Line).

Five hundred thousand square miles of Russian territory and 65,000,000 people in less than two months. As far as Brest-Litovsk by the Good-Will Flyer. Beyond Brest-Litovsk by the various branches of the Trotzky Hot Air System. Fares: 1 Reichstag anti-annexation resolution canned; several small nationalities irritated; 18,000,000 words rapidly uttered by Trotzky and subsidiaries.

From Berlin and Vienna to Brest-Litovsk the trip is made in leisurely fashion in accordance with the ancient Hohenzollern motto, "Make haste slowly" (in the original Latin "Festina Leninte"). Stops are made at **Point Czernin** where ignition trouble is encountered, and at **Kühlmann Corners** for lubrication. There is also a brief halt just outside of Brest-Litovsk for putting the

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Reichstag formula of July 19 on ice. Here the Hoffmann Junker Mogul locomotive is attached for the final sprint into

Brest-Litovsk (the ancient German **BRONX-LITHIA**), a famous winter-resort on the river Bug (the ancient German **PROFESSOR**) and the starting point for all military picnics into the interior of Russia. Numerous hotels on the Mittel-European plan. Rooms with salt-water baths from Black Sea, Caspian Sea, Gulf of Finland, etc., free. Boots left outside the door will be cleaned by Bolsheviki, whose manners are not above reproach. Superfluous baggage, such as no annexations, no indemnities, self-determination, etc., may be checked with the furnace man. Anything else the visitor sees and takes a fancy to may be had at the usual **Maximalist** rates, which is nothing.

From Brest-Litovsk we may proceed by the celebrated **Vacation Route** to Riga, the capital of Courland. This province has two million inhabitants, of whom the vast ma-

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jority, to the number of 10,000, are of German origin. The native Letts constitute an insignificant minority of 1,990,000 souls, chiefly engaged in paying taxes to the German majority. The journey is without incident through a country of forests, lakes and depressed Russians, watching the passage of the train with mixed feelings, and an occasional hand-grenade.

A short pause until the Trotzky engines have taken on the equivalent of several volumes the size of Webster's Unabridged, and the journey may be continued with the same degree of comfort to Wenden, the capital of Livonia, a thinly inhabited country because of the absorption of nearly all the food by the German barons.

Proceeding thence we arrive at REVAL, the capital of Esthonia, with its famous University of Dorpat (the ancient German DOORMAT, in reference to the independent spirit of its professors). While passing through the forests, the traveler is advised

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not to stick his head out of the window because of the prevalence of the Red Sniper, a difficult bird to run down, though his mate and young may be captured and hung with little trouble.

From Reval the journey may be continued across the ice of the Gulf of Petrograd to Helsingfors, capital of Finland, the home of an excellent race of general houseworkers and cooks who henceforth are to be reserved for the exclusive service of Germany. This journey, formerly so arduous because of the sturdy and independent nature of the Finns, has been enormously facilitated by the Trotsky ice-breakers which have broken the ice for the German tourist and by setting the inhabitants of Finland to shooting each other have created unlimited hotel accommodations for the Teuton visitor.

A short run from Brest-Litovsk across the Pripet marshes (the ancient German PHILOSOPHIE) brings the traveler to Vilna (the ancient German WILHELMINA), capital of

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Lithuania, a self-determined (ancient German SUICIDE) republic handed over to the Kaiser for safe-keeping by Trotzky, who immediately lost the receipt.

But undoubtedly the most interesting and instructive tour leading out of Brest-Litovsk is that leading into the Ukraine (the ancient German EUCALYPTUS), a country endowed with a triple-expansion frontier, extending as the circumstances may require to the vicinity of Pango-Pango and Seattle.

The Ukraine is the richest wheat-futures producing region on earth, the expression "Ukrainian grain" in Berlin being equivalent to the English "with a grain of salt," also known as little Russian wheat.

With a Trotzky pilot engine clearing the way the German tourist has a smooth run into

Kiev (the ancient German KIAU-CHAU), a busy metropolis where life is just one Rada after another. Captured by the Bolsheviki three times before the signing of peace and

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seven times after, the inhabitants of Kiev rarely move from one assembly district into another without looking up in the papers whether they must vote for the Prussian Diet or the Moscow Soviet. Through all the turmoil, however, the magnificent Dnieper has gone its own way, flowing from north to south in disregard of whoever is in charge of the railroad station and the telephone exchange.

From Kiev there are numerous delightful excursions to the Crimea, to the Volga, as well as personally conducted tours under Turkish guides to Armenia, second only in interest to the Chicago stock-yards.

For complete details on touring in this region by the Trotzky system write for the 23-volume booklet, "Through Russia on Nothing a Day." Cable address "Trotz-bronx."

EXCURSION C

Marching Through Russia.

Grab your trusty bugle, Fritz, and sound the
good old strain.

