

**New York Tribune**  
 First to Last—The Truth—News—Editorials—  
 Advertisements  
 Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations  
 SUNDAY, AUGUST 19, 1917

Owned and published daily by The Tribune Association, a New York Corporation. Office: 40 Wall Street, New York. Editor: G. V. Fox. Vice-President: Richard H. Wells. Secretary: F. A. S. New York. Treasurer: Adolph S. W. New York. Telephone: 3000.

Subscription Rates: By Mail, Postage Paid, outside of Greater New York.  
 Daily and Sunday, 1 mo. \$1.75; 3 mos. \$5.00; 6 mos. \$9.00; 1 year \$16.00.  
 Daily and Sunday, 6 mos. \$9.00; 1 year \$16.00.  
 Daily and Sunday, 1 year \$16.00; 2 years \$30.00.  
 Sunday only, 6 mos. \$2.50; 1 year \$4.50.

Foreign Rates: CANADIAN RATES: DAILY AND SUNDAY, 1 mo. \$1.50; 3 mos. \$4.50; 6 mos. \$8.00; 1 year \$15.00. SUNDAY ONLY, 1 mo. \$1.00; 3 mos. \$3.00; 6 mos. \$5.00; 1 year \$9.00. DAILY ONLY, 1 mo. \$1.00; 3 mos. \$3.00; 6 mos. \$5.00; 1 year \$9.00.

Entered at the Postoffice at New York as Second Class Mail Matter.

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German is able to preach in scores of public places and newspapers daily a gospel of sedition, to disseminate treason and poison. We are daily at the mercy of traitors, and the policies of the government and the safety of Americans at home and abroad are impaired. Our system of a free press was designed to permit all men of our nation, all Americans, all loyal citizens to speak their mind and to have all views expressed. But it was based upon the idea that all Americans would be loyal to their conception of American rights. The German seizes upon this machinery and makes it the deadliest of all his weapons for undermining national unity, safety, power for self-defence, employs it to utter treason and to foster disloyalty.

The greatest injury Germany has done the United States is not in sinking the Lusitania or invading our rights upon the high seas. The real wrong is the attack upon our own unity, the effort to destroy our national integrity, not by assault from without, but by intrigue from within. It is not even by offering Texas and California to the Mexicans and the Japanese that Germany has sinned against us most flagrantly. The real *casus belli* is German performance within this nation. The true injury is the attempt to destroy us, to wreck the American Republic, as the Russian Republic has been well nigh wrecked.

And since we cannot abolish free speech, surrender the liberty of the press, abandon those institutions which represent our civilization, there is left no other sufficient weapon save only to fight Germany in Europe until the German peril in America is abolished. There are some hundreds of thousands of American citizens and of residents within the United States who are loyal not to the United States, but to the German Empire. These hundreds of thousands are being used steadily to wreck this country, and they are being used by the German government and by those who make German policies. This is one of the duly accepted details of German foreign policy, and one may read, if one chooses, the words of Bernhardt, written long before this war, forecasting what the German elements within the United States would do on behalf of Germany if war came.

Just as long as the German Government is in the hands of those who follow the present policy, just as long as German statesmen attack the unity and safety of other nations, whether neutral or belligerent, by the methods used in Russia and in the United States, it is of first importance, it is a question of mere self-defence, for the United States to fight Germany. Until the Germans abandon this method and this policy there is every bit as much reason for continuing the fight as there is to be found in the barbarities and atrocities of German armies in the field.

Let us not misunderstand the fact. Germany has sown disunion in this country, the crop of treason appals those who love their country most. Things that happen daily now were unthinkable three years ago. The whole machinery of our democracy has been seized upon by German agents. Newspapers have been bought, politicians bribed, Representatives in Congress whose constituencies have German voters captured; the alliance of the Puritan and the blackleg of other days was nothing by comparison with the fusion between the Pacifist and the I. W. W. to-day. Every element of unrest, every area of dissatisfaction, every faction blinded by Utopian aspirations or animated by the passion of class hatred has been turned to serve a German purpose.

We are no longer a united country, and we shall not again be united until we have put a term to this attempt from without to destroy our national integrity. We cannot and we shall not abolish free speech or a free press, we shall not become German to escape a German peril. But since we will not do this, there is only one thing we can do, and that is to send our men and our money to Europe, to mobilize our numbers and our wealth and to fight this German policy and method until the German government which employs them is defeated and either destroyed or compelled to renounce them.

