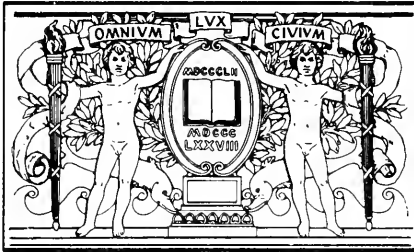


# A WAR DIARY IN PARIS

1914-1917

JOHN GARDNER COOLIDGE



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BY

JOHN GARDNER COOLIDGE



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TO  
ISABEL STEVENS



1914

## NOTE

Entries initialled [H.] are by Helen Coolidge,  
and those initialled [J.] are my additions to them.

J. G. C.

## INTRODUCTORY

WHEN the World War broke out, we were passing the hot weather in our 'camp' on Squam Lake, among the forest-clad foothills of the White Mountains, and shortly after I sent the following letter:

*Aug. 4, 1914*

*To the President of the United States,*

SIR:

I have the honor to volunteer my services, for any emergency work of a diplomatic character, at home or abroad, with or without remuneration.

I have had the benefit of seven years' (1902-1909) training and experience, as Secretary of Legation and Chargé d'Affaires in Peking, as Secretary of Embassy and Chargé d'Affaires in Mexico, and as Minister Plenipotentiary in Nicaragua. I have a good knowledge of French.

Sir,

I have the honor to be

&c., &c.,

JOHN GARDNER COOLIDGE

An answer came a week later as follows:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE

*Aug. 11*

MY DEAR MR. COOLIDGE,

The President has referred to this Department your letter of Aug. 4th, tendering your services

to the Government for special diplomatic work, and I beg to assure you of the keen appreciation of the President and of myself, of your kind offer, which will be borne in mind should the necessity arise.

Yours very truly,  
W. J. BRYAN

I feared that this would be the end, but, thanks to the efforts of my good friend, William Phillips, three months later, the following telegram came to me in Boston.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE

*Nov. 20, 1914*

The President desires to avail himself of your services in an Embassy, in one of the countries now at war, and offers you salary, etc. I sincerely hope that you will accept. Please telegraph me.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS

I answered, accepting at once, and four days later, I received a telegram from the Secretary of State, appointing me Special Agent to the Embassy in Paris.

The Lusitania was sailing on December 5, and six days after receiving my orders, we closed our house and started on our way.

On leaving New York, we saw eight great German liners interned at Hoboken, and outside an English cruiser watching for them. The voyage

across was uneventful; every night all lights were screened from the outside, and no one was even allowed to smoke on deck. This was mainly as a precaution against prowling German cruisers, some of which were still at large, for at that time the danger from submarines did not extend far beyond the Irish coast.

A considerable part of the pre-war crew of the Lusitania had been drafted for military purposes, leaving her short-handed in every department; there were not stokers enough to fire all of her boilers, so her speed was reduced by about one quarter. She carried on this voyage 864 steerage passengers, most of them British reservists, or men going home to join the colors; there were 562 in the cabin, five sixths of them men, all of whom were travelling on some business connected with the war. Prominent among these was Mr. Schwab whose affairs were of great importance, for he kept crossing and recrossing in these early days; every one guessed at their nature, but no one knew. In fact, guessing the purposes of others, without revealing their own, became one of the great interests of the trip. Another well-known figure was James Gordon Bennett returning to his newspaper work in Paris. We saw much of Lithgow Osborne, son of my classmate, Tom Osborne, who was on his way to join our Embassy in Berlin, and an old friend, Billy Patten, bound for London, Paris, and ultimately Russia. There was some very rough

weather on the last night, but we reached London, without mishap of any kind, in a week.

My wife had brought her Swiss maid with her and she was admitted at Liverpool without question, but when I applied to the French Embassy for permission to take her to Paris, to my amazement I was told that, although born in Switzerland, she was of German parentage and had never become a Swiss citizen. We therefore arranged to have her return to the United States.

While in London I saw Mr. Page at the Embassy, but we were taken care of by the Conseiller, my old friend Laughlin, of Chinese days, who is now our Ambassador at Madrid. He made all the arrangements necessary for our journey to Paris. We left our hotel a little after six in the morning in pitch darkness, with Hobson, the faithful old messenger of the Embassy, to see to our luggage and put us on the train.

The journey to Paris was made without incident; crossing the Channel we saw but one aeroplane and one or two torpedo craft. This may have been due to the fact that this was the morning of the German air raid on Hartlepool, Scarborough, and Whitby.

At Boulogne all was activity, with hospital ships, Red Cross and troop trains, and London motor busses to convey troops to the front; of course there were signs of military energy everywhere.



At Abbeville we left the main line, because the bridge this side of Amiens had been destroyed by the Germans, and finished our journey by devious cross-country lines — in spite of which we arrived at Paris at 10 P.M., only an hour and a half late, but after a very long day.

Next morning I reported at the Embassy, where I saw our new Ambassador, Mr. Sharp, who had been but a few weeks in France. Had it been possible, it would have been better, from every point of view, to have Mr. Herrick retained at his post in this crisis, but our unfortunate partisan system makes it out of the question that a place of the highest importance should be held by a political opponent of the Government. Working in the Embassy at this time were the two other Special Agents of ministerial rank, Dodge and Garrett, both old friends, who were entrusted with the care of German and Austrian interests in France. The charge of Ottoman interests became my province, and remained so to the end of the odious period of our neutrality. The Conseiller was Robert Woods Bliss, an experienced diplomat, which the Ambassador was not, and there was an unusually large staff of military and naval attachés, and emergency workers of different kinds. I was temporarily given an office on the first floor, at the back of the Chancery at No. 5 Rue de Chaillot, in which I found an old and dirty desk, part of which did not shut, and the rest of which

did not open, also a few shelves crowded with unsorted archives, and a picture of Mr. Bryan, smiling benignly at the prospect of universal peace. To these were added a table with a typewriting machine, played upon by a lady of English-French-Hebrew extraction.

My wife was busy looking for a place to live, and we first found accommodations at the Hôtel Plaza Athénée, on the Avenue Montaigne, about ten minutes' walk from the 'policy shop.' The proprietor, whom I had known for twenty years, was pleased to see us. The hotel was closed in the first days of the war, had only recently been reopened, and we were the first guests to arrive. Some hotels at which I had found temporary quarters in Spanish-American cities advertised 'Special Prices for Diplomats'; they were about twice as high as for all others, but, luckily for us, in this case we had no special ill treatment.

One member of the Ottoman Embassy, the Conseiller, Salih Bey, was allowed to remain in Paris as 'Archiviste,' in charge of its possessions, as a corresponding French official had been left in Constantinople. Fortunately for me, our Embassy in Constantinople had charge of French interests, whereas we reciprocally had charge of Turkish interests, which greatly simplified our means of communication. After a while our Ambassador, being engrossed with much more important matters, gave me absolute control of my little depart-

ment, and I simply reported progress from time to time. Most of the German and Austrian subjects who were still in France at the outbreak of hostilities were interned in concentration camps for the duration of the war. This was not deemed necessary for Ottoman subjects, mainly because a majority of them were intensely hostile to the Turkish Government. Perhaps nine tenths were poor Greeks, Jews, or Armenians who had no reason to love their late masters. Almost all of the real Turks had been able to leave the country before Turkey threw in her lot with the Central Powers.

Some time later I moved my quarters to the ground floor of the new construction next door, where I occupied a few rooms at the back. My private office looked out on a small interior court, surrounded by tall buildings, with the result that during the winter months I did all my work by electric light, without suffering any inconvenience. In front of this was a small reception room, and by it, my 'Chancery' — where the files were kept and the letters were written. My friend Salih Bey, the Archiviste, brought over from the Turkish Embassy curtains and divans of Oriental magnificence which made my quarters look like the ante-room of a Turkish bath. My staff at that time consisted of a French gentleman, M. de Mirasson, who acted as a buffer between me and unnecessary visitors; he was a big powerful man and very

useful when a true Turk and an Armenian happened to drop in at the same time. I had also a young American architect who had married a French lady, and was living in Paris. Next in the 'National Gallery' was an English journalist named Langelaan who had been on the staff of the *Times*. I have forgotten what he thought he was doing in Paris when I gathered him into my fold, but he proved intelligent and useful in many ways. After a given time the English authorities, who were always on the lookout for new fighting material, told him that he would serve his country better by killing a few Germans than by wearing out a typewriter in the office of a neutral Embassy. They little knew that office. In reply to an inquiry about him, I wrote that he had a young wife quite dependent on him, that he was far from robust, which was obvious, and that his work in my office consisted, in part, in typewriting letters to Enver Pasha or his friends, urging them to soften the lot of the imprisoned heroes of Kut, etc. They left him alone after that, and in the end managed to win the war without him. The stenographer was an Armenian, and Turkey was represented by my friend Salih Bey, who came frequently to sit on his own divan and complain of the scant importance attached by his Government to such trivial details as the payment of his salary.

When the French decided not to intern the Ottoman subjects *en masse*, they gave them, for

identification, '*Permis de Séjour*,' which were little green cards on which it was stated that they were subjects of Turkey, i.e., a power at war with France. The '*Permis de Séjour*' had to be shown whenever asked for, and the result was that it became impossible for them to obtain employment anywhere, so they were thrown entirely upon their own meagre resources, eked out by foreign charitable organizations. There are certain nations that cannot be starved to death, and among them the Jews, Greeks, and Armenians stand high. If there is any money anywhere, they will find it or earn it. Later, the authorities informed me that certain persons were at large who claimed to be Ottoman subjects, without any proof of identity, and asked if I could issue some sort of certificate of nationality. There was very little of assistance in the Turkish archives, so I devised a form stating that so-and-so was registered at the American Embassy as a Turkish subject, and requesting that customary privileges and immunities be granted to him. Of course, applicants had to present to me such proofs of their nationality as they could gather. After this there was no further trouble on that score. I was a little surprised at first to discover that the Armenians were not charitable among themselves. There was a local Ottoman relief society, presided over by a rich Greek shopkeeper to whom I sent many applicants at first, but they usually returned

with the report that he had given them but cold comfort. With a considerable number of these poor people scattered all over France, it was inevitable that incidents should arise which brought them into conflict with the local authorities. It was my duty to straighten out these cases, and I found the French central bureau very helpful in the matter. In the early days I managed to obtain for them certain little privileges, but I soon stopped that, for I found that if you gave them an inch they took an ell — another racial characteristic. People came frequently to the office asking me to transmit money to friends in Turkey, and a great French bank, the *Crédit Lyonnais*, with an important agency in Constantinople, asked me whether I could not transmit a neutral agent to their branch. This was, of course, impossible, but I devised a system by which our Embassies at both ends accepted money from those desiring to have it forwarded, until there was approximately the same amount in each; then the money was paid out, without transfer, to the addressees, a very crude form of banking, but it served its purpose, and there were but few complaints. The mail was forwarded about every nine days *via* Switzerland, for it had to be transshipped in a neutral country. I could not send an official ‘pouch,’ and had to rely on the simple precaution of giving serial numbers to my dispatches, so that I could tell if the mail had been tampered with.

The Americans remaining in Paris were very active in their efforts to alleviate the sufferings of the soldiers in the hospitals all over France. The principal organization of this kind was called 'The Clearing House,' and from it innumerable packages were sent out in every direction, containing hospital supplies of all kinds, clothing for the sick and wounded, tobacco and minor delicacies.

From the first, Paris was kept very dark after nightfall; the lights in the smaller streets remained unlit, and in the great thoroughfares were reduced in number and shielded from above by an opaque covering. All shutters above the ground floor were closed (or the lighting within extinguished). On the street floor the shops, restaurants, and places of public resort remained as usual. In case of an air raid the orders were for every one to seek refuge from the streets till all was over. Cellars were recommended as places of safety, but few of them were bomb-proof, and virtually none gas-proof, and as chemical warfare progressed the Germans took to dropping gas bombs which exploded when they reached the ground with the result that the cellar was not very much safer than the roof.

[H.] When a German aviator was discovered crossing the lines at night, word was at once telegraphed to Paris, and the *alerte* was sounded in every quarter by the *pompier*s rushing through the streets, and I shall never forget the blood-

curdling shrieks of the sirens. Immediately after they passed, you could hear the clanging of the iron shutters in windows and doors, every light was extinguished and we waited in an almost uncanny stillness for the reports of the anti-aircraft guns, announcing the arrival of the hostile *avions*. When all danger was passed, the 'all out' signal was sounded. Their objective was the Tour Eiffel, the most important radio station in France, and the great bakeries on the Avenue du Trocadero; happily they never harmed either in the whole four years of the war.

[J.] My wife soon found a delightful furnished apartment in the Avenue Montaigne, on the site of the notorious old Jardin Mabille, where we lived for the next two years, after which we took over Lord Granville's flat in the Faubourg St. Honoré.

On the tenth day after our arrival, we moved into it and H. turned her attention to plans for future activities. There were certain going concerns such as the American Ambulance Hospital at Neuilly, under the ægis of the Embassy, to which some of the ladies went weekly to give tea to the doctors and nurses. There was also the Œuvre de Mon Soldat, conducted by a friend, Madame Phillippe Bérard, the function of which was to alleviate the lot of soldiers from the invaded districts, while at the front, and while on leave in Paris. These soldiers were more to be pitied than



the others, as they were absolutely cut off from their families and friends and had no possibility of obtaining news of them.

H. soon became closely associated with this Œuvre and her interest in it, and constant attention, never flagged to the end. During the war it was the custom with French ladies to adopt these lonely soldiers — to write to them when they were at the front and send them little delicacies, and when they were in Paris to find them lodgings and fit them out as far as might be with socks, *chandailles*, and tobacco for their return to the trenches. This Œuvre grew tremendously and even in England and America *marraines* were found to adopt *filleuls* — until by the end of the war the number was almost beyond belief. The *filleuls*, godsons, were very grateful, and in return frequently brought to Paris souvenirs of the trenches. In my wife's lot was a tall Turk, one of my *ressortissants*, who brought as his offering a shell about two feet long and weighing some forty pounds. He said that it was innocuous, but I finally decided to have it made so. They were always blowing themselves up, the poor children; the favorite way was to bring an innocent hand grenade home to their lady loves with dire results to both.

There were two American Ambulance Corps in the early days, which were later absorbed by our Army Medical Service when we came into

the war. Up to that time they had been directed by Piatt Andrew, now a member of Congress, and Richard, son of Charles Eliot Norton, with two French officers in supreme command. They did their own financing, equipping, and recruiting and rendered very valuable service to their adopted country. The personnel was made up of young Americans, men only, and a fair percentage achieved military decorations for gallantry in the field.

As year followed year the food restrictions applied to non-fighters became more and more stringent. Some luxuries such as white bread were banned from the start as a matter of course; then gradually the number of courses served in the hotels were reduced, the accessories were cut out, and finally meatless days were added.

The only purposes for which foreign women were wanted in France during the war were for volunteer nursing, and charity work. Free lances were looked on as unnecessary mouths to fill. Evening dress for men was taboo and was replaced by dinner coats or uniforms.

It was the same story with fuel. It became harder and harder to get. We of the Embassies were in a privileged position had we desired to claim it, but I sat day after day for many hours in my little domain with nothing to keep me warm but my fur coat and the electric light. In the main building, of course, where the Ambassador re-

ceived visitors and much the greater part of the chancery work was done by a force of some fifty typewriters, the temperature had to be kept higher.

Racing in the Paris area was prohibited throughout the duration of the war and the great race-courses, such as Longchamps and Auteuil, were often placed in part under cultivation or used for storage of military supplies and closed to the public, and a great dairy was established at the Bois de Meudon to supply milk to the hospitals of Paris. Little market gardens sprang up everywhere; the long slopes of the ramparts soon became covered with them.



1915  
JANUARY TO JUNE



1915

JANUARY TO JUNE

*January 1, 1915.* President Poincaré held the customary New Year's Day reception of the Diplomatic Corps in the Elysée Palace at half-past two. There were about two hundred present, all in uniform except ourselves. The diplomats were ranged in a semi-circle in the reception room according to seniority. Sir Francis Bertie, the Doyen, greeted the President in a short speech, which was not the usual perfunctory expression of good will, but specially adapted to the occasion. The President in reply spoke with feeling of his hopes for the year to come, saying, among other things, that he hoped that at the reception next year, representatives of many more nations would happily be present. The angry gods willed it otherwise, and this proved to be the last New Year's reception during the war.

M. Poincaré then passed round the circle greeting the Ambassadors and shaking the hands of the others, in the first row. He was followed by his Ministers in the order of their rank, Viviani, Briand, Delcassé (Foreign Affairs), Millerand, Augagneur, Ribot, etc., etc., after which we withdrew.

At this time the leading members of the Diplomatic Corps were:

The British Ambassador, Sir Francis Bertie, and Lord Granville, the Conseiller of the Embassy, with rank of Minister.

The Russian Ambassador, Monsieur Isvolsky.

The Italian Ambassador, Monsieur Tittoni.

The Spanish Ambassador, General le Marquis de Valtierra.

The Japanese Ambassador, Baron Ishii.

The Belgian Minister, Baron Guillaume.

The Netherlands Minister, Chevalier de Stuers.

The Swedish Minister, Count Güldenstolpe.

The Swiss Minister, Monsieur Lardy.

*Jan. 2.* [H.] We moved this afternoon into our flat at 53 Avenue Montaigne, where we found everything ready for us, luckily, for we had not been there half an hour when Elsie Burr arrived. She is coming to dinner next Saturday. A young man named Richardson also called with a letter from Mrs. Hardy, his aunt, whose husband, Arthur Sherburne Hardy, was formerly Minister in Spain, and more besides. He has joined the American Ambulance Corps.

*Sunday, Jan. 4.* It poured in the morning, but cleared later and we walked out to the Bois. On fine Sundays a fair number of people can be found in the Champs Elysées and the big boulevards are rather full; on week-days there are very few people in working hours except on the Boulevards downtown. Almost all the women are dressed in black. There are very few foreigners except occasional



English officers or soldiers. The large Latin-American colony seems to have melted away almost entirely, and many thousands of people must have left Paris, for you see long rows of apartments on the good streets, with their shutters up, and the same is true of the big shops, many of which have remained closed since the beginning of the war.

*Jan. 7.* [H.] Mrs. Dodge, Mrs. Morton Henry, and Mrs. Frank Shaw picked me up and took me to see Mrs. Wharton's Franco-Belge Hostelry. It is wonderfully well done, in a way, but I don't see how they can keep it going: it costs 30,000 francs a month, and between six and seven hundred people are fed there. The Countess Bertillier gave the house. Marguerite Shaw goes there every day to look after things. In the afternoon we went together to a concert at Mrs. Wharton's for the benefit of poor artists, and the Hostelry. A Mr. Capet played beautifully on the violin and Madame Croiza sang. There were about fifty people present. The apartment is very attractive.

*Sunday, Jan. 10.* A really fine day for our trip to the front. The Dodges came early in their motor and we started for Compiègne. We were stopped many times to show our passes, but the further we went, the less often it happened. Even quite near the city we saw signs of trenches, new and old, and there were men digging more. Our objective was Senlis, the headquarters of the French General

Staff, not far from Chantilly. During the German occupation the inhabitants of Senlis had been accused of sniping, so the Mayor of this town was taken out and shot, and about one hundred houses were sprinkled with petrol and burned to the ground. The ruins were very striking. Thence to Crépy-en-Valois, which is in the active zone of operations, where we lunched at a little hotel in a room full of officers, including one who appeared to be a general of high rank. This town was plundered, but not burned. The country from here on has been the scene of hard fighting, and at Assy we could hear plainly heavy firing in the direction of Soissons. The country round Etrepilly was particularly interesting and we had a chance to examine some trenches. We returned to Paris by way of Meaux, and reached home about ten at night. Owing to our battery giving out, we were in darkness for the latter part of our trip. Luckily few motors passed us. A wonderful day!

*Jan. 13.* The French appear to have had a bad time of it at Soissons, which the Germans have made the most of in their communiqués. The severe fighting began Sunday afternoon, probably with the heavy firing which we heard; the French were driven off the heights, over the plain and across the Aisne, though they still hold the bridge-heads on the north side. The river is in flood, and they claim that they were forced to fall back to the

other side for fear of being cut off from their supplies; they lost about a mile on a frontage of four, which does not seem very alarming, but unfortunately a great many wounded are coming in.

[H.] Mrs. Bliss called for me, a little after four, with Mrs. Dodge to take us to make our visit of ceremony on Madame Tittoni, the Italian Ambassador and Doyenne of the Diplomatic Corps. I must say I dreaded it, for I am still so timid about my French. Madame Tittoni is typically Italian, though she speaks French rapidly and fluently. She received us cordially. We also called on Madame Iswolski, the Russian Ambassador, who was perfectly delightful and perfectly simple. She spoke beautiful English.

Jan. 14. [H.] Marguerite Shaw came to lunch and we went afterwards to the hospital of the Val de Grâce. I was feeling let down, and the sufferings of the poor soldiers filled me with great sorrow. I was pleasantly surprised at the arrangements; of course it is not like our hospitals, but it was warm and the men seemed comfortable. We took cigarettes and talked to lots of the men and I think they were glad to see us. The ward for the blind and the *mâchoire* cases I would not go into. The concert at Mrs. Bliss's afterwards seemed rather dreary; at least I felt so depressed I left early and walked home in the darkness.

Jan. 15. [H.] The official war news amounts to

nothing. The mud is so awful in the trenches neither side can make any progress.

*Jan.* 20. [H.] The English are being attacked with renewed vigor at la Bassée, but so far the attacks have been repulsed with heavy losses to the Germans. Kitchener's second army is said to have been crossing over to Havre all this last week. Huntington Wilson called at tea-time; he was very nice and we talked shop hard.

*Jan.* 21. Walter Abbott turned up suddenly this morning, having come through on the night train from Switzerland, and I brought him home with me to lunch; he is looking for a job at the Clearing House. We dined this night with Mrs. Hickox, a very golden lady, from Cleveland, who has lived long in Paris and was one of the *entourage* of the late Pierpont Morgan. We found her nice and liked her decidedly.

*Jan.* 22. [H.] Walter Abbott came to dinner; he looks sick and I am troubled about him. John, who is very fond of him, has asked him to stay with us for a while and he is coming tomorrow and will live upstairs. This apartment is really very convenient, having two floors, which means two bathrooms.

*Jan.* 25. [H.] After my French lesson I went to the Petit Palais to see the Franco-Belge exhibition of things the two governments are sending to the San Francisco Fair. I was much disappointed, for the things amount to nothing, a few relics of Lafayette and Rochambeau, but there was a beau-

tiful collection of lace lent by a Madame Rigaud which was well worth seeing.

*Jan. 26.* [H.] Oh, so cold and dreary as the weather is these days, and the suffering of the men in the trenches must be awful! Great excitement over the sinking of the battle cruiser Blücher by Admiral Beatty's squadron. Apparently the fight took place about 125 miles southwest of Heligoland. The German squadron was steaming towards England and was taken by surprise; the cruisers Defflinger and Seydlitz are said to have been damaged and the news is all to the good.

*Jan. 29.* [H.] There has been desperate fighting about Craonne; two companies of French soldiers, 800 men, have been taken prisoners by the Germans, but on the other hand the French claim to have taken prisoners or killed about 20,000(!).

*Jan. 31.* The news this morning is that a German submarine has been running amuck in the Irish Sea; it has sunk four small steamers, some of them not far from the mouth of the Mersey. In every case the crew received warning, and was given about ten minutes to take to their boats, so that there was no loss of life. It is curious that in these raids against the merchant marine the Germans have not yet succeeded in sinking anything of much account.

*Feb. 1, 1915.* [H.] Another little merchant ship has been sunk by the Germans, just at the mouth of the Mersey, which gives us all a horrid feeling.

The Germans are so angry at not getting ahead that they are leaving nothing undone.

*Feb. 3.* [H.] All cross-Channel steamers between Belfast and Liverpool and Dublin have been stopped, and it really looks very serious with these dreadful German submarines about, for they attempted yesterday to sink the hospital ship *Asturias*.

*Feb. 4.* [H.] Our first spring day and it is too delicious for words, brilliant sunshine and really quite warm. No real news. The Russians seem to be making progress, but no one feels that he knows anything about that campaign.

*Feb. 5.* [H.] The German Government has issued a note declaring the waters off the coast of England and the Channel in the war zone, and vessels, neutral or not, liable to be torpedoed.

*Feb. 7.* The German plan of declaring all the waters round the British coast a war zone, and threatening to torpedo friend and foe alike, is causing a great outcry with the *Herald* shrieking 'Pirates' at the top of its lungs; it is an attempt at a new form of blockade, and is probably in a great measure intended as a bluff to disturb shipping conditions, insurance, and such. After lunch we decided to have a look at the Invalides, where another flag has been added to the spoils of war, making the ninth captured in six months. It was in vain, the Sunday crowd was too great; so we drove to Nôtre Dame and found that also full.

*Feb. 10. [H.]* The war news in the East is just the same, but the Russians are really making headway in the Carpathians and the fighting there is awful. We dined with the Ambassador at the Crillon; the Thackaras were there too; the Ambassador's son is going home to get the family and bring them over on the first of March; no house has been found for them yet.

*Feb. 13. [H.]* I had an appointment with Mrs. Brook, the wife of an artist here, to visit the Hostelry of St. Sulpice, and at 11.30 I met her and an American lady, Madame Bramé, who was in charge there, and who took us all over it. It is run by the Police of the 16th Arrondissement and admirably done. On each floor there is an *officier* on guard. The Government gave the building, which is the Seminary of St. Sulpice, and there are now 1200 refugees there, mostly from the North of France. I said that I would give Madame Bramé a small sum every month to help buy medicines and extras. It is supported mostly by the police, and by voluntary contributions. No half holiday for John this Saturday, as he had to translate and send the decrees, against the use of absinthe, to the United States. We think that Bryan will be pleased.

*Sunday, Feb. 14.* Frazier came early with his motor, a small open one, which he tools himself at high speed, not without skill. It was cold, with half a gale blowing, dead ahead, on the long

straight road that leads to Fontainebleau. H. and he had the protection of the windshield, so I curled up in my fur coat on the seat behind and just waited. We went thence through the ever attractive forest, by Moret and other places along the Yonne, to Sens, our destination, where we lunched, saw the Cathedral, and looked up an American of distinguished French descent named Champollion, who came over with his wife at the beginning of the war and enlisted as a private soldier. In return for this act of patriotism, although a great linguist, the French military authorities have kept him here for six months, drilling recruits; he is still a private, but is allowed to have his wife with him. (Sometime later, after repeated applications he was sent to the front and killed in the trenches almost as soon as he got there.) On the return journey our tires kept going flat; we lost three in all, and had to abandon the car at Moret in the rain, and come back by a train which took two hours and a half. We enjoyed the outing in spite of its vicissitudes.

*Feb. 15.* [H.] Apparently the story that Mr. Gerard was insulted in the theatre at Berlin is perfectly true, and the feeling there against Americans is very bitter. I think our Note to Germany very good and to the point, and the newspapers are of the opinion that Germany is backing down a little. The *Temps* published an interview Mr. Gerard had with the *National Zeitung*, in which he is said



to have spoken very plainly as to what would happen if an American ship was sunk.

*Feb. 17.* [H.] A collier, English, sunk between Rouen and Havre by a submarine, German, and a small French boat plying between Dunkirk and Havre. The villains are beginning their game before the appointed day.

*Feb. 18.* [H.] This is the fatal day on which Germany's blockade goes into effect. Every one is perfectly calm here. The Boulogne-Folkestone boats have stopped running. After luncheon I went to Beers, where I met M. and Mrs. Orr and we saw the models. They have gone back to the 1830 period, very short, full skirts, no waistline, and sloping shoulders.

*Feb. 19.* [H.] The weather bad again; in fact, it is never very good for any length of time. I am quite discouraged, for I have to do all the writing now (even the diary — J.). Johnny gets home so late, and then he is too tired. He reports that fifty Americans who had planned to sail from Liverpool tomorrow are caught here, as there is no way to get to London. They will have to go to Havre and sail on the French line. Some people are just beginning to realize what war is. Went to Madame Waddington's *ouvroir*, 156 Boulevard Haussmann. The things they make are very good, and they have soldiers whom they fit out all the time.

*Sunday, Feb. 21.* In the afternoon we walked to

the Dodges' and left cards, then on along the Avenue du Bois, where we heard firing, which we found later was from the Tour Eiffel where they were making some tests. It is said that they have hoisted a mitrailleuse to the top of the Arc de Triomphe, where a platform has been built and we could see some soldiers there.

*Feb. 24.* [H.] The war news is just about the same on this frontier, but in Russia they are having a tremendous battle and the Russians have had to evacuate the little strip of territory which they have been fighting on for many weeks. The news is so confused I never quite make out what they are doing.

*Feb. 27.* Early this morning, Camille, our *maître d'hôtel*, heard the *pompier*s pass with their characteristic noises, and assumed naturally that it was the warning against Zeppelins; very wisely she did not awake us, and by the time that we were told of it, it was very evident that there had been no air raid. There had been, however, a very real fire, and the notorious old Moulin Rouge was a thing of the past. I should say, at a guess, that it had been going hard on thirty years and it was probably the best known of the successors of the Jardin Mabille, which flourished like an evil weed in the days of the Empire. I sometimes finish my work by lunchtime on Saturdays, but I was kept at the shop till after seven this evening by a long and futile telegram from Washington which I had

to put in shape for presentation to the Foreign Office suggesting that the war should be stopped while three neutral ships, two of them empty and one loaded with emery powder, were allowed free egress from the port of Smyrna.

*Feb. 28.* News came today of the seizure of the pernicious Dacia, and it was done by the French, an excellent idea. (Inspired by Page in London.) It takes all the wind out of the sails of the agitators. Lord and Lady Granville came to lunch and the Dodges, who fit well with every one. Her uncle, the famous Lord Cromer, is critically ill and she may be called to England at any moment.

*March 1, 1915.* [H.] The Russians have succeeded in checking the German advance and have retaken Przasnysz after desperate fighting, but it is pretty certain that they lost nearly one army corps, the Germans say 50,000 men, but we don't trust their word. No news on this front; the communiqué is always just the same.

*March 5.* [H.] The Blisses, Billy Patten, and Mrs. Farwell dined with us tonight, and Mr. Bliss told me that he had seen M. Delcassé in the afternoon, and heard from him that they had captured some Dutch trawlers which had been provisioning German submarines; they had put English guns on them and had waited for the Germans to come up and had caught two or three German submarines in that way.

*March 6.* The greatest military event last week

was the attack of the Allies on the Dardanelles: they have destroyed the forts at the entrance and are at work on those in the Narrows, which form the most important part of the defence. It means probably that they will be able to force their way through and take Constantinople. (Oh, that they had done so!)

*March 9.* [H.] Mrs. X, full of (mis)information as ever, has heard that 200,000 men are to be sacrificed to try to push the Germans out of France, but I am afraid that it will take more than that. Lack of food will do more than anything else to finish the war, and it really looks as if the Germans were short. [J.] Mrs. X got all of her wild stories from French sources.

*March 10.* [H.] M. telephoned that she could not go to the Val de Grâce, so I went alone and took Bergeron his warm cakes, which he liked very much. The place seemed empty, and they told me word had come for Paris to prepare for 50,000 wounded, so all had been sent away that could be. It is an awful thought, but things cannot go on as they are going now. The French must take the offensive sooner or later. Three more English merchant ships have been sunk, the Tangistan, Blackwood, and Princess Victoria, but the submarine N-12 was sunk by the destroyer Avill, which makes seven gone.

*March 12.* [H.] The English have really made some progress around La Bassée and have taken

the village of Neuve Chapelle. The Prinz Eitel Fritz has gone into Newport News with about 350 sailors on board belonging to the different boats she has sunk, among them the captain of the American four-master, William P. Frye, which was also sunk because she had a cargo of grain.

*Sunday, March 14.* We were thinking of going out in the afternoon when who should turn up at our flat but Willard Straight, another friend of Chinese days. He has come over for about ten minutes, for some high financial purpose, I suppose. He gave a rather favorable account of the prospects at home and surprised me a little by saying that the feeling in our part of the country, i.e., New York and New England, was still almost universally for the Allies.

*March 17.* [H.] Commander Sayles, our Naval Attaché, came to tea and told me that the fighting is terrific and the English are holding on to La Bassée with great difficulty. It is the key to Lille and of course very important. Also the German Headquarters have been removed from there, so it looks as if they thought they were not safe. Two French Generals, Manoury and Villaret, it seems, are very seriously wounded; they both were hit by the same shell.

*March 18.* [H.] I went to tea with Mrs. Yarde-Buller to meet Madame Mallet. The news from the front is very bad as to losses: over 300 officers, 6 colonels, and 15,000 to 18,000 men during this

last terrific fighting at Neuve Chapelle and St. Eloi. The French lost 25,000, all for a gain of two miles.

*March 19.* [H.] I heard this morning that General Manoury had died of his wounds and General Villaret was not expected to live. Oh, it is awful business, this war! Three more English boats torpedoed in the Channel. The Germans have been enormously active lately.

*Saturday, March 20.* I took an afternoon off and we walked first to the Quai Voltaire to buy a treaty, where such scraps of paper are sold, then through the courtyards of the Louvre, most of which is shut up in these war days, and on to Nôtre Dame des Victoires, which is now one of the most crowded of the churches, thence gradually home, where I left H. and returned to the shop for one more hour. Tomorrow the new domiciliary regulations come into force. Every one must have a new '*Permis de Séjours*' with a photograph on it, and they are tightening very much on the permissions to go anywhere towards the lines in a motor. In England, it now takes three days to get permissions enough to cross the Channel, and it is pointing that way here. No one can move without a passport, and I very much fear that all resident Ottomans will be driven to the Embassy to be provided with my home-made Certificate No. 2.

*March 21.* Our first air raid was a curious experience. We heard no warning signal, but I was

awakened in the small hours, between night and morning, by what I supposed to be the firing of small arms in the street. My wife was a little alarmed, but I tried to reassure her by saying that it was some conflict between the police and night prowlers. A little later we heard renewed firing and the sound of some heavy body rolling down the back stairs. H. felt sure it was burglars — she always does — but it proved to be our overfat cook in a hurry to seek safety in the cellar. That was all, and in the morning we were told that two Zeppelins, flying at a very low altitude, had passed over Clichy and circled round the Arc de Triomphe dropping bombs as they went, then made their way homeward apparently unscathed, though it was a bright night and they were plainly visible.

*Monday night, March 22.* At about half-past nine the Zeppelin warning was given by the firemen, everything was shut up, outside lights extinguished, and we are now waiting for them. Helen tried to telephone to a friend, but found communication shut off. Ten: we have just begun to hear distant firing... It grew no louder and at 10.40 the firemen gave the 'all out' signal; they must have been driven away or brought down. At 11.10 the warning signal came again and I went to bed. [H.] I was already in bed and fast asleep when the second alarm came and the cease firing did not come this time till after 3 A.M. Think of all the poor people who stayed up!

