

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

By ANNA C. MINOGUE CHAPTER VII—CONTINUED

Another guest here claiming Mrs. Barton's attention, Mrs. Martins moved forward and stood by her husband's side. She was, perhaps, the most distinguished-looking woman in the room. Her figure was tall, and she had a queenly air, which the richly-brocaded, fashioned gown emphasized. As she came to his side the eyes of the husband travelled quickly around the large room. They always made this circuit of an assemblage, seeking one face. As they rested on Mr. Worthington, who was standing at the opposite end of the room, Teresa by his side, they took in man and girl in one glance, and for a moment the healthy hue and color of the cheeks of Mrs. Martins, Mrs. Martins was also looking at the couple, and her tender violet eyes for an instant met the dark ones of the girl. There was an unconscious exchange of glances, but the eyes of the two men met like light struck out from metal. Then Mrs. Martins passed before her husband to greet a friend, and as her shadow fell on him, his lips uttered the word "Kismet!" and he turned to his hostess.

"I fear that our party will wash flat after your months of life in Washington and the East," she said to him.

"On the contrary," he interposed. "No hall room that I entered since I left Kentucky showed me such an array of beauty as you have brought here to-night."

"We should expect such loyalty from him who won the queen of Fayette County for his bride," she said, smiling.

"And who is further fortunate in having the beauty of Versailles for his friend," he replied, bowing with courtly grace toward his hostess.

"To pay a compliment to Mr. Martins," she returned, "is to offer plain coin and receive back a jewel, and polished to perfection."

"But one that shows as true, I hope, as the coin rings clear," he said, with his fine smile. Then he added, after a careless glance around. "There are no strangers with us to-night. Louisville has sent me any one of her fair daughters to our 'Athens of the West' this winter?"

"No, but Bardstown has," rejoined Mrs. Barton. "You must meet this fair representative from the Maryland district, and then you will admit that the Blue Grass Belt must look to her laurels."

"You interest me," remarked Mr. Martins, "in your tribute to this lady."

"I think you will find that she deserves it."

"Is she visiting relatives?" he questioned.

"Ah, no! She is quite alone in the world, it seems. She has a romantic history. She has been with the Loretto Sisters since her fourth year, until last September, when she came among us as a teacher of music at the college. Her youth and beauty and ladylike demeanor attracted the attention of all, and when we came to know her, we grew to like her. I have seldom met a more charming girl and I am certain more than one young man of my acquaintance would gladly lay his heart and fortune at her feet."

"Her future is assured now that she has Mrs. Barton for her friend," said Mr. Martins.

"And I am going to call upon you and Mrs. Martins to aid me in my efforts to promote the fortunes of this lovely girl," returned she.

"Command us at all times," he answered. "But," with a smile, "what is your profession's name?"

"Miss Martinez," answered she, "and for a second the speaker's face was lost to the sight of George Martins, and he saw instead the broken tablet in the old abbey church that crowned the brow of a knoll in Galway. Then: "Ah! Spanish? I find that another attraction in your young friend. Do you know, Mrs. Barton, that I can trace my ancestry directly back to a Spanish officer, who was picked up by Irish fishermen when the invincible Armada went down before English guns and stormy weather?"

"Indeed?" exclaimed she, with pleased surprise. "That ought to form a bond between you and Miss Martinez."

"We may end by discovering some kinship, though distant," he remarked, warily, a smile in his eyes.

"I fear she can lend you no assistance in tracing it," replied his hostess. "She knows nothing of her parents, for the father, who took her to Loretto, gave the Sisters very little information about himself and child. All the dear girl knows is that her mother is dead and that her father placed her in the convent because he was going to the war. No word was ever after received from him, so the Sisters and Teresa suppose that he was killed, perhaps perished in the Ralsin Massacre."

"Your story has interested me deeply," said Mr. Martins. "Will you present me to Miss Martinez?"

