

August 1, 1914.—I was awakened suddenly out of a sound sleep this morning by loud, insistent knocks at my door. I got up; it was six o'clock; I opened the door and there stood Omer,<sup>1</sup> in uniform—the rough blue tunic, linen pantaloons, and the little *bonnet de Police*. He stood at attention, his hand at the salute.

*"C'est la guerre, Excellence."*

The words, of course, were superfluous. Omer standing there, ready to depart, was somehow the symbol of the thing we had feared for a week. He was in a hurry; he had to get to town, report, and go to Liège at once. I fumbled through my clothes and gave him all the money I had, while he told me the latest news—the Germans had entered Luxembourg and were throwing down the bridges. I told him I might have him excused; but no; "I shall do my duty," he said. I shook his hand; he smiled in the tender gentle way he had, and went down the stairs. Sleep was of course impossible. I dressed, breakfasted, and gave the order to move back to town. All day we were packing up, and late in the afternoon we were ready to leave the lovely spot where we have spent two such happy months. I found Nell sitting in the great open window looking over the trees to Tervueren,<sup>2</sup> its little red roofs warm in the sun. She was in tears.

"My poor little Tervueren," she said.

We drove in, the two mothers and I, the motor piled with bags, and a little silk flag Eugène had fastened there fluttering from the roof of the car. We passed some mounted troops in the avenue Tervueren—mobilization well under way. At the Cinquantaire, there was much movement and bustle; the authorities were already requisitioning motors and packing them there. We made a detour round into the rue Belliard and so on to the Legation. It was late before the others came. We drove down to the Monnaie for dinner; and were gratefully surprised when our money was taken without question, for the town is already in a panic and many of the restaurants are refusing all money except gold. On the way back I

<sup>1</sup> Whitlock's servant.

<sup>2</sup> Whitlock and his wife were spending the summer at the villa Bois Fleuri, near the ancient village of Tervueren, within twenty minutes from the Brussels Legation by motor.

bought a copy of *Le Petit Bleu*, which men were hoarsely crying in the rue d'Arenberg at the entrance to the Galerie du Roi. It has an article against Germany with a great head-line: "Shameless Barbarism." Germany has declared war on Russia, and Luxembourg has been invaded—these are the features of today's news. But the whole world is mobilizing, and France, England, and Belgium are of course involved; the declarations are now mere formalities. Jaurés has been assassinated at Paris—he spoke here only the other night. And there is a rumor that Caillaux has been assassinated.

We are very tired tonight. The good Josephine has been laying in provisions for a siege.