*March 25.* [H.] It seems seven Zeppelins started last night, but only got as far as Creil. There they were met by a hundred aeroplanes who sent them flying home. Loulie Hooper came for me this morning and I took her over St. Sulpice which impressed her very much. She seemed quite calm about last night; we shall all soon get used to it. Przemysl has fallen and a Te Deum has been sung in Russia. This is to offset the sinking of the three battleships in the Dardanelles, and the awful losses in the English and French armies here.

*March 25.* [H.] Details are just coming in about the fall of Przemysl; it has held out for six months: 119,000 prisoners have been taken, including 9 generals, 93 superior officers, 2500 subaltern officers, and 117,000 rank and file. The Zeppelins started again last night, and at ten o'clock the lights were all turned out, but the alarm was not sounded, as they did not get anywhere near Paris. People who had been dining *en ville* had a rather blind time of it going home.

*March 26.* [H.] Mrs. Girdlestone, Mrs. Dodge, and Loulie came to tea. Mrs. Girdlestone said that she had not heard from her husband for two days, that he had not actually been in the fighting at Neuve Chapelle, but a little to one side, waiting to be called, but the noise had been something awful, over 100 guns from the artillery had shot over their heads at the German trenches.

*March 27.* Marguerite Shaw telephoned that



Mrs. Girdlestone, who took tea here yesterday, has just received word that her husband had been killed. He was a captain in the 4th Dogras. Luckily she has a little girl, and her mother is here with her; she is an American.

*March 30.* [H.] It snowed! The passenger boat Falaba for South Africa sunk. Eight killed including two women. The Aguila also torpedoed.

*Easter Sunday, April 4, 1915.* A thoroughly disagreeable day, raw and rainy. The French believe that if Good Friday is fine, Easter is not, and Good Friday was the only decent day we have had in the last ten. We gave a little lunch for Helen Homans; she has just arrived with the Harvard Unit, as it is called: it consists of twenty-two doctors, nurses, etc., who have come over to run the Ambulance for three months, after which it will be turned over to some one else. Few of them speak French.

*April 6.* [H.] The Ambassador came home with John to lunch; he was in good spirits and joked about J.'s friend, Salih Bey. He is leaving tonight to meet his family, who are due to arrive from America tomorrow at Marseilles. The communiqué says nothing, but we know that they are fighting hard in the Woevre district near St. Mihiel.

*April 12.* [H.] Mrs. Dodge and I went to call on Mrs. Sharp at the Crillon, but she was not receiving. We dined at the Dodges' to meet Ambassador

Willard, who had just come from Madrid, and was on his way to England for a change. We liked him, he talked freely and was very keen about Spain. The King and people are pro-Allies, the aristocracy pro-German.

*April 14.* [H.] Bernstorff's reply to our note about the drowning of Thrasher, a Consular official, on the way to his post, on the Falaba, which was torpedoed, is insolent in its tone. It accuses the United States of being unneutral and supplying the Allies with arms and ammunition. The press is furious.

*April 16.* [H.] They are fighting terrifically now all along the line, and the French have taken Les Eparges. This morning we also read in the newspapers that there had been a Zeppelin raid over England and bombs had been dropped over Blyth and several other places, but virtually no harm done. My cold is so bad I sent for Dr. Whitman, who found I have a little bronchitis and a little fever, so I am booked to stay in the house all day.

*April 20.* [H.] The wonderful aviator Garros has been captured; he was the one who had done such feats. His machine went wrong and he had to come down in the enemy's ground, and this is a great loss.

*April 24.* There has been an attack by the Germans somewhere up in the Ypres direction in which, for the first time, they used asphyxiating gas on a large scale; they waited till the wind was

right, then burned some chemical producing huge clouds of smoke, which blew over the French trenches, and overcame all who had not time to escape. The Germans followed the smoke, and in this way made a perceptible gain, part of which they lost when the French recovered enough for a counter-attack. It is a new difficulty to be overcome.

*April 27.* [H.] The news is awful this morning. The wretches have taken the village of St. Julien, near Ypres, where the Canadians were badly gassed, and Hauptmannswillerkopf from the French. They say superior numbers and the poisonous gases did it; who knows? but the end seems far away. We had an Ambassadorial dinner tonight and it went off well. (The Ambassador paid John a very high compliment. He said, 'I told Bliss I never had to look at J.'s despatches, for his judgment was so good, and he had such a head.')

*April 28.* [H.] Hauptmannswillerkopf has been retaken by the French, and good gains made north of Ypres by the Allied armies.... Another beautiful day. Paris was certainly never so lovely as at this moment, in spite of all the horrors of this dreadful war. M. came to lunch and we went to the Val de Grâce. There, all was confusion, for orders had been received to prepare for 200 from Ypres, those poisoned by the gas, so all the soldiers who were convalescent and could be moved were

sent to other hospitals; it was a sad sight, for the men hated to go. Madame Bérard came to me and told me about her Œuvre de Mon Soldat, for the soldiers from the North, who had not heard from their families from the beginning of the war, and asked me to help her.

*April 29.* [H.] The Léon Gambetta has been sunk off Taranto by an Austrian torpedo boat.

*April 30.* [H.] The French feel very sore about the Léon Gambetta: the Admiral and all the officers were lost, about one hundred men were saved by Italian boats, which came to their rescue.

*May 1, 1915.* For the last three days big shells have been dropping into Dunkirk, without its being possible to tell where they came from. At first it was thought that they were fired by German vessels that had ventured out to sea, but now it seems certain that they are the work of a battery at West End 32 kilomètres away. We dined at the Ritz with the Hydes, Jack Carters, Harjeses, Scotts, and the Norwegian Minister, a man of German sympathies. He told the story that Italy, having received its full offer from the Allies for joining them, was now using it to bargain with the Middle Kingdoms, to see if they would raise their previous bid. There were no May Day demonstrations this year beyond wearing lilies-of-the-valley.

*May 3.* [H.] As usual on Mondays I went to the big American Ambulance hospital and Miss Lucas told me that it was full, over 500 wounded, and

some of the poison gas cases from Ypres. They were awfully sick, but were going to get well: it gives one bad bronchitis. Nearly a whole Zouave regiment was overcome, and one of the soldiers in his delirium claimed to have killed forty German prisoners. It is all too horrible.

*May 7.* [H.] British again regain Hill 60 at the point of the bayonet, Germans using the poisonous gases, but were dislodged.

*May 8.* This morning came the news of the sinking of the *Lusitania*, which was torpedoed, apparently without warning, off Kinsale, about two o'clock yesterday afternoon. She was hit two or three times and sank in about twenty minutes. It is not yet known how many lives were lost. It was broad daylight, and apparently a smooth sea with plenty of shipping about, so there is hope that the number is not very great.

It is a rather curious story, for the German Embassy in Washington had gone so far as to put a notice in the papers that she would be torpedoed, and warning all neutrals to keep off, but of course no one believed it except Helen, who was sure that, sooner or later, they would get her, while I was equally positive that it was inconceivable that they should be foolish enough to sink the ship which, of all others, would arouse the bitterest feeling against them. H. was enormously affected by it.

*May 9.* The *Lusitania* news is still the only topic

in American circles, but the French are much more interested in the Italian situation which has reached the point where something decisive must happen soon. As for the *Lusitania*, the survivors are dreadfully slow in showing up. According to the *Herald*, only 658 are known to have been saved, out of a total of nearly 2000 on board. They have many of them been interviewed and not unnaturally tell quite different stories.

*May 12.* [H.] Mrs. Bliss came to tea and we had a long talk. I think she really hopes that we will come into the war and she thinks we ought to have made a protest about the *Lusitania*. She is going to America in July, so we may go together.

*May 13.* [H.] Mrs. Yarde-Buller came to tea. Her husband is liaison officer between Kitchener and Joffre. I like her very much; she said her husband thought our President had done right to wait and see whether the people really wanted war or not.

*May 14.* [H.] This morning the news is excellent. The French have taken the village of Carency and are sweeping on toward the north, and have made many prisoners. The English, sad to say, have lost the battleship *Goliath* in the Dardanelles. We have sent a Note to Germany and await her reply.

*May 15.* Our Note was temperate and polite in tone, almost too much so, for it laid stress on Germany's high principles and respect for law;

there were three demands: One, that the action of the officers of the submarines in the incidents giving rise to this complaint, i.e., the sinking of the *Falaba*, the *Gulf Light*, and the *Lusitania*, be disavowed. This is not likely to be accepted, for obvious reasons. Two, that some material compensation, i.e., money, be paid to those injured or their friends. This I think might easily be arranged. Three, that Germany abandon her present mode of warfare, and return to the previous system of a preliminary examination, etc., also allow American citizens to travel where they please on what they please. This is absolutely impossible unless Germany can make us try to extort from the Allies some more valuable concession in return. Her effort will be to embroil us with them.

*Sunday, May 16.* This was Joan of Arc day, and much more observed than in ordinary times: the British Embassy, even, went through a ceremony of putting a wreath on her statue.

*May 16.* [H.] The Russian news is bad; they have given up their advanced line in the Carpathians, but they claim advances in Boukovina, but no one really knows what they are doing.

*May 19.* [H.] There is a rumor Lord Fisher has resigned, because he does not approve of Winston Churchill's methods.

*May 22.* Italy is still balancing on one toe, and it is surprising how long she keeps it up; ap-

parently her hope is that Austria will declare war, for, if Italy has to do it, she will be rather hard put to show cause. We shut up tight today at noon, till Tuesday, for the Whitsunday Holiday. I stayed till five and Mr. Sharp took me to see the new Embassy. It is in the Avenue Eylau near the Trocadero, and was built for some King of Siam, and now belongs to some one else. It is large and square, well adapted for entertaining, with a good garden at the back. The fittings are miscellaneous. We watched an aeroplane flying in the districts beyond the Tour Eiffel. It proved to be a Taube and dropped seven small bombs, without doing much harm or being in any way molested. The Jack Chapmans, Madame de Mimont, and Carey's friend Kimball came to dine. Jack is trying to get his son Victor out of the Foreign Legion and into the flying corps, though he can't fly.

*Whitsunday.* I spent the morning at the shop, having been summoned for that purpose. Italy has declared war on Austria, to begin at midnight, so it is said, but the event has been thoroughly discounted. The German reply to our note shows no signs of materializing as yet. It is reported that she will turn over her interests in Italy to the Swiss; Austria will turn over hers to Spain, whereas we shall probably have to look out for the Italians.

*May 25.* [H.] J. came home to luncheon late, as



the Weitzels, from Constantinople, arrived at the Embassy just as he was leaving. They talked most interestingly about conditions there. He said that the Turks believe absolutely that the Dardanelles cannot be forced. Morgenthau is able, but wants to do all the work himself, so that there never really was anything to occupy Weitzel. He is on his way home.

*May 25.* [H.] Edward Pickman turned up at the Embassy; he is here with his young wife; they have taken a little apartment and he is looking round for some war job. Several Taubes tried to get to Paris; two were successfully driven off. They woke me up at five o'clock this A.M., which is a little discouraging in hot weather. The Pickmans came to tea and Edward went to see John to ask if there was any work for him at the Embassy. J. presented him to Mr. Dodge and he may go in with him.

*May 27.* [H.] Another American boat, the Nebraskan, torpedoed: that is Germany's reply to our note. The British battleship Triumph sunk in the Dardanelles. Italy advancing in Austrian territory. A German aeroplane raid stopped and the aviatik brought down near Soissons. This is our morning's news, rather good on the whole.

*May 29.* This day was given over to a needlessly elaborate ceremony. Certain artists presented to the United States a sort of picture book containing their own contributions, in return for the benevo-

lent interest taken in their welfare by the American public. To do this properly required the presence, on the one hand, of President Poincaré, most of the Ambassadors of the Allied Powers, M. Delcassé and other members of the Cabinet, the head man of the Institute, the head man of the Légion d'Honneur, and a lady poetess with M. Mounet Sully to recite her verse. To receive the gift with due appreciation, on the other hand, were gathered the American Ambassador, his distinguished staff and their respective wives. The Master of Ceremonies was M. Bonnat. The principal speakers were M. Hanotaux, who had not much to say, but said it well, and Mr. Sharp whose eloquence is perhaps not his strongest point. The picture book was very big and very heavy. It was officially known as the *Homage des Artistes Français*, etc., and my wife it was, who eventually conveyed it to the United States.

*Sunday, May 30.* Tomorrow being Decoration Day at home, we were requisitioned this morning to go to Picpus, a long way off, in a reverential mood, and lay a wreath sent by the G.A.R. on the tomb of Lafayette. Luckily Dodge rose to the occasion with his motor. When we got there we walked about and looked serious while a moving-picture man immortalized us; shortly after, we went home again with a pleased expression.

*June 2, 1915.* [H.] M. and I went over to the Val de Grâce, as usual on Wednesdays, and took quite

a lot of little things to cheer our poor friends there, then rushed home and to the Embassy, for Mrs. Sharp has chosen Wednesday for her day at home and the principal Embassy ladies will be needed to help her receive her guests. This was the first reception; everything was very well done, and about fifty people came, almost all of them Americans.

*June 4.* [H.] Przemysl has been taken by the Germans; the Russians say it wasn't worth keeping. I am afraid that they have been jolly well beaten.

*June 5.* H.'s plans for going home in July are hard to make. All of the people and most of the boats that expected to go about then have changed their minds. The Bordeaux agents refuse absolutely to commit themselves, but it is certain that the Espagne, the only good boat, will not be available at the proper moment. Gibraltar is too far and England too complicated. After all, who knows what will happen in the next six weeks.

*Sunday, June 6.* It was beautiful weather and we chartered a good motor for an afternoon in the country. Our start was a little delayed by the unexpected turning up of Louis Grattepanche, Helen's *filleul*, such a nice little man, a florist, though he looks more like a barber: he has just left the hospital and now goes to the dépôt. He was given cigarettes, socks, and such. We went first to Malmaison; the house is ugly and queer,

but of course interesting, and the grounds very small, but attractive. Then on to St. Germain, where we walked the whole length of the Terrace and back. I have never seen the view more clearly and it was wonderfully calm, few people and no noise of motors or trains. For the first time since we have been in Paris, we seemed to get away from the war.

*June 9.* [H.] Secretary Bryan has resigned; we can hardly believe it; it was in the *Herald* this morning. It is owing to a difference of opinion with the President, the peace-at-any-price policy being worn out. No news has been received at the Embassy, but we don't see how it can be otherwise. I did not go to the Val de Grâce, as I was very tired and had to go to the Embassy, and Mrs. Pickman went with me. There were crowds there and I hardly sat down; I found it very fatiguing, but I like Mrs. Sharp. Every one who dared to be, was jubilant over Bryan's resignation, and there were whispered conversations everywhere.

*June 10.* [H.] Went out to the Ambulance for the first meeting of the Women's Board. Mrs. Sharp presided and did it very well. Had tea with Madame de Chambrun on the island in the Lake and had a disastrous time getting home. I was wearing my best clothes, it rained hard, and I got very wet and they were ruined.

*Saturday, June 12.* A long day in the office, not that there seemed very much to do, but a little

more kept coming in all the time. Frazier and I left at about five, picked up H., who had been long waiting, and took us out in his go-cart, at high speed, to the Aerodrome at Buc, some five miles or so beyond Versailles. It is a great plain with a whole village of aeroplane sheds, a little wayside inn, and nothing else. We saw many flying, besides several starts and finishes. Frazier pointed out the different types of biplanes; of the monoplanes you see very few in these days. We noticed a dirigible starting for Paris and came right under it again at St. Cloud on our way home. It looked to me very clumsy and not formidable; it was nothing like as big as a Zeppelin and made a lot of black smoke as it went along, which I don't believe for a minute was intentional. We enjoyed the run very much.

*June 19.* We had a hospital dinner, the Osgoods, Mrs. Vincent, and Beth Vincent, who is very refreshing. They said to Helen, 'Why don't you go home on the Rochambeau and have some neighbors?' And after they left we decided that it was a very sensible suggestion. She is certainly a bigger and better boat than your Niagaras and such.

*June 21.* [H.] Have decided to sail on the Rochambeau on July 3. It is sooner than I wanted, but I think it is wiser to go with people I know than to wait and go all alone on the 17th. I telephoned Hottinguer & Cie. and they have secured a good stateroom for me. The Japanese dinner

for the Ambassador was quite amusing; as we entered the room there were about eight Japanese gentlemen standing in a row who bowed very low as we passed on to greet the Ambassador and Madame Ishii. The Garretts had arrived already, the Sharps and Frazier came late. Baron Ishii speaks English, but the Baroness nothing, and most of the others had no language. The Embassy was handsome and the dinner good.

*June 22.* [H.] The Austrians are slowly moving on Lemberg and probably the Russians won't be able to hold it. On the other hand, the French are advancing all the time a little. Carey (the new Third Secretary) came to dine and was very nice. He loves his job and it is a pleasure to see any one who is satisfied.

*June 23.* [H.] Lemberg is about to fall into Austrian hands again. I don't know what is happening to the Russians.

*June 24.* [H.] Lemberg has fallen, but the Russians retreated in good order. J. is nervously tired these days and I took a taxi at 6.20 and picked him up at the Embassy for a little drive. We stopped at the Thackaras to enquire about Mrs. Thackara and just caught Mr. T., who told us she could not live through the night. He seemed awfully cut up. A nice little drive, but much saddened by the news.

*June 26.* This was our last week end and we decided to keep it for ourselves. I got away for the

afternoon and we went to two picture shows and an exhibition at the Petit Palais of tapestries from the Cathedral at Rheims and many other religious, artistic, historical, antiquities taken from churches and public buildings in the war zone, lest worse befall them. One picture show consisted of works by artists now at the front, not done at the front, of course, but pre-war pictures, most of them of no great quality, but well labelled to immortalize the poor fellows who painted them, many of whom will not return from the front, for they lie buried there. At the other show was the *Homage des Artistes Français*, two great albums of reproductions of the work of living artists, some painted for the occasion, which Helen is to take home with her at the request of the Ambassador and forward to Washington to be presented to our Government. Each of these has on it a little formal dedication.

*June 30.* [H.] Mrs. Hilles asked me to lunch and I went and had a very pleasant time. Margaret Forbes, Alice Orr, Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. Yarde-Buller, Mrs. Tiffany, and Madame de Bonand. It rained like fury, and I had to hurry back to dress for my last Embassy reception. A good many people came and most of the Embassy men, including J. The women were not so good, only Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. Boyd and myself were there. The Ambassador was very nice; he has christened me the Album Bearer, as I am taking l'*Homage des Artistes* back with me.

July 2, 1915. [H.] Very busy packing all day. Mrs. Sharp sent three dolls and a pincushion to be forwarded to Mrs. Amanda Burrell. They caused some trouble, but J.'s hatbox saved the situation. I went after lunch to the Prefect of Police at the Grand Palais to see if we needed *sauf conduits*, but he pooh-poohed and said 'Corps Diplomatique' was enough. Mrs. Orr, Miss Letterman, and Frazier came to say good-bye. I almost felt like a hero, but oh, dear, how I hate to leave! Mrs. X. was full of tales, but we don't believe them.



1915  
JULY TO DECEMBER



1915

JULY TO DECEMBER

*Saturday, July 3, 1915. Bordeaux.* We arrived at 7 A.M. after a fair night on the train and drove to the Hôtel de France, where the Ambulance people had arrived the day before. The Consul came to see me, having missed us at the station, and said that he and his wife would call at four and take us to the boat. We shopped in the morning, then sat in the Public Gardens till lunch took us to the Chapon Fin, the best restaurant in Bordeaux, which the natives proudly say means the best restaurant in France, and, in consequence, the best restaurant in the world. It is certainly very good. (The Consul) Bucklin took us to the boat and we found the sailing postponed till Sunday night at eight, so we motored out to a Golf Club, very pretty, where we met Frank and Marguerite Shaw, also M. de Vial, the agent of the Transatlantique, and I talked to him about the *Homage*.

*July 4.* My birthday came on time, though there was no longer much point to it. I had had my present before, a glorified electric torch, which puts itself out when you forget to. We went to the Cathedral which is interesting, but rather patchy, having been added to in places, and taken away from in others. We wandered about streets that

were full of other wanderers and lunched, of course, at the best restaurant in the world. The Bucklins came for us in due time, then took us to their house for tea, and left us at the boat. I left about eight, as the sailing time was still in doubt. Helen had been elected a member of the Ambulance table and I had spoken to the Captain and Purser and found them well disposed. This was our first real parting in six years.

*July 5.* I went to the Consulate to thank Bucklin and say good-bye, and we ascertained that the Rochambeau had started at ten and gone out to sea about 4 A.M., so that when I left Bordeaux at eleven H. was probably beyond the danger zone. Certain precautions were observed, such as the departure on an uncertain day at an uncertain hour at night, and of course showing no lights the first night at sea. I reached Paris late in the evening, having actually been absent only half a working day from the office.

*July 6.* The Chancery was closed yesterday for the official celebration of our national holiday, which was this year limited to the long dreary journey to the tomb of Lafayette at Picpus; the customary public reception at the Embassy was omitted. Whereas a few days ago there seemed to be a certain amount of trepidation and alarming stories circulated of the Germans breaking through in places, taking Châlons, and the like, that phase is past and a more cheerful tone prevails. It now

looks as if their drive in Galicia were losing its force and the Austrians were wavering a little. In the Dardanelles, too, a little more success has been achieved, but Constantinople is still in the same predicament as Tipperary.

*July 7.* Poor old Porfirio Diaz was buried today. Having known him well, I wanted to go to the house, for there was no church ceremony, but it seemed wiser not to do so at this moment. He was the greatest and best man that ever ruled Mexico. He had Indian blood in him and he loved his people high and low. He understood them thoroughly, knowing exactly how much restraint to apply or how much liberty could safely be granted. During the last twenty-five years of his Presidency there were no internal dissensions and the country prospered, whereas from the end of the Spanish rule in 1821 to the day when General Diaz, Don Porfirio, as they fondly called him, obtained complete control, there had been an average of about one revolutionary rising per year. The firmness of his grasp relaxed with advancing age and the Mexicans turned on him like a pack of yellow dogs and threw him out.

*July 9.* Jack Chapman came round early this morning with his book, and read me a perfectly mad telegram that he was about to send to a sympathetic paper at home berating the President for his feeble policy. It was not sent. I was suddenly informed at the Chancery that there was to

be some sort of a ceremony at the Odéon at 2.30 at which the Embassy must be represented. It was promoted by the Clearing House for the benefit of the mutilated and amputated, and paid for by the American community. I brought Carey home to lunch and we went thence to the theatre, where we sat with the Ambassador and his wife and family (he always took them with him), and Frazier, who rather enjoys ceremonies. The house was more than half full, which was doing fairly well. The performance consisted of recitations by well-known actors and some singing by professionals, but I found it rather hard to fix my attention, for my mind was not there. We left after an hour and went back to finish the mail, which kept me busy till seven. . . . I have just received the first official list of Turkish prisoners of war, to be sent to their Government, and I don't exactly know the best way to set about it.

*July 10.* Bliss is back; he had a very interesting journey; he was in Arras with fires burning around him in all directions. The German official communiqué says that they have burned the Cathedral, but, strangely enough, the French say nothing about it. The Ambassador has sent all sorts of nice telegrams to the Department asking to have Helen met and the Homage duly taken off her hands. Mrs. Thackara is still alive.

*July 12.* A telegram came which I hoped would announce Helen's safe arrival, but it only informed

me that the widow of Streckel Pacha had been expelled from Nice, which left me rather cold.

*July 13.* It rained persistently all day long almost for the first time since I have been in Paris. Ulysses Grant Smith dropped in from Vienna; he is tired and has been given a short leave and is going as far as London. He says that they are full of work, and I imagine that they don't care much about being there. Craig Wadsworth has been sent to Vienna as Second Secretary.

*July 14.* The annual celebration of the National Holiday was given up this year for, unfortunately, there was not very much to celebrate, only a few air raids, perhaps, but there were certain ceremonies instead; the chief one was the transfer of the remains of Rouget de Lisle, the writer of the *Marseillaise*, from Choisy le Roi to the Panthéon, with a parade from the Arc de Triomphe to the Invalides, where the Diplomatic Corps was gathered together. The official programme was only given out the evening before lest the Taubes (German doves of peace) come. The procession started from the Etoile, not very many troops, cuirassiers, zouaves, and soldiers of the garrison. The remains were on a gun carriage; then followed, on foot, the President, cabinet, senators and deputies, in funeral garb, and the crowd. It was rather striking, the more so as it was escorted overhead all the way by circumambient aeroplanes flying very low, and making a most disturb-

ing clatter. The President made a rather stirring war speech, but there was no attempt at a parade in front of the Invalides, and all was over by noon.

*July 15 (Thursday).* This morning the papers reported the arrival, at New York, of the Rochambeau on Tuesday, so all is well with H. and the crossing cannot have been a bad one. Charley Wilson blew in from Petrograd; he, too, is taking a little trip, for a change and rest, for he has had no leave and a good deal of responsibility, since we saw him two years ago at Sofia. He says that they do not have charge of Turkish interests and that the Germans and Austrians are taken care of by minor members of the staff. There are half a million Germans interned in Russia.

*July 16.* It appears that Austria has sent a note inviting us to stop shipping munitions of war to the Allies and suggesting that, in their place, we send products and food supplies to the Central Powers. It is nothing but a German effort to muddle our diplomacy and fog the issues, which is very likely to happen of itself, as it did in the Mexican matter. The trouble is that there is no master mind with sufficient knowledge to direct our course; the President himself does not know enough to decide what to do and seeks guidance from the trend of events. He calls this learning the will of the people, and the worst kind of opportunism has characterized his whole policy in Mexico. Lansing has not proved himself first-rate; so there we are. The



pig-packing patriots are trying to stir up trouble with England by an effort to force her to allow their products to pass freely into Germany, and it looks as if the cotton sellers would join them. The accumulation of the American dollar must not be interfered with by the life-and-death struggle of our next of kin.

*July 19.* Charley Wilson, our Conseiller in Petrograd, came again today and I brought him home to lunch. He told me a good deal, but leaned to discretion. He says that the Swedes are strongly pro-German (naturally, because they are more afraid of the Russians). He also told me that the main difficulty with the Russian situation just now is that they lack munitions of war.

*July 20.* I went to lunch today with Frazier, who lives by himself in a little artist's house in a backwater of the 'high country' beyond the Trocadero with an old bonne to supply his simple wants. It seems wonderfully remote and might be anywhere except in the heart of Paris. He told me a little about himself, and I gathered that his whole desire is to settle somewhere in France when he finally retires from the Diplomatic career. He recently did me a very great service by lending me a remarkable book, Romain Rolland's 'Jean Christophe,' which fills my evenings over full when I ought to be writing this diary or going to bed.

*July 21.* Poor Mrs. Thackara was buried today after lying three weeks between life and death.

She once told her husband that she did not care where she was buried provided that it was not in Germany. They had lived there en poste, for ten years.

*July 22.* Almost all interest now centres on the Eastern front. Will the Germans take Warsaw? Between you and me, gentle reader, they will, in spite of the *Paris Herald* which daily records their defeats in shrieking headlines. They are not as near it as they were last October, but they are going stronger and the Russians do not seem prepared to make a definite stand. If this is so, the latter will not try hard to defend it; the one thing which they seem most anxious to avoid is being smashed, even if they have to fall back upon Moscow; they have done this successfully before. When the time comes, they will roll forward again. This great Austro-German advance has had a very chastening effect on the Roumanians and Greeks who have no desire to throw their respective hats into the ring until they know beyond peradventure which way the cat will jump; and quite right, too, for patriotism begins at home. Incidentally: the Swedish Prime Minister made a curious declaration to certain Swedish peace organizations that they must not be too sure that Sweden would remain neutral indefinitely. It is hard to see why he should have said this unless he was looking for bidders from abroad. He would not be the first.

*July 25.* I do not vouch for the following story, though it sounds plausible. Another Note to Germany was sent yesterday from Washington; it is rather wordy, but when boiled down it repeats the request that Germany disavow the action of its agents in sinking the *Lusitania*, and make amends. It declines the German offer of personally conducted ships, and says that if Germany kills any more Americans in the manner complained of, we shall look upon it as an unfriendly act. It is certainly not Rooseveltian in its boldness, but the last statement is definite enough to force us to take action if another incident arises.

#### *The Fall of Warsaw*

*July 26.* Will the Germans get Warsaw, or won't they? In the *Gazette de Lauzanne* today, the German communiqué claims that they have taken over 120,000 Russian prisoners, with more to follow, and that at least one Russian army has been virtually annihilated. The Russian communiqués mention nothing but a sturdy defence, with slight advantages here and there, whereas the *Paris Herald* of course announces victories. It is hard to judge from these conflicting reports, but I do not yet feel wholly sure that the Germans will push it through to the end. They may stop without warning as they did at the Marne, and fall back without apparent reason, but I would lay odds, 3 to 2, that they take Warsaw or Ivangorod,

and bet even money that they take both. If they do, they can dig themselves in and come over to the Western front with good reason to be pleased by the success of the summer's campaign.

*July 30.* This afternoon the news came from Petrograd, and seemed to permeate everywhere, though it was not obtruded, that the Russians had decided to fall back from Warsaw — for strategic reasons, of course, which means that they would rather go while the going is good, than have what remains of their army gobbled up by the Germans, with bag and baggage; excellent strategic reasoning. They are still winning their daily victory in the *Herald*, but I cannot help feeling that it is unduly optimistic. It has always been a fool paper.

*Aug. 1, 1915.* The papers are full of reviews of the first year of the war. The *Temps* published a diary of military events for the whole period, in which I failed to see anything but successes which, at the low average of three events a day, would give well over a thousand — with what result? On this frontier, which unfortunately is not a frontier, a stalemate for the last ten months. We actually have to turn to Italy now to supply us with headlines, nor do we ask in vain. The *Herald* announced recently that ten thousand Austrians had been killed by having stones rolled down a hill on them. Is it strange when their two principal Italian heroes are Gabriel d'Annunzio and General Cadorna, two famous writers of fiction?

*Aug. 3.* Yesterday I had five telegrams from Constantinople, a dozen despatches, and a string of callers to be taken care of, but today a real telegram came from H. as follows: 'Shall I sail Rochambeau fourteenth or St. Paul. All well.' I answered, 'Recommend Bordeaux route.' This means that H. will probably be back in three weeks. I wish it were tomorrow.

*Aug. 5.* The French are going to send 100,000 more troops to the Dardanelles, which shows that it is not all over but the shouting. A new General too, Sarrail, is to take the place of Gouraud, who is recovering slowly from his wounds. The choice is unfortunate; it was made as a sop to the Socialists; he has recently been in command at Verdun. Mr. Sharp surprised me today by saying that barring, of course, members of his own party, he would rather see me Ambassador here than any one that he knew. I was much gratified, for it is not always easy to know just what he thinks of people.

*Aug. 6.* The definite announcement came today of the fall of Warsaw and, incidentally, of Ivango-rod; it is just a week since we were told that they would not be defended. The Russians appear to have evacuated the city without serious opposition, for they claim to have taken with them everything worth taking including the heart of Berlioz, which seems to have been one of the features of the town. Warsaw is a city of about

700,000 people and is rather by the way of being taken.

*Aug. 7.* Of course the papers are full of Warsaw talk, as it is very necessary at this time to emphasize the masterly strategy of the Russians, in the way that they have carried out their retreat. As a matter of fact, it is the one thing that they do well! In the Russo-Japanese War it was the only thing that they did at all, and in the present case they have had three months' practice and are not through yet. Their only excuse is the fatal precedent of Napoleon and Moscow.

*Aug. 13.* Talking over the military prospects, the Spanish Ambassador, who is a soldier by profession and a diplomat by accident, said that he thought that Russia would remain quiescent for the present; that on the Western front neither side could break through the other, so that the next German effort is likely to be in the Balkans.

*Sunday, Aug. 15.* I went round to the office and found, as I had hoped, a telegram from H., announcing that she is coming back on the Rochambeau which probably sailed from New York yesterday; if so, I will go to Bordeaux, a week hence, to meet her. The papers are trying to make out that the Russians are getting back at the Germans in Courland and elsewhere, but it does not seem very likely. They hardly pay any attention to our front for the time being.

*Aug. 18.* I had a distress call from Salih, with

Bahir Bey, one of my Turks, who was foolish enough to ask whether he might go to Switzerland, and was ordered to go to a concentration camp instead. I doubt whether anything can be done for him.

*Aug. 19.* A perfect avalanche of work came in. I have never had anything like so much; it is partly because Bliss has gone off for several days and the Ambassador for a few. Carey, the decoder, is working on passports, etc., etc. I finally went round to the Foreign Office to see M. Seydoux in the hope of mitigating the lot of Bahir Bey. He said that the reports on Bahir were very unfavorable, but promised to look further into the matter. I don't like him myself, but don't really believe that he has been doing anything serious. The fall of Kovno was admitted today, and even the *Herald* can't make a victory out of it. An old missionary who has just arrived from Constantinople came to see me and we had a long talk about Armenians and such.

*Aug. 20.* This was one of the most depressing days since our arrival in Paris. The sinking of the Arabic was the chief reason, though it is too soon to judge whether it is the German reply to our last Lusitania note. Had we a strong man at the helm, instead of an obstinate one, he would take immediate action. Not that I advocate a declaration of war, but, in my mind, we should break off diplomatic relations with the Central Powers, and

adopt an attitude of benevolent neutrality to the Allies. If the Central Powers resent this, let them make the declaration of war and cut off their noses to spite their faces; they would thus achieve the end which we so earnestly desire. The Kovno business seems to have produced more discouragement than the fall of Warsaw. I saw in a German communiqué that the Zeppelins had flown over London on Wednesday night, I think, and had dropped many bombs in the city and along the Thames, but if true it has been kept most successfully out of the papers here, for I have not seen a word of it.

*Aug. 21.* Novo Georgievsk has been added to the list of the fallen, but this was to be expected and I fancy that it was only held to lighten the pressure of the retreat from Warsaw. The Germans claim that they took about 20,000 prisoners, which is possible, because the place was pretty nearly surrounded, but unlikely, because they claim it. A German fleet has also forced its way into the Gulf of Riga, but we have no idea of how big a Russian fleet it will find and destroy. We lost an official pouch on the Arabic and the Ambassador is much annoyed. He will not again run the risk of sending the mail *via* England.

*Sunday, Aug. 22.* I left for Bordeaux this morning at 8.45 and arrived at six, after a rather pleasant journey. When I asked at the hotel, no one knew anything about the boat, so I sent to



the Harbor Master's Office and learned that the Rochambeau was not yet signalled.

*Aug. 23.* [H.] Last night was one of the worst I ever spent, for after hearing of the sinking of the Arabic there was no joy on board and as we reached the danger zone about 8 P.M., every one was on tenterhooks. The lights were not put out, but the canvas curtains were drawn down and completely cut us off except at the ends, which gave us a horrid sensation. I sat with Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Davison playing cards till 11 P.M.; then the lights were turned off and I went to bed, and slept in fits and starts till eight, when I peeped out of my porthole. Oh, the joy of seeing land! We had to anchor at the mouth of the river for four hours, so didn't dock until five. J. was the first person I saw on the quai. He had brought the Consul, Mr. Bucklin, with him, and he attended to all our luggage, Mrs. R.'s and Miss D.'s as well, and we went ahead to the Hôtel de France in his taxi. Poor little Madame Muffat had no one to meet her, so I took her under my wing, and she and Henry Dodge joined us at the Chapon Fin at dinner-time, and we all went back to the hotel for the night.