"The first dance was over and Mr. Worthington was conducting Teresa to a seat when Mrs. Barton approached, leaning on the arm of George Martins. The two men exchanged a freezing bow, and Mr. Worthington stopped, as if his hostess introduced Mr. Martins to Teresa. Her eyes as they met his wore an expression that he, shriveled as he was, could not fathom, and an unconscious crept into his heart. Was it his fate looking on him, half in triumph, half in pity, he wondered. After a few words, Mrs. Barton left

them and Mr. Martins found himself alone with Teresa. Her replies to his remarks and subtle questioning began to convince him that any misgivings he had were groundless. Her character, notwithstanding the mystery which the hair and eyes gave to the ivory pale face, appeared to him frank and simple, and he felt that he should have no difficulty in bringing her under his influence as he had brought others, more worldly-wise and keen. To bewilder her with kindness and compliment was his first line of action.

"It is rarely now that we have the honor of entertaining a representative of noble Spain," said he, "and I am rejoiced to see that my home city appreciates the opportunity given by your presence."

"There was something in Teresa's blood that rose in rebellion against the imputation of Spanish birth or ancestry; but in the absence of all proof and the existence of the indisputable facts of a Spanish name and decidedly Spanish face, she was forced to remain silent, if not acquiescent, under the allusion. "We heard of you in the East," he continued, smoothly. He was smiling now under his long gray mustache and she felt herself yielding to his magnetic personality. "Does it surprise you that your coming so interested Lexingtonians that they communicated it, as an important item of news, to absent friends?"

"It does, indeed," she returned, "Don't you know that I am only a music-teacher in the college?"

"What a piece of capriciousness on the part of Fate!" he exclaimed—"or do you believe in Fate, Miss Martinez?"

"I believe in God, not Fate," she replied.

"Ah! Then we have come, at the very beginning of our acquaintance, to a subject of dispute. Perhaps you may convert me, or I should say reclaim me. But let me introduce you to Mrs. Martins? You will find in her a true friend—if you will permit her to become a friend?"

"You compliment me by suggesting a friendship between Mrs. Martins and me," answered Teresa.

"She loves to surround herself with young people, especially young girls," went on the husband, as they advanced to where his wife stood with several friends. Mrs. Martins moved forward at the approach of her husband, and as her eyes fell on his companion she recognized the girl whose glance she had encountered on entering the room. She extended her hand at the introduction, and drew Teresa to her side.

"It gives me much pleasure to know you, Miss Martinez."

"Thank you," said Teresa softly, and the dark eyes lifted to the face of the speaker were filled with the admiration and reverence, the queenly woman always inspired. The three made a striking group, and a young man then entering the room, stopped short to regard them.

"By Jove! where on earth did my parents discover that goddess!" thought he, and, after paying his respects to his hostess, he sauntered down the room. The mother's eyes were quick to note his presence and her smile drew him to her side.

"You are late, Preston?" she said, absently.

"When I escaped from Bentley, I dropped into the office of the Major Star and, in talking with the Major, I forgot that there is such an uncomfortable thing as time," he said, his eyes wandering from his mother's face to the girl's. She, too, turned to Teresa, saying:

"Miss Martinez, permit me to introduce my son, Preston, Miss Martinez."

The young man bowed low, after the courtly fashion of the day; then the father said, his slow smile passing from his son and Teresa to his wife.

"The young people would think us heartless if we were to detain them and a dance forming," and with more bows and smiles the father and mother turned and rejoined their old friends.

"The attention that the Martins had shown Teresa the night of Mrs. Barton's ball did not pass without comment, and because of it and their subsequent cultivation of her society, her popularity increased. The Martins set the fashion for the little city. Their verdict was never questioned, and society felt a glow of satisfaction that its taking up of Miss Martinez had met with their approval. It would have required a mind more mature, less imaginative than Teresa's, not to feel gratified over the prominence she had attained. Yet often in the first flush of victory there would come a reaction. Perhaps a thought of Sister Mechilde who had received from her father's arms and had been, thereafter, her guardian and friend, would cause it, perhaps the sight of Mr. Worthington's grave, sorrow-touched face. Would Sister Mechilde approve of her giving over all her leisure time to pleasure? Did Mr. Worthington approve of it? Sometimes she thought that his dark gray eyes met hers in regret, and as the months passed, he seemed to shun the little friendly chats over the breakfast table on Sunday mornings, the brief evening meetings in the parlor, previous to the ringing of the supper bell. She noticed also that he spent less time in the house than formerly, that he frequently failed to appear at table during the regular hours, and the sight of his vacant chair would bring a dull ache to her heart. Mrs. Halpin was sorely puzzled over his actions, which were a contrast to his conduct of the past fifteen years.