In any recapitulation of American war aims this question should not be overlooked. The German has invaded this country, not with armies, as he invaded Belgium. He has committed crimes against the peace and safety of the United States, but not as he did against France. Not by the franker and braver method of open warfare has the German attacked us. But he has by intrigue, by corruption, by machinations endeavored to destroy the unity of this nation as he successfully attacked the unity and safety of Russia. He has fastened upon each free institution, he has taken advantage of each inheritance of liberty and he has made it the engine of his own propaganda and purpose.

This is only one phase of the German idea, but it is a dangerous, a deadly phase. It is only one of the many menaces Germanism has for the nations of the earth, but Russia demonstrates how great it is. And for our own safety, unity, future, we must fight this menace to the end. Never

**Why German Defeat Is Essential to American Safety**

It is natural that Mr. Root, newly returned from Russia, with the conditions in that country still fresh in his mind, should utter words of stern and solemn warning to his countrymen. What German agents accomplished in Russia they are seeking to accomplish in the United States. The confusion, disorder, anarchy which German spies, agents, instruments have produced in the Muscovite nation they are seeking to produce in the United States.

And in both nations the methods are the same. While one group of German spies seeks to turn to German ends the humanitarian and the pacifist, to make use of the desire of men for peace, for social progress, for moral and political reform, another group is operating amidst those for whom murder is the approved method, and destruction, blind, mad destruction, the sole procedure.

In America as in Russia the Germans are making one set of appeals to the Pacifists and another to the I. W. W. They are endeavoring on the one hand to delude the honest, patriotic, idealistic elements, and on the other to marshal and employ those who are the natural enemies of law and order and the sworn foes of all government. In the Senate the German agents speak with the voice of the friends of humanity, and in the mine and the workshop with the tone of the assassin and the road agent.

And the consequence of all this is plain. Never since the Civil War has there been such open and outspoken disunion in the country as to-day. Even in the Civil War those who preached disunion were not the spokesmen of an alien nation, of a foreign state, of a different system of laws and a hostile form of government. They were Americans, and they believed that for American reasons certain things should be changed. They were the descendants of the men who had shared with the whole Thirteen Colonies the struggle for freedom, and they remained loyal to their conception of what that freedom was.

But the German agents and servants in this country are not interested in America. They are no more interested in the safety or prosperity of the United States than are those other German agents in the security and progress of the Russian people. Their interest, their concern, their business is to do anything and everything that may aid Germany, however much it injures the United States.

Mark, too, how similar is the German method in Russia and the United States. Russia, emerging from long slavery, seeking to win clear of old tyranny, abolishes the chains that have fettered free speech and free press. Instantly the Germans seize upon free speech and a free press to disseminate German arguments and under the cover of the new liberty to seek to destroy all Russian independence. Before the revolution the Russian agents trafficked with the ministers of the Czar, who were prepared to betray the nations; they sought to make use of the fear of the Czar and his monarchial associates, the fear of revolution and of Russian emancipation, to procure a surrender to Germany. When the Czar was overthrown they turned to the new and sought to use the revolution as they had endeavored to employ the monarchy.

In the United States we have the tradition and the inheritance of a free press and of free speech. It is an Anglo-Saxon tradition, and we cling to it as one of the foundations of our liberty. But behold, the Germans have seized upon it as the best agency for their own purpose. Like the cancer that attacks a vital organ of the body and cannot be cut because to cut it means to destroy the organ and kill the sufferer, the Germans have seized upon free speech and a free press and used them to destroy national unity and national safety.

Because we permit free discussion in and out of the press of all national and international questions, because we believe that only in such discussion is there safety, the

**Air Raid Dermatitis**

(Dr. James Reguera in The London Morning Post)  
 On Tuesday, June 26th, 1917, I saw at the London Hospital fourteen cases of severe dermatitis due to contact with powder from bombs dropped in the East End of London on Wednesday, the 13th of June. The majority of the patients were workpeople handling material which had been impregnated with dust from the explosive. In two cases the feet were affected through irritant matter in the streets. In one case simply handling powder picked up was the cause. The characters of the eruption were exactly similar in all cases. On the hands, the palms, and fingers were stained a deep orange color, and the inflamed area was covered with closely set vesicles, in some instances confluent. The condition reminded one of a severe pompholyx. The hands were very swollen, and movement was impaired. The patients complained of intense burning and irritation. A point of special interest is that the vesicular dermatitis began in nearly every instance on the ninth day after the first contact with the powder. I have to describe the progress of the cases in detail, but venture to send this note as a warning that it is dangerous to handle the powder or any material impregnated with the powder. In some of the patients the condition is already septic.

