

BELGIUM UNDER THE GERMAN OCCUPATION.

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE 1

Chapter LXXXIII. The twenty-first of July.

WHEN we got back to Brussels from the Front it was to learn that the latest rumour had it that Villalobar and I had been arrested by the Germans and whirled away in motors, no one knew where. Perhaps the rumour in some of its forms related the event to the Belgian national holiday which the Belgians had been celebrating that day — celebrating it as well as they could, considering the disabilities under which they lived. We had celebrated our own national holiday a little more than a fortnight before, and the Belgians had added to the meaning of the day by their felicitations. It had been an excessively hot day, as the Fourth of July should be, and its celebration had made a little oasis of liberty in a desert where liberty just then was unknown. I had decided against a reception or manifestation of any sort as, under the circumstances, in bad taste. But we had raised a new flag, the old having been whipped out by the winds and, as one might almost say, by the emotions of those long months ; and as the lovely emblem rose and fell in the heavy, humid air and the sunlight touched its bright colours, it had seemed never so beautiful, never so full of meaning. The Belgians, as I said, had silently celebrated the day with us. There was a telegram from Davignon, on the part of the Belgian Government at Havre.*

The *salons* were filled with flowers, and all day there was a constant stream of visitors at the Legation, signing the book, leaving cards and all sorts of little souvenirs expressing felicitations and *reconnaissance*. Our flag was on many a breast with the ivy-leaf. It was strange that there, away across the sea, the vibrations of that wild, free music of '76 should be felt ; yet not, after all, perhaps, so strange, for the principles of our revolution are loved in Belgium, whose own principles are precisely like them, and they were loved passionately then because they were denied and scorned and crushed down in an epoch when everybody in our Western world so fondly imagined that political liberty had been won for mankind.

Burgomaster Lemonnier and the *échevins* had called, and M. Lemonnier had made a little speech, very moving, presenting to my wife a souvenir from the City of Brussels. And we had the young men of the C.R.B. at Ravenstein for luncheon, with Villalobar and Van Vollenhoven, and speeches on the lawn afterwards.

When their own national holiday dawned on July 21 the Belgians could not celebrate it as they had in other years — in that gaiety, that happy spirit of careless freedom which I had seen in graceful play on every band the year before, when we had all gone to Ste.-Gudule for the *Te Deum* ; indeed, they were forbidden to celebrate it at all, and perhaps that is one reason why the day, which had such poignant memories for them in that year of 1915, was marked by such a celebration as it had never known before.

For days *affiches* signed by Von Kraewel, the Military Governor of Brussels, had been on the walls, rigorously prohibiting any demonstration whatsoever — meetings, processions, the display of flags — and threatening with fine and imprisonment those who disobeyed.** There was already in force an edict forbidding the wearing of ribbons or patriotic colours at any time — a prohibition to which Brussels wit had responded by substituting a new emblem, the ivy-leaf ; and suddenly, as by some spontaneous impulse, the whole population was wearing ivy-leaves (*le lierre*), the symbol of fidelity, of which the motto is, "*Je meurs où je m'attache*" ("*I die where I cling*"). Indeed, the whole history of the occupation of Belgium is the story of the contest between German stolidity and brute force and the nimble wit of Brussels, and if the contest were between wits alone Brussels would long since have won it — a fact that embittered all the more the German spirit, which had nothing but the clumsy, if temporarily effective, weapons of force to use. After the prohibition was published every one who knew Brussels was certain there would be a celebration such as Brussels had never known before, and almost at once the quality of it was foreshadowed in the word that went from mouth to mouth saying that inasmuch as the nation was in mourning its anniversary should be observed by a solemn display of its grief. Every shop, every establishment in Brussels, every café even, should be closed. Everywhere little handbills with wide black borders mysteriously found their way through the city calling on all to remain indoors, to draw the blinds and to put up the shutters. And that courageous little journal, the organ of Belgian patriotism, *La Libre Belgique*, published a notice inviting the people, Catholic and non-Catholic, to assemble at Ste.-Gudule on the morning of the day, where, in place of the *Te Deum* that had been the expression of the nation's joy, a High Mass would be celebrated in this its hour of sorrow.