Sing a song of self-defense, and give it to them
plain.

Strike the tune we put across at Rheims and at
Louvain,

As we go marching through Esthonia.

Nun hoch! Und hoch! With Gott and T N T.!

*Nun hoch! Und hoch! Our flag so proud am
Spree!*

*Introducing bashful Slavs to Kultur's A. B. C.,
As we go marching through Courland.*

Hear the dirty mujik growl and hear the women
cry,

Hear the tow-heads in their cribs cheer our
goose-step high,

See the priests kowtowing in the house of our
Ally,

While we go marching through Little Russia.

Nun hoch, etc.

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"Hoffmann's gentle Junker boys will never be so rude."

So the pretty Trotzky said, "If only I am good."
Kühlmann wiped a tear away and said he understood,

So we go marching to Petrograd.

Nun hoch, etc.

See the Bolsheviki bolt and see the Shoviets shove,

Sadly misinterpreting our Prussian ways of love,
Shrinking from the Liège lamb and from the Dinant dove,

As we go marching to the Urals.

*Nicht wahr? Ach ja! Behold our gallant band,
Now here, now there, defensively we stand,
Building with our swords a wall for that dear Fatherland,*

*As we go marching to Vladivostok, Walla Walla,
Hohokus and points east.*

ROUTE 9. To Paris by
Way of the 75-Mile Gun.

ROUTE 10. To Paris
by Zeppelin, Albatross,
Gotha, Fokker, etc.,

ROUTE 11. To Paris
by the P. P. P. P. (Peace
Pigeon Parcel Post).

See ROUTE 13
"To Paris by
way of Gott."

ROUTE 12

To Paris by Way of Amiens and Then Somme.

One hundred miles in an indefinite number of years (circular ticket strongly recommended). The traveler will do best not to announce his exact destination in advance so as not to disappoint the folks at home eagerly waiting for picture post-cards. Commutation for two months, 500,000 dead and wounded and epidemic of paralysis of vocal chords among editors, professors, etc., engaged in showing how everything is going fine.

From St. Quentin (the ancient German TSING-TAU), the train makes its way at express speed in the general direction of west southwest by south. The important stations of Ham, Péronne, Bapaume, Roye and Lassigny are quickly passed. The traveler is about to put down his magazine with the fascinating serial "How to Learn to Think like Goethe for 10 Cents a Week," prepara-

LITTLE JOURNEYS TOWARDS PARIS

tory to getting one's luggage from the rack overhead, when there is a sharp grinding of brakes and the train slows up.

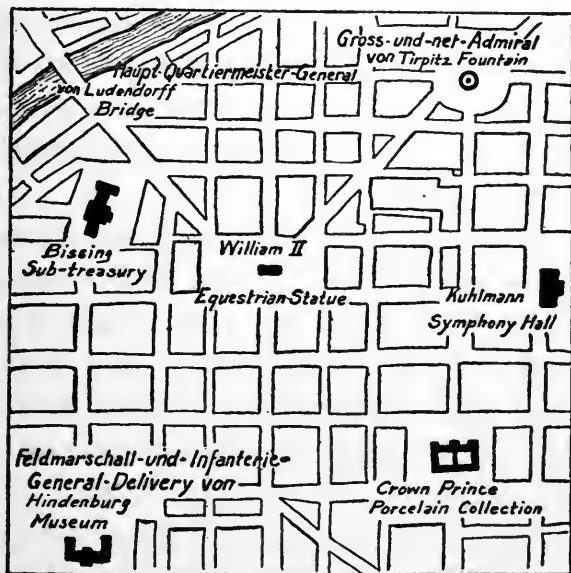
The conductor now appears and announces that the direct road by way of Noyon and Lassigny is blocked by a **wash-out** on the line (the ancient German **Foch-out**) and that passengers will change for Montdidier and Amiens.

We climb into the Von Hutier Local and settle down for a quiet run to the famous capital of Picardy, but just beyond Montdidier the conductor announces a second **Foch-out**. Another hasty change of cars and we are switched on to the tracks of the Somme-Amiens Interurban, only to be brought to a stop within a dozen miles of Amiens by a **third similar accident**.

While waiting for the train back to St. Quentin and a fresh start, the traveler lets his eye roam over the scene and recognizes, with more or less pleasure, the familiar French landscape. On the left are the rug-

MOSCOW

(NOTE: The author not having had the advantage of studying the topography of Moscow on the spot, the map below shows Moscow as it ought to be rather than as it is.)



The great stretches of vacant space shown in the above plan were formerly occupied by public buildings of various kinds. They were razed in order to supply Trotzky with plenty of room for gesticulation.

LITTLE JOURNEYS TOWARDS PARIS

ged ridges of Pétain. On the right stretch the winding trenches of Pétain. Straight in front loom the forest masses of Pétain.