**Red Tape Versus Ordinary Sense**

(From The Medical Record)  
 A very large number of the registrants between the ages of 21 and 31 who have been drafted are manifestly exempt; many others claim and probably will be granted exemption. Nevertheless, every drafted man must first be examined medically. The medical examiners are working without pay, losing much of their practice temporarily, animated solely by motives of patriotism. Yet they must in many instances waste hours and days of their precious time examining men who will probably if not surely be exempted later. (It takes thirty minutes or more to examine each man properly.) Another instance: a young man within the registration age enlisted in the navy, passed a satisfactory physical and mental examination, and was made a quartermaster. His number was called in the draft, and now he is notified by the provost marshal general's office to present himself for examination, "as the rules require examination even when the registrants are in the service." The Official Bulletin of August 1 contains a notice from Provost Marshal General Crowder that medical students who are drafted cannot be exempted, and this despite the medical famine in England and France due to just such folly. Comment is superfluous.

**Destructive Power of Big Guns**

(From Popular Science)  
 It is not easy to understand what the power of a gun really is—its penetrating and destructive power. What we call a 15-inch gun—which means one whose muzzle or hollow part is fifteen inches in diameter—will hurl a shell right through a plate or wall of the hardest steel twelve inches thick seven miles from the muzzle. The power of the largest land guns ever made—the German howitzers or 15.6-inch guns—is such that one of their missiles cracks open a steel and concrete fort as if it were a nut. Later, Panama Canal and New York at Sandy Hook shoot projectiles weighing 2,370 pounds, which is over a ton.

**The World Turned Upside Down**

(From The Chicago News)  
 Perhaps the most startling of all wartime revolutions is the suddenly acquired prominence of the bridegroom who threatens to replace the bride as the centre of attraction when the wedding guests assemble.

**A Hymn for Airmen**

Within Thy gracious arms, O Lord,  
 The pilots of the sky enfold,  
 And as in far-felt, safe accord  
 Thou dost Thy starry hosts uphold.  
 So be to these, Thy servers there,  
 A Guide, a Savior, in the air.

We pray Thee, nerve each wondrous throng  
 And keep to true each marvelous eye,  
 Imbue with courage through and through  
 These princes of the mystic air.  
 And crown them with Thy glory there—  
 These victors of the valiant Air.

FREDERIC WILLIS.

**Heat**

(From The Lyric)  
 Across the light, a flash of wings;  
 Across the leaves, a wheeling throng;  
 The birds are silent in the trees,  
 But swallows rapidly curve and pass  
 Within the sultry, windless sky.  
 A prism palpitant with light.

Flaming and drunken June  
 Holds all the earth within its grasp,  
 The crimson globes of roses away  
 Dense-clustered, by the garden wall;  
 And I still hold you, spite of death,  
 And spite of everything that stood  
 Between our hearts but yesterday.

Across the clouds, a thunderous growl,  
 Across the dark, a flash of fire,  
 I see and hold and know you still,  
 And my desire is but to be  
 A rose that breaks itself and falls  
 In crimson flakes of ecstasy.

Dark, threatening thunderclouds  
 Roll high above the morning leaves,  
 The grass is ready for the scythe,  
 With ox-eyed daisies standing high  
 Above the heavy seeded heads:  
 But in the night, the stars alone, apart,  
 Like great ship lanterns left becalmed at night,  
 Ride past the veiled and hazy earth  
 That like a scented cloud appears.

Across the grasses, heat that breaks;  
 Across the roses, heat that pours  
 Deep, dying perfume to the air,  
 I, too, am filled with the high sun;  
 This is our great midsummer noon,  
 A cup to take up, it is ours,  
 Ours to drink utterly or to spill,  
 As spill the blazing crimson rose  
 Its petals, in one shattered fall.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

**For Lyric Labor**

(From The Masses)  
 "It wouldn't be so bad if they would only let us sing at our work."  
 —Attributed to an Italian girl of the Garment Workers.

Child of the Renaissance and little sister  
 Of Ariosto and of Raphael,  
 If any hush the song within your bosom,  
 By all your lyric land, he does not well!

One day a traveller from our songless country,  
 Passing at morning through Saint Mark's  
 great square,  
 Marvelled, from workmen on the Campanile,  
 To hear a song arising on the air.

