

BELGIUM

lobar and me. He spoke to us in French with an accent more refined, I think, than the accent of the Prussians when they speak French. He seemed sincere and cordial in manner, with nothing of exaggeration in his bearing; a thin, grey man, weary, as I have said, with a lean, smooth-shaven grey face and a little brush of grey moustache. He seemed to be about fifty years of age, though I believe he is not so old.

We stood about uttering the customary banalities until the wide glass doors between the *salon* and the dining-room swung open and we went in to dine. Villobar was seated on the right of the Crown Prince, I on his left. I had on my left the Count A——, a tall, well set-up reddish man, with a pleasant manner and a good deal of intelligence, and we chatted pleasantly throughout the simple dinner that was served. There were but five courses, indicated on the menu by their German names, a pastry, a bit of salmon, a roast chicken, a salad, great mounds of ice cream, and white and red wines. The old servitor handed about cigars and cigarettes at the table and when we had gone into the *salon*, continued to hand them around, bearing the while a candle, from the wavering yellow flame of which we lighted them. The footmen served no coffee, but instead, large goblets of beer, and these they continued to serve throughout the evening, while the old servitor passed gravely around and around with his tall lighted candle.

The Crown Prince withdrew with Lancken into a corner near the window and they talked in low tones for a long time, while I chatted with the affable Count about all sorts of things—trying to avoid the war, for the notes on the *Lusitania* were being exchanged in that