It was the secret of Polichinelle, of course, and the day before the 21st the pseudo-newspapers of Brussels published a statement from the Kommandantur announcing that the closing of shops would be considered a demonstration and an infraction of the prohibition. But the threat had little terror ; when the day dawned all the homes, whether in the Quartier Léopold or in the Quartier des Marolles, whether in the Avenue Louise and the boulevards or the Rue Blaes and the Rue Montagne-aux-Herbes-Potagères, wore the same sad expression of silence and desolation. The shades were drawn at every window, the shutters were up, not a shop anywhere was open, even the *Hôtel de Ville* itself had been closed by the patriotic Lemonnier. But the menace in the newspapers had frightened some of the *restaurateurs* and the keepers of public-houses — a few of them were open ; but a crowd of two hundred persons besieged the Café Métropole and it closed, three hundred Bruxellois menaced La Grande Boucherie and it closed, and so in turn the Restaurant de la Monnaie, the Taverne Royale, La Lanterne, the Café Cosmopolite, before these crowds of stout burghers whom the *Polizei* could not affright, closed their doors, and through their windows one could see the chairs stacked on the tables. In all Brussels there remained open only some German beer-houses and the two hotels that had been taken over for German officers, the Palace and the Astoria. No newspapers were sold, but along the sidewalks women offered to the passers-by ivy-leaves or pansies, or white daisies with black hearts, or knots of *crêpe* and combinations of red and yellow flowers, which, against the black of the formal frockcoats which the bourgeois were wearing as though it were Sunday, composed the national colours. This gave to the streets an aspect that was not wholly one of mourning ; some of the people became exuberant in the Belgian way — bantering, jovial,

almost in the spirit of the old Flemish *kermis*. German troops paraded the streets and dragged *mitrailleuses* after them, but the crowd was calm and gave the invaders no excuse for using their weapons.

My wife, driving by chance down the Rue Neuve, in the lower town, found it crowded from wall to wall, and the flag on the motor moved the crowd to cheers that made her fear she might be the centre of an "incident." Men took off their hats and waved them and shouted again and again " *Vive l'Amérique !* " All day long the crowds poured through the Place des Martyrs, each person bringing flowers, many of them by armfuls — violets, roses, carnations, wreaths of ivy, leaves knotted with crêpe — and threw them into the crypt about Geefe's statue of Belgium, the crypt where sleep the heroes of those September days in 1830 when Belgium won her independence. They heaped flowers on the statue of Frédéric de Mérode, and the German police stood about, disconcerted, out of countenance, not knowing what to do.

But it was in an essentially solemn spirit that the day was celebrated: in all the parishes of Brussels the churches, which throughout the occupation were to the hunted and oppressed as asylums of patriotism, were filled from early morning, and at ten o'clock, in the old Collegial of St.-Michel and Ste.-Gudul — to give its proper name to what is so often erroneously called the Cathedral of Ste.-Gudule — one more affecting and historic scene was added to the long series of manifestations of the hopes and despairs and triumphs of man that had been unrolled on that majestic scene. The old church was crowded to every corner of nave and transept. The Mass was celebrated by M. Remés, Curé of St.-Nicolas. The Nuncio himself was in the choir. The High Mass was finished, and the celebrant from the twinkling altar had just lifted the monstrance over the throngs that knelt in the light that was softened by the stained glass of the ancient windows, and had given the solemn benediction, when the first strains of "*La Brabançonne*" rolled softly from the great organ in the loft. The people listened in a strained silence ; the organist was playing softly, but when he had played the hymn once he played it again, this time with the full organ, until its strains rolled and reverberated and resounded like prophetic thunder from the vaulting upheld by those lofty pillars. The crowd, unable longer to control itself even in that majestic place, burst forth with cries of "*Vive le Roi! Vive la Belgique!*" The people mounted the chairs on which they had been kneeling, crying thus again and again, then demanding that "*La Brabançonne*" be played once more. It was played, and again, and for the fifth time the organist played it ; and this time the people sang it, and when at the end they came to the words "*Le Roi, la loi, la liberté!*" it was a whole vast congregation standing with transfigured, uplifted faces, down which rained the pent-up tears of all the woes, all the anguish, all the injustice they had borne. They wept aloud and flung up their hands and shouted the words with voices broken by emotion, and finally they shouted them with defiance, crying again and again, "*Vive le Roi ! Vive la Belgique ! Vive la Liberté !*"

When J—, who was there, told me of it all, his own eyes were moist and his voice trembled again with the emotion that had choked it on that morning.

"*Do you think a people like that can be conquered ?*" he asked.

