

August 12, 1914.—Sir Francis sent over his cases of archives this afternoon to be ready for eventualities.

I was too nervous to remain indoors; and drove out again with Nell and Miss L. Brussels and Belgium never so beautiful. There is something infinitely pathetic in all this loveliness, and in its presence what words can one find for the abomination, the folly and the crime of this useless war?

But all evening, in a strange energy, I thought of the Grande Place as it looked this afternoon, and finally scribbled some verses; even sketched out a plan for a chapter of my novel. How I hate to give up that darling project. But writing, of course, is impossible. Shall I ever finish it?

Tonight the wind is strangely still, every one waiting, and the

German army, so it is said, stretched along the frontier from Holland to Switzerland. The outposts are only thirty miles from us, but the movements of the French and English are surrounded with impenetrable mystery. And we wait, wait, wait.... What will tomorrow bring?

The inhabitants of Liège are sworn not to fire on the Germans nor to commit any kind of aggressive action. The hostages, it is said, have been released. The German cavalry is at Tirlemont, drawing nearer, and Liège is invested. But still the Government announces through the press that the "situation remains favorable."

Today orders are issued to the civil guard not to fire on aviators, the sequel to the incident in the rue de Trèves.