*Aug. 24.* [H.] Our train left at eleven and we had two compartments reserved for us, so came through very comfortably, but I found it long and we were glad to arrive at eight. Oh, the joy of being at home again!

*Aug. 25.* [H.] The apartment looked so attractive last night and it is all so comfy and nice. I am as happy as a clam. I had lovely flowers from Mrs. Bliss and dear little Madame Muffat, and cards and letters of greeting. It is really warm and delicious, almost the first summer weather they have had. Paris is emptier, but the spirit is gayer than when I left.

*Aug. 26.* [H.] Lunched with the Dodges to meet the Seydoux. He is in the Foreign Office and at the head of Turkish affairs. I have met her before, but not him, and found him delightful. He said, 'We regret every day that you are not in charge of our affairs in Germany. The Spaniards are so lazy they never do anything.'

*Aug. 28.* The fall of Brest Litovsk was made public today. It is one of the chief fortresses of the new line which the Russians were supposed to defend when they abandoned Warsaw; it looks now as if they were afraid to trust themselves in any fort, or else their army has been not broken, but reduced to a flowing mass incapable of any firm opposition, and seeking the path of least resistance; and that's that.

*Aug. 31.* [H.] Ellis Dresel has come through from Berlin on his way home; we have asked him to dine on Thursday. He reports things in a rather bad way in Germany and the Russian campaign does not bring great rejoicing.

*Sept. 1, 1915.* [H.] I did a lot of shopping for the

Val de Grâce and then went over there a little scared for fear they would not let me in, but on the contrary they were delighted to see me and I saw many of my old soldiers. I was really glad I went. Eleanor Simmons, whose husband is with a medical unit in England, is coming tonight for a visit and J. is going to meet her at the Gare St. Lazare at 8.33.

*Sept. 2.* [H.] Such a night as we had. J. went to the station only to be told that the train was three hours late and would arrive at midnight, so he came back and waited. I went to bed and got up again when they arrived at 12.30. The Germans are advancing all the time in Poland and are taking town after town. No one, however, seems to feel very much alarmed, as they think that the Germans will end by being caught by the winter. Ellis Dresel is leaving for England and couldn't dine with us.

*Sept. 7.* The Leyland Line steamer Hesperian, bound for Canada with 600 passengers, was sunk yesterday. All were saved, however, but it has caused a horrid depression, and just after the German notes to us.

*Sept. 7.* Madame Muffat brought her husband in to see me; such a nice little man, with the Croix de Guerre. He said that the French were preparing for a great forward movement. He said that they were almost ready, and that the only thing that the Germans had more of was the mitrail-

leuses. He said that the war was beyond all things awful; he thought that it would last six months more.

*Sept. 10.* [H.] The Dumba incident has come to a head, and we have at last risen to the occasion and asked the Austrian Government to recall him. The contents of the letter which Archibald was taking to Burian have been published: it is perfectly outrageous. J. knew Archibald in Peking, he went out to the Russo-Japanese War as a sort of a photographic war correspondent.... We have had to give up going to Rouen by motor, we shall take the train.

*Sept. 11.* We dined with the Scotts, who have taken Moncure Robinson's house and furnishings. Eleanor, who is well again, came with us; the only others were Mary Scott's daughter, the Countess of Vieil Castel, and Ralph Curtis. Her husband is at the front somewhere in the Vosges and she is very busy with an *ouvroir* or some other benevolent activity, and she enlisted Hixie as an accessory. Ralph Curtis is a most cultivated and interesting person. Speaking of the National Gallery, he told us that the great works of art had been removed and minor ones promoted to their places, so that people were now noticing for the first time numbers of pictures that they had always seen but never looked at.

*Sunday, Sept. 12.* We had a wonderful trip to Rouen this day. Carey came for us soon after

seven, and we took the Dieppe train, which landed us there toward ten, and we spent two or three hours wandering about the town. We liked the Cathedral immensely, but were a little disappointed by the Church of St. Ouen. There were British soldiers everywhere, and at the Hôtel de la Poste, where we had our lunch in the garden, nine tenths of those present were British officers, most of them of the older sort, who live in offices and fight with their pens, poor men. After lunch we chartered a very one-horse cab and drove to the great camp, which stretches for miles along the slope of the hills facing the city. We were only able to skirt this for lack of entrance passes, but we saw troops of all kinds and colors, some arriving from home, others starting for the front. Endless rows of tents for the troops, field hospitals and accessories of all kinds. The city is virtually given over to the English, as it is their headquarters. The French soldiers are few, and they look sorry for themselves. We reached home in time for a nine o'clock dinner.

*Sept. 21.* [H.] J. is frightfully busy these days, and if the work continues I don't see how he can do it without more help. E. and I spent the morning getting her papers viséed. First, to the Prefecture of Police for her French passport, then to our Consulate, and finally to the British, for she is going back to England. They told us there that even in these times they had an average of 400

applications a day. All were polite and nice; the magic talisman, Corps Diplomatique, works wonders.

*Sept. 22.* [H.] They telephoned from the Embassy asking us all to lunch. It was a good-bye to the Orrs. There were twenty-two, all Embassy but Hixie; so she was the guest of honor. Mrs. Joe Grew was there from Berlin; she had meant to go home with the Orrs, but her husband won't let her go except on a neutral boat, which is a little upsetting.

*Sept. 24.* [H.] A day of farewells. I saw Eleanor off at the Gare du Nord; the easiest of times, the train was not crowded and everything was as smooth as silk. J. telephoned to say that Bliss had told him that we were expected at Laurent's at eight. We found the Tucks there too, and after dinner went to the Gare d'Orléans to say adieu to the Orrs. Quite a crowd of Embassy people were present, and it was very cheerful.

*Sept. 25.* We went to a dinner tonight for Mrs. Morgenthau; the most important guests were the Serbian Minister, Mr. Vesnitch, and his American wife, and Jack Carter. Mrs. Morgenthau was immensely interesting and talked quite freely along certain lines. The great effort of the Allies is now definitely announced and hard fighting has certainly begun, and so has the hard rain which usually accompanies their great efforts.

*Sunday, Sept. 26.* News seemed to trickle through

the day of the success of the great offensive we have been expecting for many months. A large number of prisoners has been taken, 15,000, it is thought, more than ever before by the Allies, at least on this front; about the cost, of course, we know nothing. The fighting was on a front of some fifteen miles in Champagne, and three miles in Artois, for the British share. The German first line of trenches appears to have been carried, and held everywhere, and in many places their second. The furthest advance was about three miles and the average a little less than one.

*Sept. 27.* [H.] The French and English have taken 20,000 prisoners, the largest number for a very long time, and the ground gained is considerable. The wounded have mostly head wounds, and it is too awful; however, in spite of it the courage of the soldiers is beyond anything and their spirit is wonderful.

*Oct. 1, 1915.* [H.] Our passes came in time and Mrs. Dodge and I motored out, by way of St. Denis, to Mrs. Whitney's war hospital at Juilly. Mrs. Drennan, whose husband is in charge, showed us over it. Oh, the wounded! they had come in the day before from Châlons in the most dreadful condition, having been wounded three days before in the great offensive. Never shall I forget the sight! Six had their jaws shot away. We did not linger long, as we felt that we were in the way.

*Sunday, Oct. 3.* We saw people streaming into the front entrance to the Invalides, so we streamed in too and reached the great courtyard where the spoils of the late offensive are shown. Here we saw some batteries of 77's, a Taube or two (doves of peace — i.e., airships), but we could not make our way to the flags, for, as usual, the crowd was too great.

*Oct. 4.* [H.] I had a long talk at the Clearing House with Mr. Beatty. They want me to take charge of the warehouse for the French Emergency Fund. They are moving their headquarters to Paris. It would be very interesting, but an enormous piece of work, and I should have to give up my other things.

*Oct. 10.* The German-Austrians, with Mackensen to lead them, have started an offensive by taking Belgrade after a short though sharp attack. It is about a year since it was evacuated by the Austrians, and during that time the Servians have done no fighting, so they have had time to rest and reorganize a bit. We went again to the Invalides to see the newly won war trophies. There was the usual Sunday crowd, all the greater because there had not been any trophies to show for a very long time. By using a little Diplomatic pressure we wormed our way into a fairly advantageous position, but all that we were able to see were battered pieces of field artillery, with a few of greater calibre, and the damaged end of a big gun point-



ing skyward. (This is the last reference to the autumn offensive, which, after all, only lasted about four days.)

*Oct. 11.* [H.] The German-Austrians have taken Belgrade: the Servians hardly attempted to hold it, as it wasn't fortified. Every one is wondering if the Greeks will help them. They must later, I think.

*Oct. 14.* [H.] Greece, the traitor, has refused to come to the aid of Servia. Not so the Allies, and troops are being landed already at Salonica (Greek territory). The Greeks have protested but allowed them to do it. (They had to. — J.)

*Oct. 16.* Miss D. and Miss L. came to lunch; the latter was full of stories. She said that Breteuil had seen the Swedish Consul at Marseilles, who had returned to his post *via* Berlin (!) after having passed through four months before, and he had noticed a great change. The shops were shutting up, you saw no able-bodied men about the streets, and bread was becoming scarce.

*Oct. 17.* The resignation of Delcassé overshadowed everything else last week. The sanest view seems to be that he has been very much troubled over the outcome of affairs in the Balkans, that he became overwrought and he cracked. Earlier in his career he had been forced to resign under circumstances which reflected upon him the highest credit; that was but a partial eclipse, this time it is total. We have not seen, since we have been

here, such a marked depression, but the reaction has begun already.

*Oct. 18.* [H.] Grant Forbes and Darcy Paul came to call yesterday and were very interesting. The former had just come back from Zurich where he had been to see a Belgian friend on business. The Belgian, before he could leave Brussels, had to deposit with the German authorities a bond for 25,000 francs and a promise to return. He said the morale was wonderful and the Belgians were doing all they could to harass the Germans. A German was living in his château and had gone so far as to ask leave to call on his wife in Brussels to tell her how much they liked the château.

*Oct. 19.* [H.] Sir Edward Carson has resigned because he doesn't believe in the Government's attitude towards conscription. Italy has declared war on Bulgaria at last. Thank goodness.

*Oct. 21.* [H.] Mrs. Yarde-Buller and Miss Howard, whose father, Sir Henry, is Minister to the Vatican, came to lunch. They are awfully down on their Government, for Nurse Cavell was executed yesterday in spite of a protest from our Minister, Mr. Whitlock; the details are too awful, if they are true.

*Oct. 22.* [H.] I lunched with Mrs. Wharton; she is very attractive, and her apartment charming. Elsie de Wolfe and Alice Garrett were there too. Miss de Wolfe and I agreed about Owen Wister's book, 'The Pentecost of Calamity.' It is very striking.

*Oct. 26.* [H.] The Cabinet has fallen, and every one thinks that Briand will be at the head of the new one. Combes and Freycinet will also be in it and several Socialists. Oh, dear! Armour has come back from London and reports that every one is awfully blue there. The Serbian news is sad, although French and English troops are being sent as quickly as possible.

*Oct. 30.* The new Briand Cabinet is announced. Briand himself will be in charge of Foreign Affairs with a soldier for the Army, and a sailor for the Navy. There are several Ministers without portfolio, put in to represent the different political groups. They are, many of them, eminent relics, good and bad, like Freycinet, who is almost ninety, and Combes, who is quite eighty. Jules Cambon is not in the Cabinet, but has been made a sort of special adviser to the Foreign Office. Ribot retains his portfolio, but most of the others who remain have their jobs changed. The most prominent absentee is Millerand, late Minister of War, who, I am inclined to think, has done really well. Thompson, late Minister of the Interior, was old and of no significance, but I am afraid that Malvy, who has been shifted into his place, is quite one of the worst. Of course the papers make the best of it and gush, but I do not feel that this sort of Cabinet can be long-lived.

*Oct. 31.* We had a rather wonderful day. We took the Daimler car and went out to the Walter

Gays' place, Le Bréau, about two thirds of the way to Fontainebleau. It is a very attractive old château surrounded by a moat and a fine wooded park; he has shown wonderful taste in his treatment of the house and grounds. The lunch party consisted of Mrs. Gay, Mrs. Coolidge, Mrs. Whar-ton, Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Pickman, and Miss Chanler, set off by Gay, Coolidge, Pickman, and Jack Chapman's son (Victor), the flyer. The Gays having to go to a funeral, Mrs. Cameron did the honors, showing us all over the house. The sun came out too, and we took a delightful walk through the park. It was very bright overhead and very wet underfoot.

*Nov. 4, 1915.* [H.] The Greek Zaimis Cabinet has fallen and we are praying that Venizelos will come into power, but J. thinks not this time.

Suffrage for women has been defeated by a large majority — in New York, Massachusetts, and New Jersey. Three cheers!

*Nov. 8.* [H.] The new Greek Cabinet has been formed with M. Skouloudis at the head of it, and it is thought that the Chambers will be dissolved. Oh, that the King could be quickly and finally removed!

*Nov. 9.* [H.] An awful shock; on taking up the New York *Herald*, the first thing that greeted me was 'Rochambeau in flames' (my sister was on her). I could hardly read further. It seems fire had broken out in the coal, but further on it said

that there was no danger. I flew down to the office of the company and saw the Director, who was very nice and tried to reassure me. At 4.30 he telephoned and told me that they had received a wireless from the Captain saying that the fire was out and the ship proceeding on its way in good condition.

*Nov. 10.* [H.] The Germans have retaken Tahure, but at great cost, and only the Butte.

*Nov. 11.* [H.] John came home at three and had to have his lunch then. The Dodges arrived at 3.30 to take us to the Duchesse de Vendôme's to a tea party in honor of the Americans who had helped Belgium, and we stopped for the Sharps at the Embassy and followed them out to Neuilly. The whole affair was very well done, the Duchesse very cordial and nice to every one; she made a charming little address which the Ambassador should have answered, but for some reason did not. There were about seventy-five people present, Americans and Belgians; all who had done things for the Belgians.

*Nov. 12.* [H.] I lunched today with Mrs. Thompson; the Comte and Comtesse de Chambrun were there, he just back from the front for a five days' leave. I found him delightful, so cheerful and optimistic, and full of stories. He had lunched the day before in the trenches with Louis de Sartiges, who had had a letter from Mrs. Russell Codman telling him all of the latest Newport gossip. He

said that Sartiges was the only man the war had not changed. He considered their position really good and said that the Germans were afraid of them, that is, in his district, Champagne.

*Nov. 13.* We dined this evening at Mrs. Hickox's, where we saw some of the most shining lights of the American colony, the James Gordon Bennetts, the Ralph Curtises, Eugene Higgins, and the Harry Lehrs. Both of the Bennetts made a favorable impression, though in different ways. She was the widow of Baron Reuter of the news agency and is distinctly nice, whereas he is well informed, shrewd, and interesting. He thinks that the war must be fought out, of course, but believes that after a given time the Germans will crack.

*Nov. 14.* While I was crossing the Pont de l'Alma this afternoon, for the first time in my life I saw a man catch a fish in the Seine, in fact I saw two men catch two fish in less than ten minutes; they seemed to be of a small variety of sardine. I was so pleased that I went on and perpetrated a call.

*Nov. 15.* [H.] I telephoned to the French Line to see if they had any further news of the Rochambeau, but they said no and thought that she could not get in before Tuesday or Wednesday. I am worried, but there is nothing that I can do but wait.

*Tuesday, Nov. 16.* [H.] Elsie de Wolfe and Norman Armour came to dinner, and just in the

middle of it the bell rang, and there were Isabel and Miss McCaffrey. The ship had docked in Bordeaux at 2 A.M., and though Isa had sent me a telegram I never received it. They had had a horrid trip and the boat had been on fire for several days. I am so thankful they are here safe and sound. (The boat had caught fire when half-way across and the fire could neither be put out nor concealed, so the passengers had something to divert their attention from the constant threat of submarines.)

*Nov. 17.* [H.] I meant to go to the Val de Grâce, but Mrs. Sharp telephoned asking me, as a favor, to go to the American Ambulance meeting which had been arranged for the benefit of Mrs. Vanderbilt, so I had to go. There was no Mrs. Vanderbilt, and we were really annoyed; they talked and talked and asked for money for their (American) nurses' fund, and the Christmas fund. I spoke out about Christmas and said that my share would be a very small one.

*Nov. 18.* [H.] I went to the Clearing House to see Mr. Beatty about hospitals, and he is going to write to Dr. Fitch about St. Valéry en Caux, and we hope that there will be a place there for Isa. He also will see what can be done with the French hospitals. Madame de Bonand came to tea. Isa had a letter to her from her sister, Margaret Child, and she will do what she can.

*Nov. 21.* Lorillard, who is passing through, has

been appointed Chargé d'Affaires, to represent us with the Serbian Government, if he can find it. He will be under Mr. Volpucka and wants Armour to go with him, as private secretary. Armour has telegraphed home for the consent of his family.

*Nov. 22.* [H.] Beatty telephoned that Miss Nelson had arrived from St. Valéry en Caux, and would see Isa this afternoon and talk over plans. It is all arranged that Isabel and her friend are to go there with Mrs. Fitz on Friday to do nursing at Dr. Fitz's hospital. I am greatly pleased about it.

*Nov. 23.* [H.] Not much news these days; the Serbians are gradually being pushed off the map, retreating towards Greece and Montenegro. We hear that the capital has been moved to Scutari. The Russians are holding their own on their frontier.

*Nov. 25.* [H.] Thanksgiving and a holiday at the shop, though J. went for a while in the morning. I had at dinner Marguerite Shaw — Frank fell off at the last moment — Carey, Armour, and Wylie, a new sub-secretary assigned to J. Poor Armour was going to Serbia, or wherever the Serbian Government is, with Lorillard, who has been made Chargé d'Affaires, but his family won't let him and he feels rather sore about it.

*Nov. 26.* [H.] I had tea at 3.45, then took a taxi about 4.15 for the Gare St. Lazare; everything worked like silk, and I met Mrs. Fitz right at the ticket office and found her very nice. She had



a compartment already engaged, as several others were going with her. Isa and Miss McC. seemed delighted at the prospect of going to St. Valéry en Caux and I am so glad to have them in a hospital with such nice people.

*Nov. 27.* When starting for our afternoon walk, we met a very shabby little soldier with a familiar face and, lo, Helen recognized one of her *filleuls*, Louis Grattepanche, who was on his way to see her. He has been at the front, has been wounded by a shell and recovered since we saw him last, and now he is at the dépôt waiting to be assigned to a new regiment and sent back to the front. He looked much better than when he was here last and made the same good impression. H. sent him to lunch loaded with minor gifts, and told him to come again soon when he will have a chance to eat to his heart's content.

*Sunday, Nov. 28.* We had a small lunch for the Potts; just the Dodges and Boyds, and it passed pleasantly. Potts is a Virginia Militia Colonel in the Commissary Department, and a newspaper man connected with the publications of my good friend Stuart Bryan, who sent me a letter about him. Mrs. Potts is a sister of Amélie Rives, of Castle Hill, a nice little woman, mostly devoted to horses and Potts. They have come over on a ten-minute trip to study the situation in England, France, Belgium, etc., presumably for publication, for he has established a pull with the Amba-

sador, who has lent them his motor and deputed Captain Boyd to take them as far and fast as possible about the battlefield of the Marne. Her grandfather Rives was once Minister in Paris and went home on the ship on which Morse invented the telegraph.

*Nov. 30.* [H.] The Boulogne-Folkestone service to London and *vice versa* has been stopped, and the only way you can cross the Channel now is by the daily boat from Dieppe; it does give one a strange feeling, but life here, on the whole, is much gayer than last year. (That is, people have adapted themselves to war conditions.) I went to Mon Soldat and did a good deal of nothing except to take on ten more *filleuls*, so now I have fifteen in all, not counting those at the hospital of the Val de Grâce. Tom Plummer arrived tonight from Bordeaux; he hopes to get a job here.

*Dec. 1, 1915.* [H.] I went with Tom to get his '*Permis de Séjour*' at the Commissariat of the police. Such a fuss as they made because it did not say on his passport that he came from New Bedford. I finally had to use my little Embassy pull before they would give it to us, and now it is only good for one month. It seems to me every week there is some change. (This was done to make it more difficult for spies to get here.)

*Sunday, Dec. 5.* Néchett Bey and his family left for Switzerland last night and, at heart, they were glad to go. The Government expelled him because

they became tired of receiving notes from Constantinople regarding his unjustifiable detention, and because they believed that he did not really want to be expelled. I think that they have made a mistake. Five hundred francs came for him yesterday too late for use. He had to be helped out. I gave him five hundred francs and Salih supplied two hundred. His wife, who is a Belgian, was exceedingly bitter and resentful.

*Dec. 8.* [H.] The news from Serbia is very poor; the Servians are still retreating all the time, and the Allies are in a bad way, we fear, but Mrs. McEwan had a letter from Gerard in Berlin, saying they only had meat twice a week now.

*Dec. 9.* [H.] The Sharps asked us to go to their box for the opening of the Opera, for the benefit of the Belgian Red Cross. Mr. and Mrs. Potts and sundry children were also in the party. The house was crowded from the very top down. The programme didn't amount to much; the best thing in it was fourth act in 'Hamlet,' Ophelia's mad scene, sung by Marie Barientos. This was most beautifully done.

*Dec. 10.* [H.] The English and French are falling back on Salonica, they can no longer stand the pressure, it is pretty serious. The Germans and Bulgarians are too superior in number, and the poor Serbians no longer count. It looks bad.

*Dec. 11.* Mr. Ford, of automobile fame, has hired a steamer and filled it with cranks and news-

paper men, and he even came within an ace of getting Mr. Bryan. They are on their way across to finish the war before Christmas. Our Government looks upon the plan as ill-advised and has refused them passports to any of the belligerent countries, but they expect to make a great impression in Norway.

*Sunday, Dec. 12.* Rain and snow this morning, but not for long. We went to lunch with Mr. Thackara at the Plaza Athénée. A fair sprinkling of people seem to be staying there. It is doing as well as any of the good hotels, I think. The prices, though still low, have gone up since last year. The Ritz, to attract British officers, gives them rooms with bathrooms free for forty-eight hours. The Edouard VII has a flat rate of five francs a day. I don't know whether the food is thrown in or at them on those terms.

*Dec. 14.* [H.] The Allies are safely back in Salonica again. There was some rear-guard fighting with the Bulgarians, and the English had to abandon six big guns.

*Dec. 16.* [H.] It is just a year ago today since we arrived in Paris, and what a year it has been! J. has missed only two days at the Embassy — that was when he went to Bordeaux to meet me.

*Dec. 17.* [H.] A very sharp note has been sent to Austria on the subject of the Ancona and the answer has come back. It is insolent, and apparently our people are at last getting roused.

Diplomatic relations may be broken off and we may go home. An answer is to be sent at once.

*Dec. 19.* This day the Medal of the Légion d'Honneur was conferred on an American, as far as I could make out, for not being killed when the motor he was driving conveying an important foreign dignitary to the front was upset by running over a dog: the dignitary, who likewise survived, received some higher award. I have never received, or expected, any commendation for doing my day's work, save a charming letter from Sir Alfred Milner during the Boer War. Why not buy a dog?

*Dec. 21.* [H.] Thirteen hundred German prisoners were taken in a very successful attack on Hartmannswillerkopf, including twenty-one officers. The Reichstag accepted, or rather voted, a credit of ten milliards, only twenty-one Socialists dissenting.

*Dec. 22.* [H.] There has been a little incident at Monastir. The retreating Servians turned over to the Red Cross hospital, which is in charge of Americans, a large quantity of flour, to be given to the poor. The Bulgarians, who are there now, demanded it. Dr. Forbes, who was in charge, refused and put up our American flag. Whereupon, a few hours later, an officer came, pulled down the flag, took the grain, and posted sentinels to guard it. Mildred Farwell, who was there, tried to take a picture, with the result that her camera was broken.

*Dec. 23.* [H.] I forgot to mention yesterday that Cresson, of the Petrograd Embassy, came to lunch. He had travelled four days in sledges through Finland to get to Stockholm, and from there to Bergen, where he took a boat for England. He says the Russians will hold to the bitter end; that it is a religious war and the hatred of the Boches is intense.

*Dec. 24.* [H.] Poor Walter Farwell has just come from Salonica; he had gone through the Bulgarian lines, and, as he expressed it, could have thrown a stone into Monastir, when he was stopped, and the officer in command would not let him send a message of any kind to his wife, who was there with the Red Cross. He says Salonica is fascinating beyond words: French, English, Italians, Russians, and Serbs, to say nothing of a few Turks, floating about everywhere. There are 60,000 English and twice that number of French troops in the town.

*Christmas Day.* [H.] There was a Christmas tree in the afternoon at the Garderie, invitations to which were sent out in the names of Mrs. Wharton, Mrs. Garrett, and Mrs. Coolidge. The children invited were supposed to be Belgian; if they were, there is still great hope for the country in the way of repopulation. Some five hundred were asked and a thousand came, with the result that the presents and good cheer could not quite go round. Still it was a very successful occasion for those who got the presents and ate the good cheer.

*Dec. 26.* Christmas finished with a great family dinner of about thirty at the Embassy; almost all of the staff were there except Frazier and Captain Logan. It was handsome and ample. The seating was badly messed, as often happens when it is arranged by amateurs; this made us all a little uncomfortable. After dinner we had a sort of a tree performance at which we men received pens to write our names in the guest-book and the girls pin-cushions. It was all over by eleven.

*Dec. 27.* [H.] It has rained so much that the Seine is rising and they are afraid that it will overflow its banks and the country will be flooded, which will be bad for the armies. The suffering of the soldiers in the trenches is very great, with mud up to their knees.

*Dec. 29.* [H.] I took Mrs. Shaw to see the Russian ballet at the Opera House. Every seat was taken and I thought the people too gaily dressed. The performance was very fine. I have never seen such a wonderful ballet, and the costumes were designed by Bakst. They gave 'Schéhérazade,' 'Oiseau de Feu,' 'Princesse Enchantée,' 'Soleil de Nuit,' and 'Prince Igor.' It began at 3.30 and lasted until 8.30! Never in ante-bellum days have I seen anything more magnificent. Oh, the pity of it! The general feeling is that it was a mistake.

*Dec. 31.* [H.] The last day of this old year, and I am glad to see it go, although it has been by far the most interesting one that I have ever spent.





1916  
JANUARY TO JUNE



1916

JANUARY TO JUNE

*New Year's Day.* The regular Diplomatic Reception was abandoned, which seems a little strange, for the President made a point of holding it last year, though the Government had very recently returned from Bordeaux. We saw the President, as it happened, coming out of the Elysée in state — on his way to the Senate, I think it was. We are wondering whether we will go home this year.

*Jan. 2.* News came today of the sinking of the *Persia* in the Eastern Mediterranean. She was a P. & O. liner on the Bombay route, and it is thought that a good many women and children have been drowned. An American consul on his way to his post at Aden was on board, so probably Mr. Lansing will buy a new box of note-paper and set to work. Nothing has been reported about the submarine that did the damage.

Professor X. was one of the guests at our usual Sunday lunch; we did not like him quite as well as we had hoped because he disagreed with our views. He believes that the moment the war is over there will be a wild burst of prosperity in France, for all the nations of the world will gather there and lay offerings at her feet. The more I see and hear of professors, the more

thoroughly am I convinced that between men of theory and men of action there is a wide gulf fixed.

My own guess was almost as bad. I thought that after the war was finished, the exhausted contestants would lie on their backs and gasp for breath for a long time to come; that the recovery would be very slow, and that the world would be a rather quiet, comfortable place to live in for the next generation. Fool that I was, for when the fighting ceased the talking began, and when a pause came to take breath, the din became greater and the world entered a period of 'hecticity' and jazz which is our curse to this day. Unfortunately, I had forgotten that a rising generation, which knew nothing of the war and cared only for themselves, would too soon be upon us.

*Jan. 5.* [H.] Rumor has it that the Russians have taken Czernowitz, but nothing official has been given out; anyway they are approaching it and the fighting is intense.

*Jan. 10.* [H.] The startling news this morning is that all the troops on the Gallipoli Peninsula have been withdrawn with their war material. Where they have gone to, no one knows, but of course we all guess Salonica. Generals Birdwood and Davies are mentioned with the highest praise. Seventeen old guns are left behind as useless. The other bit of news is that the battleship Edward the Seventh, built in 1903, one of the very largest and finest in the British fleet, struck a mine

and sank; her crew of over 800 men were all saved.

*Jan. 11.* [H.] We dined at the Dodges', where we met the Russian Conseiller and his wife, M. and Mme. Tatichief. I found her very interesting. She had been in Russia most of the time since the war broke out and is returning there next week. She said they had 1,200,000 refugees, and that every city, town, and village was packed with them; that Moscow had prepared 100,000 beds, but that now they had twice that number of wounded.

*Jan. 12.* [H.] I went to help out at the weekly tea at the Embassy; there were crowds of people. The Infanta Eulalia came in, which caused a good deal of excitement, and she stayed forever; so every one, including Mrs. Sharp, stayed in the dining-room. The Marquise de Talleyrand and Baronne Sellière were both there; also Madame Vesnitch, wife of the Serbian Minister, and her sister, Mrs. Blumenthal, etc., etc.

*Jan. 13.* Salih Bey, my right-hand man, the Archiviste left behind by the Ottoman Embassy, was arrested this morning with his wife and child, as a reprisal for the arrest of the Consul left by the French at Constantinople. He had been warned of his coming arrest and I went over to the Embassy with him and affixed American seals of my own devising to protect official property during his absence. I was also present when the French of-

officials came to arrest him, and was pleased to see that the police showed proper consideration under rather trying circumstances. He was sent with his wife and child to an internment camp at Pontmain, in an old convent, in the middle of the town. The sexes are segregated and all the prisoners sleep in big dormitories on straw mattresses on the floor, and take their exercise in a little courtyard. Salih, however, has been given a small room for the three, and will probably have different hours from the others. I am trying to get him permission to take lodgings in the town and just report every day.

*Jan. 14.* [H.] The newspapers say that at a Convention in Chicago, the Progressives and Republicans have voted to amalgamate. I only hope that it is true. A letter from Roosevelt was read urging it as the only way to beat the Democrats.

Poor little Montenegro is being swamped by the Austrians and there are rumors that Cetinje has fallen.

*Jan. 16.* It is all over with poor little Montenegro but the shouting. When her emergency came, there was no one to help her, so she had to go. Of course Italy was the one most to blame. No one is very fond of Italy just now.

*Jan. 18.* [H.] The papers are full of stories that the King of Montenegro has opened negotiations with Austria for peace. After the capture of Mount Lovcen, it was known that the country

was in grave danger, but this is too awful and the Germans will be rejoicing.

*Jan. 22.* Helen went to tea at Mrs. Sherman's curious little Louis XVI box of a place, where she met Mrs. Sharp and with her Mrs. House. Colonel and Mrs. House arrived last night from London, where they have been for a week or more, and they are going almost straight through to Berlin. They will stay here for a while on the way back. His mission is unofficial, of course, and is announced to be for the purpose of conferring with the different American Ambassadors. Probably the President has sent him over to see whether this is not an opportune moment for the United States to proclaim peace to the world.

*Sunday, Jan. 23.* We lunched today with the Jack Carters and some of their friends at the Ritz. It was Jack Carter who first brought over from England the news of the Baralong incident, which was about as follows: Early in the war the American steamer Baralong conveying cattle was held up by a German submarine, and a few men were sent on board to look through her and examine her papers. While this was being done, a British torpedo boat chaser was seen approaching rapidly and the German dived without waiting to take off his men, and disappeared. When she found herself no longer needed, the British vessel, too, went on her way. When left to their own devices, the rough cattlemen who formed the crew of the

Baralong brought out their German prisoners, chained them together, and threw them into the sea. It might never have been known had not these men themselves gone ashore in a friendly port, and, in their drunkenness, made light of their exploit. This was the story of the Baralong: how much was false, how much was true, the world will never know.

*Jan. 27.* [H.] We hear that the French Consul and others arrested in Constantinople have been released, which means that Salih with his wife and child will soon be freed, but the telegrams have been so mutilated that it is hard to make out anything definite.

*Jan. 28.* [H.] Salih Bey has been released. He will be allowed to come back to Paris and reinstated in his old capacity as Archiviste of the Ottoman Embassy.

Mlle. Markel, a Turkish subject of German origin, came today. I have never seen any one so forlorn and pathetic. She is half-starved, so I am going to give her one hundred francs a month for the present.

*Jan. 29.* We dined at the Sayles's (our Naval Attaché), and, when we left for home, I found the streets very black and empty, and the chauffeur told me that there had been a Zeppelin alarm. As we felt our way along through the pitchy darkness, unlighted military motors tore by us, apparently rushing headlong to annihilation. At



home we were met by frightened faces and minor manifestations of nerves. We went to bed and to sleep.

*Sunday, Jan. 30.* The Zeppelins, one of them at least, came all right enough last night; in fact, it had come and gone before we reached home. It arrived with the alarm, threw overboard all of its bombs, apparently at random, and went off again, untouched and virtually unseen. The bombs all fell in a small area near the Butte de Chaumont, a very poor district, and killed and wounded about fifty people. We went to see the place this afternoon, but naturally the crowd was very great. We saw, however, the hole made by a bomb on its way into the Métro, with what results we could not judge. We also saw the blank inner wall of a small house, the rest of which had been blown to pieces. On the wall of an upper room was a rack with clothes hanging on it — all else was gone. All night long the sky was full of search-lights and aviators, but there is a suspicion that the defence failed.

This evening our friends came again, but turned a little too soon, dropping their bombs outside the walls, with what results no one knows. We did not hear the *pompiers*, but learned of the alarm by telephone, and we did hear the explosions.

*Jan. 31. [H.]* We dined with Cam Forbes tonight at the Edward VII, a Boston banquet, and sat a little uneasily, awaiting the reappearance of the

Zeppelins. As we heard next day, they went to England instead.

*Feb. 1, 1916.* [H.] The Zeppelins raided England last night, seven of them, and dropped over three hundred bombs, killing lots of people and doing a good deal of damage. They did not go to London this time, but flew over four counties instead.

*Feb. 2.* [H.] The S.S. Appam, which was thought to be lost, has been brought into New York with a German commander on board; she was captured somewhere near Madeira. It is a very curious story and no one knows how much to believe. The Houses have returned from Berlin and are at the Crillon; we are bidden to dine with them on Friday at the Embassy.

*Feb. 3.* [H.] The Sultan of Turkey's heir, Yousuff Izeddin, was found in his bed with his veins cut. Whether it is a case of suicide or not remains to be seen.

*Feb. 4.* [H.] The dinner at the Embassy in honor of Colonel and Mrs. House was very handsome and very interesting. The other guests were the British Ambassador and Lady Bertie, Mr. and Mrs. Bertie, M. Briand, Baron Estournelles de Constant, the Garretts, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, M. and Mme. d'Ecthal, Mrs. Young, Bliss, Frazier, Richardson from Rome, and Caner, Colonel House's secretary. I had quite a little talk with Briand. He is very interesting.