Marvelled to see those stones of Venice rising  
 To Labor's matin chant intoned so clear,  
 As the great towers builded by Amphion  
 Rose to the lyre's strong throbbing, tier  
 on tier.

Give us, O Child, the gifts we lack full sorely—  
 Give us your heritage of art and song,  
 The soul that in our fathers grew, sun-  
 nourished,  
 Soaring above its poverty and wrong

Of singing vintagers and laughing reapers  
 Teach us your happy, sunland way, nor we  
 In blid greed longer lay a stern proscrip-  
 tion  
 Upon your song, O Heart of Italy!

Free and serene, in his reward unstinted,  
 The workman's hand shall mould his rhythmic thought;  
 How candid to the keen-eyed gods' appraisal  
 Shall be the work of Man's great ardor wrought.

When our young land, reborn in Beauty's  
 image,  
 Utto the Morn of Prophecy shall come,  
 And every tower be raised with mirth and  
 music,  
 And every harvest brought with singing  
 home.

ELIZABETH WADDELL.

**The Beggar**

(From Poetry)  
 A little piece of your mantle, kind God . . .  
 . . . to cover me.  
 Out here in the open  
 The winds of Time blow death.  
 The world is a fiery sun  
 Beating upon my head,  
 I faint.  
 A piece of your mantle . . .  
 . . . a scrap . . . a single thread  
 Of the Eternal . . .  
 . . . will keep me . . .  
 Thank you, kind God!

**The Statue**

I have left a song—  
 A strong cry of exultation  
 Standing under the dome  
 Of the Great Central.  
 A cry . . . a song . . .  
 A long white gesture of love  
 With upturned lyric palms  
 Held out to the people . . .  
 The nervous . . . hurried . . . weary  
 . . . blind . . . deaf people  
 Passing . . .

**Matins**

The crust of sleep is broken  
 Abruptly—  
 I look drowsily  
 Through the wide crack,  
 I do not know whether I see  
 Three minds, bird-shaped,  
 Flashing on the bough of morning;  
 Or three delicately tinted souls  
 Butterflying in the sun;  
 Or three brown-fleshed, husky children  
 Sprawling hilarious  
 Over my bed  
 And me.

JEANNE D'ORGE.

**After-Days**

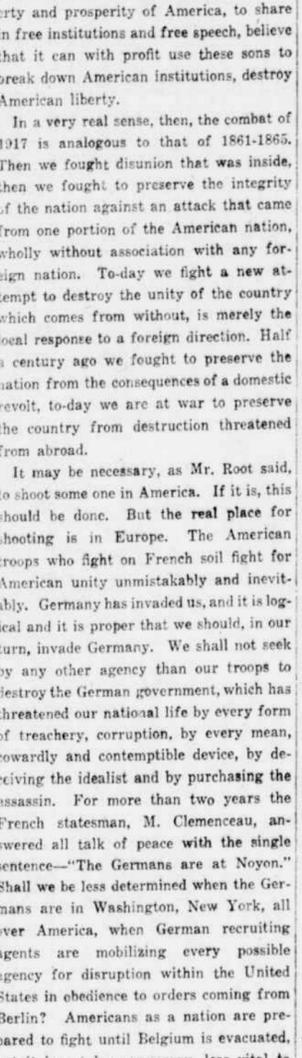
(From The Poetry Review of London)  
 When the last gun has long withheld  
 Its thunder, and its mouth is sealed,  
 Strong men shall drive the furrow straight  
 On some remembered battlefield.

Untroubled they shall hear the loud  
 And gusty driving of the rains,  
 And birds with immemorial voice  
 Sing as of old in leafy lanes.

The stricken, tainted soil shall be  
 Again a flowery paradise—  
 Pure with the memory of the dead  
 And purer for their sacrifice.

ERIC CHILMAN,  
 East Yorkshire Regiment.

**RUSSIA'S DARK HOUR**



From Punch

**War Time Behind the Lines**

By Helen Hayes Gleason

When I lived at the front the thought of life "behind the lines" seemed dull. There would be no guns, no aeroplane flights or fights to watch.