The Germans had sent a company of infantry at noon to the Place Rogier before the Gare du Nord, there before the Palace Hôtel, to

scatter the crowds. The soldiers tried to keep the Rue Neuve open, and at the Place de Brouckère a company of the grey-coated soldiers were formed on the steps of the Monument Anspach in a picturesque pyramid. But there were no serious collisions, and toward evening the German feeling was expressed with all the petulance of a child when suddenly the walls seemed to bloom, as it were, with little red *affiches**** ordering all those restaurants, public-houses, cafés, cinemas, that had been closed all day long — to close. And thus the day ended in a peal of Brussels laughter. *La Libre Belgique* in its following number, giving an account of these events, said, speaking of the German authorities :

"Again they grossly deceive themselves. Not only did the manifestation take place, but it had the amplitude and the importance that constituted for General von Bissing and also for the Pan-Germans, who were naïvely felicitating themselves on having already captivated the confidence of the Belgians, a resounding slap in the face. The spectacle which the capital offered to-day will dispel for ever, it is to be hoped, the illusions of those who, following the example of the Brussels correspondent of the *General-Anzeiger*, do not cease to envisage the possibility of an understanding between the Belgians and their execrated oppressors."

The French national Holiday, July 14, had been observed by a closing of shops, and now, after the celebration of the 21st, it was rumoured that another anniversary of a sinister significance in Belgian history — August 4 — would also be observed. And, sure enough, another little handbill was passed about on which were printed the words, "*Belges, fermez tous, le 4 août.*"

But there was another *affiche* **** forbidding the people to assemble, to wear decorations, to make demonstrations, or in any way to observe August 4, the anniversary of the beginning of the war between Germany and Belgium. Everybody was to be indoors by eight o'clock that night, Belgian time, and all shops were to be kept open during the day. And there was a penalty for disobedience — five years in Germany and ten thousand marks fine. Such was to be the punishment for the quiet, significant celebration of July 21.

August 4 passed quietly, but the Belgians had their revenge — all over the city men were wearing as *bouttonnières* little scraps of paper, recalling the famous phrase by which Von Bethmann-Hollweg had characterized the treaties that he had torn up that day a year before. It was chiefly in the Quartier Marollien that this example of the irrepressible *zwanze bruxelloise* was to be seen. And the *zwanzeurs* paid the penalty : two streets in the *quartier*, the Rue de l'Escalier and the Rue du Dam, were ordered closed, shut off from the rest of the city, and for a fortnight the denizens of those two rather lively thoroughfares sang "*La Brabançonne*" all night behind their closed shutters.*****

And again we had evidence of this fact, to which I have already referred — that there was nothing too insignificant for the Germans to notice. Once set out on an impossible and endless chase, they hunted down every rumour, every statement that did not please them, tried to correct every impression that was not to their liking. They were of the puerile mentality of those obscure individuals who used to publish in newspapers such notices as, "*John Doe, of 416 First Street, wishes it to be understood that he is not the John Doe arrested for drunkenness Saturday evening.*" Von Bissing published a long *affiche* denying some story that E. Alexander Powell had written and printed in a book ; he published

another denying a statement to the effect that the Germans had removed the bronze lion from the mound that marks the battlefield of Waterloo, though, as I told Von der Lancken, whatever might be said in favour of the lion, it would have been in the interests of art, if not of morals — which do not have, necessarily, anything to do with art — had the mound itself been levelled with the earth of which it was made.

The young men of the C.R.B. were often the witnesses and sometimes the victims of exhibitions of this curiously immature judgment in all that pertained to the judicial ascertainment of facts, to the administration of justice. The Germans revealed the same notion of evidence that fishwives and termagants display in neighbourhood quarrels and in petty trials before justices of the peace. Two of our Americans, Messrs. Stevens and Gaylor, delegates of the C.R.B. at St.-Quentin, in the north of France, had an enlightening experience of the sort. An English soldier who had been in hiding in the north of France was captured and a diary found on him. The diary contained an entry saying, "*I hear there are two Americans in town and I wish I could see them, for I am sure they would help me.*" The Germans, on the strength of this evidence, to them perfectly admissible and convincing, threatened to arrest Stevens and Gaylor, insisting that this proved collusion on their part with the Englishman, and the young men could not convince the Germans that they could not be bound by unsupported statements of a third person so long as no ground had been laid to show a connexion between him and them.