*Feb. 8.* [H.] The Lusitania controversy seems to

be growing more and more acute, and unless the President backs down on the word 'inimical,' I don't see how relations can continue.

*Feb. 9.* [H.] Mr. and Mrs. Salih Bey came to pay their visit of thanks; they were very nice and so grateful to J. for what he had done to have them released. Their picture of the misery in the camp was awful, but I hope that we can do good by sending some things much needed.

*Feb. 11.* [H.] The Lusitania affair seems to have blown over, the President to have backed down, with the result that again Germany has been able to slap us in the face.

*Feb. 12.* I must change my quarters, as the Ambassador (Bassy for short) wants an anteroom, and, furthermore, he objects to my flooding the Embassy waiting-rooms with Turks, Jews, and Armenians of no social prominence. The only possible place seems to be in the back regions of the passport shop next door at No. 7, where there are some unattractive empty rooms which I can see no way to furnish. It will be horribly inconvenient, for we will have to go round by the street to No. 5, where the money seals and files are kept.

*Feb. 13.* [H.] The news today is that three large German banks have failed in connection with those at Montevideo. I hope it is true.

*Feb. 14.* [H.] The first fort before Erzeroum has fallen, which is a very good sign, but sad to say the small cruiser Arethusa struck a mine and sank;

most of the crew was saved; the Captain was on shore getting married.

*Feb. 17.* [H.] A great victory for the Russians; the last forts have fallen and Erzeroum has been taken with many guns and prisoners. I think that this will have a great moral effect everywhere.

*Feb. 18.* [H.] The story is going about that the Erzeroum forts were bought, as the Russians have no big guns; but who knows? (From *Annual Register.*) The area covered by these operations in the Middle East was enormous, beginning at the Turkish lines some seventy miles northeast of Erzeroum and including all military activities in Armenia and Persia in a single theatre of war.

Grand Duke Nicholas was in supreme command and he is supposed to have had with him a force of five army corps and plenty of siege guns brought over the mountains with great difficulty in mid-winter. They opened fire on the forts at Erzeroum on February 11th. On the 14th a breach was made in the line of defences and the forts were stormed in rapid succession, and the capture of Erzeroum was announced on the 16th with 323 guns and 11,000 prisoners. A large part of the Turkish garrison escaped, however, as the fortress had not been invested.

*Sunday, Feb. 20.* We had a cheerful little lunch at home; just the Grant Forbeses, Tom Plummer, and Lawrence Curtis, who has just graduated from Harvard with much distinction. He is very

tall and pink and white and very, very young. He takes Darcy Paul's place in the Garrett *équipe*. He came over on the Rotterdam, the boat on which the traitor Lincoln was concealed. She was held up five days at Falmouth while the authorities were searching the ship for him until he was finally smoked out from the cargo, so the story goes.

*Feb. 21.* [H.] A Zeppelin was brought down today near Révigny, and burned. Thirty Germans were killed.

*Feb. 23.* [H.] There are rumors that the Germans are attacking Verdun. I hope it isn't true. There was another Zeppelin *alerte*, but it did not materialize.

*Feb. 24.* [H.] It is true; there is a great battle going on around Verdun. The Germans are attacking with the army of the Crown Prince and it is developing into a great offensive; the Emperor is supposed to be there, too, and Von Haessler is in command.

*Feb. 25.* [H.] There is a real snowstorm going on. I have never seen so much snow in Paris before.

The fighting about Verdun is terrific and it is feared that the Boches may have taken one of the outer forts of Douaumont, but even if true that would not mean that they are sure to take Verdun. It seems that the fighting began on Monday and was continuous night and day. The Germans have brought up their big guns. The calm here is

wonderful: the only way the nervous strain shows itself is that you can't buy a paper five minutes after it is issued.

*Feb. 26.* The fighting at Verdun is going on very hard and not well. Yesterday the fort of Douaumont was stormed by the Brandenburg Regiment and wild stories came about it, for apparently the Government, or perhaps it was only some of the Deputies, got frightened and wanted to move to Bordeaux. It seems strange at this stage of the game to feel that Paris may be taken, after all, and it is very disquieting. At the same time, it is far better that this great effort is being made at Verdun, which is at an appreciable distance, rather than at Compiègne, when the Germans might be here in two days.

*Sunday, Feb. 27.* The news from Verdun is more encouraging, though not very convincing. It is that the Brandenburg Regiment, which stormed its way into the fort at Douaumont, is very anxious to get out again and cannot do it, for the French hold the village of Douaumont, and almost everything else in the neighborhood. Also accounts vary, with their origin, as to whether the fort was a fort or a ruin. Except that a few more people read newspapers as they walk, there is no indication here of any excitement or strain, and the streets seem just as full of soldiers on leave as ever, though, to be sure, most of them are Belgians.

*Feb. 28.* [H.] The battle is still raging about

Verdun, but we believe that the German offensive is checked. The P. & O. steamer Maloja, which we remember seeing at Port Said three or four years ago, has been sunk just off Dover, but almost every one was saved. (As a matter of fact 155 lives were lost, including 49 passengers.)

*Feb. 29.* [H.] One horror after another. The Provence II, converted into a cruiser, and transporting troops to Salonica, has just been sunk. Only 885 men were saved and it is thought that about 1000 were drowned. Oh, those detestable Germans, how I hate them!

*March 1, 1916.* [H.] It really looks as if the German offensive was checked for the moment. They have taken the fort of Douaumont, but that amounts to nothing; the French lines have held splendidly everywhere. I went to the Val de Grâce in the afternoon. No news there and no wounded. Mme. Landes told me they were keeping the Paris hospitals empty for wounded from the North, as they expected an offensive on this end at any time now.

*March 3.* [H.] Another battle of Verdun seems to have begun. The German losses are terrific, but still they go on.

*March 4.* At 9.30 this morning a munition factory blew up at St. Denis, causing over one hundred casualties. The explosion could be heard all over Paris, and all the women-folk ran to the windows, calling out 'Zeppelins.'

I hope that a year from today (Inauguration Day) a great change will take place in our Government and this period of hopelessly incompetent administration will come to an end. It is hard to conceive that by that time we shall have a shred of honor left in the eyes of the world, unless we have passed from further futile talk to action. Wilson is the only possible candidate for the Democrats; in fact, if they do not back him, they will no longer have any reason to exist. As for the Republicans, there is absolutely no one indicated but Roosevelt. All others that I have heard of so far are in the 'favorite son' class (local favorites) and not to be considered seriously. I think that the contest will be more exciting than any in the previous history of our country.

*March 6.* [H.] I saw today our friend Charley Wilson, Conseiller at Petrograd, who has been transferred to Madrid. He was most interesting. He had come by way of Vienna and Munich, and said that he had seen several Austrian officer friends, who told him that they were dead tired of the war, and were no longer on very good terms with the Germans. He had had black bread in Vienna, which was horrid; food really seemed scarce and every one looked hungry. In Munich he found a little white bread, but, two days a week, no meat. Life is fairly normal in Petrograd, but very expensive. No wine of any kind is drunk by any one.



*March 7.* [H.] A horrid bad day and more snow. The fighting is terrific around Verdun, and the Germans have succeeded in taking Forges, a small village.

*March 8.* [H.] I don't like the news. The Germans have taken another small village, but their losses are very great and those of the French comparatively small.

*March 9.* [H.] Still the fighting is going on; how mortals can bear it passes all understanding.

*March 10.* [H.] This is the eighteenth day of the battle and the end is not yet in sight. The French have retaken the Bois Corleaux.

*March 11.* The Verdun fighting continues, fiercely at times, but the strain is, in a great measure, relaxed. People no longer feel that the Germans might break through at almost any moment and be with us in forty-eight hours. The fact remains that the Germans, here as elsewhere, have done all the attacking, and they are still making gains, though very moderate ones; the French claim that, in compensation, the cost in lives is enormous, but, of course, the Germans do not admit even this.

*Sunday, March 12.* The weather turned fine and much warmer, very kindly, just in time for our Sunday walk. My work has increased so much that I can no longer keep up with it. I must get more help and reorganize my plan of work, in the sense of giving less personal attention to detail, the

advantage of which is that it fixes the facts more firmly in my memory, which was never of the best. By a rather ill-considered scheme, a deluge of Consular correspondence has been turned so as to pass through the Embassy for revision: this coming without warning has added much to my embarrassment.

*March 13.* [H.] The Ambassador is going to England and sailing on Saturday for the United States, to visit his old mother, he says, but we think it is Politics.

*March 15.* [H.] The third attack on Verdun has begun. Will it never end? The Germans are making no headway and their losses are terrific.

*March 17.* [H.] The Dutch steamer *Tubantia* bound for South America was torpedoed in the North Sea and sunk. The eighty-seven passengers were all saved, but it has caused an immense amount of feeling in Holland. There were nineteen Germans on board and I only wish they had been drowned, but no such luck!

*March 18 (Saturday).* A rather interesting telegram came through that I had to rush to the Foreign Office. It appears that the Russians have bagged somewhere and arrested the Turkish Ambassador at Teheran. The Turks have decided that, unless he is released forthwith, an 'immense number' of Russian, French, and English notables shall be arrested immediately, and sent to concentration camps in the interior of Turkey. This,

of course, would lead to further reprisals on this side, so poor Salih Bey may be moving again before long.

*March 22.* [H.] Those *maudits* Boches have made a little headway round Verdun. They have taken the Bois d'Avocourt, or a piece of it. It does not mean anything, but one doesn't want them to take a foot anywhere. Italy has taken possession of thirty-six German boats now interned in her ports. She has been doing it for some time, but the number has only just been given out.

*March 25.* Early this forenoon came a telegram from the Consular Agent at Dieppe announcing that the Folkstone boat had been blown up in the Channel with great loss of life. The Blisses were expected on this boat, but luckily came later. It is thought that fifty or more people are missing, and among them several Americans. The boat itself, which was French, not English, did not sink, but was finally brought into Boulogne in the middle of the night, though the catastrophe occurred about three. We began the taking of depositions of all the Americans who had been on board. The news was given out unsensationally in the evening papers. (The *Paris Herald* is a morning paper.)

*March 26.* They were busy at the Embassy all day taking depositions, talking to newspaper men, sending telegrams, etc. There were about a dozen Americans on board, all of whom are safe, though some much damaged. Most conspicuous among

them were Professor Baldwin and his wife and a daughter, who was quite seriously injured — as was one ambulance youth, Crocker of Fitchburg; there were two other ambulance youths on board, Dan Sargent, and a Harvard man named Bemis. It is believed that the *Sussex* was torpedoed. Some of the people were killed by the explosion, others lost their lives jumping in and out of boats in the panic that ensued, although the sea was perfectly calm at the time. Owing to some fault in the wireless service the boat was not found by rescuers until about ten that night.

*March 27.* [H.] A curious coincidence — sixty years ago today was held here in Paris the conference which made Rumania and Serbia kingdoms, and today again all the Allies have met here in conference.

*March 29.* [H.] Three more merchant ships sunk. It is too awful the havoc the German submarines are making. They say they have a newer and larger type now. The Russians, however, are gaining in Galicia, and for the moment it is calm at Verdun.

*March 30.* [H.] The French have taken back almost all of the Bois d'Avocourt. Part of a torpedo has been found in the hull of the *Sussex*; that ought to be sufficient to prove that she was torpedoed.

*March 31.* [H.] Lots of people came to tea — Victor Chapman, Margaret Dodge, and others,

most of them full of gossip. It seems that Joffre is down and out, and that Castelnau is directing everything. Joffre was against defending Verdun (ridiculous), but Castelnau said it must be done else the Ministry would fall (always politics), so Joffre said to Castelnau, 'Go and do it,' and the latter called for 300,000 men. Foch is behind the English in the North. It is strange how women believe such wild tales.

*Sunday, April 2, 1916.* Another gloriously warm day, which we loved. Victor Chapman, Jack's son, came to lunch. He is pretty well through with learning to fly and ready to go to work, but he says that the French have supplied so many aeroplanes to their allies that they have not enough left for themselves, so that he has to wait. He believes the story that German soldiers are fed mainly on ether pills.

*April 5. [H.]* It is perfectly awful, the number of boats that are being sunk, neutrals as well as Allies, I really dread to take up the morning paper.

*April 10. [H.]* I went with Mrs. Yarde-Buller to the *cantine* in the cellar of the Gare du Nord, run by a Miss Brooke; it is very well done and most attractive. She told me that three thousand Belgians had been fed there last week; they are not very desirable, as they steal everything in sight.

*April 12. [H.]* Willard Straight and Nelson Perkins came in at tea-time. Straight had had a

telegram from his wife (in the United States), saying she had seen some influential people who considered the break imminent, and advised him to come home as soon as possible. I don't believe it.

*April 13.* [H.] No break yet. The President is reflecting, and another Note is to be sent to Berlin, but not until he has consulted the leaders in Congress. In the meantime the mess in Mexico grows greater. (Mexico is always in a mess — J.) There has been a little fight somewhere and perhaps a trooper or two killed. Every day from four to five boats are sunk and submarines are everywhere. I think that is very serious.

*April 17.* [H.] I had tea with M., who was full of woes. She thinks the situation very discouraging. The Germans are still fighting away at Verdun. They fight when they please and stop when they please. Our Note to Germany about the Sussex has been sent, so we read in the newspapers. May it do some good.

*April 21.* [H.] Great excitement because Russian troops have been landed at Marseilles (where from? — [J.]). The story has been going about for a long time that Russia was going to send troops here, but no one believed it; however, it is true, and every one is guessing the number.

*April 22.* We are all rather tense while waiting the result of the Sussex Note. It was an ultimatum in that it announced positively that, un-

less Germany abandons her present methods of submarine warfare immediately, we will sever our diplomatic relations. It is inconceivable to me that Germany should consent to this, and the question is in what way she will try to divert us, unless she makes up her mind, once for all, to tell us to go to blazes. This is not likely, but it will take some days for her to decide what to do, and in the meantime we must expect the newspapers to be full of false solutions.

*April 26.* [H.] A rebellion has broken out in Ireland, headed by Sir Roger Casement and the Germans. The rebels have taken possession of a part of Dublin and have barricaded themselves. Sir Roger Casement was taken prisoner as he was about to land from a German cruiser, and the latter was sunk. Troops have been sent to Ireland. It looks serious.

*April 27.* [H.] The fighting in Dublin has been rather sharp; the rebels have possession of Sackville Street, Liberty Hall, the Post Office, etc. Many women and children have been killed.

*April 28.* [H.] Martial law has been declared in Ireland and the English say that they have the rebellion well in hand now. Three Zeppelins flew over England last night and did a good deal of damage; this is the thirty-third or thirty-fourth raid, I believe, and I wonder how their nerves stand it.

*April 30.* The news of the surrender of Kut-el-

Amara came today after a siege of over four months. It was caused by the exhaustion of food and ammunition and was expected, especially since the recent attempt to drive through a supply steamer failed. The relieving force, though at no great distance, was held up by floods and still had the principal Turkish defences to carry before it could effect a junction, which certainly would have taken weeks and perhaps months to do. The British give their force at about 9000, of whom 6000 were Indians, but the Turks claim that the prisoners taken numbered 13,000. I am not sure that that number has been surpassed in British military annals.

*May 3, 1916.* [H.] Five Zeppelins raided the east coast of England last night and did a good deal of damage. It is awful the way they go there. I think that this is the thirty-fifth time.

*May 4.* [H.] There is a big strike in the United States, according to the newspapers, and one million men have walked out of the steel factories. This may not be quite correct (perhaps not). [J.]

*May 6.* The German answer (*re* Sussex) was given out today. Orders have been issued to the submarines to sink no merchant ships without giving warning and an opportunity for the safety of those on board, unless they attempt to escape or resist. In view of this, the United States is requested to bring all possible pressure to bear on England to make a modification of the blockade



as regards food for the civilian population, and it states that, if this result is not achieved, Germany will feel free to withdraw the new order at any time and fight as she chooses. She has yielded as regards submarine warfare; and if we consider these concessions sufficient, there should be no breach unless she withdraws them again. As for making vigorous protests to England, we have already told her that our dealings with England were entirely distinct from our dealings with her, and one could not be made dependent on the other.

*May 7.* On the whole, the German reply may be looked upon as a victory for us; in my mind it closes the discussion for a short time, but as I do not believe that we shall bring about any modification of the blockade even if we try, I feel sure that Germany will resume her freedom of action, as she calls it, which will put things back to the conditions of which we complain, with no way out of them, but a rupture.

*May 9.* [H.] Wilson has practically accepted the last German Note in which they agree to warn all ships. The *Cymric* has just been sunk, which makes me feel ill. All on board were saved. however.

*May 10.* [H.] The reply of President Wilson to Germany is excellent; short, dignified, and to the point. He refuses to admit that the blockade question has anything to do with the submarine

policy, and declines to discuss it. Any further torpedoing of boats, without warning, will mean that relations will be broken off at once. Oh, that they might be!

*May 13.* I received forty letters from the Constantinople Embassy this morning, but in spite of this took my Saturday afternoon off and spent it at the dentist's, a pleasant but rough-handed person. The B.'s came to tea. B. says that it is nonsense to think that Germany can be starved; also that the reason for the German efforts at Verdun was to retain possession of some iron mines in the neighborhood. Thus do we live and learn.

*May 14.* It is very hard to make out much about politics at home. The *Nation*, which is about all that we have to guide us, is always disgusting when it refers to Roosevelt. The pathetic part of it all is that Wilson could almost certainly be thrown out if the Republicans could unite on a strong man, but it looks now as if they could not. Hughes is the futile choice of the theorists.

*May 17.* [H.] The reorganization at the Val de Grâce has been an excellent thing, and everywhere it is much cleaner. We now visit the large wards 24 and 35, where the *grands blessés* are; the convalescents are sent up to 36 and 37, in the roof, and much warmer. Every one seemed better to-day and many were out in the garden.

*May 18.* [H.] My secretary, Mlle. Stern, told me that she had seen last night a young man who had

been dining with one of General Pétain's generals, one who had been with him from the beginning. He said that from General Pétain down, every one was sure of victory, and that the English blockade had worked wonders, especially last month, in preventing supplies getting to Germany.

*May 19.* [H.] We dined last night with the Scotts and met Sir Henry Norman. He is in the Bureau of Inventions here, and he told me that his whole time was spent inventing machinery to kill, and when he had done that, in trying to make the army men use it. He also said that Great Britain had lately been catching a large number of submarines — I heard afterwards 102 up to date.

*May 20.* The Italians are having a rather bad time of it, as an Austrian offensive is on, and they are busy taking up more advantageous strategic positions farther back. Mahon, the British commander-in-chief at Salonica, has been suddenly transferred to Egypt. There is much more heard about air fighting than a year ago — probably because the number of aeroplanes has greatly increased on all hands. The American aviators are all in one squad now, of course commanded by Frenchmen.

*May 24.* [H.] The French have retaken what is left of the fort of Douaumont: if they can only hold it! It is glorious!

*May 25.* [H.] The wretched Boches have made a counter-attack and retaken the fort of Douaumont.

*May 27.* General Gallieni died this morning after two operations. He was almost certainly one of the best French officers and officials, though he went out of office for trying to force the hand of the Government at the time when things were at their worst at Verdun.

*May 31.* [H.] As I was leaving home about 1.30, I saw a most terrible runaway, and it just missed us as the motor stuck going out of the front door. It quite unnerved me. I went to the 'Assemblée Générale' of Mon Soldat at the Hôtel du Palais d'Orsay, and heard Millerand speak. It was delightful. He speaks extremely well, with great force, and you feel that he is every inch a man. He said the war would end 'quand l'Allemagne demande la grâce.'

*June 1, 1916.* Ascension Day and the Embassy closed. [H.] I went to Mrs. T.'s, where I found Mrs. Yarde-Buller and the Marquis de Chambrun. We discussed the Greek situation; he thinks that they will let the Bulgarians take Serres and Cavalla as well as Roupel; that is awful for the Allies. I left early and met J., and we went to try and see something of General Gallieni's funeral which was to begin at two. We found a fairly good place on the Pont Alexandre II, and stood there till 3.30, when the cortège finally started. It took

nearly an hour to pass and we heard no music at all, although I believe that there was one band; a black regiment from Morocco impressed me the most.

*June 2.* [H.] There are rumors of a great naval battle. No one seems to know if it is true or not.

*June 3.* Definite news of a naval battle in the Skajerak was given out; the English losses were announced first: three battle cruisers with all on board, some other cruisers and many small vessels, but no dreadnoughts. The Germans, on the other hand, appear to have lost a battleship, two battle cruisers, and about the same number of lesser craft. The English loss of life was much the greater, as several vessels were sunk with almost all on board. Among those killed was Admiral Hood (his wife originally a Miss Nickerson, of Boston, had many friends in our Embassy). It looks as if the British battle cruisers had tried to cut out the German lighter vessels and were nipped between them and the battleships and were destroyed. The British heavy squadron did not reach the field of action till later, but it was the one which did the greatest damage to the Germans, forcing them to withdraw and suffering severely in the process. The English proclaim their losses frankly, whereas the Germans are noticeably reticent.

*June 4 (Sunday).* The weather was cold and threatening for our visit to the German prison

camp at Etampes. We made an early start, and motored on good roads through lovely country to Etampes, where we found the Dodges waiting, so we lunched, and Dodge and I went forthwith to inspect the prisoners' camp: one of his lot. It was situated in the middle of the town. The prisoners were all Germans, 4 non-commissioned officers and 190 privates. They were housed in a very old mill, three stories high, with a pitched roof, and some smaller buildings, all old, and there was a fine brook running through their courtyard. They are daily marched out in details to do work on the highways, etc. The French Commandant impressed us favorably; he appeared to be efficient and just, though perhaps a little severe. We examined everything and found the arrangements primitive but clean. The prisoners were drawn up for our benefit: we inspected them they were not an impressive-looking lot, then heard their complaints in private. These were not of a serious nature, and were made for the most part by men who were evidently just looking for trouble. The whole process lasted four hours, after which we returned to our disconsolate widows and hurried back to Paris, reaching home at 8 P.M., a long day.

*June 6.* [H.] The Russian offensive has begun on the Galician front; they have already taken 15,000 Austrians, many officers, and much ammunition, etc. On the other hand, the fighting at

Verdun gets worse and worse, and we are afraid the Fort de Vaux will fall. We hear that there is only a small garrison left there and the bombardment is terrific.

There were many soldiers at Mon Soldat, a number of them from Verdun, and they are just as courageous and full of confidence as ever. It is wonderful.

*June 7.* [H.] Terrible news greeted us this A.M. The battle cruiser Hampshire, with Lord Kitchener and his staff on the way to Archangel, was sunk off the Orkney Islands, and all are apparently drowned. All sorts of wild rumors are about — that they had a spy on board — that she was blown up; but no one knows anything. It is all so awful; the whole world is cast down. The one ray of joy is that the Russians are advancing all the time, and the prisoners now number 25,000.

The American news is that the Republican Convention meets today at Chicago.

*June 8.* [H.] Fort de Vaux, which has stood so heroically the intense bombardment for weeks, has at last been cut off and must fall very shortly. There are very few men left there, and Major Reynal has been perfectly splendid.

*June 9.* [H.] It really looks as if the Russian advance would mean something, but the Fort de Vaux has at last fallen, and Major Reynal and his heroic little garrison have surrendered. The

Boches have taken a leaf out of the Turkish book and allowed him to keep his sword.

I had tea with Captain and Mrs. Acton. He is the British Naval Attaché, and they are charming. He felt sick at the way the news of the naval battle of Jutland was first given out, and said that the officers on their arrival in London were greeted with 'So sorry for you!' when they had been through hell and had really won a great victory.

*June 10.* At the Chicago Convention, Hughes was nominated on the third ballot, and Roosevelt never really had a look-in. They do not want him because they are afraid of him.

*Monday, June 12.* A full holiday. We walked over to the Invalides toward noon and had a good chance to examine the trophies in the courtyard. They were taken in the Champagne offensive a year ago, and none have been added since then — *pour cause.*

*June 13.* [H.] The Russians are doing wonders, still taking many prisoners and much booty. They are advancing on Czernovitz. May they take it!

*June 14.* [H.] The hour is to be advanced to-night at midnight for economy and to give us another hour of daylight, an excellent idea, already adopted by England and the other Powers — the work of Sir Henry Norman.

The Democratic Convention meets today in St. Louis and there is no excitement about it, as there



is no other man on their horizon but Wilson; so, of course, he must be nominated.

*June 16.* [H.] The Russians have surrounded Czernovitz and are bound to take it in a day or two. The number of prisoners is increasing all the time.

*June 18.* The Russians continue to make enormous bags of Austrians. Every communiqué announces 10,000 more. They are doing wonderfully (so is their press agent).

*June 19* [H.] Czernovitz has fallen and the Austrian army of Von Pflanzer is fleeing in every direction. So far the Russians have taken 122,000 prisoners and an enormous booty. It has caused an immense satisfaction here and a wave of optimism is now rolling over us.

General von Moltke died suddenly at a meeting of the Reichstag, at the moment when they were eulogizing Von der Goltz Pasha. No great loss! He was only sixty-nine years old, but apparently he never got over his dismissal.

*June 20.* [H.] Not so many soldiers at Mon Soldat this week. We think that *permissions* are being suppressed, and that the English offensive will begin before very long. Every one is talking about it and asking 'When?' We know that the Twentieth Army Corps is near the Somme somewhere, and wherever that is sent, it means business, as it is the great fighting corps.

*June 22.* [H.] The Russians, up to date, have

taken 172,484 prisoners. It is glorious and they are still continuing their good work.

Miss Davison came to lunch and said that she thought that the people at home were afraid of Roosevelt's getting them into war, and, as they seemed to want peace at any price more than anything else, they chose Hughes.

[J.] Our one-track government was much concerned, at this time, with the danger of a fratricidal war with Mexico. Twenty-one troopers had already been killed and forces were being rushed to the front. In its wisdom, it expected that Mexico would declare war, but no one else did, nor did it do so.

[H.] The Mexican mess gets worse and worse, and now that Captain Boyd and twenty-one troopers have been killed, the President has sent a note of inquiry.

*June 23.* [H.] It appears that there were forty Americans killed in Mexico, and that Carranza is about to declare war on us. Still we must wait for an investigation.

*June 24.* Matters in Mexico appear rather critical. Troops are being sent to the border, and the militia is to be called out. It is quite enough to divert attention from this war, which already begins to pall on the people in general at home.

*June 25.* The German week-end attack in the Verdun region has been particularly violent, and they have again made some progress, especially on

the east front, where they are getting close to the inner or last line of forts. It seems quite possible that they may finally reach Verdun.

Captain Acton, the British Naval Attaché, told us that he had received a letter from a friend in command of one of the ships in the Jutland fight, who wrote that there was much more accident than design in the way the fight was conducted, as, owing to fog or haze, they never knew what they were running into. When a less powerful vessel ran across a more powerful one, it was literally crumpled up.

*June 27.* [H.] The English are bombarding all along the line of the Somme, so we think that the great offensive is on.

*June 28.* [H.] The English bombardment is still going on — and they are always fighting furiously at Verdun. It is a wonder that there is any one left.

*June 30.* [H.] More Russian victories and more prisoners, 205,000 now. It is glorious. Italy, too, has had a term of good luck and won back what she lost to the Austrians some time ago. Every one now is so optimistic that we hear on all sides, that the war will be over in ten months, but we hardly think so.

[J.] Carranza has backed down again. War has been avoided, and the mess in Mexico is growing worse and worse, but our good President thinks it a great victory and openly declares he will do all in his power to avoid war!

Mrs. Yarde-Buller, wife of General Yarde-Buller, British liaison officer with the French Headquarters, told me at tea that things were going on well. She had heard from a neutral Consul at Hamburg, who had just arrived here, that conditions there were very bad, and that the merchants were all saying, 'We must make peace on the best terms possible. We shall never win.'

1916  
JULY TO DECEMBER



1916

JULY TO DECEMBER

*July 2, 1916.* The long-expected British and French advance broke loose yesterday, after an enormous artillery preparation of about a week. The attack was along the Somme, on a front of about forty kilometres and was very successful. Already some ten villages have been taken, and the Germans driven out of their first and second line trenches for long stretches; many prisoners and guns also appear to have been taken. Every one is enormously thrilled and says, 'At last!'

*July 3.* [H.] The British are making headway all the time, but the fighting is terrific, as it is against them that the Germans have massed themselves. They have taken, so far, 5200 prisoners, and the French 7000.

*July 4.* [H.] All sorts of an American holiday with the usual stunts. There are rumors that Péronne has fallen; 2000 more prisoners have been taken.

*July 5.* [H.] The great offensive, as every one seems to think, is going on night and day, and the first wounded are arriving in Paris. I saw a man today at the Val de Grâce, from the battle of the Somme. He said the French took the Boches so by surprise that, in the first attack, they had hardly

a man wounded, and that whole companies surrendered perfectly dazed by the bombardment. They were boys sixteen and seventeen years old. I wish it would continue that way, but I am afraid the Germans are still too strong.

*July 6.* [H.] To date, nineteen villages and 16,000 prisoners have fallen to the French and English. It is glorious!

*July 8.* The Ambassador, virtually without warning, started for Bordeaux, with the intention of sailing for the United States to recruit his health. The decision was sudden, and the answer from the Department to his request for leave had not yet been received; it came an hour or two after his departure from Paris, and said 'No.' The Embassy staff went to the station to see him off.

*July 9, Sunday.* It is raining as usual. The French-English offensive is still going on in good shape. So far the English have achieved less through having met with much more stubborn resistance.

A rather pernicious Russo-Japanese treaty has been concluded — a spoilers' league.

*July 10.* [H.] The French have taken the village of Biache, and are only about a kilometre from Péronne. Oh, may they take it!

*July 11.* [H.] Think of it, those devils, Boches have built and sent a submarine across the ocean! The Deutschland arrived at Norfolk yesterday,



and proceeded to Baltimore, where it will discharge its cargo of dyestuffs and take on one of nickel and rubber, so they say. Our Government must examine it carefully to see whether it can be considered a merchant ship or not. All this greatly upsets my plans for going home, and I don't know now if I care to cross the ocean.

This is the eleventh day of the offensive and all is going well.

*July 12.* [H.] The Russians are progressing all the time, and they now claim to have taken 266,000 soldiers, 5820 officers, 312 cannon, and 866 machine guns — all this in Galicia and the Stokhod region towards Kovel, which is threatened.

[J.] The English have taken 2000 more, so things seem really to be moving on. Most of the French are very optimistic and think the war will end this autumn, but there are others more doubtful.

*July 14. National Holiday.* There was a notable parade of the Allied troops. The procession formed between the Invalides and the Grand Palais, in front of which, in a simple ceremony, the President bestowed medals upon families of the dead. It then marched through the Champs-Élysées, Rue Royale and Grand Boulevards, to the Place de la République, where it was disbanded.

First came the Belgians, bicyclists, infantry, and

cavalry, all in bran-new uniforms and equipments, which gave a sense of unreality. They were followed by the English, straight from the trenches, to which they probably returned that night, a striking contrast; with them were bagpipers, Highlanders, Canadians, Australians, and a few Indians, all infantrymen. The third in order were the Russians, splendid-looking men, carefully picked, and all just alike; they sang as they marched along the Boulevards, and like the Belgians suggested the stage rather than the war. The French brought up the rear, looking very small and very real. There was a regiment of Chasseurs à Pied, cited for gallantry, followed by Territorials (men too old for the front lines), Zouaves, Moroccans, a battery of mitrailleuses and one of 75's, a regiment of lancers, and last and least, a body of Annamites.

*July 17.* [H.] The English push is going on and they are progressing all the time, but the losses are appalling; it makes you ill to take up a newspaper — all the rising generation gone.

*July 18.* [H.] The Russians have taken 12,000 more prisoners. Of course, Austrians. It is almost a joke now, for every day you read of the number of prisoners they take, and when a day comes and nothing happens, you are disappointed. The English have advanced along a 14-kilometre line and taken the village of Orvillers.

*July 19.* [H.] J. brought back a story he heard

from his clerk Langelaan, who was formerly on the staff of Northcliffe's *Times* — that a friend of his on the paper had told him that Rumania would come into the war in a day or two. He said that it was absolutely sure; I hope that it may be.

*July 24.* [H.] We hear rumors that the Russians have begun operations about Riga. If so, that means that they have started their offensive all along their front.

We lunched with the British Naval Attaché and his wife, and met there a delightful man, Lieutenant Blunt, just on leave for the first time since the beginning of the war. He is second on a submarine, and went up in his boat to Constantinople, a real man and so simple.

*July 27.* [H.] The English have taken the whole of the village of Pozières, and many prisoners. It is a great advantage, but the loss of life has been severe.

The Russians have also taken Erivan, which means the whole of Armenia is in their hands.

*July 28.* [H.] I heard about three weeks ago that 25,000 of the civil population, mostly young women and girls, had been evacuated by the Boches from Lille, Roubaix, and Tourcoing, and sent, Heaven knows where, into Germany. The official account has just been published and it is too frightful for words. There was a wonderful report in the *Temps* last night giving the details.

*July 30, Sunday.* Captain Fryatt has been sum-

marily court-martialled and shot by the gentle Germans. He was captain of one of the railway mail steamers, who, meeting a German submarine, attacked it and drove it off, or perhaps sank it. They made a hero of him, but being later captured with his steamer, the Germans shot him as an unlicensed warrior.

*July 31.* [H.] The Russians have taken Brody, which is an important place, and Mrs. Yarde-Buller told me that her husband had just telephoned that a whole Austrian regiment had surrendered, with the colonel and all the other officers. Good news.

The Zeppelins have raided the east coast again, but this time have done little damage.

Carleton Burr and his sister, Elsie, dined with us; he has been at Verdun for most of the last four months.

*Aug. 3, 1916.* [H.] Again the Zeppelins have raided England — always the east coast; this time there were seven of them and they dropped eighty bombs. The Deutschland has at last left Norfolk; may she be caught!

Casement was hanged in England this morning privately, and it is said that at the end, he admitted that he had been a traitor.

*Aug. 4.* [H.] The wonderful French have taken back the village of Fleury and 17,000 prisoners. It is glorious what they have done at Verdun and I wonder that there are any left. The fighting has been terrific.

*Aug. 6, Sunday.* We had decided to go to Amiens if we could, as it was the place nearest the fighting. We did not pretend that there was any other reason for this, but obtained the necessary permission through the courtesy of William Martin, Chef du Protocol. The train was very interesting, no end of soldiers returning to the front. There were two officers with us who had been all through the Somme fighting. We went straight to the hotel for lunch. There were virtually no civilians and no women, except some Red-Crossers and such. We found many French and still more English, though the English do not seem to be in the least running the town, as we had been told they were. While waiting in the garden for our lunch, we could hear very clearly the booming of the great guns on the Somme. In the afternoon we wandered about the streets and found soldiers everywhere. There were messengers flying about in dust-covered cars and on steam bicycles. The war felt very near. We ended with the Cathedral, of course, and found the choir stalls and other treasures covered with sand bags for protection.