But choose a chance spot on the south coast of England. The sun is filtering through shower-clouds in a quiet ordinary way into this ordinary little street of ours. The sand crunches on bricks beneath the feet of a passerby, just as sand always crunches when it is there to crunch. It is warm enough to have windows open so that the persistent drummer-on-the-piano can be heard—her bass more monotonous and as unchanging as a Sioux tom-tom, always the same bass, a key note and tonic chord, to any variety of trebles—but don't think because all this is so, just like a hundred other streets, that you have this street, for you haven't. You can't get this street on one look any more than you can win an Englishman on one visit.

I grant you we look all alike; we are just two rows of small gray cement houses staring at each other, side walls clapped together tight, clusters of chimney-pots marking roof divisions, and low cement walls with hedges enclosing a postage stamp square of front garden at each entrance—all the same except for the lifted eyebrow expression of the three-story houses for us with two stories. The meagre trees are enclosed in iron trellis-protectors and the windows are hung in conventional long starched coarse lace curtains (an abomination they are, germ collectors and ugly). But that isn't our street either. That is only surface. We are without beauty, but we are as various as a jewel. We are Switzerland, East Side New York, coast of France, conventional England and work-a-day provincial England, and the East, in one. We are humor, pride, bitterness, poverty, sprightliness and a song.

**With a Husband at the Front**

My neighbor on the right is an able woman. Her husband is at the front, of course. She washes, scrubs, cleans and runs her young daughter with amazing energy. The child goes to school and practices on the piano a Turkish Patrol, "The Soldiers' Chorus," "Drink to Me Only," "Coming Through the Rye," and "God Save the King." This often takes place while we are at breakfast. I can hear the mother call, "Now, Girlie, do that over again or you shall not go out to play." So over goes the little tune, same speed, same halt and hitch in the same measure until at last "God Save the King" plumps in and out and Girlie is off to play. I like her mother. Probably because she can do the necessary things of life so ably, and because she does them so well she always has leisure time. And I like her neat look and her good taste in dress. We talk over the back garden wall sometimes and she advises me how and when to plant vegetables or gives a hint at her loneliness and her impatience with the war. Then she turns to planting or rug-shaking.

My neighbor on the left has had her only son invalided home and discharged from the army. She is small and has been very pretty. But I took a tiny dislike to her because she seemed harassed and furtive, not much like the American slap-you-on-the-back manner, and I misjudged her. Then one day we had to speak because of our kittens' fussing, and suddenly I found her to be a radical, a believer in the woman's movement, the labor movement, and, more interesting still, to have a rich background of the East with fluent Hindustani and memories close-packed from twenty-two years in India. Her father was a gifted Irishman and she has the Irish love of talk and mixing; but her husband is an Englishman of the old school. He is conventional, conservative (will allow no radical papers in the house), stern, and has his own way about most things. That accounts, of course, for my first impression of her, but it was not the real woman. She is intelligent,

eager for exchange of ideas and open-minded to a new point of view.

These are the only two I have become acquainted with in ten months. People do not reach out to each other in this country—they go travelling their own way, never bothering you, always courteous and generally proper. But my boy window has given me lots of secrets and lots of friends, though the friendship is one-sided. I like the fat woman opposite. I feel sure she would talk over the garden wall with me if we were neighbors. She has a sense of humor and she had imparted it to the family—a daughter with a blond pig-tail, two squatly black Persian cats, one with four white boots, and a fox terrier pup. They laugh and wiggle all the time and the black and white kitten goes to market like a dog. He romps at the side of his fat mistress, who carries a basket. He is absurd.

But if you don't want to go to market, market comes to you. Every conceivable thing comes by our door on hand barrows. Then I sit in my second story room and try to realize I am in England. It is seldom one can understand what is being called out, though the language is our own. Once I caught "ru-bub, penny a bundul, penny a bundul, penny a bundul." Accent the "dai" in bundul and take plenty of time to say it. A lame man comes pushing a barrow of slippery fish. His wife walks quietly by his side and two prosperous looking cats march along single file after her, holding their tails erect. Occasionally the procession stops to make a sale and then the Toms take on a look of part ownership.

There is a man who wants a "rag and a bone," the boy who peddles kindling, and the grandfather to sell you a hundredweight of coal or seven penny worth, and the man who croaks something in a cracked voice. He has oil (for I have looked), but he goes with the speed of a desperate man, too fast to sell. He only wants to croak to us. The milkman who serves my right-hand neighbor calls out "Any milk to-day?" with a yodel at the end. And my neighbor's small daughter rushes out to take charge of the little wagon and to push it along to the next customer. This is a jolly man. He sings gay verses as he goes to amuse the children who collect and escort him to the end of the block—always the yodel and the group of children struggling to push the wagon for him. As they disappear I hear my special man at the other end of the street, so I leave the window. His voice is rich and singing—he takes the fifth note in the scale at a deep pitch, rolls it out and just dips to the third below and back again in a curve. I am sure he is a priest chanting. I have never heard. His music is beautiful enough. This is a fragment of my street.