Mr. Casper Whitney, the writer and explorer, another of the delegates of the C.R.B., had an experience even more striking. One day, while driving in a motor with Mr. Lytle, likewise a delegate, a German officer, dashing around a corner in a village down in Luxembourg, came violently into collision with the C.R.B. car. No one, fortunately, was hurt, but the officer flew into a rage, had the two men arrested, and there was eventually an inquiry conducted by the German Governor of the Province. The report of the Governor himself shows the German attitude and mentality, and the amazing character of the whole remarkable proceeding, better than I could possibly do it, and I give extracts from it.

*"If Oberlt Wessel did not, to begin with", says the German statement — in what I think was Bulle's translation into English, and I give it as it was made — "receive the two gentlemen of the C.R.B. in a manner as is otherwise his, and insisted on the use of the German language, it is on account of Mr. Lytle's conduct. The officer had a right to expect that Mr. Lytle's attitude, as the junior, would be more modest and polite. The conduct of this gentleman was assuming and his attitude offensive. He had, while speaking, both hands in his pockets — what, to German views, is not usual amongst well-educated ***** people.*

"Mr. Lytle, in his statement, of complaint, makes use of expressions which the Government cannot admit in correspondence between educated men. Mr. Lytle says that 'neither Mr. Whitney nor he could take Oberlt. Wessel seriously in his saying.' He further writes that Mr. Whitney has said that the accident only happened on account of the 'stupidity' of the German chauffeur. These remarks are offensive toward the German officer and the German chauffeur. I would ask you to request Mr. Lytle to immediately present his excuses on account of his remarks in his report, as otherwise I should, to my regret, be obliged to proceed against him for insult."

Just what light all this could throw on the question of responsibility for the collision it would be difficult to say. No comment was made on the officer's conduct while in the frenzy of the rage into which he flew, and no reflections were made on his rearing ; possibly he was a *Wütherich*, and his *Jähzorn* therefore to be overlooked.

Nor did the German authorities see anything unusual in the fact that the *Kreischef*, when the matter was brought before him by Oberlt. Wessel, insisted that the two Americans speak to him in German, a language neither of them understood.

It was not an uncommon thing, indeed, for them to insist on this being done — unless one were an *Excellenz* and had authority or dignity enough to overpower them, as Villalobar did one day. A German officer began shouting at him in German, but the Marquis said :

"Pardon, monsieur ; je ne peux pas vous comprendre ; parlez lentement, poliment et en français."

An officer said to me one day — though in French and, as he supposed, *poliment* — that English was but a dialect of German. There are, of course, many German words in our language ; for instance, all or many of the words that relate to the kitchen, to the barnyard, and to the servants' quarters are German in origin, while all words that relate to the *salon* and to the life abovestairs are from the French. Germans say "*Fleisch*", "*Kalb*", "*Schaf*", etc., as we say "*flesh*", "*calf*", "*sheep*". But in the dining-room we say "*beef*" (*boeuf*), "*veal*" (*veau*), and "*mutton*" (*mouton*). One might go on indefinitely, or one might, if one were a comparative philologist and were not too weary of the subject ... like most such subjects, futile, after all.

But while on the experiences of the delegates of the C.R.B. I may as well add an incident that came under the notice of Mr. Bowden, the delegate at Longwy. He had been living in a château down there belonging to a French manufacturer. This Frenchman had a factory, a steel mill of some sort, and the Germans insisted that he operate it. He said that he had no fuel, and they sold him a hundred tons of coal, for which they made him pay cash. Then the next day they requisitioned the hundred tons of coal, took it away — and gave him a *bon* for it.

Brand WITHLOCK

London ; William HEINEMANN ; 1919.

* The telegram from Davignon, Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs : Transmis, cite. À l'occasion votre fête nationale vous exprimons ainsi qu'au gouvernement américain vives félicitations et sincère gratitude nation belge.

DAVIGNON,

(Transmitted, quote. On the occasion of your national holiday permit us to express to you and thus to the American Government the lively felicitations and sincere gratitude of the Belgian nation.)

** ARRÊTÉ

Je préviens le public que, le 21 juillet 1915, les démonstrations de tout genre sont expressément et rigoureusement interdites.'

Les réunions, les cortèges et le pavoisement des édifices publics et particuliers tombent aussi sous l'application de l'interdiction ci-dessus.

Les contrevenants seront passibles d'une peine d'emprisonnement de 3 mois au plus et d'une amende pouvant aller jusqu'à 10.000 mark ou d'une de ces peines à l'exclusion de l'autre.

Le Gouverneur de Bruxelles,

BRUXELLES, le 18 juillet 1915. Von KRAEWEL, *Lieutenant Général*.

