

BELGIUM

The sun was low, the air was clear and soft, and the windmills extended their graceful arms against a silver western sky; the low barges on the canal were spreading their brown sails for the evening breeze; the slender trees along the canal were bending like plumes, ever towards the East, the characteristic mark of the Flemish landscape. It was a lovely evening, and we looked forward to a restful drive in the peaceful twilight. But all the while that aviator was flying along with us. Now and again Harrach would glance up, as would Lancken. Presently he said: "If he were to drop a bomb on us. . . ."

The aviator raced along with us for an hour and then turned back and was lost in the pearly clouds away to the south. And we drove on in the quiet evening, far, it seemed, from the war, for none of war's ravages were visible in that part of Flanders. . . .

The spires of Audenarde were showing in the distance, and then suddenly—*une panne*. Harrach and the chauffeur got out; but it was no ordinary blowout, or *pneu crevé*—the chassis was broken.

"*Rien à faire!*" said the chauffeur, shaking his head. Perhaps he might get the car to Audenarde, three kilometers away. He went slowly, picking his way carefully, over the terrible Belgian blocks that pave the roads of Belgium.

We crawled along, and finally reached Audenarde. Harrach got out and was gone a long time. There was no motor to be had. He found the name of a garage and sent the chauffeur there with the car. In the twilight we wandered through the Grand'Place and to the Hôtel de Ville—smaller, but more beautiful, even, than the Hôtel de Ville in Brussels; then to the little Hôtel