

"Not exactly. I'm pointing out places of interest to the Freekirkers. Sort of Cook's tour, you know, but religious. And, by the way, my name's not Cohen now, I've changed it to Vivian Guy. Pretty thing in names, don't you think so?" and he hurried off to join his party, who were eyeing us disapprovingly.

The atmosphere of Bruges, however, is one of busy industry, and even the artists are up and at work in the early morning. For real frivolity you must go to Ostend, and as the etcher refused to leave Bruges when the sun was shining, even that had its sombre side. The bathing and the parade of fashion is not remarkable in rainy weather. The long line of bathing wagons that have since been so useful in sheltering refugees, were drawn up along the shore, and the pedestrians were hurrying to cover. The enormous Kursall was half deserted, but around the tables sat chic Parisiennes, handsome Russians, and charming English ladies, sipping tea, while waiters hurried about with trays of tempting French pastries.

The town of Ostend is devoid of beautiful architecture, having been thoroughly shelled by various besiegers and swamped eight times by waves, but the buildings along the wide dyke are very pretentious, and while you can get a room at Bruges for four francs, you can pay four pounds a day at Ostend.

It was late at night when we arrived in Ghent, and we took a ramshackle bus to a hotel, which was crowded, owing to the exhibition then in progress, but the clerk directed us to lodgings nearby, and we found ourselves in front of a little café. A fat old woman with a bristly gray mustache showed us in, eyeing us grimly and speaking as few words as possible. She lighted a candle and led us down a long, dark passage and up a steep and narrow flight of stairs into an enormous bedroom, where she set the candle down and left us. In the dim light we could see three large

*armoires* that might contain—well, anything and lots of it. In one corner was the bed, a huge four-poster, with pictures of the deathbeds of celebrities, only in those pictures there are always a lot of people gathered to see them die, while there were only two of us. Clutching each other's hands, we took the candle and peered under the big black bed, behind the curtains, and into first one *armoire* and then another, and found them to be full of emptiness. But the third (you know in the fairy-tales something always happens)—well, the third *armoire* was locked! The key was in the lock, so we turned it and stepped back a pace. The door with surprising alacrity swung wide open, the huge *armoire* fell over with a terrible crash, extinguishing the candle and pinning the etcher firmly to the floor.

"Are you hurt?" I cried, and a small voice answered:

"No, it didn't fall on me. I'm inside, but I can't lift it. You try."

But the old woman had heard the crash, and came running up with another candle.

"*Mon dieu!*" she cried. "It always does that! That is why I keep it locked. Did you not see there were other *armoires*, two of them, and had you so many gowns?" She glanced contemptuously at our hand-bags.

With a great deal of pulling and pushing we raised it again and set it in place. Then the old woman laughed so heartily that we saw she was not an ogre after all, and when we told her we were tired and cold she made us a delicious cup of chocolate, and we slept peacefully in the bed, where somebody's ancestors must have died. In the morning we ventured to ask her the sum she demanded for so much space, and when she told us it was thirty cents a day each, we almost embraced her.

The morning light made our lodgings look quite cheerful, and we set out early to see the town. We were prepared for the wonderful mediæval