Translation
NOTICE

I warn the public that on July 21, 1915, demonstrations of all kinds are expressly and emphatically prohibited.

Assemblies, parades, and the decoration of public and private buildings fall also within the scope of this prohibition.

The offenders will be liable to punishment of imprisonment not exceeding three months and a fine not exceeding 10.000 marks, or one of these two penalties to the exclusion of the other.

The Governor of Brussels,

BRUSSELS, July 18, 1915. Von KRAEWEL, *Lieutenant-General*.

ARRÊTÉ

Quiconque porte, expose ou montre en public d'une façon provocatrice des insignes belges ou quiconque porte, expose ou montre en public, même d'une manière non provocatrice, des insignes d'autres pays en guerre avec l'Allemagne ou ses alliés, est passible d'une amende de 600 mark au plus ou d'une peine d'emprisonnement de 6 semaines au plus. Ces deux peines peuvent aussi être réunies.

Les contraventions seront jugées par les autorités ou les tribunaux militaires allemands.

Le présent arrêté entrera en vigueur le 1er juillet 1915.

Le Gouverneur général en Belgique,

BRUXELLES, le 16 juin 1915. BARON von Bissing, *Général-Colonel*.

Translation NOTICE

Whoever wears, exposes, or shows in public in a provocative fashion Belgian insignia, or whoever wears, exposes, or shows in public, even in a manner not provocative, the insignia of other countries at war with Germany or her allies, is liable to a fine of not more than 600 marks, or to the penalty of imprisonment for not more than six weeks. These two penalties may be applied together.

Infringements will be judged by the authorities or the German military tribunals. This notice will go into force on July 1, 1915.

The Governor-General in Belgium,

BRUSSELS. June 16, 1915. BARON VON BISSING, *Colonel-General*.

***** AVIS**

Les hôtels, restaurants, brasseries, estaminets, cafés et cinématographes doivent être fermés aujourd'hui, le 21 juillet, à partir de 8 heures (heure allemande) du soir, dans l'agglomération bruxelloise.

Le Commandant, BARON VON STACHWITZ, *Colonel*.

BRUXELLES, le 21 juillet 1915.

Translation , NOTICE

The hotels, restaurants, breweries, beer-gardens, cafés, and cinemas must close to-day, July 21, at eight o'clock in the evening (German time), in the agglomeration of Brussels.

The Commandant, BARON VON STACHWITZ, *Colonel*.

BRUSSELS, July 21, 1915.

******AVIS**

Je préviens la population de l'agglomération bruxelloise que, le 4 août, toute démonstration, y compris le pavoisement des maisons et le port d'insignes en vue de manifester, est strictement défendue.

Tous les rassemblements seront dispersés sans ménagement par la force armée.

En outre, j'ordonne que, le 4 août, tous les magasins, ainsi que les cafés, restaurants, tavernes, théâtres, Cinémas et autres établissements du même genre, soient fermés à partir de 8 heures du soir (heure allemande). Après 9 heures du soir (heure allemande), seules les personnes ayant une autorisation spéciale et écrite émanant d'une autorité allemande pourront séjourner et circuler dans la rue.

Les contrevenants seront punis soit d'une peine d'emprisonnement de 5 ans au plus et d'une amende pouvant aller jusqu'à, 10.000 mark, soit d'une de ces deux peines à l'exclusion de l'autre.

Les magasins et établissements précités qui, démonstrativement, fermeront pendant la journée du 4 août, resteront fermés pendant une période de temps assez longue.

Le Gouverneur de Bruxelles,

BRUXELLES, 1er août 1915. VON KRAEWEL, *Lieutenant Général.*

Translation
NOTICE

I warn the population of the agglomeration of Brussels that on August 4 all demonstration, including the decoration of houses and the wearing of insignia for the purpose of celebrating, is strictly forbidden.

All assemblies will be dispersed without distinction by the armed forces.

Furthermore, I order that on August 4 all stores, including cafés, restaurants, taverns, theatres, cinemas, and other establishments of a similar nature, be closed at eight o'clock in the evening (German time). After nine o'clock in the evening (German time), only those persons having a special and written authorization emanating from a German authority will be able to travel or to circulate in the streets.

The offenders will be punished either by a penalty of imprisonment for not more than five years and a fine of not more than 10.000 marks, or by one of these two penalties to the exclusion of the other.

The stores and establishments named above which, as a manifestation, are closed during the day of August 4, will remain closed during a rather long period.

