

UNDER FIRE

"Si vous n'aviez pas changé l'heure, nous ne serions pas rentrés si tard ce soir," said Villalobar.

The railroad officials—all German, of course—were saluting right and left. They gave us the waiting-room; von der Lancken had them put out the lights and we stretched out on the cushions with our overcoats over us. I fell asleep immediately and did not awaken until they called us to take the train. There were four compartments in the train and, tired of each other's presence, we each took one. I wrapped myself in my overcoat and stretched myself out on the seat. The train jerked—started. . . .

Some one had opened the door of the carriage and was shouting:

"Brüssel, mein herr."

We were in the Gare du Nord; it was silent and empty, with that desolate air a railway-station wears in the night—an impression intensified then because the *Gare* had become a *Bahnhof*, with all the signs in German. In the Place Rogier, a cabman was snoozing on his box, and Villalobar's motor was waiting, the Spanish flag at the fore. . . . We drove home in the cool morning air.