"Maybe he is in some trouble," suggested one of the students as she poured forth her plaint one day at dinner.

"You may depend upon it there is something of importance on his mind," observed the editor. "Worthington isn't the man to depart from a life's customs, one might say, for mere ordinary business, which he says detains him in his office."

"I shouldn't be surprised," put in Lawyer Bennet, "if he isn't laying his plans to enter the gubernatorial contest. They say that Martins is certain of the Whig nomination. Now if the Democrats bring out St. John Worthington—well, then look for rocks to fly!"

"Are not he and Mr. Martins friendly?" asked Mrs. Halpin.

"Their feelings for each other are about as friendly as those of a dog and cat, when the cat is a few feet out of his reach," returned the lawyer briefly.

"Which is the dog in the case of Martins versus Worthington?" asked one of the students.

"That judgment, my dear boy, I leave to you to make," answered Mr. Bennet, and he glanced toward Teresa, who felt a warmth rise to her brow, for she had a conviction, that, in her absence, her affairs were as freely discussed as were now Mr. Worthington's.

"Mr. Worthington ought to feel complimented at the comparison on whichever animal Mr. Maybow's judgment fall," she said sarcastically.

"And Mr. Martins!" threw in the editor with pointed emphasis.

An indignant light crept into Teresa's dark eyes. She turned them full on the Major and after a moment's eloquent silence, said: "And Mr. Martins." Then, excusing herself to the girl left the room. As she crossed the hall on her way to the stairs, Mr. Worthington entered the house. The warmth still coloring her cheeks and brow made him pause and as he greeted her he read in her too eloquent eyes the pain that was torturing her young heart. She knew this, and the instinct to hide her misery made her raise one hand and pass it slowly across her forehead. The sight of that hand always conquered him. He drew it gently from her face.

"Is there anything the matter?" he asked.

The dark gray eyes were now meeting hers with the old tender light, and Teresa's nature gave way before it.

"Yes—No—O let me go, please!" and she drew her fingers from his detaining clasp and ran up the stairs before he could again speak to her, but not until he had seen her tears, heard her smothered sobs.

"That evening Mr. Worthington came home early, but Teresa was not in the parlor, nor did she appear at supper.

"Where is Miss Martinez?" he asked after a while.

"She had gone out for supper—to the Martins," Mrs. Halpin gave the information a little reluctantly.

"Is it possible that you haven't heard of the Martins' supper?" asked Lawyer Bennet, and he proceeded to give him the particulars of the affair: "Just very close friends invited. Ten, I think, and Miss Martinez one of the ten."

"Sent in the carriage for her quite early," took up the editor, "and Miss Martinez entered it, and drove through town as if she owned it—the carriage, I mean, not the town. But it reports is true, she will some day. Neither father nor mother can oppose young Martins' wish to espouse a moneyless maiden, since they established a precedent. Can't blame the young fellow. Even the penniless, smooth-faced father did not win more beauty when he married Constance Preston, than his son will when he leads Miss Martinez to the altar."

"You seem to have settled the matter satisfactorily, Major, to your own mind, at least," remarked one of the students. "It is quite possible that Miss Martinez will not be sued."

"Yes, she will, my boy, for the net is golden," replied the editor, with a bitter laugh. "Did you ever know, or hear of, a woman whom the gleam of wealth could not blind?"

"Why, your statement, a moment ago, regarding Mrs. Martins' marriage with penniless George Martins, gives a contradictory answer to your question," said he.

"You are mistaken. What we possess wears no glamour. Constance Preston was reared in the lap of luxury and wealth. Life did not possess, and very likely she knew the satiety of riches. There was novelty, romance, in forsaking all this annui for the man she loved!"

and again his bitter laugh broke across his words. "But Miss Martinez is poor. There is a mixture in her blood that makes her present position slavish. It is slavish. I'd rather crack stones than try to beat music into the heads of children."

Instead of this tolling for a mere livelihood, she is offered a palatial home, an honored name, high station, all the pleasures of life, the love of a handsome young husband and the affection of his dotting parents—and you know for a certainty what she will do, except the change gladly."

"You have no faith in women, Major," said Lawyer Bennet.