The Governor of Brussels,

BRUSSELS, August 1, 1915. Vox KRAEWEL, *Lieutenant-General.*

***** UNE COMMUNICATION OFFICIELLE

Aux habitants de la rue de l'Escalier et de la rue du Dam

Je vous communique la traduction d'un extrait d'une lettre que je viens de recevoir de l'autorité allemande.

J'attire votre attention sur les sanctions annoncées contre ceux qui contreviendraient aux mesures ordonnées par le gouvernement militaire allemand.

Bruxelles, le 9 août 1915.

Au Collège Échevinal de Bruxelles

. . . Si même je veux reconnaître que l'administration de la Ville s'est efforcée à faire appliquer, le 4 de ce mois, par ses organes, les mesures prescrites, il reste cependant subsister le fait que, dans deux rues, des individus isolés ont tenu d'une manière démonstrative une grossière inconduite à l'égard des patrouilles allemandes.

Il est à regretter que les coupables individuellement n'aient pu être découverts ; par suite, il ne me reste qu'à prendre des mesures contre les rues dont s'agit dans lesquelles des écarts ont été commis.

En conséquence, j'arrête ce qui suit en ce qui concerne les deux rues de l'Escalier et du Dam :

À partir du lundi 9 de ce mois et pour la durée de quatorze jours, c'est-à-dire jusqu'au 22 de ce mois inclusivement :

(a) Toutes les maisons de commerce et tous les cafés seront fermés à partir du 7 heures du

soir (heure allemande).

^(b) A partir de 9 heures du soir (heure allemande) personne ne pourra se trouver hors de sa maison sur la rue. Depuis cette heure, toutes les fenêtres donnant sur la rue devront être fermées.

Il incombe à la Ville de communiquer ce qui précède aux habitants de ces rues, d'appliquer les mesures précitées et d'exercer, pour l'observance de celles-ci, une sévère surveillance.

Aussi je vous prie de faire en sorte que ces rues soient suffisamment éclairées jusqu'à 11 heures du soir (heure allemande).

En outre, je ferai inspecter ces rues par des patrouilles allemandes. S'il se produisait, à cette occasion, de nouveaux écarts contre les patrouilles allemandes, ces dernières feraient usage de leurs armes.

Avec haute considération distinguée.

VON KRAEWEL, *Gouverneur de Bruxelles.*

Translation

AN OFFICIAL COMMUNICATION

To the inhabitants of the Rue de l'Escalier and the Rue du Dam

I transmit to you the translation of an extract from a letter which I have just received from the German authority.

I call your attention to the penalty prescribed for those who violate the measures ordered by the German military government.

BRUSSELS, *August 9, 1915.*

To the College of Échevins of Brussels

. . . Though I allow that the municipal authorities did their best to carry out the measures prescribed, the fact remains that in two streets some isolated individuals committed, in a demonstrative manner, a gross violation of there in the sight of the German patrols.

It is to be regretted that the guilty parties individually could not be discovered ; therefore it remains for me to take measures against the streets concerned, in which the misconduct took place.

Consequently, I proclaim the following concerning the two streets, de l'Escalier and du Dam :

Beginning Monday the 9th of this month, and during a period of fourteen days, that is to say, until the 22nd of this month inclusively :

(a) All business houses and all cafés will be closed after seven o'clock in the evening (German time).

(b) Beginning at nine o'clock in the evening (German time), no one will be allowed outside of his house in the street. After this hour all windows facing on the street must be closed.

It is the duty of the City to communicate the preceding to the inhabitants of these streets, to apply the foregoing measures, and to keep a strict watch upon their observance.

Also, I beg you to see that these streets are sufficiently lighted until eleven o'clock in the evening (German time).

Furthermore, I shall have these streets inspected by the German patrols. If there should occur, on this occasion, renewed outbursts against the German patrols, these last will make use of their arms.

With high and distinguished consideration.

VON KRAEWEL, *Governor of Brussels.*

* ***** Used, doubtless, in the French sense, equivalent to our "*well-bred*".

Footnotes.

It would be interesting compare with what **Paul MAX** (cousin of the *bourgmestre Adolphe MAX*) told about the same day in his *Journal de guerre* (*Notes d'un Bruxellois pendant l'Occupation 1914-1918*) :

http://www.museedelavilledebruxelles.be/fileadmin/user_upload/publications/Fichier PDF/Fonte/Journal de %20guerre de Paul Max bdef.pdf