

On the 8th of August, about 6.30 a.m., three men found their way into my bedroom while I was still in bed. I sat up wrathfully, and faced them.

"May I ask," said I in my best German, "to what I owe the honour of this visit?"

"We have come to search your room," said they.

"And pray what do you expect to find?"

"We look for compromising papers and for *Waffen*." ("Weapons.")

"And do German ladies make a practice of carrying revolvers about with them?"

"Certainly *not*."

"Then why should I be suspected of doing such a thing?"

"Ach! weiss nicht! we were told to search here."

"Then please leave the room and I will put on a dressing-gown whilst you search."

"Nein! Nein! die Englische Dame would then, doubtless, hide the weapons!"

They set to work, shamefacedly, I must say, peering into drawers and wardrobes, examining blotters and shaking out gowns and mantles. Finding nothing, they shuffled out of the room, muttering the conventional "Adieu!"

As the Germans advanced victoriously through Belgium our relations with the townspeople grew steadily worse. Every balcony in Nauheim had its flag, every child his paper cocked-hat and toy sword. Morning, noon and night the children sang the "Landesvater" ("Alles Schweige! Jeder Neige!" etc.) or "Heil Dir im Sieger