*Aug. 7. [H.]* General Joffre has come out very frankly, in a conversation with some American newspaper men. He said the situation was very good; that the Allies were much stronger today than when the war began, for they had many more men in the field. In the *Intransigeant* he was

quoted as saying that they would certainly break through. This is the first time since we have been here that Joffre has publicly given out any statement; it is quite significant.

Endicott Peabody lunched with us, and we advised him not to go to England just now, for the Havre boat has been held for forty-eight hours, probably through fear of submarines.

*Aug. 8.* [H.] I lunched with Mrs. T., where I heard that things seemed to be going well on all fronts. The Italians have won a great victory on the Isonzo, and taken 3500 prisoners, the Russians on the Dniester, the French at Verdun, and the English at Pozières. Oh, that the war would end soon! Every one's nerves are on edge including my own.

*Aug. 9.* [H.] There is terrific fighting at Verdun and the Boches have succeeded in taking back the Ouvrage de Thiaumont, or what is left of it. Both sides are so tenacious that the losses must be awful.

*Aug. 10.* [H.] Gorizia has fallen and the Italians have taken in all 10,000 prisoners. The rejoicing in Italy is great.

There has been another Zeppelin raid over England. This time six women and children were killed.

*Aug. 11.* The Ambassador left today for Tours and Bordeaux. He sails tomorrow on the Lafayette and expects to be away six weeks.

*Aug. 19.* No particular news from the war, but

at home the President is trying to head off a very dangerous universal railroad strike for an eight-hour day and more pay. It looks as if he could only do it by granting the demands.

Tom Plummer told me at dinner that, while recently visiting one of the prisoners' camps, he had run across four of the crew of the submarine which probably sunk the *Sussex*. The papers announce the safe return of the *Deutschland* to Bremen. When all is said and done, it is a good stunt, but of no practical value. It is now pretty certain that the other boat, if it ever existed or sailed, has been bagged or sunk. I have this on fairly good authority.

*Aug. 20.* The papers say now that the *Deutschland* has not arrived in Bremen, after all, and nobody knows. It looks as if the Salonica offensive had really begun at last, but even now it is the Bulgarians who are showing the greatest activity. The Allies are trying very hard to bring Rumania into the war.

*Aug. 22.* I have been studying in the *Weekly Times* lately the official casualty lists of British officers for five consecutive weeks in July and August. They filled in all 43 columns. A perfectly full column holds about 200 names, but the headlines must be excluded; also sometimes one name takes up two lines, so that 180 would be a fair to low average per column. This gives a total of 7760 officers, but a certain number of names

appear twice; for instance, 'Wounded' in one list and 'Died of Wounds' in a subsequent list, so we will call it 7000. Now, estimating the proportion of officers hurt to men, as one in 25, because of the proneness of British officers to expose themselves, that would give a total loss in five weeks of 182,000, or 7000 officers and 175,000 men, virtually none of whom are prisoners. The Germans had claimed 260,000 for a somewhat longer time, which the British declared officially to be a gross exaggeration.

A word, *en passant*, about the well-known proneness of British officers to expose themselves to extreme danger on the field of battle. I came in contact with this spirit for the first time, during the Boer War in the Transvaal, where I was on friendly terms with a number of British officers after their arrival in Pretoria. I never questioned them about it nor thought it out till this day. My firm conclusion is that this unnecessary display of courage or coolness, in the face of imminent danger, is not prompted by a spirit of bravado, except in the very young, but is simply an effort to strengthen the morale of their troops, and if one officer feels this necessity, the others follow his example as a matter of course.

About this time my wife went south for a couple of weeks for change and rest. She stayed with Mrs. Francis Shaw at St. Jean de Luz, where she found plenty of change and not much rest. She enjoyed



it thoroughly, and returned to her activities in Paris much refreshed by this brief interval.

*Aug. 26.* There has been another Zeppelin raid over England — five or six of the evil birds flew along the coast, and one of them over London. Only slight damage is reported, but the official announcement is meagre.

There is a lull for the moment on the Russian and Italian fronts, but poor Venice has bombs dropped on her three or four times a week. The Italians have sent a contingent to help the Allies do nothing at Salonica. This is virtually an act of war against Germany and may lead to a declaration.

*Monday, Aug. 28.* [H.] The morning papers give Italy's declaration of war on Germany; heretofore she has been fighting only the Austrians; and at noon we heard of Rumania's declaration against Austria — a double event and glorious news. J. said it was known at the Embassy in the morning. The newspapers were all snapped up very quickly, and the only one we could get was borrowed by our maid from a friend who ran a milk-shop near by.

*Aug. 29.* The D.'s came to dinner and to talk over plans for a proposed journey of our ladies to Evian. Mrs. D. said that Dhuleep Singh had told her exactly what food to order and what wine to drink in every hotel on the route, little realizing that ladies, as a rule, have a two-franc limit on wine.

One of H.'s *filleuls*, who has just been awarded the Croix de Guerre, turned up on leave and we made him show us his citation and tell us all about it, which he did very simply and ungrammatically as follows: Just an officer and four men were in a *poste d'écoute* or something, when it became a special mark. The officer and two of the men ran away; the other man and he were finally pulled out, and he was given his Croix de Guerre.

*Aug. 31.* Our ladies finally started southward in their car at 5 P.M. instead of at 10 A.M., as at first proposed. When they were gone, Dodge returned to the 'Shop,' went thence to the Foreign Office, then back to the 'Shop,' where he worked from seven to nine; then home for dinner and off to the train at ten. Dodge must meet Garrett and confer with him tomorrow in Berne, as he expects to be in Germany for about six weeks, visiting camps, etc. An expedition of four of his staff is also to start in a few days to visit camps in Corsica, including Casa Bianca, where the Turkish Christian prisoners are kept.

*Sept. 1, 1916.* The Foreign Office sent me twelve notes, the most I have ever received in one day, and none of them wholly without importance, though only one or two had to be translated and put through in this mail. I am beginning to look forward longingly to the time when Sofia will be captured and all communication with Constantinople cut off in its prime.

*Sept. 3.* A fragmentary account has been published of what appears to have been the most serious Zeppelin raid over England that has been perpetrated so far. It was the thirty-seventh. One Zeppelin was destroyed near London. What the others did, we do not know and may never know.

The Allies have sent fifty-eight warships to the Piræus for purposes of peaceful persuasion.

*Sept. 4.* They are fighting hard again on the Somme on both fronts, and, though there are no sensational reports, except in the *Herald*, it seems to be all to the good. The French make most progress and take most prisoners, but the English have the hardest fighting to do and are less emotional in their way of describing the results.

*Sept. 5.* Our friends, the Sam Abbotts, who recently came through from Rome, where they have lived for many years, say that the Italians are running all their war activities themselves; they gladly accept contributions of money from Americans, but injudiciously do not allow them to attain the gratifying prominence and publicity which they achieve here, with the result that the flow is sadly limited. The highest Roman society is distinctly pro-German. The Americans are not. This, too, may account for the decrease in offerings, or, at least, that is my explanation of it.

*Sept. 7.* I talked with Garrett about his recent trip to middle Europe. It was very interesting,

but he is tired and glad to come back. He told me that, after visiting officers' camps in Germany, he had gone on to Vienna and returned *via* Berne. He was treated everywhere with courtesy, official and personal, but rather closely herded. He was allowed to talk privately with the officers in all the camps and found little, very little, to criticize. The installations are much better than in the German officers' camps in France, but the food, on the other hand, is much worse. As for the prospects of the war, he says that the German officials and officers do not show any trace of depression or doubt, but he thinks that the people are beginning to waver: in Austria, this is certainly the case. He was in Vienna on the day that Rumania declared war, and the depression was very noticeable. His only disagreeable experience was at the French Legation at Berne, where he was very rudely handled by a Third Secretary, the same one that ill-treated Minot and Dresel. He has mentioned the matter at the Foreign Office.

On Thursday, August 31, my wife and Mrs. Dodge started southward by motor on the trip so carefully arranged for them by Dhuleep Singh. They had good weather to start with. The first night was spent at Fontainebleau, at a new hotel, where they ran across Mrs. Wharton. The second day they went *via* Sens, where they lunched, to Auxerre for the night. The third day their route lay through Verzeley to Avalon, the fourth to

Beaune, which was three-starred by Dhuleep Singh — thence to Bourg-en-Bresse, but the following day it rained all the way to Annecy. The hotels varied rather widely, the most golden one being at Bourg. They met no tourists and very few motors on the road anywhere, and were not asked once for their papers. The morning after their arrival at Annecy, our ladies went to Lausanne for the day. Here I quote again:

*Sept. 8.* [H.] Yesterday M. and I went to Lausanne for the day. The boat left at 10.50, and we arrived early at the wharf in the hope that we could have our papers viséed before the rush. But not at all; nothing was done until the boat had arrived; then a very intelligent Frenchman in civilian clothes examined our passports and handed them to a man behind a window to have them stamped and our names taken. Mine not being signed, he wanted to put me down as Mrs. Lansing, but I prevented him. On the Swiss side the officials just glanced at our papers and we passed on. Oh, the curious sensation of being in a neutral place and the horror of seeing Boches everywhere! We lunched with Nellie Plunkett, and saw the Austrian Consul and his wife seated near. In the streets we heard German everywhere. We came home on the 4.50 boat, and the scenes at the landing while waiting for the boat I shall never forget; French and Germans spying on each other and detectives everywhere. The Swiss

douane visited us on the boat, looking for food-stuffs, and the French greeted us on our return, but again all were polite and gave us no trouble. How thankful we felt to be once more on French soil, where all Boches are locked up for safe-keeping!

*Saturday, Sept. 9.* This morning, somewhat to my surprise and to my great delight, Helen appeared without warning, having decided to come home sooner than they had intended. She looked very well in spite of having sat up all night in the train. The trip has been a success, and Mrs. Dodge has proved a most pleasant travelling companion.

*Sept. 10.* This last week, traffic across the Channel has been more interrupted than ever before. The only service was entirely suspended for several days, probably because of great submarine activity.

*Sept. 11. [H.]* The Sam Abbotts came to tea. Maria is much upset because she cannot go to England for a round of visits. They are just beginning to realize what war means, for in Italy, with the exception of the inconvenience of being short of coal, life goes on about as usual. No American there is allowed a hand in anything, and you never see wounded in the streets, nor are you allowed to visit the hospitals.

*Sept. 12. [H.]* About noon I was surprised and pleased to be called on by Doctors Hugh <sup>Call</sup> ~~and~~ and George ~~Call~~. They had come from Amiens, <sup>Stratford</sup>

where the Harvard Medical Unit has its hospital, for a two days' stay in Paris. They are under the British Government. They have been given the ranks of Lieutenant Colonel and Major, and are supported wholly by the British, though nobody at home seems to be aware of this fact. I found them very interesting. They have a tent hospital which can take care of about 2350, and about 7000 wounded have passed through their hands in the last four months. It was a delight to see any one frankly pro-English.

*Sept. 13. [H.]* The news is all to the good. The fighting in the Somme is very hard, but the Germans are being pushed back everywhere and prisoners taken all the time. Things, too, have begun at Salonica and the Allied troops have advanced. There is a horrid mess in Greece. The Zaimis Cabinet has fallen, and no one can tell who will be called upon to form a new one.

The Garretts came to dine. John said very little about his recent trip. He reported that the German people were allowed only one-half pound of meat a week, and the same amount was allotted to the prisoners. Our Embassy is virtually ostracised and their position is very disagreeable.

*Saturday, Sept. 16.* After an early dinner we went to the Théâtre Réjane, Rue Blanche, to see the English official films of the Somme fighting, taken, most of them, before it began. They are as good as such things can be, the better because

some of the more ghastly parts shown in England have been cut out. They were very interesting, though moving pictures never look real to me; they move too fast. We saw there Countess Moltke, *née* Buonaparte.

*Sept.* 19. [H.] Florina has been taken by the Allies, and that is very good news, for it is the key to Monastir.

*Sept.* 22. [H.] The English are doing gloriously. Since they began the offensive on July 1st, they have taken 55,000 Boche prisoners, but their losses are sickening.

*Sept.* 23. We went to a scratch lunch at the 'Blisses', where we met the poet Masefield in a Red Cross garb. He has been at Gallipoli and Salonica and is now here in some sort of a hospital organization. He is the author of a wonderful poem, 'The Wanderer' — a sailing ship. He seemed one of the most modest of men.

We met also Lady Sybil Grey, daughter of Earl Grey, who is working in an English Red Cross Hospital in Petrograd, and is now on her way back there. She told us that the influence of Rasputin was based on the fact that the Czarina believed that the life of her son was in some uncertain way dependent upon him.

*Sept.* 24, *Sunday.* Dolbeare, the Second Secretary at our Vienna Embassy, came to lunch. We liked him very much. He was appointed to Vienna, his first post, at the same time Carey, our Third



Secretary, came to us in Paris. He is here on leave and brought a pouch. Life in Vienna is very restricted, he says. There is no society. There have been no Court functions since the war began, and he has never even seen the Emperor. The French and the English still live at large and are allowed to carry on their shops, etc., and both languages are used freely in public. The Hungarians want some one of those at the top punished. The Germans are disliked.

This morning the papers report the death of another American aviator, Kiffen Rockwell, one of the most skilful ones. He came from the south and had begun the war in the Foreign Legion. The corps now consists, I think, of six flyers, and they have recently been transferred from Verdun to the Vosges.

*Sept. 25.* [H.] The thirty-ninth Zeppelin raid over England ended quite gloriously, for one of them was brought down and the raiders made prisoners, and the other was burnt. Unfortunately, many people were killed and I am afraid considerable damage was done.

*Sept. 27.* [H.] Venizelos has left Athens for Crete, taking the Admiral of the fleet with him. He has declared for a Nationalist Party, and it looks like a full-fledged revolution in Greece. The King keeps on doing nothing but confer with his officers and *entourage*. A pretty mess all round, and the Cabinet has fallen. On our front the

English have taken Thiepval and Combles, and many prisoners have fallen into their hands, 10,000 in the last two weeks. The weather is beautiful, warm and bright, and, of course, that is what they need for the offensive.

*Sept. 30.* The day began cloudy, then cleared bright and windy, but at the same time we passed from summer to autumn and the whole feeling of the air changed. Masfield came to lunch and confirmed the pleasant impression he had made; he is very quiet, almost shy, and has a certain charm of manner. He is now visiting hospitals throughout France. He told us that Rupert Brooke, whom he knew well, had died from the bite of a fly (like Strobel, the very able American adviser to the King of Siam). Captain Churchill was also with us, having just returned from a prison-camp trip through Corsica, where he had a chance to see some of my poor forlorn Turks.

Mrs. D. told us that the Ambassador is to sail from the United States on October 18, but Mrs. Sharp will not come with him.

*Sunday, Oct. 1, 1916.* The Yarde-Bullers came to dine by themselves. He was very cheerful and he considers that the progress is satisfactory, though not brilliant, and he rather deplores the present theory that the only thing that counts is to kill the enemy. He also told me about the tanks, which had just appeared, and had produced a tremendous sensation by their success.

*Oct. 2.* [H.] The Zeppelins have just made their fortieth raid over England, again losing one of their number. There have been three raids during the period of this full moon — two of which did great damage. In all, but four Zeppelins have been brought down so far, one in France at Révigny, one at Salonica, one in the mouth of the Thames, and one at Potter's Bar near London.

*Oct. 3.* [H.] The Rumanians have crossed the Danube near Rustchuk, a rather fine feat, but of course we do not know yet how much that means.

*Oct. 4.* [H.] Great activity on all fronts. The Russians have taken the Zlota-Lipa hills; the Rumanians are still advancing, and the Serbs are making good progress towards Monastir, which every one thinks they will be able to reach before winter sets in. The political news at home is not very encouraging, though they say that the Republicans and the Progressives have agreed to agree.

*Oct. 5.* [H.] The Serbs are doing finely and, according to the papers, have given the Bulgars a good beating, and taken some prisoners.

*Saturday, Oct. 7.* The story is going round that the Allies have given Constantino three days to get on the band wagon or abdicate in favor of his son.

There has been a great movement of wounded, indicating probably that the front hospitals are

being cleared to make ready for an important attack.

*Oct. 9.* [H.] The news is horrid. The German submarine N-53 has actually arrived in Newport Harbor, and, it is said, has brought a letter for President Wilson from the Emperor — but who knows? I think it dreadful that we let a submarine like that come into our harbors. Another bit of news is that the Rumanians have had to recross the Danube. They say now that it was only a raiding party, but I don't like it, for the Boches have their best generals, Mackensen and Von Falkenhayn, in command and mean to crush Rumania if they can.

*Oct. 10.* [H.] The detestable N-53 submarine left Newport after staying only four hours, and proceeded to torpedo nine cargo boats and one passenger steamer returning from Labrador with nurses and doctors from Dr. Grenfell's hospital. It is a crime that we should allow such things to be done off our coast. American destroyers had to go to the rescue of the passengers. How will it end?

I lunched with Mrs. Thomson and Mme. de Chambrun and refused to say anything about it.

*Oct. 11.* [H.] No one thinks or speaks of anything but the submarine and what the United States is going to do; we know that the United States will do nothing. Mr. Wilson has ordered an investigation and will probably write another Note after the elections on November 8. What are

our people made of? There was almost a panic on the New York Stock Exchange.

*Oct. 12.* [H.] The Italians have had a great victory on the Carso and have taken 14,000 prisoners. It is delightful news, and they say now that Trieste is being evacuated.

*Oct. 13.* We closed the mail, but did not forward it. Bordeaux sailings are upset by the fact that all sailings from New York, etc., were held up for several days after the submarine did its stunt, so there will be no arrival here for a week, and a double mail the week after. Tomorrow's boat is the good old Rochambeau, but most Americans are now too frightened to go to sea.

*Oct. 18.* [H.] The mess in Greece is getting worse and worse. The French have landed marines in Athens to keep order, as the German sympathizers, in connivance with the King, were making riots. The French have also taken over the censorship, so I doubt if we have much more real news. The French Commission of General Bertelot, nine colonels, eight majors, and many captains, have arrived in Bucharest, and it looks as if the Rumanian situation was a little better, and they would be able to hold the Germans in Transylvania on their frontier.

*Oct. 19.* [H.] More French troops have been landed in Athens, and they control the situation.

The French have taken the village of Saily-

Saillisel, which is very important, as it is on high ground.

The Rumanians are still holding their frontier.

*Oct. 22.* [H.] Yesterday at tea, M. told me a little about conditions in Germany as reported by Percival, who was personally conducted by Marshal von Bieberstein. The blockade is working wonders, so that the lack of food is really felt at every turn. He said that he never had a full meal; there are next to no motors, and all the carriages have plain wooden wheels. The horses are beyond description. The soldiers all look shabby, except those returning to the front; he saw an artillery outfit made up of a half-fed horse, a pony, and a donkey. It is said, too, that there is no wool, and the old uniforms are made over until nothing is left of them.

*Oct. 25.* [H.] The French have retaken the village and fort of Douaumont, a really great victory, which has won back seven kilometres of their own good soil. They have also taken 3500 prisoners.

*Oct. 26.* [H.] The French victory of yesterday has caused great rejoicing. In seven hours they have won back what it took the Germans some seven months to take. But the Rumanian news is sad. They have been forced to blow up the great bridge at Tchernavoda, and retreat some distance beyond. Gossip says that Russia has not kept her

promises to send much-needed men and ammunition. It is awful.

*Saturday, Oct. 28.* The chief events of the last week or more — I lose the run of time — have been the Rumanian rout at Costanza, the recapture of Douaumont and more, the German nastiness to the Norwegians, and the attack on the Channel transports.

At home it looks as if the 'Safety First' boys would prevail and Wilson be reelected.

This morning I had another rush of work. It has been a record week, as far as letters from Constantinople go; well over one hundred, and more than the usual amount of Foreign Office work.

*Oct. 29.* The Rumanians by their own accounts seem to be bucking up a bit. There is not much doing anywhere else because of bad weather. The Germans are sinking Norwegian cargo boats to beat the band, being peeved because they have been excluded from territorial waters.

*Oct. 31. [H.]* The German aviator, Boelke, has been killed, thank goodness. The papers have it that he has brought down forty planes, but I doubt it.

*Nov. 1, 1916.* During the last few days there have been many vague Zeppelin stories; such as that there are ten of them hiding behind a tree somewhere waiting to attack Paris. This afternoon there was great activity among the airmen

of the defence, and this evening the *Temps* came out with a communiqué reminding us of what to do in case of an alarm, so all expectations were aroused.

*Nov. 2.* [H.] M. and I feel a little more encouraged about the Presidential election, for the betting now is 10 to 7 on Hughes.

A number of my friends came in at tea-time; we talked about the Zeppelin scare and the Sarrail case.

*Nov. 3.* There has never been a time when the Channel service has been so completely held up; what with very bad weather and submarine activities, no passenger boat has crossed, it is said, in either direction, for six days, and fifteen hundred people are reported as waiting in Havre for a chance to get across. The Ambassador is waiting in London, presumably for the same reason. A few papers, like the *Times* and the *Daily Mail*, which come on transports, have been received, but no ordinary mails. The situation is now better and a sailing from Havre was expected last night.

*Nov. 4.* We are more and more thrilled as election day approaches; the betting is said to be 10 to 8 on Hughes. Helen believes that he will win, but I think that the 'Safety First' boys will prevail. I am awfully anxious to have Mr. Wilson and the Democrats thrown out, though I am not personally particularly keen on Mr. Hughes. The



Italians have achieved another victory on the Carso, with 8000 prisoners and more progress toward Trieste. The Germans have evacuated the fort of Vaux after announcing their intention to the American press. The *Mariner*, a tramp steamer that had carried horses across, was sunk on the return trip with more than fifty American cattlemen on board, from one to six of whom are reported drowned.

The *Deutschland* has crossed again, this time to New London, where some of the crew have already been involved in a stabbing scrape.

*Nov. 5.* It was the windiest day that I have ever seen in Paris, but no harm was done. After an early dinner I went in my top hat, etc., to the station to meet the ambassadorial party. All of the men of the staff were there, except Garrett, but none of the ladies and no outsiders or reporters. The train was over an hour late, but they came at last, the Ambassador and Mrs. Sharp, his mother, her sister, and three of the half-grown children. They seemed very glad to be back, the more so, as they had had a perfectly dreadful night crossing the Channel. On the whole, I am glad that he is here, for an Embassy is never at its best when the Chief is away.

*Nov. 6.* [H.] The French have retaken the village of Damloup, which means that they have now regained all the ground around Verdun which they lost to the Germans in the spring; it is

splendid. The Boches have proclaimed Poland a separate kingdom, with Prince Leopold of Bavaria as King; that will not please the Russians, and we hope they will fight it out to a finish now, for lately they have shown disquieting signs of wavering.

*Nov. 7.* [H.] Today is our election day. It is pouring cats and dogs here. May it be pleasant there! J. thinks Wilson will be elected, but I have a feeling for Hughes, but of course we neither of us know anything.

*Nov. 8.* [H.] Great and glorious news! The *New York Herald* has it that Hughes has been elected, and by a large majority. It seems almost too good to be true. (It was.) The three great States which generally give the casting vote have gone for him, New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois. J. came home with a very interesting piece of news. The Ambassador sent for him and told him that before leaving the United States, Colonel House had said to him that they were going to offer the Ministership at Bogotá to J. It is like a bomb in our midst, as we don't want to leave here.

*Nov. 9.* [H.] Hughes is not elected and it now looks as if Wilson would be. Those rotten Western States, California and Minnesota, are doubtful, and are likely to go for Wilson, and about all the other Western States that are generally Republican have voted for him. Peace at any price is really

the only thing they care for. It is sickening. We shan't really be sure of the results for two or three days, and they may have to have a recount.

*Nov. 10.* [H.] There is no longer any doubt that Wilson is reelected, and it is the West that has done it. In normal times they are always Republican, but they are too prosperous and the Germans in those regions are too numerous, so we are in for another four years of mess.

*Nov. 11.* We are deeply depressed by the election, and the Ambassador is jubilant, especially now that it appears that Herrick has not been elected Senator as announced.

*Nov. 12.* The new lighting laws come in force on the 15th, after which day no shops shall be lit by electricity or gas after 6 P.M., except places where food or drink is sold, and chemists and barbers; this does not apply to Saturday nights and the eve of national holidays. Restaurants are to close at 9.30 instead of 10. Theatres, music-halls, and cinemas must be closed one night in the week, and their general lighting is to be reduced by fifty per cent. At about half-past six the electric lights through a great part of the town went out; ours came on again about two hours later. People thought that it was intentional, but it appears really to have been caused by the burning out of something or other. I am not good at technical details.

*Nov. 13.* [H.] The Government has decided,

and rightly, that we must all economize, so they are beginning with the lights. I hope they will start in on other things, such as the private motors, pastry-shops, etc. We hear that in England no more pastry is to be allowed, no more white bread, and milk tickets are to be issued.

*Nov. 14.* [H.] The English have made a successful attack in the region of the Ancre and have taken the two villages Beaumont-Hamel and Beaumont-sur-Ancre, and more than 4000 prisoners. I had tea with Mrs. Leroy Lewis at the Ritz. Mrs. Tower Riley and Lady Granville were the others. Prince Arthur of Connaught sat with an Aide just in front of us. He had been decorating French Generals at the Invalides.

*Nov. 15.* [H.] Today the new lighting regulations begin, and we are interested to see whether it will really make much difference. Some of the shops will try to carry on with candlelights. I welcome any kind of economy, for I feel that we ought all to come down to hard pan. I had a solitary cup of tea at Colombin's. They had turned off half the electric lights and it was quite dark, but the streets seemed about as usual.

*Nov. 16.* [H.] The English are advancing all the time in the direction of Bapaume, and now the number of prisoners is over 5000. Miss Tuckerman, who has just arrived from the United States, came in to tea. She says the German propaganda is increasing all the time. Now they have

German priests with all the Irish, so as to work together and try to influence the masses.

*Nov. 17.* [H.] The Allies have declared on their part they will make Poland a separate kingdom.

*Nov. 18.* There was nothing of special interest today, except that the bottom dropped out of the barometer, which fell from 29.92 to 28.07 in forty-eight hours, a record equalled once in 1821, but never surpassed, and all that came of it here was a few little showers with strong gusts of wind.

*Nov. 19, Sunday.* Instead of the predicted hurricane we had a fairly pleasant day. The news of the fall of Monastir, which has been imminent for some days, was duly received this morning, and caused rejoicing. We had tea with the Royall Tylers at their place in the Ile St. Louis, and I walked back to see the effect of the six o'clock closing ordinance on the Boulevards and found the difference hardly perceptible. They were crowded as on previous Sundays and not noticeably darker. The political news of the day is that Emperor Francis Joseph has appointed the heir apparent as co-regent. He is again reported to be ill, but that happens often. In Greece the situation is messier and messier and more obscure since the Allies control the censorship. The French Vice-Admiral seems to have usurped all the functions of the diplomatic representatives, and more.

*Nov. 21.* [H.] The Allies are surging ahead at Monastir and have advanced quite a little beyond

the town. They found little damage to the town itself. The Boches set fire to it in part, but that was quickly extinguished.

*Nov. 22.* [H.] This has been a terrible day. First, a letter came from Arthur, the house agent, saying that Mrs. Keep has decided to close our apartment at 53 Avenue Montaigne on January 2. Second, not least important, a telegram has come to J. from Mr. Lansing, saying that the President offers him the post of Minister to Colombia. Third, there are rumors from Geneva that Franz Joseph is dead. It may be true. Spain is protesting violently about the Belgian deportations. May it do good! Mrs. Yarde-Buller read me later in the day a letter received from a cousin (in England) saying that the Deutschland with one million pounds' worth of dyes and the Bremen had both been caught.

*Nov. 23.* [H.] The Germans, the devils, have taken Craivoia and the Rumanians are retreating. Oh, where, oh, where are the Russians! The hospital ship, Britannic, the finest one afloat, has been sunk in the Mediterranean either by a torpedo or a mine.

*Nov. 24.* These are very upsetting days. The Rumanian news is all to the bad, the Germans are advancing with surprising rapidity, but the redeeming point is they cannot catch the Rumanians, much less surround them, so that they still live to fight another day. The exception to this

rule is the small force of less than 10,000 at Orsova, which is virtually cut off with no outlet visible. The moral is that the Rumanians should have left their 'manifest destiny' alone and applied themselves seriously to the work in Bulgaria. Another moral is that the Allies, instead of inciting them to come on, should never have allowed them to move until they could make sure that they would not be crumpled up.

*Nov. 25.* When the code telegram announcing my new appointment first came, it was so garbled that it was not clear whether the change was to be to Colombia, Guatemala, or Holland. The correction came this morning, designating Colombia. As corrected, it read as follows:

*Nov. 21*

American Embassy.

(Strictly confidential, to be deciphered by Coolidge.)

In appreciation of your services as a former member of the Diplomatic Service and your work in France during the last two years, the President tenders you the mission to Colombia. Please reply at early convenience.

LANSING

A transfer from Paris to Bogotá in a most interesting period of the World War did not appeal to me at all; my heart's desire was to remain in

France till peace came, then to retire from the service and be my own master for my remaining years. Furthermore, I had personal reasons for not wanting to go to Colombia, of all places. It will be remembered that, when we were negotiating the compensation to be paid for the cession of a slice of territory on which to build the canal, their proposals were so unreasonable that Panama, the State in which the land lay, profited by the opportunity to secede and obtain the whole advantage for herself. It was said at the time that Roosevelt had abetted and he was much criticized for his promptness in recognizing the new State. I talked about this matter in Panama with some of the leaders of the movement, who said that their State had always been ill-treated by the central government and that they were only too glad to seize a possible opportunity of winning their independence. The resentment of the Bogotá Government resulted in a long period of ill-feeling, and the Democratic authorities in Washington decided to try to bring about more friendly relations. The way to do this was obviously to make a veiled apology for the sins of their predecessors with some pecuniary balm for the wounded feelings of a sister republic. I had for years been a friend and a great admirer of Roosevelt, who had been my first chief, and could not possibly take part in an effort to discredit him, the more so as I did not consider that he had done anything discreditable. Conse-



quently, I telegraphed Mr. Lansing, declining the appointment, and wrote to Mr. Wilson thanking him for this expression of his confidence.

*Nov. 26.* The news from Rumania is all to the bad. They are falling back so fast that the only hope is that the Germans may run themselves off their feet in pursuit of them, as happened, to a certain extent, to Von Kluck in his advance on Paris.

Helen took tea with Mrs. D. and brought home a specimen of the wild stories which are almost daily circulated in Paris. It was that General Townsend, late of Kut, has been in London and Paris, as an emissary for the Turks, who have sent him to negotiate a separate peace for their benefit. But the Allies have declined on the ground that they have promised Constantinople to Russia.

We are half thinking of moving into a better apartment, and Helen is rather tempted to take an unfurnished one, but I am much opposed — notwithstanding the fact that Mme. Bérard has offered to lend us a bedroom set, and we have some andirons, an iron candlestick, and three or four tables and chairs of our own. The rest would have to be bought on Saturday afternoons.

There were but two air raids over England during this last full moon.

*Nov. 28.* [H.] The Zepps flew over England again, but there are rumors that one, anyway, and perhaps two, have been brought down.

*Nov. 29.* [H.] Two Zeppelins were brought down yesterday. It is curious, and I fancy they won't attempt it so often since the English have discovered a way to destroy them.

The Rumanian Government has gone to Jassy and I am afraid that means that Bucharest is in danger.

*Dec. 2, 1916.* Yesterday the time elapsed in which the Greek Royal Government was to return a reply to the demands of the French Admiral, who appears to be doing the diplomacy for the Allies in Athens in a sailor-like fashion that reminds me of the performances of commanders of our gunboats in Central American waters. The answer was, I believe, satisfactory, but something went wrong, with the result that Greek semi-regular troops began shooting at the small contingents of French and British marines who had come to Athens with M. d'Artige de Fournet, and had established themselves in the King's garden and other suitable spots. A few were killed and wounded, and they were forced to make their way back to the Piræus. The Greek soldiers then turned upon such Venizelists as came handy, maltreated them, burnt their newspapers, looted their shops, and even shot holes in the house of the patriot himself. The fleet lying in the Piræus sent up a few shells as a warning, but that was all.

*Dec. 4.* [H.] There has been an upset in the British Cabinet, and Lloyd George may resign from

the War Office. He favors a small War Cabinet, but Asquith does not.

*Dec. 5.* [H.] The Cabinet crisis in England has come, and no one knows yet what will happen, but it cannot continue as it is, for Lloyd George and Asquith don't agree and either one or the other must go.

*Dec. 6.* [H.] Asquith and Lloyd George have both resigned, having disagreed over the War Cabinet. The former refuses to have the latter in it.

The mess in Greece is worse than ever, and every one is furious about the Allies being fired upon.

*Dec. 7.* [H.] Bucharest has been occupied by those hateful Boches, but we hope all the grain has been destroyed, also the oil wells.

Lloyd George has been asked to form a new Cabinet and there is great rejoicing, for he really is the biggest man England has at the present moment.

Things are not going any too well here, and there is fear that Briand's Cabinet may fall. Tardieu and Clemenceau are doing their worst to mess things.

*Dec. 8.* [H.] The Rumanians aver that their army got away intact, so that is something, but I must say the whole business has cast a gloom over every one, and for almost the first time there seems to be great discouragement in the air. Lloyd George is making up his Cabinet, so that

goes well. The Allies have blockaded Greece. The French have lost the battleship Suffren with all on board; not a trace of her is to be found, and no one knows what happened.

*Dec. 9.* [H.] The Neutrals have protested to Greece for her behavior to the Allied troops, but much good it will do. They say the King is ill; who knows?

*Sunday, Dec. 10.* This morning Helen woke about six with a great pain. We tried to call Dr. Isch Wahl, but got no answer, so we sent for him. He came after nine, decided that it was appendicitis, and advised an operation. He summoned by telephone Dr. Baudet, a famous French surgeon, who ordered Helen to be taken to a private hospital at Auteuil. The ambulance came at one; I went with her to the hospital, and Dr. Baudet operated at three o'clock. I saw H. soon after she regained consciousness, and she was very calm; as she had been from the beginning.

Helen made a fair, but slow recovery. She was very anxious to go home for Christmas and the doctor gave his consent. Dr. Baudet said that she might do so if she went in an ambulance and stayed in bed after she got there, for she was still very weak. While she was in the hospital, my greatest fear was that there might be an air raid with fatal consequences. In the long hours between sleeping and waking, I planned revenge, and decided that my only course would be to force

my way into the presence of the Kaiser and kill him with my own hands.

*Dec. 11.* The new British Cabinet was announced today. There is a ruling group of five: Lloyd George, Bonar Law, Henderson, Lord Curzon, and Lord Milner; then there are twenty-seven others, each the head of a department, so to speak, who will run his own shop. Sir William Robertson and Admiral Jellicoe will be the Military and Naval Advisers. The small group will have the whole direction of the war.

*Dec. 12.* Germany has announced that she wants to discuss terms of peace. She does not say what terms, but considering that she has just overwhelmed Rumania, it is not likely that her demands would be modest. The Allies say that it is because she knows that she is beaten.