"Oh! I don't believe in miracles at all," returned he, indifferently. "It cannot be asserted that the select supper party at the Martins' home," Teresa carried a happy heart. Like all imaginative persons, she was extremely sensitive, and the remarks passed at the dinner table had wounded her sorely, because she felt

her presence gave them point, and this wound had not been assuaged by her after encounter with Mr. Worthington.

"I suppose he thinks with the others, that I am too fond of my fine new friends," she thought bitterly, as she looked the bodice of her cream-colored silk gown, while below the Martins' carriage waited.

"Well, it was he who first insisted that I should make friends among these people. But after to-night it all ceases for me. This is the last time that Lexington society shall see me. I shall go back to my dull evenings after the day's plodding."

She felt very sorry for herself as she made that determination, and as she lifted her eyes to the beautiful reflection in the mirror she choked down a sob. "It is a cold, cruel, heartless world!" she concluded, as she turned from the room and swept her silk skirts down Mrs. Halpin's narrow stairs.

"If you are rich, you are hated; if you are poor you are despised. If you do not follow the advice of your friends, they blame you; if you do follow it, and it brings you happiness or success, they cut you off. I am heart-sick of it all, tired of the whole world!"

But that very misery and turmoil of soul made her hold her head more proudly erect as she passed across the yard and entered the carriage, and wreaths her face with a smile the world early teaches us to wear.

Preston Martins was awaiting her arrival on the veranda, and as the carriage came up the drive he went down the steps, a joyous expression on his young face. He escorted her to the library where his father and mother were seated.

"Did we send the carriage in too soon?" asked Mrs. Martins, kissing Teresa.

"If so, pardon our selfishness," said George Martins, drawing forward a comfortable chair, "but we wanted to have you for ourselves a little while before the remainder of the company arrives."

"I was very glad to come," said Teresa, sinking into her seat with a sense of release from her life's vexatious cares. The Martins' home was her dream of life's refinement, luxury, and beauty, fulfilled. Its spacious rooms, richly furnished and adorned, differed markedly from other Lexington houses, and the difference, for Teresa, favored the Martins' establishment. Its elegance was more Eastern than Southern, and there was a certain air of formality pervading the place, which, associated with the appearance of unbounded wealth, elevated hospitality into a princely entertainment. That characteristic of his home was entirely due to the master, there could be no doubt. His wife was a true Kentuckian and her son resembled her in spirit as well as in features, and he showed the rebellion of his nature against this engraving of foreign manners on Kentucky's social life. But his mother had schooled her ideas to harmonize, where they could not unite, with her husband's.

Scarcely were they well launched on conversation when the servant entered with the card of a distinguished statesman, who, on his way to Lexington, had stopped, in passing the Martins house, to pay his respects to the family. As the door closed behind his parents, Preston Martins drew a breath of relief. He turned to Teresa, but her eyes were fixed on the portrait of a soldierly figure over the mantelpiece, and the young man asked:

"You know him, of course?"

"Colonel Johnson?"

"Isn't he splendid? Oh! why wasn't I born twenty years sooner, that I might have served under him!" He started to his feet and advanced to the hearthstone, and as he finished speaking, he turned his handsome, animated young face toward the girl.

"Not all who went to Canada with Colonel Johnson came back," she remarked. "If you had been old enough to have fought with him, you mightn't be here to-night."

A swift thought of something else he might also have missed if two decades were added to his three and twenty years, made some of the enthusiasm leave face and voice, as he said:

"And some one else might be here with you."

There was that in tone and manner that maiden Teresa's heart rose up against, but she said carelessly: "And there is the same consolation for the man who is born too late for a war found by the man who runs away from one—he may live to fight another day."

"I have no such hope," he answered. "England will disturb us no more. France, Spain and Russia are our friends, the only nations beside England, that have any fight in them. Of course, there are the Indians, but I would follow no man against a crowd of painted savages."

"Not even if your country called upon you to do so?" she questioned.

"Oh! he returned easily, "the country never again will be in danger from the red man. The frontiers may suffer, but I should not feel that there was any duty calling me to run the risk of being shot from behind a tree or bush by a howling Indian, because a few backwoods men were in danger. Now I think that a soldier's death on the field is the most glorious reserved for man; but to confess the truth, Miss Martinez, I should want that death to be administered by a white man and a gentleman."

