

about ten layers of clothing ; among them, if you please, a buckram corset. There are other symptoms. "Trench fever, probably," says my Friend. I fear I grin. I have seen babies like this before in English cottages while Belgian trenches were yet undug. But it's always simpler to have the disease that's going. And in Flanders at the moment there's a choice of several. The bacteriologist is having the time of his life : a new coccus waggles its head at him every week. We give a little very safe advice, make our notes and pass on.

One must be careful not to miss these little farms, for people live in the oddest places. There is perhaps a rather suspicious chorus of good health. The folk may fear eviction, though you wouldn't think they'd want to stay in this trodden, trenched, broken-down country. But for one thing, I suppose, there is the peasant's instinct to cling hard to the soil he conquers year by year in truer fashion than any invader can conquer him ; for another, he does very well out of the troops, and is probably laying by quite a little money.

So we plough through the morning, finding one household and its answers monotonously like another. Comes lunch time. As we are near a village, though it be but the remains of one, we can be luxurious. Bread and cheese and a haystack we despise, and turn our way into Neuve Eglise to a little house beyond the toppling ruin of a church, humble and untouched. It was strange to find this demure little haven of neatness amid such ruins. We sat down in the empty