

BELGIUM

classifying obus that had fallen in their lines, photographing them, ticketing and labelling them, making statistics in the slow, methodical German way.

"To show where they were manufactured," as one of them explained.

I could see new campaigns in the Press, and when a *sous-officier* drew out some ammunition which he declared indignantly to be American, von der Lancken hastily exclaimed:

"Put that away, you fool; don't show it now!"

Then we must inspect a swimming-pool, hidden away in the woods with spring-boards standing out over the water and a high board fence around it. Further on through the fields and woods there was an old farm house, long since abandoned by its occupants, and occupied as headquarters by a German battalion. The soldiers were cultivating a little vegetable-garden in the courtyard and peacefully raising chickens; in the kitchen with its great stove there was a desk at which a soldier was sitting at a telephone, and there was a piano.

Thus through the woods we gained the motor, and so past those ruined châteaux, those white façades *criblées* by balls, past those fields where the flowers were blowing in the sunshine, we came again to the dusty suburbs of Lille—and must stop to visit a factory to see soldiers making nails. A nail is a nail, and I had seen nails, and once having grasped the principle as Thoreau said, I could see no reason for indefinitely multiplying the instances, but we visited the nail factory.

When we reached our hotel and stopped there to wait for another car to join us, a funeral procession was passing; a man was carrying a crucifix at its head and a priest in robes was reading his prayers; then, a poor