Here and there, however, the eye detects new features in the landscape which a closer observation reveals as an outcropping of **Yankees** (the ancient German **JUNKERS**), dominated by Mt. Pershing (the ancient German **PERSONA NON GRATA**).

In the distance we catch a glimpse of the dim contours of Haig Ridge, with its subsidiary elevations, Anzac and Canuck (the ancient German **KANGAROO** and **VIMY KID**).

The same view confronts us as we return to St. Quentin and set out for Amiens once more by way of Arras, Hazebrouck and Ypres, so that the effect becomes distinctly monotonous. The impression is intensified as the train finally pulls in at **Franco-British-American - Belgian - Portuguese - Australian - Canadian-Union Terminal**.

EXCURSION D

A Christian Carol

"You are old, Father William," the Krown
Prince remarked,

"And your waist-line shows signs of distress;
But a churchful of women at seventy miles
Is a very good score, I confess."

"Four years back, Friedrich Wilhelm," the Kaiser
replied,

"We began shooting girls by the lot;
And thus by sub-caliber practice grew fit
For this last striking tribute to Gott."

"You are old, Father William," the Krown
Prince, observed,

"And your wind is not all it might be;
Yet that little Slav tango you did at Litovsk
Was a joy and a pleasure to see."

"Four years back," said the monarch, and smiled
on his heir,

"I took up paper scraps as my line;
And the pieces from Belgium just made up a nice
Little treaty for Mr. Lenine."

LITTLE JOURNEYS TOWARDS PARIS

"You are old, Father William," the Krown
Prince declared,

"Or at least you are well in your prime;
And yet you're some distance away from Paree.
Do you think you will get there in time?"

"Now that," sobbed old William, "oh, pride of
Verdun,

Is just what I fear from the map.
Though an expert at scrapping of papers, I'm not
Quite up to the Foch kind of serap."

ROUTE 13

To Paris by Way of Gott

Owing to the peculiar nature of the route pursued, specifications regarding distance and time schedules are difficult.

All trains on this route, though diverging more or less, leave from the same station: **Zum Guten Alten Gott** (Telegraph address, "Deutschgott-am-Spree"). Formerly God was the starting point employed by nearly all peoples of the earth, but by the Imperial Trust Law of 1870-71 (*Jehovah-Sequestrations-und-Monopol-Gesetz*) the name was changed from God to Gott, and the facilities restricted to the German people and those acting under special license from them, as for example, the Turks in Armenia.

The tourist, having decided on his particular route, applies to the managers of Gott-

LITTLE JOURNEYS TOWARDS PARIS

Zentral-Bahnhof for his tickets, called, in German, *carte blanche*. Strictly speaking all the routes heretofore described in this little book fall under the supervision of the Gott Administration; notably the Lusitania route managed by Von Tirpitz under the direct supervision of Gott. We shall deal here, however, with such routes as have not yet been described.

The **Zeppelin and Aeroplane Bombing Route** (Gott 1A) is really the only route by which the tourist may obtain a close view of Paris, even though it be only a bird-of-prey's-eye-view. The journey is almost invariably undertaken by night, when women and children are in the habit of being asleep in Paris, as well as in Dover and Kent generally. This is also the time when hospitals are at their quietest and results can be best observed.

The 75-mile gun route (Gott X₃) offers the tourist less satisfaction. He is deprived of the pleasure of personal contact with the

LITTLE JOURNEYS TOWARDS PARIS

inhabitants of Paris and the effects of his trip must be taken more for granted. Also, because of the height of the trajectory, there is a slight tendency to nausea.

The **Peace Pigeon Parcel Post** (Gott B B 2) is to be recommended when all other routes are unavoidable, that is to say, when the railway routes we have described are blocked, when the 75-mile guns are sent back to Essen for repairs, when the Zeppelins and Gothas are out of fuel, and when in general the communiqués say that on the front there is nothing to report. At such times, while the German tourist population is recuperating for new victories (and new sacrifices) the Peace Pigeon route may prove useful.

An interesting variety, just turned out by the Krupps, is the **Tumbler Peace Pigeon** (Gott K K 2), which appears over Paris and other places in the form of a Peace Dove, but somersaults in the air, and lets loose an incendiary bomb.

LITTLE JOURNEYS TOWARDS PARIS

As to the cost of getting to Paris by way of Gott it is possible to frame an estimate only on the basis of the well-known remark, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay."

CHRONOLOGY

1914.

- August 1.—Tour begins—Wilhelm's heart bleeds for the first time—Belgians prepare to massacre unsuspecting German tourists.
- August 4.—Trip halted by rail trouble at Liège.
- August 5-21.—Firing squad excursions through Belgium.
- August 22.—Documents at Brussels confirm Wilhelm's suspicions that he was right all along.
- August 28.—Wilhelm wins the war, first time.
- September 5.—Wilhelm prepares to win the war again on the Marne.
- September 10.—Gott breaks down on the Marne—Excursion to the Aisne.
- September 19.—Arrival at Przemysl—Visit to dentist.
- November 15.—Second visit to Ypres—Contemptible little British army grows positively disgusting.

