

UNDER FIRE

de la Pomme d'Or, where we ordered supper. While the supper was being prepared Harrach, who had been to the garage to see about repairing the car, came in with a long face.

"Impossible!" he reported.

"*Pourquoi impossible?*" asked von der Lancken.

"*A cause de leur sale fête nationale!*" he replied.

It was Belgium's national holiday and the Belgians were observing it, if not in one way, then in another. They would not repair a German car. And we had the prospect of spending the night at the Hôtel de la Pomme d'Or—and the valets with our luggage had gone on from Lille by train to Brussels. We considered the possibility of sending to Brussels for a motor-car but that involved *passierscheins* and all sorts of arrangements, in this instance as difficult for these two distinguished German officers as for us in ordinary times; the motor could not get to Audenarde before morning—we should gain nothing. Put von der Lancken was resourceful. He sent Harrach to telephone to Brussels and order a special train, and then we sat down to a very good supper.

The yellow-haired Flemish girl who served us wore a brooch with a photograph in it; she could speak no French, but Harrach could get along with her in Flemish.

"Who is that?" asked Harrach.

She threw back her head with pride:

"*Belge soldat, meinherr,*" she said.

"Your sweetheart?" Harrach asked.

"*Neen, mijn broeder.*"

"But you have a sweetheart?" he persisted.