

BELGIUM

Fritz, von der Lancken's orderly; he had crawled out of his window in the mansard to see this battle in the air. The aviator was flying toward us and was soon directly over the courtyard, and to the horrid racket of the shells and the *mitrailleuse* (there was now added the rattle of the falling pieces of shrapnel on the pavement of the courtyard. It was nearly four o'clock—useless to try to sleep—and so I shaved, looking out of my window the while at the black puffs of smoke from the exploding shells. Down in the courtyard, where in time of peace one might have gone back in imagination half a century and pictured a diligence, a little French boy was darting in and out from the cover of a doorway to pick up pieces of the shrapnel, while a covey of birds at each fresh hail of metal flitted uneasily from one tree to another, trying to find a hiding-place.

I was hardly dressed when the waiter brought me my tea—he called it tea—and a few biscuits. The little Frenchwoman who seemed to conduct the hotel had warned me the night before, with a long face and an apologetic gesture:

"Nous ne sommes pas très riches, Monsieur!"

At six-thirty, their time, five-thirty ours, we were all in the courtyard below waiting for our Captain; the battle in the sky had ended but the booming of the guns in the distance still came to our ears.

Captain von X—— came promptly in a huge grey car, with a black, white, and red target on the lantern in front, and the arms of the Crown Prince on the side. He was accompanied by the officer with the monocle and by another officer, and we raced off through the city at a frightful speed to a park somewhere beyond the citadel. Sentinels tried to halt us, but the officer with