"And you despair of a future war between gentlemen?" she said, with a flicker of a laugh.

"I do," he replied, smiling. "We are growing too commercial. War hurts business, hence there must be no more war. We are not as sensitive to honor's pricks as were our ancestors, or we mask our feelings. Ancient virtue departs, the age grows venal! I say with the poet Moore:

"Oh! for the swords of former times! Oh! for the men who bore them! When armed for Truth they stood sublime, And the tyrants crouched before them."

"I did not know that you possessed such a martial spirit," she said. "You appear, outwardly, a very peaceful person."

"You do not expect me to go around fighting windmills?" he said, with his happy smile. "But I inherit my warlike proclivities. My grandfather Preston was a Revolutionary hero. Two of his sons went with Johnson and only one came back. On my father's side I am Irish, and you know that the Irish is a fighting race. My father's cousin, Gerald Martins perished at Ralsin."

"So did my father," Teresa could not have said why she made such a positive statement regarding the uncertain fate of her father, yet the conviction of its truth swept over and pressed the words from her lips, while an instant's uncontrollable sorrow for her lost parent dimmed her beautiful eyes.

"Oh, pardon me for introducing so painful a subject!" said the young man.

"There is a joy mingled with the pain of such a loss," she said. "That conflagration at Ralsin lighted the way to victory."

She rose as she spoke and crossing to the hearthstone gazed on the noble face and martial figure of him whose followers mowed down England's hosts with "Remember Ralsin!" for their watchword.

"Colonel Johnson had it painted for my mother," explained the young man. "Father has given Jonett commissions for portraits of uncles Preston and cousin Gerald. And that reminds me, have you met Mr. Jonett?"

Teresa was about to answer that she had, other guests were ushered in, and to Preston's regret, the *tele a tele* was over.

TO BE CONTINUED

OUR OWN EYE-WITNESS

On November 15, 1914, Miss Boyle O'Reilly, in a private letter to one of the Oblate Fathers at Inchicore, wrote: "I walked for four days and nights from Tirlemont in Belgium into Holland, a refugee with refugees. The Prussians have left Northern Belgium as Cromwell left Drogheda. The writer was asked if she would allow her words to be published in the Missionary Record, O. M. I. In response she sent the longer letter, which we are now privileged to print.

It would seem that Miss Boyle O'Reilly is the only English-speaking journalist who was in Louvain when it was burning, or who talked with any of its exiled inhabitants. Most of our readers are aware that this lady is the daughter of a famous Irish patriot, who was also an American editor and author.

Hotel Imperial, Russel Square, London, November 19, 1914.

You wish to hear about Belgium as I saw it, and I am truly glad to tell you, for an Oblate could ask nothing which I should not wish to attempt: for perfectly obvious reasons.

You will, of course, use these data as you think best, but I suggest—and this is not "humility with a hook"—that it will prove more worth while as a supply of eye-witness color to tint your own story, or stories. It happens that I have only rough notes by me, whatever really written stuff I had having gone to my own people, who are now praying for faith to believe that the Lord looks after fobbs. These notes fall into several divisions:

The Prisoners at Bruges, How Brussels was Deserted, The Flight of the Refugees, The Last Day of Waiting, The Coming of the Germans, The Babies of Brussels, The Burning of Louvain, The Lost People of Louvain; and finally,

My Walk across the Gordon, as the devastated heart of Belgium was called. Now then:

I left London for Brussels immediately war was declared, because it is my trade to write the special articles for a syndicate of American newspapers. Within a week of my reaching the city the foreign population had fled, leaving me the only American woman in the capital excepting, of course, the ladies at the Legation. Our Minister, Brand Whitlock, of whom more anon, was a friend of father's, and is a thoroughly fine sort. Through him I was presented to the Queen, and Her Majesty, hearing that I had for ten years served the Commonwealth of Massachusetts as a prison commissioner, graciously suggested that I visit the prisoners of war just arrived at Bruges. Naturally I accepted. Through the Queen's physician I was able to compare Prussian atrocities to non-combatants with the way Belgium treated German invaders when prisoners. In early August the largest prison was at Bruges, where 1,200 Prussian troops were held in the regular barracks. They were soldiers taken at Liege, Tirlemont, Diest and Healon. With these men I had ample opportunity to talk.