1915.

- May 1.—Wilhelm wins the war again in Galicia.—Bread ration cut at Berlin.
- May 7.—Gott redeems himself off Kinsale Head, Ireland.
- July 3.—Twenty-sixth bi-weekly aerial ascension by Ninety-Three Professors.

CHRONOLOGY

Nov. 10.—Wilhelm wins war again in Servia—
Potato ration cut at Berlin.

1916.

February 21.—Departure for Verdun—Wilhelm
wins war.

February 25.—No accommodations at Verdun
under new Pétain management—Douaumont
Switchback inaugurated—Krown Prince
takes up golf.

July 1.—Beginning of Somme sweepstakes.

October 15.—Wilhelm wins war in Rumania—
Berlin meat rations cut.

1917.

January 31.—U-boat season begins—Bernstorff
buys new typewriter.

March 15.—Nicholas Romanoff peruses Help
Wanted columns.

April 6.—Blodsinnige Yankees get utterly out of
hand and start touring on their own account.

April 43.—Terrible anti-war insurrection in New
York City.

Dec. 24.—Trotzky finishes 171st paragraph and
thirteenth stenographer.

1918.

March 21.—Wilhelm wins war at St. Quentin.

June —.—Wilhelm inquires at public library for
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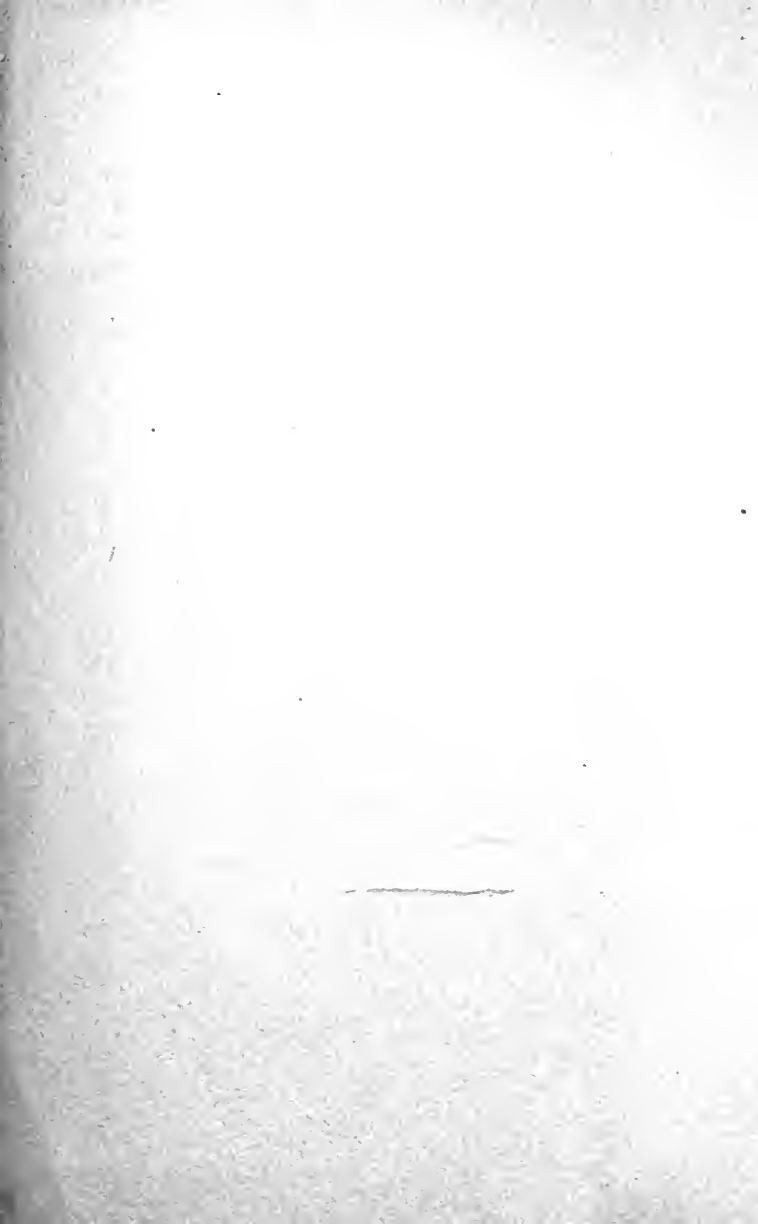
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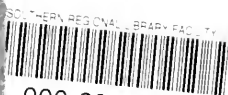
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