*Dec. 13.* The new French Cabinet was announced today. Joffre comes to Paris as the Military Adviser and Nivelle becomes Chief at the front. General Lyautey is Minister of War; Hériot, Public Works, etc.; Viviani, Justice; Malvy, Interior; Ribot, Finance; Admiral Lacaze, Marine; Albert Thomas, Munitions; Clémentel, National Economy; and Doumergue, Colonies.

*Dec. 15.* The time of the ultimatum to Greece expired today, and as was inevitable Greece had to accept it in all its terms, but this has already happened several times, and Greece has on every

occasion evaded its engagements almost immediately. The Allies have made a mess of the Greek situation from the outset. They now demand that all Greek troops shall be virtually disarmed and sent to the Peloponnesus, that all communications shall be under their control, that full apologies and amends shall be made for the late unhappy events, and that Greek officers shall be punished and Venizelists compensated for their misfortunes. There is no definite arrangement about stopping the blockade, which is slowly starving the poor, and yet they wonder that the Greeks do not look upon them as liberators and the champions of small nations. The ridiculous part of it is that, with all their restrictions, they have never been able to get the situation well enough in hand to convince the gallant Serrail that, if he moved forward, he would not be in serious danger of having Salonica, and perhaps himself, captured by this Greek remnant.

*Dec. 16.* The French have made another very successful attack at Verdun. They advanced a considerable distance and captured over 10,000 prisoners. They are immensely pleased, and it is well to have a little relief from the Rumanian situation, which gets no better.

*Dec. 18.* The German Peace Note came today and we turned it in to the Quai d'Orrai. Germany says to the Allies that she thinks that the time has come when it might be possible to send delegates

to meet in some (neutral country?), who could agree to mutually honorable terms of peace. There is no suggestion of what these terms should be. It is unlikely that, holding the advantage on the map, she would accept anything less than a *paix blanche* (as you were). If the Allies were to concede this, it would only mean a postponement, which Germany would make better use of than they could.

*Dec. 19.* The Note has been published officially. The Allies will give a joint answer which it will take some time and much conference to prepare. It is certain also that they will not go halfway to meet such vague and intangible proposals. Germany has failed so far to win a decisive victory, and it must be evident to her leaders that it will become more and more difficult to do this later. The Allies will become stronger with time, whereas she will not be able to maintain even the strength which she now has. They have more men, more money, and all the world to draw from. She, on the other hand, has greater military knowledge and skill. The discovery of some new method or engine of war might bring victory to either side. Failing this, her obvious course would be to seek to achieve before it is too late a peace during which she can repair damages and perfect her organization to such a point that there will be no danger of making another false start in the future.

*Dec. 21.* President Wilson sent Identical Notes today to the fighting Powers in which he said — at least this is my not very respectful rendering, added much later — that he had observed that a war had been going on for some two years or more, and that the time had come when he felt that he wanted to know what it was about; so he invited them to tell him what they were fighting for, and when and how they expected to stop. If they do this, he will undoubtedly take steps to bring it to a happy conclusion, as he has done in the case of Mexico. He wishes it known that this sudden desire for information is not the result of having read the German Note of a few days earlier, for he had already heard of the war in the newspapers.

*Dec. 25.* [H.] The happiest Christmas I have ever spent. I asked the doctor yesterday if I could go home. At first he said 'No.' Then he said that I could if I went in the ambulance and stayed in bed when I got there. Two orderlies carried me down and J. and my maid brought me home in the ambulance at eleven. I enjoyed the drive, such a contrast to going. Oh, the joy of being at home — I shall never forget it! Everything in apple-pie order and loads of flowers. It was wonderful!

*Dec. 26.* Hoffman Philip turned up today. He left Constantinople, where he was Conseiller at our Embassy, a month ago, and was in Vienna at



the time of the Emperor's funeral. He went thence to Berlin, and came here after a short stop in Switzerland. He is now going to Cadiz to join the collier *Cæsar*, which is on its way to Beirut loaded with supplies, to be distributed to the starving people in Syria and the Lebanon, by the Red Crescent. He may come back this way in a few weeks.

*Dec. 27.* [H.] Poor J. came home discouraged. The Ambassador wants him to take over the Garrett shop and do his own work as well. (Eighteen hours a day instead of nine!) He pointed out all the difficulties, but without much effect.

*Dec. 28.* [H.] I got up for luncheon, as we expected Hoffman Philip. He arrived late and stayed long. He was very interesting, and told us that things in Constantinople were in bad shape; food scarce and awful, and people dying by hundreds all over Turkey. Every one who could make trouble had been done away with. The massacres of the Armenians were awful beyond words. He also said there were lots of German officers and soldiers about the streets, but they were not popular, and all the gendarmes were Turks. He leaves tomorrow for Madrid and Cadiz.

*Dec. 29.* [H.] J. has told the Ambassador that it is impossible for him to do Garrett's work and his own, and that he does not know enough German. We shall see what we shall see. (Nothing came of it.)

*Dec. 30.* We are looking feverishly for a new apartment, as our term, so kindly prolonged by the house agent, Mr. Arthur, during Helen's illness, is rapidly drawing to an end. H. went today to see Princess Engalitcheff and her flat, which she is giving up. The good lady received her affably and told her all sorts of things that were not directly to the point: as, for instance, that the night before three of them had played cards, feeling bored, and her friend, Madame C. (not Coolidge), had lost \$5000 and she \$8000. The rent is 1000 francs per month, very moderate, and the apartment could easily be adapted to our wants, but its situation is against it, so I went to Arthur and told him that I would offer Countess Talleyrand 1200 francs a month for a six months' lease. We will have her answer Tuesday.

Strangely enough, Lord Granville (Minister at the British Embassy) telephoned in the evening to say that they had been very suddenly ordered elsewhere, and were leaving in two days, and that we could have their apartment just as it stood, as they would not have time to pack anything. Lady Granville had come in to Helen at tea-time a few hours before, wholly unaware of coming events.

*Dec. 31, Sunday.* Rasputin, the Russian monk, has been murdered. No details have come through yet. Princess Engalitcheff telephoned twice, first to ask if we could give her an answer, and, second, to say that she had let her flat for 300

francs more to a Baroness with three dogs and two children. Lady Granville came in the afternoon. She is awfully upset. She did not say where they were going, but hinted that the Boches might get them. This suggests Jassy.

We are glad the year is over. It was not quite so thrilling as 1915, but more of a steady strain. The last two months have been dreadful. We did not even sit up to see it out.



1917  
JANUARY TO JUNE



1917

JANUARY TO JUNE

*January* 2, 1917. [H.] I went to look over the Granville flat, as the Comtesse de Talleyrand has refused our offer. It is delightful; then to the lawyer, Mr. Sewall, who has charge of it, and I saw there Lord Granville, who was nice about it; we hope it can be arranged. They leave for Rome tomorrow and thence to Salonica.

*Jan.* 3. [H.] A very interesting letter written by a neutral, who has been recently in Germany, appeared in the *Herald* this morning, saying that the people, especially in the small places, were suffering dreadfully from hunger and that they spoke openly of their sufferings and of rebellion and the women had now taken to drink. May it all be true. (Good old *Herald!* [J.]) J. went to Mr. Sewall about the flat, and it looks now as if we might get it. Lady Granville came in for a minute to say not to worry about anything, as there was nothing we could hurt. They are off tonight to Rome.

*Jan.* 4. [H.] The news these days is very slim. No one really knows what is taking place in Rumania or in Greece. Mrs. Thomson and Mme. Orłowska came in and were full of stories of German intentions of invading Holland, etc., of a great offensive in Champagne, the Twentieth

Army Corps having been sent there. Further information about Rasputin's murder has come to light; it took place in the garden of Prince Yusupoff's palace on December 27, and his body was thrown into the river, and was discovered two days later by divers near a freshly cut hole in the ice.

*Jan.* 5. [H.] Sad news. Our old Boston Cunarder, the Ivernia, now a transport, has been sunk by a submarine in the Mediterranean; four officers and over a hundred men are missing. It is awful! Also, Mackensen has taken possession of most of the Dobrudja and is still advancing.

*Jan.* 6. They are having a great meeting in Rome, both diplomatic and military, all of the highest — Briand, Lyautey, Lloyd George, Sir Douglas Haig — and Sarraïl has been called over from Salonica. The awful mess in Greece is what demands most immediate decision. There are queer stories about our Minister in Rumania, who remained in Bucharest, as is our foolish custom. He apparently joined in some very bitter accusations against the Germans when he was not in the least called upon to do so. This, of course, was before they arrived there. When they came, they decided that he served no useful purpose and politely deported him. I have never heard of his doing anything right, quite the reverse. We have taken the Granvilles' apartment for six months, from January 15. It is on the fifth floor of 130



Faubourg St. Honoré, with a nice view of roofs and chimneys all the way to the Tour Eiffel. It is the only one on the floor, with nothing above except servants' rooms apparently empty, so that we are absolutely without neighbors, a great comfort.

*Jan.* 9. [H.] Lots of happenings today. The Boches claim to have taken the fortress of Focsani. The Allies have sent an ultimatum to Greece to the effect that she must agree to their demands within forty-eight hours. Madame X. says that at the moment when the Greeks were firing on the Allied troops in Athens, Sarrail was found in the company of a beautiful Maltese lady and paraded through the streets by the Greeks themselves. Where she gets these fantastic stories, no mortal knows.

*Jan.* 10. [H.] The Russians are looking up a little and have captured a fortified island in the Dwina, but the mess in the home government is bad. They have changed their Ministry about thirty-three times.

*Jan.* 11. [H.] The Allies' Note to Mr. Wilson was handed in today. J. says that it is very good. It is to be published to the world tomorrow.

I had a letter from Colonel House, regretting that J. had not accepted the Ministership to Colombia, and saying that it was considered the most important post in South America on account of the impending treaty.

At 6.45 P.M. a great blowing of horns outside signalled the approach of Zepps. J. came in at seven and said that the people in the streets were very calm. Mary Scott telephoned to ask if it was true. Their house is in a backwater. About 8.30 D. telephoned that the 'all out' had sounded, so that finished that.

*Jan. 12.* [H.] The Note is excellent, very clear, and dignified. It tells the causes of the war and what the terms for peace will be. Otherwise they are prepared to fight to the finish. The Belgians sent in a separate Note which is also good. Dined at the Dutch Legation with Mr. de Stuers, who gave the dinner for the Garretts. The guests were our Ambassador and Mrs. Sharp, the Dodges, Garretts, Coolidges, Carey, two Dutch diplomats, and the Jules Cambons. The latter took me in, and asked me what I thought of the Note, and the effect it would have on the United States.

*Jan. 15.* [H.] It was awfully cold, but clear, thank goodness. The moving men appeared about ten. They literally tossed the things on the cart and I had fears that everything would be broken to pieces. However, a little after eleven, they were all finished and said they were going to lunch and would arrive at our new abode about 1.30. Josie was there to show them where to put the things. J. and I lunched at a little Italian restaurant in Rue Montaigne; then he went back to the Shop, and I to 53 to finish up.

Arrived at the Faubourg St. Honoré about 4.30, and I was astonished to find that everything had come and the Granville mess cleared away. I think we shall like it very much, and it seems delightfully warm after our cold quarters in the Avenue Montaigne.

*Jan. 16.* [H.] Mrs. D. came to tea and was full of strange stories as usual. She reports that it was through Mrs. Wilson's brother, one Bolling, that the Peace Message got out, thereby causing a panic on the Stock Exchange; who knows? J. reports the Willard family here on their way back to Spain. They crossed to Calais and had quite a time there.

*Jan. 17.* [H.] Cold and snowing outside. The coal problem is really serious. The Seine is so high that no barges can come up from Havre; fortunately, we have a little left. J. went down to the Ritz and called on the Willards, but, although it was nearly seven o'clock, both of them were still out. What a life some people live!

*Jan. 18.* [H.] It is still snowing and bitterly cold. Balfour sent a communication to the President explaining more fully the Allies' Note: may it do some good! The Russians and Rumanians have taken back Vardeni and the British made a raid on the Boches' trenches in the Somme, and brought back a hundred prisoners.

*Jan. 19.* [H.] Poincaré has also written a note to the President to try to make him see more clearly

the condition of things, but nothing will do any good. I am convinced that he will just sail along in his own stupid way, and make our attitude ridiculous to the whole world.

*Jan. 22.* [H.] There has been a dreadful explosion in London, an ammunition factory blown up and nobody knows how many killed. The Tsar has come out with a manifesto calling for more cohesion between the Duma and the Government.

*Jan. 23.* [H.] Mr. Wilson delivered his Message before the Senate: it has been sent to all the Powers and has just been published to the world. It makes me feel frightfully sick: it is nothing but words and ideas. He says that there must not be any victor or vanquished, and none of the Powers must have any entangling alliances; that he thinks it possible for us all to live in a state of Nirvana.

*Jan. 24.* [H.] Colder still, and every one is suffering. Half of the large new apartment houses are without coal and most of the lifts have now stopped. At the Chancery, both 5 and 7, there are no fires, and it looks now as if there would be a shortage of wood. The British pounded to pieces a German torpedo boat squadron, and we hope nearly annihilated it. X. has seen Van Dyke, our Minister at the Hague, who told him that the people in Germany were starving and had every sort of disease brought on by insufficient food. He had been to Germany often.

*Jan. 25.* [H.] J. reports that the Chancery is run-

ning out of wood; he does not know what they will do when it is gone. I think this is the coldest day yet. The advanced Bulgarian regiment, which had crossed the river near a place called Tuhea, has been wiped out by the Russians, and that must check them for a while.

*Jan.* 26. [H.] Hériot, Minister of Transportation, food, etc., has just issued a decree that after the 15th of February there shall only be served, in the hotels and restaurants, two courses, one, meat only, one, vegetables, no desserts, but cheese, compotes, etc.; also they are to be allowed to serve four kinds of hors d'œuvres and soup. Quite enough for any one, but the newspapers are grumbling.

*Jan.* 28. Briand got his vote of confidence yesterday in good shape by about the same majority as the last time, so M. Tardieu, and his friends, who are destroyers and not builders, are disposed of for the present and the Ministers can attend to their work again. There was a very violent explosion, or rather three of them, which annihilated a munition factory in the suburbs, but being Sunday afternoon few were killed.

*Jan.* 29. [H.] Oh, so cold! What are we going to do — and the poor are suffering dreadfully; however, we must not complain as the *chauffage central* still works in our place, though the lift has stopped and we are up four long flights. The auxiliary cruiser, Laurentic, has been sunk and

only a little over four hundred of the crew have been saved. The English have put mines in the North Sea, so the Boches won't be able to raid the coast quite so easily as before, but of course the Swedish and Norwegian boats may suffer. I began again today my visits at the Chaptal (a big regional hospital very ill-provided for). Oh! such a mess as I found there; everything was at sixes and sevens.

*Jan. 30.* [H.] Colder than ever, and there are fears that the Seine may freeze, and that would stop all traffic and make the coal problem even worse. There are large cakes of ice floating down, and that is a very bad sign. The *chauffage* has gone out in J.'s office, no coal and no wood, but they have given him an oil stove. Our bath-heating boiler burst tonight and it was like Niagara Falls let loose. The concierge woman was called up to turn off the water, but she knew nothing about it, and it was my maid Marguerite who finally succeeded in doing it, but we were flooded and had to bail water for some time. Now no baths for weeks.

*Jan. 31.* [H.] Germany has sent her Note *à propos* of the submarine frightfulness and her blockading of England, France, and Italy; it has got as far as Switzerland, and by tomorrow it will be in all the papers here. I don't see how she can do much more than she has been doing all along.

*Feb. 1, 1917.* [H.] The German blockade notice was published in full this A.M. and a map of the

danger zone was shown. Apparently the whole coast of France and Italy are now declared in the zone, and Norway and Sweden are also cut off except in the North, so the reign of frightfulness is on; they can't hurt England much more, but all neutral shipping is in a bad way. They have been insulting to us, and say our boats must all put into Falmouth and be painted like cattle boats. How much longer are we going to stand this insolence? We dined at the Embassy to meet Van Dyke, our retiring Minister at The Hague, a dinner of twenty-one, and among them Senator X. X., who is much impressed with conditions here and scared about getting home.

*Feb. 2.* [H.] Oh, so cold! and no improvement in the coal situation. Hériot is doing his best, but conditions were in too great a mess when he took hold, to right them at once. J. has a little wood now at his office, but it won't burn, so he wears his fur coat; the thermometer keeps at about 39° F. I am afraid he will be ill. I went to tea with M., who is freezing and has a bad cold, also no coal to cook with and no wood. We have been very lucky so far, and able to get almost everything, but in small quantities, and our *chauffage* works well.

*Feb. 3.* There is no news from home. The country appears to be much excited, and I feel that we are nearer to breaking off diplomatic relations with Germany than ever before, but I do not think that the Germans expect us to do it, unless

it is done in the first heat of resentment, and it looks as if this would not be the case. Helen went to a lunch today, where one of the rumor-bearing sisterhood announced confidently that the English have refused to send any more troops to Salonica because they need them in Mesopotamia, and other such rubbish. She has many friends in England, so her stories are taken too seriously.

*Sunday, Feb. 4.* This was far and away the most thrilling Sunday since we have been here. M. telephoned early to say that her kiosque lady had told her that diplomatic relations had been broken off between the United States and Germany. So I went to the Embassy, and lo! it was true. The telegrams were coming in. Bliss, the Conseiller, was in bed with the grippe, so I decoded them with Frazier, the Second Secretary. The President had given Bernstorff his ticket of leave, had announced it to Congress, and, by special telegrams, had invited all neutral nations to adopt the same attitude. The Foreign Office was officially notified at four o'clock and the news became public, although it was already known in time to appear in the Information at noon. It made a good deal of a stir, for such a sudden decision was not expected. German interests here are to be confided to the Swiss, who will have their hands full. We were to lunch at the Walter Gays', but of course, I never got there.

*Feb. 5.* [H.] After the great excitement of



yesterday, we don't know what to expect, but we do hope war will follow. According to the newspapers, our interests in Germany have been taken up by the Spanish, and English interests have been turned over to the Dutch, and German interests at home have been entrusted to the Swiss. Miss D. came to lunch and we had a violent discussion, as she is afraid of civil war in the United States and all kinds of horrors taking place. No petrol is to be had, so no motor. Our allowance which the War Office gave us was lacking somehow, but I was lucky and got a taxi to take me to the Chaptal and on my daily round.

*Feb. 6.* [H.] Our country seems to be united and with the President, and the excitement must be very great. There are rumors that our Ambassador, Mr. Gerard, left Berlin yesterday, but no official news has come to us here. It is frightfully cold and we have no wood, but the cook said she would get us a few pieces, so we can have our little fire this evening. The Government has also renewed our supply of *essence*, so I went out and did my chores, but there were hardly any private motors to be seen. The new decree has gone into effect, and all tea-shops, candy- and pastry-shops are shut today and tomorrow.

*Feb. 7.* [H.] Another decree has just been issued whereby all theatres, concert halls, and cinemas are to be shut three times a week, Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays. The Boche Depart-

ment at the Embassy has been turned over to the Swiss, who apparently are overcome by the vastness of the job, and M. Lardy, the Swiss Minister, has had to send home for more Secretaries. I went to the Opéra Comique with the Garretts and Mr. Robert Herrick to see *Madame Butterfly* given by the Carlo Opera Company. It was beautifully done, and before the second act they played 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' The Ambassador and Mrs. Sharp were there. They cheered them and cried *Vive l'Amérique*.

*Feb. 8.* [H.] We are waiting most anxiously to see what Austria is going to do; also if that will bring Turkey into the fray. We hear the new Austrian Ambassador has arrived in Washington, but has not yet presented his credentials. The S.S. California has been sunk. She was bound to Glasgow and had a good many passengers on board and some were lost. It is still very cold and we cannot get a plumber for love or money to repair our heater, so no warm baths. I went to the bank to draw money. The rate had tumbled to 5.75, for no one quite knows, if the boats stop, how we will get money.

*Feb. 9.* [H.] The Neutral replies are beginning to come in. The European ones have all decided to remain neutral, which was really all that was expected of them, but most of the South Americans have decided to do likewise, which was a little of a blow, we think, as most people thought Brazil

would join us. China and Bolivia are the only two who intimated they would break off relations, etc. It is four days a week that the theatres are to be closed, and this is one of them. I went to see some of my poor people and left them some money for coal.

*Feb. 10.* It is announced that after February 25 there will be but one kind of bread, of uniform size and quality, with a ten per cent mixture of substitutes, and it will not be sold fresh; also next Thursday will commence the four-dish limit for lunch and dinner in all hotels, restaurants, and public eating-places. The *essence* difficulty is still great. The Embassy has obtained a moderate supply from the War Department, and it is distributed among us. We reckon that we can manage with five litres a day, and so far we have managed to get it.

*Feb. 12.* [H.] We hear the Gerards left Berlin last Saturday and are expected in Berne today, so we think now they may probably come to Paris, and I hope they will. The Boches are torpedoing all the boats in sight, and all shipping for the moment seems to be at a standstill, but we know it won't last long.

*Feb. 13.* [H.] Today the insolent Bernstorff and personnel, in all about two hundred, sailed on a Danish boat. Oh, what joy to have him out of the country! The Gerards are arriving Thursday A.M., with their suite of forty-two. Oh, what fun it

will be to see them and really know what conditions are like in Germany!

*Feb. 14.* [H.] The two Emperors have just met in Vienna: it is said, to encourage the Austrians, as they do not like the new submarine warfare, and that William wants to see his new cousin. Rumor also has it that the English have just captured twelve submarines with their crews. May it be true! It being Wednesday I went to the Embassy reception, where I found M. and a horde of Americans, none of whom I had ever seen before, also the Cuban Secretary, who wants to give a South American tea with Mrs. Sharp receiving for him.

*Feb. 15.* [H.] The Gerards and forty others arrived this morning from Berne at 7.10. All the Embassy motors were commandeered to bring them from the station. I had a lot of people to tea, and who should turn up but Lithgow Osborne (late of the Berlin staff). We bombarded him with questions, which he parried wonderfully, but he did admit that there were lots of taxis here.

*Feb. 16.* [H.] Oh, such joy to have it really mild again! A little rebellion has broken out in Cuba, instigated, they say, by the Mexicans and that old fool Carranza. Of course, the Boches are said to be at the bottom of it.

*Feb. 17.* It was even milder today, and this afternoon it began to rain hard and steadily, a real downpour, the first for weeks and weeks. The

skating has been stopped at Versailles and the Seine is almost free from ice, and navigation will soon be resumed. This night was given an Embassy dinner for the Gerards. One had been arranged for the Chilian Minister, but he fell off; they do; and it was reshaped. The usual staff was there plus Curtis. The only outside people were our friends, William Martin, Chef de Protocol, and Mrs. W., a lady living at the Ritz. Gerard talked quite freely about the situation in Germany, military and industrial, Zeppelins, submarines, etc. He thinks they have copper enough, but no rubber; he made light of the substitutes. The food situation is certainly bad, but he thinks a good deal has been hidden. Nothing will help much until the next crop, which is a long time to wait. The failure of last year's potatoes is chiefly responsible for this shortage.

*Feb. 18, Sunday.* Our chief activity was a lunch for the juniors of the Berlin contingent, rounded out with amusing young people from the local supply as follows: the Minots, George and Margaret Sharp, the de Mimont daughter, Lithgow Osborne, Herter, and Lawrence Curtis. We liked the Minots (she is my cousin Augustus Gardner's daughter, and granddaughter of Senator Lodge); they are perfect Babes in the Woods; so vague that it is a wonder that they ever get anywhere at all, whereas they always get everywhere, but never on time. What impresses most our Berlin visitors

is the bitterness of the hatred against the Germans and the great number of taxicabs. A real lunch was given today by Briand for Gerard and our Ambassador. All of the Ambassadors of the Entente were there, but not the Spanish representative, the only other neutral Ambassador in Paris. There were also, of course, a lot of high French officials, and Bliss was there to do the translating for our representatives.

*Feb. 19. [H.]* Went to tea with Mrs. Sharp. Mrs. Gerard, M., and several others were there. Mrs. Gerard was awfully cordial, and I really like her. The luncheon yesterday with Briand and the four Ambassadors and Mr. Sharp and Gerard must have been very interesting.

*Feb. 20. [H.]* The English war loan has been an enormous success, £700,000,000, raised, and mostly new money. The English are showing great activity on their front and have taken many prisoners. I lunched with the Dodges, for Alice Grew and the Gherardis (from Berlin). Mrs. DeBillier, Tom Plummer, Carey, and Curly were the others. Mrs. Gherardi was so nice and so interesting. She says frankly that the Boches talk of nothing but food and peace, and that the food problem is very serious; that the children from three to five are not properly fed, and that the situation has already been discussed in the Reichstag. They did not get big supplies from Rumania and the transporting of everything was

very difficult. The strain of living in Germany was awful and there were spies everywhere.

*Feb. 21.* [H.] Ash Wednesday, and the weather really mild. The United States has sent a Note to Austria, asking her attitude on the submarine warfare now instigated by Germany. Of course, we can see what her answer will be. The British are continuing their raiding on the German lines and making progress all the time. There is some sort of a rebellion going on in Costa Rica. I suppose the Boches are at the bottom of that too.

*Feb. 23.* [H.] The *Matin* has it that Turkey is going to break with the United States, but we think not yet, as Austria has not sent her answer. We gave our first dinner in the new apartment, really for Alice Grew and Dresel: the Jack Carters, Garretts, Frazier, and Mrs. Wilson, the wife of the Second Secretary in Berlin, who was dropped off in Berne — a nice woman. The dinner went off well and every one seemed to enjoy it.

*Feb. 24.* Frazier has gone to Bordeaux, with the Company's agent, to meet the Orleans and the Rochester, the two little American steamers that ventured first to leave our shores after the German attempt to frighten us off the high seas.

This was the last day of fresh bread. The blank forms for the sugar cards also were distributed.

*Feb. 26.* [H.] The Orleans has arrived and there is great rejoicing, and I believe the Bordeaux officials are going to *fête* the captain for his courage

in crossing the ocean in spite of the German threat. Frazier went to Bordeaux Saturday to be on hand to greet the boat; he is a friend of the agent of the owner. I hear that the Captain of the Rochester is a Swede.

*Feb. 27.* [H.] The Laconia has been torpedoed just off Queenstown and a Mrs. and Miss Hoy killed. They are Americans and it is too awful for words. She was a fine boat. Over 18,000 tons. We knew her well.

*Feb. 28.* [H.] Every one is talking of the Laconia and of the two Americans drowned, and whether it will bring war. I think not, for they had no business travelling on that boat. Bethmann-Holweg has been speaking in the Reichstag, justifying the submarine frightfulness, so as to bring about a just victory for them. I guess not.

*Feb. 29.* There wasn't none.

*March 1, 1917.* [H.] I was glad to see the end of old February, the coldest one they have had in fifty years. The S.S. Rochester has arrived safe and sound, but ran aground going up the river. However, they think they can get her off all right. M. came for me and took me to a High Mass at the Madeleine for the souls of the Italians killed fighting for France. Cardinal Amette officiated, and all the highest were there including the Sharp family. It was really very interesting and beautifully done.

*March 2.* [H.] Germany's intrigues in Mexico



have just come to light. A note from Mr. Zimmermann to their Minister in Mexico City, Mr. Ehrhardt, telling him to go and see Carranza, and suggest that Mexico should combine with Japan and enter into an alliance with Germany, in case the United States declared war against the latter, and offering as compensation a slice of the United States, Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. The whole thing has caused a tremendous stir, as can be imagined.

*March 3.* We are still rather thrilled by the German intrigue in Mexico. It seems to have been brought out to influence Congress when it was hesitating about giving full powers to the President. It certainly turned the trick. I found it very hard to believe that the form of an instruction from Zimmermann to the German Minister in Mexico, as published by the Associated Press, was true. An unnamed member of our Embassy did some talking to a *Temps* reporter. The interview was given out last night and is copied in the morning papers. He is reported as saying that the United States would most certainly go to war with Germany, etc. I believe he was misrepresented, but no correction has been made.

*March 4.* We had one of our Sunday lunches, at which Walter Gay told me that he had been called hastily to Le Bréau, his place near Melun, because a number of wild boars, thought to have come from a great distance, were hiding in the woods.

He went with one other gun and they managed to kill five of them, one very large; the rest escaped. We walked most of the way round the old race-course at Longchamps and much of the time could hear almost continuous firing at the front.

*March 5.* [H.] The American Senate — or at least twelve members of it — have behaved very badly about voting to give the President power to arm the merchant ships; in fact, they adjourned without voting, thus discrediting themselves again. The whole thing was headed by that Senator Stone man and they were all pacifists.

*March 6.* [H.] Austria's Note, we see in the newspapers, has been sent to Washington, so we are all awaiting events.

After finishing at Mon Soldat, I went to see Mary Scott, who has been ill with bronchitis. I suggested we should go to Rome together in April for two weeks and she jumped at it, so perhaps we may do it. However, one can't plan much ahead, as things change so and perhaps we shall be at war before then.

*March 7.* [H.] The Austrian Note is the most confused document and we can't make out what she is really going to do. In one sentence she says she will adhere to the submarine policy as laid down by her Ally, and in the next that she has not torpedoed without giving warning; so where are you?

*March 8.* [H.] It is very cold but bright, and lots

of snow on the ground from yesterday's storm. The British are fifty miles from Bagdad and marching along at a great rate. The French destroyer torpedoed in the Mediterranean was the Cassini. There is a delicious story going round that two Boche submarines went into Southampton Harbor the other day, one without any officers, and gave themselves up, saying that they preferred British roast beef to being eaten themselves by the fish; a fine tale, and may it be true!

*March 10.* I went down town today and for the first time met the Armenian High Priest, Père Kefarian. He is a big, elderly man with a head like an eagle. We made mutually polite speeches about how much we helped each other in our work.

*March 12.* [H.] The English have taken Bagdad and an immense booty, and the Turks are on the run now. It is glorious and ought to help things a lot. The President has given orders to have all our merchant ships armed. This, too, is very good news.

*March 13.* [H.] I have had to succumb myself, as my cold is dreadful, the worst I have ever had. M. came and spent the afternoon with me. We talked households. I have just had an upset in mine, and hers is not in a much better state. In fact, every one is having trouble; it is because every one's nerves are so on end, and they just can't control themselves. There is an awful mess in Russia, and no

one knows just what is happening there, but it looks bad. Oh, if the internal conditions could only hold out until this terrible war is over! It is the civilians who make the trouble every time. You never hear a word from the army.

*March 14.* [H.] The mess seems to grow in Russia and there are rumours that the Tsar is murdered.

The President has not only ordered all our boats to be armed, but has given a command that they shall fire at the first sight of a periscope. Hurrah! Bernstorff has arrived and admits he had a hand in the Zimmermann Note. He said that it was in code and must have been stolen by the Anglo-American secret service men. The British are at the gates of Bapaume, and J. says there is a rumor that Péronne has fallen. Mary Scott came to tea. Her cold is now better, and we both are looking forward to our trip to Rome.

*March 15.* [H.] Lyautey has resigned as Minister of War. Those wretched Deputies have forced him out, and the Briand Cabinet may fall. It is by far the best one since the very beginning, and we are sick at the idea of its being forced out. The British draw nearer and nearer to Bapaume. The Boches have just sunk the American cargo boat, Algonquin, which ought to bring war. China has broken with Germany and seized all German ships in her ports; quite delightful, but of course illegal, but then she always does things in her own way.

*March 16.* [H.] Oh, so cold and raw! M. and I spent the whole afternoon in the Rue de Paradis selecting china for our booth at the Vente de la Charité for the benefit of Mon Soldat. We found some lovely things. A revolution has really broken out in Russia and there are again rumors that the Tsar has been murdered. People here are all taking the side that it is a good thing, and that all the Germanophiles are being got rid of. No one really knows very much about it, or how much blood has been shed.

*March 17.* When we awoke, we discovered that there had been a full-blown Zeppelin alarm about four in the morning with the new siren system, and no end of noise and excitement. Somehow or other we slept through it. Later we heard that one had been brought down at Compiègne, with the crew carbonized. It was probably returning from England, where there is said to have been a raid of thirty of them, but all news is withheld. The Tsar's abdication proclamation is given out. He chooses his brother as successor, he says, because he does not want to be separated from his son. Of course the general tone of all the Allies must be of great satisfaction, but it is a very dangerous game to indulge in an internal revolution at the same time as a foreign war, nor does the leadership of a Duma full of agitators seem a hopeful means of governing a country in a crisis.

*March 18.* The fall of the Briand Cabinet is an-

nounced today. They have been hounded out by the professional politicians of the Chamber of Deputies. I look upon it as almost a national disaster, and a sign that France is passing through a very dangerous period. The men hardest to replace will be Briand himself, Hériot, and General Lyautey, who had already been forced out a few days ago. On the other hand, others like Malvy, who control political groups, will be kept on in the next Ministry. Bapaume fell today undefended and quite a flock of villages, and every one is in great hopes, though considerably puzzled.

*March 19.* [H.] Three more American boats sunk, and I am glad of it, for at last that may bring a declaration of war. I am exhausted trying to explain our attitude to people and trying to be loyal when I am really sick at heart. Péronne has fallen and the Boches are really retreating, but in their retreat they are laying the whole country waste. It is too awful, the havoc they have done.

*March 20.* [H.] Ribot has succeeded in forming a new Cabinet, but with many of the old Ministers retained, including Malvy and Viviani, of course.

The great advance is continuing all the time between Arras and Soissons. Ham and Chauny have been taken. Noyon also has fallen and that is the nearest point to Paris, so we are all overjoyed.

*March 21.* [H.] President Wilson has convoked Congress for April 2, presumably to ask them to

declare war. May they do so! The Allies are pushing the Boches back all the time, but at what a cost, for the latter are laying the country waste by burning and destroying everything in sight. Mme. Carell went into Noyon as soon as it was possible with supplies of every kind for the poor inhabitants. Oh, the sights she saw; they were heartrending! About fourteen to sixteen thousand people had been driven there from all the other towns, and they were in a pitiable condition. Everything had been taken away from them and they were almost starving. Oh, the brutes!

*March 22.* [H.] The great advance continues, and little by little those accursed people are being driven back; fighting is going on all along the front from Arras to Soissons.

The Tsar and his family are now shut up at Tsarskoe Selo, but not allowed to see each other. Very compromising letters are said to have been intercepted by the English, from the Tsarina. I am afraid things are very bad there.

Ribot's Cabinet has just carried the full Chamber vote.

*March 23.* [H.] The Boches have certainly done themselves proud this time and have burned, pillaged, and destroyed everything in sight. The fighting around Arras is terrific. The American tank steamer, Healdon, has been sunk. Certainly events are moving along very fast these days, and it does not seem as if we could keep out of the fray

much longer. It is said that there are food riots in Berlin, but who knows?