Here and there was villainous-looking ruffian, here and there a human rat, but the vast majority were inoffensive-looking workmen, neither sullen, stupid, nor suspicious. They were not professional soldiers, but simply sons of the people, and were already tired of battle. Apart from the main group sat six men huddled up, dead-eyed, mumbling. They could not eat, would not speak, did not seem to hear. "Poor fellows," explained a Belgian guard, "they have been under shrapnel. Shrapnel is hell fire in a fight; it drives hardened soldiers insane. Is it any wonder that soldiers who have nothing to win or to lose hate and fear this war?"

I talked with some of the prisoners, workmen from northwestern Germany. One, a trades unionist, almost a Socialist, was intelligently anti-military. Said he:—"This is the Kaiser's war, not the people's. We did not wish to come, but in a country who cares what a workman wishes? When we mobilized, our officers said that a battle was just like imperial manoeuvres. That is not true. On the first rifle fire there came upon us a fierce fear. At each round men fell, men we knew. Before our eyes they died horribly. For what? We do not know. When the big guns, field guns, howitzers, quick-firers were booming and banging together, then I knew the people should be able to prevent war. We fought without knowing why we fought. Our corps was not at Liege, but came straight from Danzig. Our officers told us that Austria had beaten Serbia, that Russia and Japan were fighting, that the French President was assassinated and Paris had declared a commune. Therefore, said our officers, we must cross Belgium in a troop train to fight on the frontier and save Belgium from French invaders. How should we know the truth? Until we saw the infantry at Tirlemont none suspected that we fought the Belgians. Then our officers told us we must hack our way through. That is the Kaiser's word. Our officers told us we must march till the whistles shrilled 'stop,' that we must shoot at the enemies' ears. Our officers boast that they will lose 1,000,000 men to develop the plan of campaign. This is an officers' war."

"When we were taken prisoners by the Belgians, we were too tired to care. Not for seven nights had we enjoyed a rest. I, and all the others, wanted to be shot. Instead we were taken to a train and given seats, four prisoners to one armed guard. And the Belgians gave us water, water! For a week we had fought these people in the heat, a week of cavalry battles, 120 miles in eight days. The gun horses died of thirst, and our enemies gave us pannikins of water."

"Other guards brought us bread, a two pound loaf to each man. For twelve days we had had no regular rations. Our commissariat broke down before this campaign began. The officers had their men; the troops went hungry. We are as nothing in the Kaiser's war. But an emperor greater than the Kaiser said that battles are won with legs. He knew. Exhaustion sapped our endurance. It was the starvation rations that brought about our downfall."

"When we had eaten and drunk the food of our captors one of them said to us: 'There is no beer. Here, take these cigarettes, a smoke will do you good. Wherefore should we make you suffer? You are workmen like ourselves. This is the Kaiser's war.'"

"So they brought us to Bruges. On the first night came into barracks an officer with cards in his hands. Then we said each to the other: 'Here is the man who will order us to be shot.' To each prisoner the officer gave a card—a post card, 'Write home that you are alive and safe,' he ordered. 'Write to your wife, or to her whom you love. Belgium does not make war on women.' Therefore we did as he said, being thankful. And for two days we slept, not for a week before had we known true sleep. As for being prisoners, we do not complain. The food in this *caserne* is better than we get in barracks. Also the Belgians have provided a little canteen. Those who have money can buy tobacco and beer. 'It is not right,' says these Belgians, 'that we should give you something while our own people starve.' One thing we have learned, the Belgians are not fire-eaters, they are as kind as ourselves. But while they are soldiers every Belgian soldier who we must do, and why? Because we did not dislodge them, the German army is different. The soldiers are the tools of the General Staff; we are the tools of our officers. When our officers are killed we must throw up our hands. But these plucky little Belgians are different. For one thing, they practise the art of taking cover. We have not been so trained. When we are ordered to charge we must advance as one man. That costs lives. It will cost other things before the end, now that we understand. But the Kaiser will never learn."

Here ends my memory of the German prisoners at Bruges. Meanwhile, at Brussels, the Prussians were closing in.

On Sunday, the 16th, the War Council of the Allies decided the fate of the capital. About 9 p. m. I was walking in the deserted Boulevard de Trion when a low-hung racing car slid slowly past. In it stood the King, his knee against a seat, looking east and west down the wide park-like avenues. An officer beside him indicated that his majesty's way to

camp led through the Arch of Triump. But the soldier-king brooded over his capital until the motor car slid away.

