

CARE OF THE WOUNDED.

SENLIS.

Have you any books, in good condition, that you can spare? If so, send them at once to the Red Cross War Library, Surrey House, Marble Arch, London, W. 1. Our troops need thousands of the best, grave and gay, so don't miss this chance of doing them a real good turn. What would life be, even in a happy environment without books? Then realise how all-important they are for the brain rest and amusement of those at the front.

Kent House, Ealing, a fine old country mansion formerly owned by the Duke of Kent, and hereafter to be known as St. David's Home, is henceforth to be devoted to the service of totally disabled sailors and soldiers, and owes its origin to Lady Ann Kerr, her daughter, Miss Margaret Kerr, and Miss Cicely Passmore, a number of whose friends have privately collected funds which enabled the Committee to buy the house and grounds, with the prospect of receiving 50 patients at once. £25,000 in all is needed. The capitation grant from the Ministry of Pensions will provide the maintenance. Sir Arthur Griffith Boscawen, who recently visited the Home, said that it was a perfect Godsend to the Ministry to have another place specially adapted for totally paralysed men.

An appeal on behalf of the Belgian military hospitals in France and Belgium is issued by an influential committee, who state that the needs of these institutions are very urgent; they are short of every description of comforts and necessities, which mean so much in the successful treatment of the wounded. For these they have to rely entirely on voluntary help, and civilians in Belgium find it desperately hard to earn a bare living, no matter how prosperous their position before the war. With this object Messrs. Frank Knight & Rutley have consented to conduct, free of charge, at their Hanover Square premises, a sale of furniture on June 28th, and the Committee appeal for contributions. Furniture, antique and modern, pictures, glass, china, carpets, rugs, all are acceptable, and should be sent to Messrs. Gill & Reigate, Oxford Street. All communications should be addressed to Mrs. Bridges, 27, Chesham Street, S.W. 1.

President Wilson gave a magnificent send-off in New York to the American Red Cross campaign, which hopes to raise twenty million pounds for the care of the sick and wounded. Not only did he make a splendid appeal, but left his motor-car and marched at the head of the Red Cross parade for a distance of two miles. It is estimated that five million people in other parts of the country took part in the parades.

Miss Cicely Hamilton, the writer of this book, tells: "I never saw Senlis until the coming of the Germans; he had ravaged it and left it a full three months before I tramped into that mutilated city on a dripping day in December, the year the war began. One wonders why Senlis particularly was singled out for destruction—more than Laon or Compiègne or Amiens or half a dozen others that the victor had firmly in his grip." . . . If the agony of Senlis was sharp it was also short. It was something after mid-day between one and two on 2nd September when the anticipation of the bombardment became a reality and the first shell burst in front of the Hôtel de Ville. By a little after three in the afternoon the Germans were entering the city and the officer commanding made his way to the Mairie, where the Mayor, Monsieur Odent was awaiting him. It was in a field outside Senlis that the conquerors wrought "justice" on the Mayor—and not on the Mayor only. Six wretched hostages were seized at random, and died with him for the crime of being Frenchmen.

"From the Compiègne road you can see—in winter when the ground is bare—the cross that marked the spot where the six men died; in summer the upstanding corn must hide it, but anyone will point out the way."

The story of this brutal murder is thus described:—

"It was without form of trial, at eleven at night, that his sentence was announced to the Mayor, its bearers giving a few minutes to take leave of his fellow-prisoners and to send his farewells to those he had put in safety. We were placed (tells one of his fellow-prisoners) all six in a row before several German officers, of whose rank I am ignorant. These officers ordered us to lie down on our faces and stretch out our arms." "Why?" comments Miss Hamilton, "unless to enjoy the brute sense of power to gloat over Frenchmen lying on their faces, humiliated." "Mayor Odent was made to approach a group of officers, who spoke to him in French. I could not catch what they said. After only a few seconds Monsieur Odent came to us, shook hands and said they were going to shoot him, then he said 'Good-bye, we shan't see each other again, I am going to be shot now.' Thereupon, advancing very courageously to the officers, he was led away and a little time after we heard two rifle shots followed by the report of a revolver which we judged to be the *coup de grâce*."

Miss Hamilton remarks that the history of Senlis has helped to harden the heart of France, and for that reason is worth remembering.

"Senlis died only for a week, but long enough for those who endured it to taste the bitterness of its death."

It was left, "a city of empty houses, of helplessness before insult, of rage that had to be swallowed, of streets where the stranger was master and the citizen cowered in hiding. A city of impotent

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