*March 24.* It was bright today with a bitter cold wind, about a normal mid-winter day, and at the office of the Turkish Department we are again without wood or coal or fuel of any kind, but it is hoped that some may come in two or three days. We had quite enough work to keep us warm, though, for yesterday evening came eighty-five letters from the Constantinople Embassy, the greatest number ever received in one day. On the other hand, American communications are very much delayed, as my last letter from Boston took thirty days to reach me.

Congress has been summoned to meet on April 2, presumably to decide whether we are in a state of war or not, for the torpedoing of American ships continues and sundry citizens have been drowned or died of fright. This night at eleven all clocks were set forward an hour to hurry the summer a bit.

*March 26.* [H.] The British are progressing all the time in the direction of St. Quentin and Laon, but the fighting is terrific.

*March 27.* [H.] It is snowing for a change and always cold.

The French have issued a decree prohibiting all importations of any kind. It has raised a perfect storm of protests.

The St. Louis arrived yesterday in Liverpool,



armed, and reported that nothing had been sighted; there were only about twenty-three American passengers on board.

*March 28.* [H.] The British have taken seven new villages in the direction of Courcy. The beautiful old ruins of the latter place the Huns have blown up. Such wanton destruction as they are committing everywhere is awful beyond words.

*March 31.* The new Russian Government has declared the independence of Poland, among many other things, but they must get their Poland before they can give it up.

*April 1, 1917.* Not much of a day, too cold, but we improved the occasion by a very animated Sunday lunch. There were the Sharps, the Dodges, the Scotts, Mrs. John Munroe, etc. The Ambassador, who is just back from a trip to the new French front, was full of it. He was much affected by the damage done to the fruit trees by the retreating Germans. Mrs. Munroe brought a copy of the speech which General Lyautey would have delivered if he had not been interrupted after the first ten lines. It shows how little he really knew his political foes, for it was an appeal to their good will and patriotism.

All our thoughts are turned to tomorrow when Congress meets to vote the war. It cannot fail to do this, but will probably hesitate first.

*April 2.* [H.] Cold and snowing again, and every one is depressed by this awful weather. Congress

meets today. No one knows if the President will read his speech or not, but all seem to think that it will be very fine. We dread, though, what Congress will do, or will not do. The British are advancing all the time in the direction of St. Quentin and we think they will take it before very long.

*April 3.* [H.] The Aztec has been sunk; it was armed, and twelve marines with an officer were on board, and they were told to shoot at the sight of a periscope, but all to no purpose; one boat full of sailors is reported as missing, nineteen in all, I believe. The President delivered his Message last night at eight o'clock and invited Congress to declare war. I suppose they are deliberating on the subject now. The United States has bought the Danish West Indies for \$25,000,000. The British have taken Templeur le Girard, the last village occupied by the Boches in the Somme, but of course there is nothing left of any of these villages but ruins.

*April 4.* [H.] No definite news about war yet and no one knows what Congress is doing. Every one is delighted with the President's Message; it is very good. The Aztec Captain and officers have arrived and given their depositions. Apparently they never saw anything; it was a clear night, but a heavy sea was running. The crew was a scratch lot of all nationalities.

*America Came into the War on April 4*

*April 5.* [H.] Mme. Salombier telephoned that Mrs. Sharp had a ticket for me in the President's loge at the Chamber of Deputies, as Ribot was to announce America's coming into the war. It was really thrilling. Mme. Ribot, who is American, Mrs. Dodge, Margaret Sharp, Mrs. Burrell, and some French people were also in the loge. All the Ambassadors and Mr. and Mrs. Sharp were in the diplomatic one. The Chamber was full and there was lots of enthusiasm, and Ribot's speech was very fine. Deschanel spoke afterward; then the Chamber adjourned. The vote in our Senate yesterday for war was 52 to 6; rather splendid, and every one knows what they think of the six.

*April 6. Good Friday.* [H.] J. had a half-holiday and he went all by his lonesome to the Printemps, bought two flags, ours and the French, and after luncheon we had a flag-raising. They look very noble on our balcony. The city looks very gay, as the Government has ordered all the public buildings to be decorated. It is really a very great joy to have, at last, the Stars and Stripes floating with the others. The House vote was 373 to 50 and eight absentees; so that really is a victory; and now to business to help our Allies. The President's Proclamation is splendid. I went to church at five and then home.

*April 7.* It was a very cold, mean day, with snow falling at times, and no joy except the thrill

that is still with us all the time at the thought that we are at last in the war. I did what I could to prepare for next week, for we don't open again till Tuesday. Holidays are a nuisance at this time of year. The shops were not closed today, but they will be on Monday, we are told.

*April 8. Easter.* To our great surprise and delight it turned out a fine day, though it might have been warmer without oppressing us. Even I went to church, as did quite a number of others, who kept coming in right through to the end! Every one in the congregation except myself had an unmistakable cold. I was not very deeply impressed by the service. We went thence to the Embassy offices and saw there flying over the door a French flag with a sacred heart on it, which had just been presented by a delegation of children headed by a priest. In the afternoon we walked along the river-bank and smelt the fish. It was really delightful.

*April 10. [H.]* The papers say the Austrian Chargé d'Affaires has asked for his passports, but we have had no official notification yet. Mr. Penfield (our Ambassador at Vienna) and party have arrived in Berne and we expect them here shortly *en route* to the United States. There are a good many rumors that Turkey and Bulgaria have also broken relations. The English have made a wonderful advance, have captured the heights of Vimy, and have so far over 5000 prisoners, and it is not over yet.

*April 11.* [H.] No official news yet of the Austrian break, but we all feel pretty certain that it is true. Also, we think that Brazil has broken, but not a word as to Turkey and Bulgaria. What a mess all around!

The English have taken over 11,000 prisoners, 235 officers. The S.S. *New York* struck a mine, but did not sink.

Austria has broken off relations and her interests are to be given to the Swiss. The following appeared in a French paper, on what authority I don't know. It was headed 'The Plan of War.' (J.'s translation:) Washington, April 11th. The Government has just drawn up a programme of war measures. It proposes: 1. To utilize American war vessels in coöperation with those of the Allies. 2. To furnish munitions of war to the Entente in the greatest measure possible. 3. To advance immediately three billions of dollars to the Allies. 4. To assure the food supply of the Allies, and to render ineffective the submarine campaign, as regards the blockade. 5. To enter upon the military instruction and training of a million men in the course of the first year, and of a second million during the following year. No army shall be sent to the European front before the first contingent of one million men is ready, and the organization decided upon for their maintenance on the battlefields.

*April 12.* [H.] To Rome tonight, and I don't

feel a bit like going now, but I am sure that it will do me good, but things are in such a mess I hate to leave. I have every kind of a paper, even a note from the Italian Embassy, who I believe only give them to crowned heads and Ambassadors. (Our friend William Martin at the Foreign Office took care of the French end of the rope.) Mr. Laffon, my poor artist, turned up from the front and reported that the French offensive is to begin very soon. He is helping to evacuate the poor people from Rheims, who are in a dreadful condition. The Boches bombard it day and night to try and find the French batteries, but so far have not been able to. The franc has fallen to 5.62.

*April 13.* Helen left last night with her friend, Mrs. Charles Scott, a British subject by marriage. I saw them off and there was a good deal of *viséing* and controlling to be done, but they got away without a hitch. During her absence we have agreed to keep a joint diary, she running the Roman end and I the Parisian. There was nothing special today. The British are going strong beyond Arras and both they and the French seem to be closing in on St. Quentin. It is probably true about the breach with Bulgaria. I asked two of our secretaries about it; one of them hinted that it had been confirmed and the other that it hadn't, which showed a lack of coördination. Musurus Bey and others came to consult me about the situation, and a big and very calm mail

arrived from Constantinople. Late to the Embassy to meet the Penfields. Mrs. P. had been four years without going out of Austria.

*April 13.* [H.] We arrived at Modane, about 10.30, neither of us having slept a wink. We hear that we must wait here till 2 for the Roman train. It is quite cold and lots of snow everywhere. Lunched at the station — not bad. The Commissaire had our passports *viséed* for us; no trouble at the Douane.

*Paris. April 14.* Dodge informed me that Viviani and Joffre are to start for the United States tomorrow with a Commission, and he had been asked to find them a stenographer equally capable in French and English, to take down rapidly and translate their eloquence. He enquired about Langelaan, my English clerk, formerly on the staff of the *Times*, but the latter when sounded admitted that he was rusty.

A friendly watchmaker, who mended my watch in the daytime, and filled shells with high explosives for his Government all night, told me that rumors were about that great news would be made known tomorrow, presumably the taking of St. Quentin, but the afternoon communiqué does not read that way. A postal came from Helen at Modane and a telegram from Mrs. Scott, announcing their safe arrival in Rome.

*Rome. April 14.* [H.] Arrived here, two hours late, about eleven o'clock, found the hotel porter

at the station and reached the hotel just before midnight. Found a nice little apartment salon, bedrooms, baths, etc. — so far, very comfy. Weather delightful. Notes from Mrs. Haseltine and Mrs. Wurz and flowers from Maria Abbott.

*Paris. April 15.* Nothing has been given out about the departure of Joffre and Viviani. I suppose they want to get them beyond the danger zone first. The English are still fighting hard, but the French are making more noise.

*Rome. April 15 [H.]* Bright, but a horrid wind blowing. Drove out to Maria's for luncheon. Found there the Iddingses and the British Con-seiller, Mr. Erskine, and his wife. It was very pleasant. The villa is lovely with flowers blooming everywhere, and Sam and Maria both looked well. The feeling is strong that the Romans are behaving very badly about the war, blame England for having brought them in, etc. Dined with Mrs. Haseltine at the Altieri Palace. Abbotts, Monsignore Stanley, etc.; very pleasant.

*Paris. April 16.* I was wrong about the French; there has been a big attack all along the front from Soissons to Rheims, and it is said to be going on splendidly. I went to a reception at the Embassy for the Whitlocks; the Penfields were there also and the Belgian Minister, and many American ladies with a husband or two; the rest were soldiers and secretaries. A little later, I went to the Harvard Club dinner and heard a rather good talk by



Cambon. Professor Sabine was the other chief speaker, and did it quite well. He spoke mostly about Harvard's contribution to the war. Hyde did not let us forget Lafayette and Rochambeau.

*Rome. April 16.* [H.] We left our cards at the Embassy and at the Jays' (he is Conseiller), and Mrs. Jay came to see me this A.M. and asked us for dinner on Saturday. Went out, but got caught in a terrible downpour and Mary caught another cold. Saw the Howards, who are staying at the hotel.

*Paris. April 17.* A very cold day. The French took some ten thousand prisoners in their attack and were successful almost all along the line. The Scorpion, the Constantinople Embassy Stationnaire, has been taken over by the Turks and the papers again report from Bâle that there has been a rupture of diplomatic relations, but we hear nothing. The State Department has forbidden diplomatic and consular officers to resign so as to enter the military service. The departure of Viviani and Joffre has not yet been made public, and Tardieu has been appointed a sort of High Commissioner to go to the United States and run all the Commissions that come over. It is also announced that we are to send permanent war commissioners to England, France, and Russia.

*Rome. April 17.* [H.] Maria came at about eleven and took us to Mrs. Payne's Ouvroir, which is in the Embassy, also made a little call on Mrs.

Page (Thomas Nelson), who has been ill. She is very nice and the Del Drago Palace beautiful. Lunched with the Hubbards, Erskines, Captain Gabriel, Monsignore Stanley and Mrs. Radclyffe. It was delightful. Had tea with Mr. and Mrs. Parrish.

*Paris. April 18.* We started at about eight for a tour of the English front, the Ambassador, Bliss, and myself in a small but rapid military motor, and went straight to Amiens *via* Creil. This was the first place where military destruction was conspicuous, — being an important railway junction the German aviators had sprinkled it with bombs night after night during the recent fighting. We were guests of the British Government, and at Amiens were joined by Major Lytton, who took us in charge and we spent the afternoon in and about Péronne. Everything was worse than I expected in the way of wanton destruction done by the Germans, and it is perfectly easy to distinguish it from the military destruction done by the bombardment, etc. There was enormous activity everywhere, endless trains of camions with supplies and arms and soldiers at work rebuilding roads and bridges, and farther back many prisoners improving the lines of communications.

*Rome. April 19. [H.]* Went to the Chancery, saw Jay, and found out what was necessary to be done about getting back to Paris; took my maid to the

French Consulate; the French Vice-Consul was very rude. Poor Mary Scott has to go first to the English, then the French, then the Italians. It is no joke travelling these days. Had tea with Miss Kemp; met a delightful English officer just back from Salonica.

*Paris. April 19.* After a night at Amiens, we were off early in slightly better weather and went first to Albert, where there is the church with the diving Virgin. It is a good deal battered, and I noticed that there were no women left in the town; thence by what had been the great high-road to Bapaume and Cambrai and we soon came into the region of utter desolation and devastation. We passed through places where villages had been and the only thing to show it was the stone pavement of the highway. In one hard-fought field I saw the remains of nine shattered tanks and fragments of aeroplanes amid destruction of every sort. We saw a great *entonnoir* or crater in which three mines had been successively exploded, the surface of the land was turned inside out and looked more like my idea of the dark side of the moon than anything to be seen in this world. Bapaume is very badly battered, worse than Péronne, but by honest shell-fire. We returned by the valley of the Ancre, stopping for a while at Baumont Hamel, where the British did some of their hardest fighting. This was almost the worst place of all. At Bapaume the sound of heavy

firing was loud and continuous as the front is within ten kilometres. We saw numbers of troops and many prisoners, some just taken. We got back to Paris about 7 P.M.

*Paris. Friday, April 20.* I had a very busy day catching up with my work. On Wednesday a mail of fifty-one letters came from Constantinople, and I was much pleased with the excellent working of my department in my absence, everything was put through in good shape without a single mistake; certificates and things that had to be signed were taken to Dodge, who also helped Sawyer send a long telegram to the State Department. An amazing piece of stupidity came to us from the red-tape department at the British front in the form of three little blanks for us to sign, pledging ourselves never to give out for publication anything that we had seen at the front without previous consent of the British Censor, promising that we would never visit the German opposite front, and more such. I sent them back unsigned, rather in sorrow than in anger.

*Paris. April 21.* I got my house pretty well in order again before closing today, partly because nothing new came in. Dulles called to say good-bye. He has been appointed to the Berne Legation, as has Dolbeare, who is wonderfully improved and will probably be quite well again in some weeks.

*Rome. April 21.* [H.] A full day today and the

weather so cold we are frozen. Lunched with Kitty Hurlburt. Elsie Torlonia, Mrs. Story, Countess Grenier, and a Countess Campo Fiorio were there, and it was very pleasant. She hasn't changed a bit. Miss Kemp asked us, too, and the Iddingses for dinner, but the Jays got us first. They had Mr. Page, Mrs. Scott (another) and her son, Donna Eugénie Ruspoli, Ancelotti, and a boy called Lane.

*Paris. Sunday, April 22.* The Paris America celebration was brought off today in pretty fair weather with some sunlight. We received a delegation first at the Embassy, then went to lay a wreath, with accompaniments, at the statue of Washington in the Place de Jéna; then laid another wreath with the same accompaniments at the statue of Lafayette in the Carrousel, and then to a stately reception by the Municipality in the Hôtel de Ville, where there were a few short set speeches. The principal streets were decked with flags, mostly American, to an extent I have never seen before, and there was a great crowd along the line downtown, though the procession was wholly of motors with flags on them. The great halls in the Hôtel de Ville are gaudy, but striking.

The papers announce again insistently from Switzerland that Turkey has broken off diplomatic relations with the United States and that our Ambassador is sick with typhus in Constantinople.

*Rome. April 22.* [H.] Such a nice luncheon with Mrs. Parrish, and the Palace is as lovely as ever. After it Mrs. Woodworth took us out in her car to Maria Abbott's for tea, and we dined again with the Wurtzes. Jessie Carter took me in.

*Paris. April 23.* The weather is a little warmer now and much brighter with some sunshine, but the apartment and my office are both thoroughly chilled and there is no remedy for it. We expected a telegram announcing the rupture with Turkey, but it did not come. The Foreign Office was apparently better informed, for they telephoned me asking whether they should continue to send me Notes, and I told them to go ahead, for I am still forwarding my mail to Constantinople, but I am also putting my house in order to be ready when the change comes. It is announced that a Decree is impending forbidding every one to eat meat after 6 P.M. except on Sundays.

*Rome. April 23.* [H.] Lunched at the Embassy; the Pages have the most delicious bread and butter, the flour comes from the United States and the butter they make themselves. Butter is almost impossible to get in Rome now and all sweets are forbidden. The Cuban Minister and Danish Chargé d'Affaires were the other guests.

*Paris. April 24.* The news came at last toward noon today in the form of a circular telegram, saying that Turkey had broken off relations, and to cease all activities on her behalf, to notify our

Consuls, and in general to be guided by the precedents in the case of Germany. It did not say whom to turn over to, or who had taken charge of our interests in Turkey, but we think that they have been entrusted to Sweden. I immediately wrote to the Foreign Office and sent a circular telegram to our Consuls in France, Algeria, and Tunis, then proceeded to unscramble my own eggs. I am glad, at heart, to be through with the neutral job and want to feel that at last I am helping win the war (that sounds very noble). Still it is upsetting to have the post you have been standing on for over two years knocked out from under your feet at one fell blow, even if it is not a very tall one.

*Rome. April 24.* [H.] Had tea with Miss Kemp and met there a most delightful Englishman, a Colonel Mac X, just from Salonica. He had been there eighteen months and said that all in the place hate each other by now.

*Paris. April 25.* I am like Mahomet's coffin dangling in mid-air, for the Department has not yet said to what degraded neutral I must turn over my job. When I told de Mirasson (my French staff) of my martial aspirations, the tears came right out of his eyes; he is a queer chap. The British are still doing splendidly, but the French big attack has got hung up in some way, and they are not saying much about it. I shall move my remains upstairs to Garrett's old office when the Turk furniture is returned to Salih Bey.

*Rome. April 25.* [H.] Jay sent me a little note saying that they had had word from the State Department saying that relations with Turkey had been broken. Poor J. I wonder what he is doing. As yet no word as to who will look after their interests.

*Rome. April 26.* [H.] We lunched with Lady Monson; she was a schoolgirl friend of Mary's and very nice. Lord Monson is at the head of the British Red Cross at the Italian front; he was also there at luncheon. He told us that the point of view at the front was quite different from the Roman one, and that the spirit was good as regards fighting.

*Paris. April 27.* The weekly statement of British vessels destroyed by submarines gives 40 ships of over 1500 tons, whereas the greatest number in any previous week, has been 18 or 19. This has caused much comment and some alarm, though most people are busy trying to explain it away. There are signs of a desire to have the British fleet attempt some strong aggressive action, go and attack something or other. There are also complaints in Parliament about the sacrifice of British aviators, of which we have heard nothing. Still no news *re* Turks.

*Paris. April 28.* This was really our first spring day, though last night I sat by a fire that would not burn and had to wear my winter overcoat. Neither my Constantinople mail came, nor my



telegram, so there was not much that I could do. The Foreign Office telephoned to ask if we had had our news yet, for they, too, had heard nothing.

*Rome. April 28.* [H.] We had a very pleasant lunch at Miss Kemp's. The Rumanian Minister and his wife, Prince and Princess Gyka, Monsignore Duschene, M. de Gaunse, and the Dutch Conseiller. I had quite a little talk with Gyka, who says the Rumanian crops will be ready the 15th of July; that they must be destroyed before the Germans get them, by hook or crook, as more has been planted this year than ever.

*Rome. April 29.* [H.] Our last day, and in spite of cold and colds the change has done us both loads of good. We leave tonight at eleven to take the through train. I had a last drive on the Janiculum, saw the American Academy, which is really imposing, and had a last look at St. Peter's. The Hubbards came to say good-bye; ditto Maria Abbott, who brought a delicious basket of fruit.

*Rome. April 30.* [H.] Such a time as we had getting to the station, as the May 1st strike had already begun, and we could get no bus for the trunks; however, we managed, after nearly three quarters of an hour of scolding, to get two cabs. No fuss of any kind at the station, not even a look at our passports. The trip was very tiresome, and without Maria's basket of delicacies we should have been hungry.

*Paris. April 30.* Pétain's promotion to be Chief of Staff is still the sensation of the day. He was only a colonel when the war began. It is certainly a black eye for Nivelle; the worst feature of it is that he is said to be a great friend of Painlevé, who in that case turned the trick for him, whereas I had hoped that it might mean a black eye for that gentleman, too, who has never been dear to me, far from it. Ninety-five of my Constantinople letters were returned by our Berne Legation today because of the rupture, which means a good deal of work to be laboriously undone, but the overdue mail has not been received, nor has the notification about our successors.

*Italy. May 1, 1917.* [H.] We had a fairly comfortable night. It was such a joy getting on to French soil again. We arrived at Modane about 7 A.M., where the special French Commissaire met us and put us through in the most wonderful way, *viséed* our passports and chalked our luggage, and finally put us on the train. We left a tip with him for the *éprouvés* of Modane, and he seemed pleased. For the ordinary traveller it must be awful, for you have to push your way through the *guichet* with a terrible crowd of all sorts and conditions. Oh, it is good to be back!

*Paris. May 2.* [H.] It is much warmer here than in Rome. News came yesterday that the transport ship Balacan had been sunk in the Mediterranean and quite a number of English officers and men lost.

*May 3.* [H.] Mrs. D. came to tea and told me so many dreadful stories. I almost felt depressed. That the French offensive of the 15th of April had entirely failed and that the French losses had been very great; that the submarine warfare was succeeding and that the losses were far greater than the newspapers gave, and if it were not for the United States's entry into the war, England would not hold out much longer, etc., etc. All of which I do not believe; where she gets these terrible tales, I know not. It is true that a submarine very nearly hit the Rochambeau at the mouth of the Garonne, which is a story of another color.

*May 4.* [H.] Another transport sunk, the Arcadian, in the Mediterranean, but I believe no one was lost this time. No news from the Department as to whom to turn over the Turkish affairs, but we have reason to think that Spain has been asked by Turkey to take charge of them.

*May 5.* There has been an important Council of War going on between the French and the English, for which Lloyd George, Admiral Jellicoe and Sir William Robertson came over, and our own Admiral Sims took part, but it has been kept rather quiet and the limelight diverted to one of those futile Interparliamentary meetings which they seem to enjoy; the groups this time are French, English, and Italian; the latter is headed by Don Prospero Colonna, who succeeded Nathan as Mayor of Rome, and one of their chief stunts

has been to lay a brass wreath and some leaves from the Capitol on the Strasbourg statue. We bought a Union Jack to join the American and French flags which wave permanently from our balcony; at least they ought to wave, but as a rule they prefer to tie themselves in knots round the spokes of our railing.

*May 6.* In the afternoon, the weather being fine, we walked about Longchamps and opened the season at the Café de la Cascade, where everything was much the same as last year, except the prices, which have nearly doubled. Saturdays and Sundays, *filleuls* are always liable to turn up, and today it was Joseph Jonas, just in on a very short leave. He looked well and cheerful, but said that half of his regiment had been put out of commission in the recent fighting. He showed an Iron Cross which he said a Prussian soldier had given him out of gratitude, and which he refused to sell. The Italian Ambassador gave a reception tonight for the Interparliamentary talkers; it was rather a frost for nobody loves the Italians just now.

*May 8.* [H.] The Germans seem to be doing the attacking and they are trying to retake some of the places they lost on the Aisne. They have had enormous losses. I went to Mon Soldat, where we did our last talking about the coming bazaar, then to tea with Mrs. Hearn, wife of the British Consul-General, where I found lots of French

people. Some friends came to dinner. It went off well. We had a good dinner, and I even managed to give them meat, which surprised them all.

*May 9.* [H.] The Germans have retaken Fresnoy; the fighting has been terrific, hand-to-hand encounters.

*May 10.* [H.] Brazil is expected to declare war. Lunched with Mrs. Mead. Met Colonel and Mrs. Reboul there; she is a Dutch woman and delightful. It was her husband and his regiment who took Courcy. She said that he told her the patience and calm of his men were beyond all praise. They waited forty-eight hours, sitting in the mud, before the signal came to make the charge, and that was far harder to do than charging. The French are pressing on beyond Chevreux.

*May 12.* We dined with Prince Charoon, the Siamese Minister, a good little man, and met there William Martin, the Chef de Protocôle, and Laurent, the Préfêt de Police, besides whom were the Tucks and Holman Black, and for ladies Mme. Ralli and sundry other Greeks, unclassified; also the Marquise de Noailles. Charoon told how, when at school at Harrow, he sat side by side with Winston Churchill, whose chief amusement was kicking his shins.

*May 14.* [H.] The Italian offensive has begun, and every one is hoping for great things; the Russian situation is so bad we need something to encourage us. J. tells me that the sailors from the

Scorpion, the American Stationnaire which the Turks interned at Constantinople, have arrived and reported they were well treated in Austria; also the Consul-General from Constantinople, one Ravendahl, a naturalized citizen, has turned up and says that Elkus, our Ambassador, is out of danger, on the road to recovery, and hopes to leave about the first of June, with all the personnel of the Embassy, Consuls, etc. I spent all the forenoon arranging our table with Mrs. Dodge and Mrs. Thaw, as the Vente or bazaar for Mon Soldat, began at 2 P.M. It was a great success and we have sold a lot, but oh, the heat and fatigue.

May 15. [H.] Cooler, thank goodness. I went again to the Vente at two; although not quite so many people came, still we sold practically everything and we took in over 12,000 francs. Of course we shall not clear all that, as we have to pay for the things we took *à condition*, but even at that I hope we shall clear 10,000 francs. M. stuck by me to the bitter end. Lots of people who could not come sent us money, so altogether everybody is very happy and Mme. Bérard is radiant. It was really worth while.

May 16. [H.] There are rumors all over the city that our good old friend, the Rochambeau, was hit, or rather attacked by a submarine at the mouth of the river. I lunched with Lady Colvin and met, among others, a Captain Laird, who had

just come from the front. He had been in all the terrible fighting around Arras, and seemed a little depressed at the idea of ever beating the Boches. He says they are still horribly strong and fight like demons. At one moment at the beginning, they had them shaken, but they have pulled themselves together again.

*May 17. Ascension Day.* We kept open shop in the morning, as there seemed to be some doubt as to whether this holiday was connected with religion, or with aviation, and I got hold of one of the Scorpion sailors, who told me that they had left Constantinople on April 4, had been held under guard three or four days at Nish, but treated well everywhere else. They were also kept for twenty days at the news quarantine, before crossing the frontier into Switzerland. In Constantinople there was no evident scarcity; everything could be had if you could pay for it; nor was there any disorder or rioting, though certain profiteers had been hanged in the streets. There was also no epidemic, Mr. Elkus's typhus, notwithstanding. Forty men and three officers have been interned. H. and I walked in the afternoon and finished with tea at Colombin's. It was the first day of the flourless cake régime. We found much confusion there and very little cake, but it was not bad.

*May 18. [H.]* Mary Scott told me that she had heard from X. that our fleet was now to patrol the whole coast of France; whether that is true or not

remains to be seen, but we have already some of our torpedo boats working in the Channel with the English fleet. X. knows almost too much these days.

*May 19.* The Universal Service Bill has passed the Senate and the House. All men are liable from the age of twenty to thirty-one. They are estimated at ten million, of whom two drafts of 500,000 each will be called to the colors during the course of this year.

A new Russian Government has been formed, in which representatives of the workmen's and soldier's party enter the Cabinet and assume their burden of responsibility.

*May 20.* It is announced today that Iswolsky has been relieved of his functions as Russian Ambassador in Paris; it was expected, as he was too closely identified with the old order to last.

*May 21.* [H.] Today was our first meatless one and we managed perfectly, but as J. eats no vegetables, we bought a little extra yesterday, and had it heated over, and tomorrow we shall go without, but the civil population here are not behaving well, and there are signs of discontent everywhere. The Colbert, a small French boat, has been sunk in the Mediterranean and fifty-one lost. The British have made a new dent in the Boche lines beyond Bullecourt. I went to Mrs. Hearn's, the wife of the British Consul-General here, to a meeting for 'la France dévastée.' I have been put on



the Committee and believe we are to start an Ouvroir to make clothing for refugees. Lady Hartington, the future Duchess of Devonshire, was there, most attractive and very simple.

May 22. [H.] Yesterday we heard the news that we were going to send at once 26,000 regular troops, with General Pershing at the head of them, and about 15,000 engineers, etc. Oh, I hope it is true! At Mon Soldat I heard all kinds of rumors; one that Spain would come in, in fifteen days, on the Allies' side, but I am afraid it is only a report.

May 23. [H.] All the *midinettes* are striking for more pay, on account of increased cost of living, and *la semaine Anglaise* (longer week-ends). The first cause seems a real one, but no one approves of the half-holiday in France. I went to try on my old hats at Mme. Lavalley's and while I was there the strikers came in and tried to take off her girls. It was awful, and one girl, very young and pretty, who was evidently the ringleader, spoke most dreadfully. Mme. Lavalley was splendid and gave them a good talking-to. It is really the Boches who are at the bottom of it.

I went to the Embassy (reception day), where I saw fifteen newly arrived Ambulance boys from all over the United States, and I thought it might be good to start some little club where they could spend their leisure time in Paris. Next day I went to see Barbour about it. He was most enthusiastic, so I decided to speak to Mrs. Sharp. Before doing

so I made an appointment with Mr. Davis, the head of the Y.M.C.A., who rather discouraged me, as he thought that his establishment would reach them all. I went next to Piatt Andrew, who was in command of one American Ambulance Corps. He gave me the only sensible point of view, which was that they needed to stiffen the boys rather than to soften them, and he did not want me to be used as an excuse for their neglecting their work. I did not go any further.

*May 25.* [H.] The Transylvania, a transport with British troops on board, has been sunk in the Mediterranean and four hundred of them are thought to have been drowned. The strikes are getting worse rather than better; now all the bank clerks, etc., are out. I got caught in a mob in the Rue Bergère. They seemed mostly young girls and boys.

*May 26.* The strike grows apace. The Government almost falls over itself in its hurry to concede everything asked for, with the result that for one strike settled, two new ones spring up. I wandered down the Boulevards, where there was much agitation. They were full of strings of police marching about, and forming cordons in front of threatened places, by barring streets. There were numerous processions of strikers, mostly women, hardly more than children, excited but rather pathetic. It has been a labor question so far, but the bad element — what is left of it — is beginning

to mix up in the mess, so that it may be transformed into a minor revolutionary movement.

*May 27, Whitsunday.* We were to have gone to the country with the Scotts and Miss Colvin, in her go-cart, to lunch and spend the day, but Scott, who has been having trouble at his works, was so strongly impressed by the bad effect of joy-riding motor parties just now, that we abandoned the idea and all lunched at his house instead.

*May 29.* [H.] Today, when I went out, there were no signs of the strikers, and I hope the worst is over, but I believe that all the workers are more or less infected, and the bus drivers and Métro people are about to strike, too. The Government has been awfully weak and has given in in every direction, but I must admit there are signs everywhere of the Civils cracking, and there is also great unrest, even among the soldiers. I am praying the United States will act quickly, otherwise, Heaven help us.

*May 31.* [H.] A telegram came this morning saying that Mr. Elkus and his family have arrived in Berne, so I suppose they will be here before long. I took Countess Gùldenstope, the wife of the Swedish Minister, to the opening of the American Red Cross Hospital, with Dr. Blake in charge. It was a great occasion, as the President and Mme. Poincaré were there and Dr. Blake received the Légion d'Honneur. We then went to the Assemblée Générale de Mon Soldat, a rather forlorn

meeting; on coming out, my chauffeur told me that a Spaniard had been to the Œuvre with a young *permissionnaire* and was trying to make the soldiers revolt. I got Mr. Leuff to go with me to the Commissaire de Police of the quarter, and described him, and I hope he will be caught. I then had some very bad tea at Mrs. W.'s.

*June 1, 1917.* [H.] Ribot came out in a very vigorous speech, saying that the Government would not give passports to the Socialists, for Stockholm, and defining the Government's attitude; every one approves and we all feel relieved.

*June 2.* The carts came early to my office, and when I arrived about ten, they were already gone with everything belonging to the Turkish Embassy which is to be used in the new Spanish office, except a few treasures which Salih Bey considered too good for such people. Every one concerned was there, including Señor de la Huerta on behalf of the Spanish Embassy, to whom I turned over, formally, whatever was to be turned over, and that was the end of the Ottoman Department at 7 Rue de Chaillot.

*June 3, Trinity Sunday.* We had a small lunch of our more intimate friends, and the wife of a colonel maintained that in the French army the career of an officer depends on pull, and says that her husband has not enough to take him very far. It is rather an unusual case, for his one desire is to go back to his command at the front and they keep

him on staff duty and such jobs, as she thinks, because they are afraid of his popularity with his men.

*June 4.* [H.] Rose Peabody came to lunch today. She crossed over with her fiancé and his parents, Major and Mrs. Barclay Parsons. Young Parsons is with the Presbyterian medical unit at Etretat, and she may go there later. Major Parsons is at the head of the Engineers Commission, who have come to build railroads everywhere behind the lines.

*June 6.* [H.] J.'s trip to Rouen has been given up. No one knows exactly why, as the Municipality of Rouen had invited the whole Embassy for a two days' love feast, then suddenly gave it up, on the ground that the principal speaker could not come. The feeling here is that the strike situation is so serious, that they did not want to do anything that would seem to be gay, and I think that they are right, for the situation certainly is very grave, and the present Government very weak.

*June 7.* [H.] They say the English have started an offensive near Ypres.

*June 8.* The English offensive has been a great success; they have taken the Messines Ridge and Wytshaete, two very important places, and lots of prisoners; in fact, everything went just as they had planned it. The mines exploded at the right moment.

*June 9.* The English appear to have done some

hard and perfectly successful fighting in Flanders, in the neighborhood of our old friend 'Plugstreet.' The German defences were just as strong as they could be, but they were simply blown to pieces, for the mining operations were particularly effective. The French are still fighting every day on the Chemin des Dames, with no material change. The Austrians are getting back a little at the Italians near Gorizia. The other fronts are all quiet. Pershing has landed in England and will be here in a few days. My old friend André Brewster seems to be on his staff. It is now the fashion for American steamers arriving in port to announce that they have sunk a submarine *en route*. I left cards on the Elkuses, who are at the Westminster, then went to join H., who is doing her trick at the wheel at the fair in the garden of St. Sulpice, which is going very strong. I saw there an American lady who is semi-officially regarded as a spy, with her headquarters in Switzerland. H. was wholly exhausted by her three days' hard work.

*Sunday, June 10.* H. decided very properly not to serve again at St. Sulpice, where rather an unpleasantness occurred. M. Pelletier, who has political aspirations, decided that no charge for admission should be made, and the place was swamped by a drifting Sunday afternoon crowd, who just wandered in to see and not to buy. It was so bad that it became impossible to carry on activities, such as the tea garden, so that no benefit

accrued to any one. The first report from the United States gives the number of enrolments of men from twenty to thirty, liable to military service, as over ten million, which was the number estimated. The situation in Spain becomes messier and messier, and signs point to a revolution; the personal popularity of the King, like that of the Tsar, appears to be a tradition rather than a fact.