Beside me an old man with white head still uncovered spoke from a full heart. "Is it possible they think to abandon the city?" That was Sunday about 3 o'clock. At 8 o'clock I dined at the American Legation. After midnight the Minister saw me home. The streets of shuttered houses, palaces almost, were deserted. Only down the great road to Antwerp sped a company of cyclist flemmen. Their muskets were strapped to their backs, the moonlight shone on their bayonets. In their midst moved five motor vans laden with State papers from the Palace of Government. The Ministers of War, of State, and of Finance were moving their archives. The American Minister watched the escort out of sight. "They plan to abandon Brussels," he said, sadly. Twelve hours later the Queen stopped for a moment at a relief station. Her Majesty was dressed for travelling, and was silent and sad. In her open motor car were the three royal children.

"I must go leaving our new hospital and the stricken poor," said the Queen. "It is the wish of the Ministers that I take the children to our fortress at Antwerp." The royal motor rolled through the city, and those who saw it said to each other: "The War Lords have abandoned Brussels."

Thousands of men and women gathered in the Square Rogier waiting for what must happen. The sun set, the arc lights flashed, an evening breeze showered down blackened flakes of the harvest burned by the advancing enemy. The silence continued with thunderous growls from beneath the horizon. Then came the report of a heavy gun. That threat roused the Flemish spirit. Steadily, fearlessly facing their fate, they began to sing. Translated from the Walloon *poisies*, that is as old as the battles of Brabant this is their song:

Fled the years of servile shame, Belgium, 'tis thine hour at last, Wear again thy ancient name, Spread thy banner on the blast. Sovereign people, in thy might Steadfast yet and valiant be, On thy ancient standard write— Land and law and liberty!

Belgium, Mother, hear us vow, Never will our love abate, Thou our hope our refuge thou, Hearts and blood are consecrate. Grave we pray upon thy shield— This device eternally, Weal or woe, at home, a field, Land and law and liberty.

It was on Sunday that the War Lords abandoned Brussels. On Monday hundreds of terrified people fled the doomed city. On Tuesday thousands of homeless refugees began to pour in. The rich fled by carriage, van and motor car—trains there were none. Men with gold to pay bought motors as they stood in the street. Into tonneau and team anguished men and women packed their dearest possessions—whatever part of them could be reached. Banks and deposit vaults were locked; they would be looted, said rumor, before the invaders abandoned the capital. To the men whose souls centred on securities the flight was a living death. "The work of my life is undone," I heard one lament, "I am too old to begin again. At last I feel with the Republicans. They protest against war."

Before my window a Flemish physician put his wife and little ones into a roomy carriage. The mother's sony face was grave, the bonny children obedient and silent. "Come, favour," piped the youngest, and, with slow voted order the father took his place. As the horses moved away husband and wife looked at each other as those who say: "We have lost all, but we still have each other." Then their eldest boy asked thoughtfully: "Father, what right has an Emperor to make war?"

The prosperous fled Brussels, and into the security they despised poured the poor. Mons, Max, the Burgomaster, organized relief stations at the barriers and bade me, being a neutral, take charge of the northern one. Townsfolk, villagers, peasants from the country already overrun by Uhlans sought safety in the doomed capital. The seemingly endless procession crowded every road. The refugees carried all they could save, driving their cattle before them. The rest was lost. "We are worse off than were our parents," moaned one man, watering his solitary cow. "Brabant cannot recover for a generation. At last I am a Republican. They vote against war."

Famishing, limping, maimed and moaning, the fugitives fell down where they stood. Tired to death, with broken voices whispered details of harrowing wretchedness. We could believe no story of atrocities, for misery not moral lapse made them untrustworthy. The fugitives to Brussels were practically all old or sick people, women, babes and children. Gaunt and shivering with nervous excitement, their eyes looked constantly backward to the black cloud before which they had fled, whence came without respite the sound of siege gun, borne by her sons on an improvised litter, pleaded feebly to be set down. "Jacques, Jacob, everything is gone—our home—our field—your father's grave. Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu, let me die."

One of my Boy Scouts reported that two miles down the road an aged husband and wife lay together.