**The Music of a Street**

On sunny afternoons we have street pianos, two of them. One does the movie Italian opera sort of stuff and the other has one melody built on a Hawaiian goody song. I should say, which to me is worth twopenny any time they care to come. And more than once, long after hours in the night, a soldier passes to his billet, each time whistling a certain Scotch air. I can hear him a long way on a quiet night.

"Skinny" lives a few houses down on the opposite side. His voice is high-pitched and turned on full blast. Over the noise of twenty small boys and girls playing he reaches out in thin, piping suggestions and commands—incessant, unmistakable. He is a little steam exhaust. One wishes his lost energy could be bottled up for his old age. And Harry Leon Wilson's "Ruggles" goes by every day looking as proper as the Hon. George and the best families should. One day he indulged in a pipe, and that day he wore his cap a bit further over his nose. He thought the ordinary little street wouldn't notice. But it did.

Once, twice a week, we go shopping. We jump aboard a bus and bounce away to the city of Brighton. It all sounds familiar enough—shops at a seacoast resort, shops where English is spoken. We think that shops to be different must be in a Chaldean village, with no shops at all, or a Chinese alley, with the glass tinklers and little bells beckoning business.

The view from the bus top reminds me of an overgrown country village. Straw hats with egg-shaped crowns and uninteresting brims; rows of pink and blue and mauve hats all trimmed alike and alike uninteresting. Poor brushes, iron kettles and glazed pottery teapots; cotton gloves, frills, collars; a creamery with a gilded animated cow in the window and heaps of eggs, brown, cream-colored and pale blue and a bowl of hamper cream; heavy boots and cans of oil to keep them pliable, cheap, shiny slippers; fur, knit bags, groceries and bags of grain, and roots and lilies and larkspur, and windows and windows spotted and striped with color piled high.

A Cornettist From a German Prison

A wide promenade stretches for miles along the waterfront, with bathing machines everywhere and rowboats with husky men to steer you through the surf to a pleasant glide in the sunshine. Entrance on a pier, chalk and programme for a concert cost 10 cents. A soldier hand plays every day and three times a day. Our favorite band is the King's Royal Rifles. Their leader is a keen gifted Irishman, Mr. Dunn. He carries the men through with apparently an indifferent flex of the wrist, but his eye is on each man in his need and his rhythm is unfailing. They all have seen service and been wounded once at least. One cornettist escaped from a camp in Germany. He lost the power of speech for a while from the shock of pin pricks to form performed on him in the enemy camp to force him to talk. He plays with feeling. His musical tone is pure and sustained. The municipal orchestra of Brighton plays on another pier in a pavilion always open on the sheltered side with seats in the sun. You can sit far from the water and the chalky cliffs under Rottingdean, while Lyell-Taylor treats you to two hours of French, Russian, Gilbert, Sullivan or miscellaneous music. If you prefer a good play, any evening and two afternoons a week, you will find it on the same pier. An excellent seat, programme, good orchestra, good London company and a play like "Kick In" for 16 cents a person. It is seldom that one hears music in any picture house here or in Paris as tiresome, as unimaginative, as we endure in America. We have the idea, concerning music, that to be classical is to be dull. Therefore, mechanical pianos or worse; loose, uncertain players worry through the chestnuts of the modern stuff without the snap which makes it endurable at its best.

A special small section of the front belongs to the fishermen, old men wearing ear-lobes. That part has no cosmopolitan taint. It might be any simple fishing village. It is here they stack up from their seaman's clubs to go for the night's catch. Here they return to sort and distribute the fish. Little and big boats stand high up from the surf on the stones. Nets and brown sails lie spread out to dry. It is refreshing to pass this haunt of salt men.

On the way home we see open-faced restaurants. There are rifle cracks from shooting galleries; an old woman is polishing cups at her stand—tea, a penny a cup; donkeys to ride, goats in harness and a small person holding the reins; wounded soldiers and their girls; the inevitable lady in purple, and built under the promenade ascends a level are numerous cozy cubby-holes of one or two tiny rooms where family groups sit enjoying tea and the sunbake on the water.