

November 21, 1918.—We were up and off at 8:30. Koebig and his party had spent the night at Abbeville. They overtook us at Boulogne, where we separated, not to see them again all that day, for we raced on to Calais, thence to Dunkirk, and so on to Adinkerke and were in Belgium. We began inquiring the way, went on to Furnes, thence on to Pervys, this on the Belgian front, which I had seen in May, 1917. From Pervys, a mass of rivers, went on into no man's land; the waters of the Yser had receded, or been drained or dyked or the inundation in some way brought to an end, and over an improvised road, through the mud, the abomination of desolation, carcasses of flying machines, aëroplanes on either hand, and so on, and so on, too depressing for any words, filling me with despair; and no sign of the others behind us! We came to the German defences, what remained of them; signs in German and all that sort of thing, and so finally emerged in peaceful, sweet Flanders—calm, lovely as ever; and about three, arrived in Bruges.

The old town was awake; crowded with motors—Belgian for the most part, but British too, and American, all bound for Brussels to see the King come in. The town was gay... still *en fête*, rejoicing in the liberation. We had luncheon there; still no sign of the others, of those others in whom I was most interested, Marie and Kin Kung and Tai Tai—though the driver had seen Koebig's car dashing through. We started on toward Ghent, and reached there in an hour. The city was dark as Erebus; not a light, or scarcely a light showing, and we had to stop, and ask our way, and finally go to the Belgian General Headquarters to get some petrol, which Major Hainaut arranged for me; then a tire to be inflated. Finally, on to Brussels.

It was after seven, considerably after, when the lights of the city, the lights that are not many, came into sight—after an interesting drive, along a road crowded with trains of lorries of the

Belgian or French army, moving towards Brussels, with streams of military motors, and so on—and we entered this dear old city.

It was *en fête* too, and as we turned into the boulevard Anspach, there it was lighted and crowded as I had not seen it since those first August days in 1914. Some persons recognized me—and they lifted their hats.

Round by the Palace, and so finally to the rue Belliard and the Legation—the familiar clang of the door bell as it rang—and there were Gustave and Joseph in livery, and Colette and her husband, and Josephine! And the house warm and filled with flowers—from everybody, and heaps of cards and notes of welcome.

But no dinner. We sent Sir Francis home. Koebig had arrived—but not the car driven by Max. Nell and I drove to Allards'—they were at de Sinçays'. We went there—and there they all were, gay at a dinner party. May we come in? Delighted! And such greetings, such pleasure at seeing these good old friends again. . . . We were all very gay, and de Sinçay ordered the butler and footmen to bring in champagne for the first time since the war; and he made a speech and they all drank our health, and I responded. Then up to the familiar salon for coffee and cigarettes—just as if nothing had ever happened! And at 10:30 we came home—and a few minutes after there came the missing motor and Marie and the dogs, sniffing about awhile, then racing and barking through salons and halls—glad to be at home.