*June 11.* [H.] A telegram has just come offering Percival Dodge the post of representative to the Serbian Government at Corfu. He is in Nice, but M. thinks that he will accept. He will go as Special Agent, because, of course, our Government won't do the right thing, and send him as Minister.

*June 13.* [H.] M. Jonnart, the High Commissioner of the Allies, has forced King Constantine of Greece to abdicate, and they have appointed his second son, Alexander, King, and the old King and his *entourage* will leave Greece. The whole thing has been beautifully done, quietly and with dignity, and every one is wondering why it was not done months ago. After tea M. and I went to the Cercle des Épatants, to see the arrival of General Pershing at six. It is on the corner of the Rue Royale and the Place de la Concorde, and we saw it all beautifully. There was a great crowd and lots of enthusiasm, and another *étape* marked in our history.

*June 14.* [H.] There has been another terrible air raid by *avions* over England, and they even reached London; many people were killed. It was awful. King Constantine is leaving Greece *en route* for Switzerland, on a French boat, they say. We lunched at the Embassy to meet the Elkuses. It was very pleasant. Then I picked up Mrs. Dodge and we walked to the Chamber of Deputies to hear Viviani tell of his mission to the United States. The Chamber was crowded. We sat in the President's loge and Mr. Sharp, Mr. Elkus, and General Pershing were in the diplomatic one. There was a little incident; one of the Deputies spoke in a disparaging way of Joffre; he was hissed, a free fight ensued, and he was taken out.

*Saturday, June 16.* The great news of this week was the forced abdication and deportation of Constantine XIII, King of the Greeks, our friend Tino. It seems to have been carried out in the most workmanlike manner by M. Jonnart, the new general High Commissioner. A local occurrence of great note was the arrival of General Pershing, which caused enormous enthusiasm. We went to lunch with Mrs. Morton to meet Willie Eustis. We also met Grasty, of the *New York Times* and Northcliffe press; he was very interesting, and perfectly sure of his knowledge and news. He did not quite say so, but he considers Northcliffe the greatest man living today. We liked him



and asked him to dine next day. He is one of the best type of the latter-day newspaper men; he gives the impression of being honest and sincere, he is very earnest and is full of information and ideas, many of them erroneous, but he is perfectly ready to adapt or change them. He is, furthermore, a close friend of Pershing, and knows everybody that is important. Of course Grasty speaks no French.

*June 18.* [H.] King Tino has arrived in Switzerland at Lugano, but he isn't going to stay there long, as the reception he met with did not please him; he went to walk after dinner and the people hissed him, so he had to take refuge somewhere. The King left Athens on one of his own boats, escorted by a French destroyer, and not on a French steamer, as at first reported. I went to the Chaptal as usual, but oh, dear, it is too discouraging there, with no woman nurse in charge, and the *salles* dirtier than ever. I don't know what to do.

*June 19.* [H.] All the pro-German officials are to be expelled from Greece, and it is a good riddance. Branting, the Swedish Socialist and President of the Stockholm Conference, has come out with the statement that the Kaiser must go before there can be peace.

*June 20.* [H.] Nothing very interesting at Mon Soldat today; there are very few soldiers here now, as, owing to the strikes and the horrid conditions

in Paris, their leaves have been suppressed and the Caserne at Pouilly, where they could sleep, has been closed. However, I hope it won't be for long, for I really miss them.

*June 21.* [H.] The Elkuses asked us to dine at Armenonville. We went there and waited some time before any one came, then Mrs. Elkus arrived with Major Newbold, who had been their Military Attaché at Constantinople, but no Mr. Elkus; he had gone to the front with Percival Dodge, but of course didn't get back in time. Mr. and Mrs. Sharp, the Jack Carters, and ourselves were the others; it was very pleasant.

*Saturday, June 23.* The Ambassador has gone to Bordeaux to see his mother and Miss Clough off on the *Espagne*, with the Elkuses, who are taking care of them and many others. It is known that special precautions are to be taken for their safety, though the exact reason is not known. We heard from Grasty, in the strictest confidence, that our first contingent, two brigades, six or eight thousand men, are expected to arrive at St. Nazaire next Tuesday. Our Admiral Sims is said to be in command of a British squadron during the temporary absence of its Admiral. Dodge's trip to the front convoying Mr. Elkus was a one-day event, but good. They had to do a hospital at Compiègne, but had time to see Noyon and, better still, Chauny, one of the half-destroyed places which are the most striking, because there is

enough left to show what they were once like. H. and I went to the new Y.M.C.A. palace to arrange means to turn part of the back yard into an oasis where fifty young Christian soldiers can get soft drinks, served by ladies, in a Swiss chalet.

*June 24.* We went over the river to call on Amy Curtis and found her. Clara is nursing in a hospital at Pau and they probably will not go home this summer. The Mayor of Pau has asked her to try to obtain an American Consulate there, and an aviation school for his municipality. At five we went to the Boyds, who were giving a reception for General Pershing and his staff. The staff was there and so was the reception, but General Pershing never put in an appearance. Charles Scott, who is temporarily bereft, came to dinner, so did Grasty. The latter is full of hasty impressions, and looks on the situation in France as very bad just now, and thinks that our people at home should be disillusioned immediately, which is a mistake. One very good point about him is that he changes his mind very readily.

*June 26.* [H.] The Dodges and General Brewster came to dinner, a farewell to the former two, as they leave on Wednesday for Nice and then await orders to go to Corfu to the Serbian Government, poor dears. I hope it won't be as long a wait as the Garretts have had and are still having.

*June 28.* [H.] Grasty telephoned that eight ships had arrived with about eight thousand of our

troops on board, a pretty exciting moment for us. They landed at St. Nazaire, but this has not been given out.

*June 29.* [H.] Greece has broken with Germany and Austria. What this really means, no one seems to know, but anyway the situation there has been cleared up in a wonderful way. Jonnart must be a most capable and astute diplomat, and of course we believe in Venizelos, and they are the only two who count now. The King is too young and inexperienced to really figure much or to do things on his own.

*June 30.* The secret session began yesterday, and it seems just possible that the Government will be thrown out. For the first time, the position of Malvy seems to be shaken; every one knows that it is a bad government, but the remedy is with the Deputies and they are worse than the Government. There is a certain amount of feeling growing up against Poincaré, though his whole function in life seems to be pinning medals on heroes, and sending congratulatory telegrams to other heads of States. The shadow of Caillaux lurks ominously in the background, but I refuse to believe that he is a serious danger.

1917  
JULY TO OCTOBER



1917

JULY TO OCTOBER

*July 1, 1917.* It seems assured now that all of the first contingent landed safely at St. Nazaire, and a number are to be sent here to take part, in a great Fourth-of-July celebration, which is being planned by the French Government. Grasty came in late and stayed to dinner and after. He had a good deal to say about the arrival of our troops, regarding whose value, as the highest type of manhood, he took a very patriotic view.

*July 3. [H.]* The Russians have started an offensive in Galicia and have taken a large town and 8500 prisoners — may it continue! The Y.M.C.A. reception went off successfully; we had only 300 soldiers, instead of 450 sailors. My garden looked very pretty. We had a time making all the arrangements. It was necessary to get a special permit from the Minister of Ravitaillement (food supply) to allow us to serve the cakes that were ordered for yesterday. It didn't rain and we hope every one had enough.

*July 4.* I went early in my top hat, etc., to the Invalides, where H. sat in Madame Poincaré's box and I stood in a reserved enclosure in the court, with the Diplomatic Corps, while the President, backed by suitable officials, went through a little

ceremony of welcome to Pershing and to us, and some flags were presented for special purposes. A battalion of our troops and a band had been sent to Paris for the occasion and on their way through the streets there was a great manifestation, the crowd pressing on them so they could hardly march. They looked, most of them, very young and very green, and a good many were not even armed. A great feast was given by the American Chamber of Commerce at midday, in honor of the occasion, and of nearly everything else, but especially of Pershing and good old Joffre. Walter Berry, President of the Chamber, who speaks quite the most real French of any American in Paris, made a very good speech, as he always does. The Ambassador also spoke in his usual strain. I sat in the seats of the mighty between General Dubail, Military Governor of Paris, and the President of the Bank of France, probably because I, too, speak a realer French. Throughout the afternoon there was a wide-open reception at the Embassy, with Pershing again as chief attraction.

*July 6.* [H.] We dined with the Barclay Parsonses and had a very good time, the Strongs, Winty Chanler, Rose Peabody, and ourselves. The dinner was very good and every one was cheerful. Major Parsons is still awaiting orders; he doesn't know yet whether he is to go home and bring out his regiment of Engineers, or to wait and meet them here.



*July 7.* Little doing in a military way, though the Germans seem to think the Russians are attacking rather hard. Our troops are to be sent, for their training, somewhere toward the Vosges, though this has not been given out in any way. It is thought that Joffre urged us to send what men we could at once, and the first lot we think is from 7000 to 12,000 men, but nearer 7000, and more than half of them raw recruits who have hardly attained the best fighting age. They will be followed immediately by others, until we have reached the number of about 30,000, which appears to be the limit of the effort that can be made from the present army and militia. The million men to follow have not yet begun to get ready; they are not even recruited. Shaun Kelly called, just back from America, where he reports things messy.

*Sunday, July 8.* We went to lunch with the Barkers at a place called 'The Select,' on the Quai at Billancourt, in the heart of the munition district. It was delightful, the place a latter-day sort of a restaurant with a garden full of pavilions, very pretty. The guests were Brewster and ourselves; we did not get going till nearly two and go away till nearly four. Captain Barker thinks that there is hard fighting near Ypres; also that the British want to move up the coast and will soon make a strong effort to retake Ostend. There was another bad aeroplane raid over London yester-

day on the one hand, and on the other, the French dropped bombs in many German cities, reaching Essen for the second time.

*July 9.* [H.] Poor Mme. Pehlivadian came to see me; she is really very courageous when one thinks of her husband who is paralyzed, and they have no work or resources. The Russians seem to be making progress in their offensive in Galicia — may it last, but no one seems to think it can. We dined with the Carters at the Ritz, a dinner of ten. It was too poky, as all but one of the lights were put out in the hall, and we sat and talked in semi-darkness until the first lady finally made the move.

*July 10.* [H.] The Russians are advancing toward Lemberg and claim 7000 prisoners, but no one seems to think that it can last. Their last plight will be worse than their first with the chaotic state of affairs in Russia.

*July 11.* [H.] More Russian victories, but I am afraid they can't last. I went out to do a little shopping, and when I got back I found a note from J. saying that Grasty had arranged the luncheon with General Pershing, and expected us to be at the Ritz at one. Such a rush, but we made it, and found that the Carters were also giving a lunch for Lord and Lady Hartington and the Maidstones, and they joined forces. We were fourteen in all. Garretts, Elsie de Wolfe, and one or two lone men being the others. After lunch

a gay lady made a dive for the General and I must say she got him. He is a splendid-looking man and has real attraction.

*July 12.* [H.] Grasty said he had some important things to talk over with me, but as he was leaving for the front we could only arrange that he should come in this A.M. He is a little sore with the General, and feels that it would be wiser to go to England for a time. They don't agree on publicity.

*Sunday, July 15.* Dr. George Michaelis, an almost unknown official and a commoner, has accepted the succession of Von Bethmann-Hollweg as Chancellor and every one is guessing hard at what it all means. We finally made our way to St. Germain for the first time this year, and walked through the forest and back by the terrace as of yore, and never have I seen it more beautiful. There were very few people, and all of them from the neighborhood. All the time that we were there we heard the continuous firing of great guns at the front. We have never in Paris heard such a heavy fire, or heard it so clearly. Nobody seemed to pay the slightest attention to it.

*July 16.* [H.] I called for Mrs. Parsons about five and we went together to the Princess Ruspoli for tea; there was only one other woman there, and we had a very pleasant talk. She told me that they had great properties in Rumania and they were mostly occupied by the Russians, which was

almost as bad for the lands as to have the Boches in possession. They get no revenue from them now.

*July 17.* [H.] Such a morning as I have had! I wrote and asked the General to dine, and not hearing from him, I called up his Aide-de-Camp and it seems the General had never received my letter. There must be something wrong with his household if he doesn't get his letters. I went to the Embassy to a tea-party. It was very pleasant; about thirty people were there and I saw many friends. General Pershing was there and was too nice about the dinner and I am to call him up personally next time.

*July 19.* My report is finished at last and will be handed in under this date. It is an attempt to give a general view of the situation of Ottoman subjects in France and French subjects in the Turkish dominions, and to describe in some detail what I have attempted to do for them.

*July 20.* We lunched with Mrs. Parsons, who told us that she expected to pull off an invitation or permission, from the military administrator of the railway, to go to Amiens and thence along the backwaters of the front, English and French, as far as it could be seen from the railway line, and she invited H. to go with her; we are both perfectly delighted. L. went to call on Lady Granville, who is on her way home from Salonica, which she will probably not see again.

*July 21.* The Granvilles called at tea-time and were very pleasant. He is on his way back to England on leave, but is inclined to think that he may be sent to Athens as Minister, when Elliot returns. He thinks well of Venizelos, but believes that when in power, he will be quite as arbitrary as Constantino or any one else. He did not say anything about Jonnart.

Kerensky has taken the place of Prince Lvoff at the head of the general mess in Russia, which grows always messier. Prince Lvoff has resigned; he was a respectable figurehead, but it is not clear that he has played a conspicuous part in recent events. In any case the situation has passed far beyond his control. Lenin is said to be in hiding.

*July 23.* We gave a state dinner today to pay off good little Prince Charoon and Princess Aymond de Lucinge Fauçigny (of Bretton Woods), who brought her husband with her. He is really nice. Charoon is always agreeable and easily entertained. He stopped on the way out and questioned me about the other guests, who were new to him, so as to be prepared to ask them to dine in his own house.

*July 25.* [H.] J. and I picked up the Parsonses about eight o'clock at the Crillon and went to the Gare du Nord, where we were met by an official who had our tickets, passes, and a carriage reserved for our trip to the front. The run to Amiens was very tranquil, where we were met by

the local military head of the railroads and were shown first the canteens of the Croix Rouge, and were taken next to the officers' mess, where we had a delicious lunch and were joined by the civilian head of the railroad. About noon we went back to the station and found a little private train waiting to take us over the battlefields of the Somme. We saw first Albert, with the statue of the Virgin on the great church, almost knocked over by a cannon ball, with its head downward — a miracle had saved it; then to Miraumont, a village totally destroyed. We saw the schoolhouse which had been used by the German officers for their headquarters, and went down into their dug-out, where they had made themselves as comfortable as possible. Oh, the desolation of the whole scene! Only Heaven knows how all this can ever be rebuilt. We went back to our little train and moved on to Chaulnes, the first foreigners to go there, they told us. There we were joined by an English officer who had come from Péronne to meet us, as the English authorities would not let us proceed further. We also met the French Officier de Liaison, a Canadian who came back in the train with us and was most delightful. We reached home about 9 P.M. A wonderful day, never to be forgotten.

*July 27.* Tonight we had our first air-raid alarm in a long time. The aviators of the defence have been flying a great deal the last few days, but to-

night they seemed more active than ever. At about half-past eleven, just as I was getting to bed, we heard the sound of the siren, not very loud at first, but unmistakable, a doleful, wailing scream. We roused the servants and gathered together half-dressed, with all lights out, except in the kitchen and pantry, where there were none, and whence we watched the aviators and the search-lights, listening intently for the sound of firing, for I had decided that if explosions began, we should go down to the depths below. H. carried about her pearl dog collar, her most valued possession, and I clung to two electric torches for use in dark cellars. They reached Paris and dropped a bomb near the Gare du Nord, but luckily we never heard them. The safety call sounded at 1.15 A.M.

Next night we had another Zeppelin alarm at 12.30. I was not yet in bed, and I went out on the balcony and listened to the sirens all over the city. It was very striking, not to say ominous. I then prepared the household as on the previous night, but I added to our burden some money, and newspapers for use in the dark cellar. This time there were no signs of activity on the part of the aviators of the defence, nor were there search-lights. They were not needed, for nothing came. At 1.15 we heard the welcome sound of the Berloque, and all went to bed; the alarm only lasted three quarters of an hour, but it always takes some time for sleep to come after such agitation.

July 28. Yesterday I had a miraculous draught of letters from Constantinople (July 2) *via* the Swedish Legation, bringing about seventy receipts for payments in Syria and Palestine, some of them about two years old. I was immensely pleased.

Aug. 1, 1917. The English, with the French in their midst, yesterday started the big offensive for which they have been preparing so hard, in the Ypres direction, and all seems to have gone well. On a front of about fifteen kilometres they have reached their objectives, and in some places have gone beyond them; they have taken 3500 prisoners on the first day, also the town of Bixschoote and sundry smaller ones. Unfortunately, the weather has gone to the bad and it is raining violently all over the field of action.

Aug. 2. The great battle in the North is still going on, and so is the bad weather which so often has coincided with the more important attacks, and has served as a severe check upon them; there was not much news given out about it today, always a bad sign.

Stanley Hollis, who was American Consul at Lourenço Marquez when I passed through on my way to Pretoria, during the Boer War, turned up today. He was *en poste* at Beirut, Syria, and had charge of French interests, when the Turks broke off relations. He had left Constantinople only two or three weeks ago, with the last remaining group of twelve Consular officials, after being detained



there over six weeks. His journey from Beirut to Constantinople also required two or three weeks, but he was not seriously molested. I took him round to the Foreign Office to see Wiet, who had himself been in the French Consular Service in Beirut, and he made a formal appointment for Hollis to be received by M. Gout, the head of the Eastern Division, tomorrow.

*Aug. 3.* I took Hollis again to the Foreign Office at the appointed hour. M. Gout had a long talk with him, in the main about the actual situation as regards the protection of French interests, and about the disposition he had made of some remaining French archives. No reference was made to the seizure of French records at an earlier date, which had led to a number of executions. Hollis told me that, hearing that they were about to force their way into the Consulate, he had burnt a number of the French records entrusted to him, but unfortunately had not had time to burn them all. It was an outrageous breach of international law, but what could our Government do about it? The prevailing idea that Turkish officials are gentlemen has never seemed to me well founded.

Although I did not yet know it, this was the day on which my job as a Special Agent terminated. It began November 27, 1914, and lasted two years, eight months, and seven days. It was wholly indeterminate, and when appointed my

thought had been, 'If I can remain in Paris for three months, it will be the best worth-while thing that I have ever done.'

Grasty came in and told us about the serious submarine situation in England, with a loss by destruction of 650,000 tons a month. He was finally allowed to telegraph the news home, and it appeared in our papers as 1,650,000 tons. He felt very badly about it.

*Aug. 7.* This was my last day at the Shop, and I was still very busy; several people came to see me and there were a number of letters requiring attention. I packed and sent home all my personal belongings except some maps, which I left on the walls. I have induced the authorities to keep on my stenographer, Snip (Mlle. Madeleine Belliard), who is very familiar with my work and can tell them what to do when questions relating to it arise. I then went to Bob Bacon and asked him if he thought that there was any prospect that the Army could use my services. He was of the opinion that it would be very difficult for a civilian to get employment in anything but the lowest clerical capacities. H. took Lady Hartington to tea with the Marquise de Talleyrand who was anxious to meet her. General Pershing had lunched there, and all the talk was of him.

*Aug. 8.* My first day unattached, and it seemed very queer to be out in the street and downtown, in the forenoon. I went to see my old friend Gen-

eral Brewster, to ask his advice about getting tied on in some capacity to the Army, and he thought that my best chance would be to bring to bear such pressure as I could, in Washington, as I did in the Spanish War, rather than here on the spot. Unfortunately, I don't want to go to Washington on a doubtful errand, and if they gave me a job, it would probably be there and not here. I spent most of the afternoon waiting to say good-bye officially to the Ambassador. When I finally was admitted, he was very friendly and suggested certain possible future activities, but nothing tangible. H. these days is overfull of projects for the proposed Ladies' Red Cross organization, which to me is but a bag of wind, with an apple of discord in it. Mrs. Sharp is quite urgent to have the other ladies organize and go to work at once, and no one knows what to do. Next day H. went round to Bob Bacon's former Embassy house in Rue François I, where she met Mrs. Sharp, Mildred Bliss, and many others who registered their names as lady Red-Crossers, to the accompaniment of Mr. Rainey with a moving-picture machine.

Bob Bacon telephoned that he had spoken to Major Nolan, Chief of the Military Intelligence Department, and that it might be well if I had a talk with him; he has taken on Royall Tyler, and his Commission will soon be here.

*Aug. 11.* I went to see Major Nolan, Chief of the

Military Intelligence Department, by appointment, at half-past two, and talked to him rather hard for three quarters of an hour. He would like to have me in a vague sort of way, but the technical difficulties are too great. I mean the question of Civilian Aides, or of getting me a commission, though beyond the military age.

Aug. 12. Last night from our balcony I could hear the guns from the front, notwithstanding the street noises. Two nights ago a practical joker, a *mauvais farceur*, gave a false Zeppelin alarm, going round the Neuilly district about midnight, in a motor with a siren rigged on it. I don't think that they ever caught him. Charles Scott came to dinner from his office, as he has little respite even on Sundays, in these days. He told some rather startling stories of the wild talk indulged in by some of our officers, especially one rather prominent one, who is spreading alarmist rumors about Japan, and trying to interview Viviani on the subject. A leading American in the Red Cross is also telling most unfavorable stories about them. Toward midnight, I was awakened by a loud ringing at the door, and my nephew, Hamilton Coolidge, with a friend named Campbell, aviators in the making, blew in most unexpectedly. They had only arrived in Liverpool yesterday, and had come straight through to Paris, mostly in a freight car. They had had very little to eat, so H. woke the cook, who declared there was nothing in the

house, but as H. discovered she had been making jam in the kitchen, with sugar obtained Heaven only knows where, H. declared she could at least give them some jam. The result being, she gave them a very decent meal. Such is the wonder of French cooks. We spread them for the night on two sofas. They came over, with forty-four other student aviators, on the *Orduna*, of the Royal Mail Steamship Company. They are the first lot to arrive. Ham hopes to obtain his commission before long. After being held up for a week in Halifax Harbor, they were convoyed across with four other large steamers, by a route which brought them within two hundred miles of Iceland, then round the south of Ireland to Liverpool. They had with them on board more than a thousand men of Parsons's engineers. From Liverpool they were taken around London to Folkestone, where they slept on the floor in some empty barracks. They were brought over to Boulogne in the morning, arrived here at night, and were directed on to the barracks at Reuilly, whence they made their way to us with orders to report at 8 A.M. They expect to proceed at once to Tours, where their aviation school is to be established.

*Aug. 14.* We got the boys off soon after seven, but they reappeared in the afternoon, because they and five others are to remain in Paris. Our two youths and their Captain are to establish an aviation school right here in Paris, in which to

train five thousand American birdlings; why not a million? This night we gave them real beds to sleep in, and they did! Such nice boys!

*Aug. 16.* The Pope's latest appeal has been made public. He proposes that invaded France and Belgium shall be given back and the German colonies held in return. The rest is vague; he says that the status of the territories claimed by France and Germany, and by Italy and Austria, must be settled by equity, and the wishes of the people, and the same is true of the future arrangements with regard to Poland, the Balkan States, and Armenia. That is all; it is most disappointing.

The mess in Spain appears to be very bad. The imposition of martial law and a strict censorship makes it hard to judge, but I think that the Government will win this time. The English, with the small French contingent in their midst, have started a new drive in Flanders, and today they took a little town called Langemark and about two thousand prisoners. The weather has turned fine at last.

*Aug. 17.* Quite a lot of news. The Tsar and his family have been taken away from Tsarskoe Selo, and are apparently pointing toward Siberia. The troubles in Spain are progressing, and a Republic is said to have been proclaimed in San Sebastien and other places, but I still believe that they will be controlled. Things are obscure in Rumania, and we do not even know whether the Govern-

ment is still in Jassy; it looks as if the Germans were not going forward quite as fast as they have been. On the other hand, the prospect is bad in Greece, and Mr. Venizelos has had martial law proclaimed throughout the land. The advance in Flanders seems to have paused to take breath.

*Aug. 18.* Last night we had another Zeppelin alarm at about 3 A.M. We all got up as usual and waited for the sound of firing which did not come, and about four the 'all out' bugle was heard and we went back to bed. The official announcement was almost impudent. It said that the noise of an aeroplane, which later turned out to be French, was heard at Crépy-en-Valois, and the warning sent in consequence.

*Aug. 20.* This day we actually engaged passages on the Espagne, sailing from Bordeaux, on or about September 29. Tonight the papers are excited about a French offensive just started at Verdun, and a big Italian one on the Carso; there is nothing about the troubles in Spain or the threatened railway strike in England.

*Aug. 21.* The French advance seems to have succeeded, but not to have been pushed beyond the first day. They took about four thousand prisoners. The Italians attacked on a wider front and claim about eight thousand. The news about them is still vague, but it looks a little as if they, too, had been stopped.

This day was marked by social agitation. First

H. decided to ask General Pershing to lunch tomorrow, which she did, and he accepted through Eustis. Then she remembered that we were to lunch with the Marquise d'Andigné, so she persuaded her to come to us instead; then she invited Miss Hoyt and Miss Draper. Next Pershing, through Logan, invited us to dinner tomorrow, which we accepted. H., thinking that this was to replace the lunch, put off Miss Hoyt and Miss Draper till Thursday, but, being told later that it was not, had to begin over again and telephone all through lunch and long after, without getting hold of any one. We finally got all our guests but Jack Carter.

*Aug. 22.* A rare summer day and almost hot: it was mostly given up to the Pershing double event. Jim Perkins called it off for the lunch, and we got Billy Patten in his place. The final results were Pershing, Mme. d'Andigné, Miss Hoyt, Walter and Nancy Abbott, and Billy Patten. It was a very cheerful party, and Miss Hoyt was very entertaining. I got a chance for a few words on the side, about the situation.

The dinner was quite another story. Pershing lives at 73 Rue de Varenne, in a house now owned by Ogden Mills. It is known as the Hôtel Stourdza, and is noted for its magnificent garden. The other guests were the Morgenthau, Hydes, McCormicks, Miss Scidmore, Mrs. Boyd, and another military lady, Colonel Harbord, Colonel



Alford, Major Mahan, Captain Boyd, and other officers. It was a very beautiful evening, and after dinner we sat on a terrace overlooking the wonderful garden, and H. talked with General Pershing. He has just returned from the Verdun front, where he watched the recent attack with General Pétain. Headquarters are to be moved to our army in Alsace, or near it, at the beginning of next month.

Garrett's and Lord Granville's appointments were announced in the paper today.

*Aug. 23.* There was a Zeppelin raid over England yesterday, just to show that they are still in the business, but not much harm was done by them: almost at the same time ten aeroplanes attacked Dover and south coast places; three of them were brought down, but unfortunately, in this case there was a good deal of damage. The week's submarine report was good for England and bad for France.

*Aug. 24.* Lane, a young Secretary in Rome, returning to his post after a visit to Scotland, told me that the story is going strong there that the Olympic, with its three thousand Chinese laborers, has been sunk. There has been further progress at Verdun where 304-metre hill has been recaptured, and the Italians claim to be taking more and more prisoners every day. The first day they took only eight thousand!

*Aug. 27.* The great Moscow conference is on,

with 2500 delegates, and only ninety-one speakers so far. I am afraid that it will only serve to show the state of chaos that prevails.

*Aug. 29.* I went to see William Endicott, of the Red Cross, at his request, and signed a statement to be telegraphed home, to the effect that I was convinced of the wisdom and necessity of the decision of the Red Cross to generalize all supplies, both in their collection at home and in their distribution here; i.e., not to do individual parcel-post service. The weather has held up the fighting on this front except in Italy, where great things may be happening, but details are lacking.

*Sept. 1, 1917.* Malvy is down and out at last. It is a great blessing and quite unexpected, for in his speech to his electors defending his administration, a few days ago, he announced that he intended to keep on as he had begun; something more must have come to light about him than we know of. We lunched with the Garretts at the Ritz in company with Judge Berry, Grasty, and Mrs. Hyde. Garrett is really glad to go to The Hague, though he realizes the awkwardness of the conditions there. Grasty is very much discouraged temporarily. He says that our troops training near the front do not yet appear to have learned anything at all. He thinks that, counting the engineers, we have not more than thirty thousand men over here as yet. He found Zurich very interesting. It was full of Boches, who were in a very

bumptious mood. Mr. Morgenthau has been given the Legion of Honour.

*Sept. 2, Sunday.* Grasty came to lunch and our two aviator boys. Hamilton says that there is unfortunately some hitch about their commissions, whereas those who are doing their preliminary training at home have all of them got them. Grasty is very much discouraged. He always believes the last man he has been talking to, and now it is a very prominent American officer, who has persuaded him that unless some bright boy in the Middle West invents and puts into immediate action some new method of destroying submarines, the Germans will win in a walk. To prove this, he actually used reënforced German figures. We had a delightful drive and walk in the forest of Meudon, and returned in time for a tea at the Boyds' for General Pershing, who is still in town for a few days.

*Sept. 3.* Last night was very bright with a full moon, and about half-past eleven, a great noise of aviators flying about began and lasted for some hours, and we expected the siren at any moment. It never came, but a still alarm was sent out and all lights were extinguished. The *Herald* printed an alleged telegraphic correspondence between the Tsar and the Kaiser in 1904-05, during the Russo-Japanese War, regarding a proposed alliance between Germany and Russia, into which France was to be dragged, *nolens volens*, directed

primarily against England and Japan. More is to appear tomorrow. It is too soon to judge, but I am inclined to think that it is made out of whole cloth. (P.S. It was.) The Russians have evacuated Riga, this time, I think, for good, but it does not seem possible that a campaign against Petrograd can be attempted so late in the year.

I looked up Raynal Bolling, now a colonel, who runs Ham's aviator's office in the Avenue Montaigne, and asked him to dine.

*Sept. 4.* Yesterday H. went to tea at Baroness Guldenstolpe's, where she met a man who had been on a British India steamer, just torpedoed in the Mediterranean, and he had good photographs of the whole proceedings. She also saw young Von Hemert, only five days out of Holland, *via* Germany. He says that the Dutch have much less food than we have; that the Germans say that the intervention of the United States does not signify. He thinks that they can hold for another year. We had the buzzers again all last night, but no alarm. An aviators' raid over England killed 107 sailors. Today the fall of Riga is given out, and the Russians are fleeing. A letter from home announces that my brother Archy is going to Russia as a Red-Crosser, on some ill-judged mission of mercy, or other. They raise money too easily to spend it wisely.

*Sept. 7.* The Scotts, Mme. d'Andigné, Colonels Randolph Kean and Raynal Bolling, and Hamil-

ton Coolidge (still uncommissioned by default) dined with us tonight.

The Ministry handed in its resignation today as expected, but the President asked them to hold over for a time, until he could summon the Presidents of the Senate and Deputies who are away on vacations. The Socialist Deputies are meeting to decide whether they shall seek a larger participation in the new Cabinet, or withhold their cooperation, unless passports are given them for Stockholm, etc. As far as patriotism or the interests of France fighting against extinction are concerned they are all to the bad. I think that Ribot will remain, but many feel differently, including Mme. d'Andigné, who believes that even the President may go.

*Sept. 8.* Sometime ago I asked at our Mairie for permission to buy more coal. It was promised and has not come. We have no coal left, and can buy none, so the cooking has to be done with gas from our meagre allowance, which means cutting down on hot baths, etc. It is announced that the King of Italy is coming to Paris, though it seems a curious moment when San Gabriele is being taken and retaken every day, and when there is no French Ministry to confer with, but for this very reason Mr. Ribot is untiring in his efforts to form a new one. The Socialists are the chief obstacle in his path; not that he is especially opposed to them, for he is not especially opposed to any one. Their

Deputies are in permanent session waiting the turn of events.

*Sept. 10.* The Socialists and M. Painlevé have rounded on M. Ribot, making it impossible for him to form a new Ministry, and Painlevé has been called upon to organize one in his place. I have never trusted this man, although I believe him to be fairly able. I look on the recent political crisis as a golden opportunity which may end in disaster. The new Cabinet, however, has not yet been announced. The King of Italy is going to the front for two or three days, and not coming to Paris, after all. The Italian attack on San Gabriele seems to hang fire, and there is no further news of the Russian retreat; in fact, there is nothing new today from any part of the fighting front. There is news, however, from the talking rear. Our State Department has given to the press some cipher telegrams from the German Minister at Buenos Aires to his Government, which are said to have been transmitted secretly by the Swedish Minister there, and the Foreign Office in Stockholm, in an unneutral manner. They are of a nature to stir up the Argentines, but the chief result will be a great strain on our relations with Sweden. John Garrett's credentials have arrived at last, and they are leaving for The Hague in a couple of days. Cresson, lucky man, has got a commission.

*Sept. 11.* Great Russian news. Korniloff is marching on Petrograd to throw out Kerensky.

*Sept.* 12. M. Painlevé has not yet been able to form his Cabinet because of the obstruction of the Socialists, who refuse to participate if Ribot remains. It is reported from Russia that some of the commanding generals at the front have come out for Korniloff. Dr. Harvey Cushing came to lunch and we found him most interesting. He told us about the recent bombing of his hospital, when one of the surgeons was killed, but he was not there himself at the time. He is not wholly in favor of the militarizing of the Red Cross. I am wholly against it.

*Sept.* 13. M. Painlevé has formed his Cabinet and it is a pretty good one; the old Thomas, Socialist crowd has kept out, and I think it a good riddance, whereas Ribot stays in as Minister of Foreign Affairs. Viviani passed out without comment. Loucheur and Clavelle are workers and not politicians. Thierry, who was Minister of Finance and a good one, will be sent to Switzerland as Ambassador. There is a new and more important War Commission, also a new Economic Commission, so called.

*Sept.* 14. The papers announce the collapse of the Korniloff revolt. They say he has already surrendered, unconditionally, to Kerensky and his friends, but, as the latter control all lines of communication with the outside world, these statements are perhaps not absolutely true. After lunch H. went to a meeting of the new Woman's

*Sept. 23.* I heard, on good authority, that over one hundred people had been shot during the riots in Turin, where bread had been cut off for three days, without due necessity.

*Sept. 24.* We began dismantling our flat today. Three men from Maple's arrived at nine, and made pretty quick work of removing our personal belongings, such as furniture and bric-à-brac. They do not leave as big a hole as I expected. Lord Granville, from whom I sublet, turned up soon after lunch. His term, too, expires before long, and not wishing to sublease for a short time, he, too, has decided to send his things to Maple's for storage, as soon as we leave. He is here with his wife for a week.

The story is going strong that the *Touraine* has been sunk on its way across. Yale, a new agent of the State Department, who came to see me the other day, on his way East, said that it had been reported in the English papers, four or five days ago. She is certainly very much overdue. There is no war news. The German and Austrian answers to the Pope were very polite, but non-committal, as was to be expected. The press howls at them as usual.

*Sept. 25.* [H.] My wonderful trip to the front came off today. Mme. d'Andigné arrived at 7.30, and we went to the Gare de l'Est, where we found places reserved for us. We reached Châlons a little after eleven, where we were met by a French



officer and a motor sent from the hospital for us. We went first to the office of the Inspecteur Général of the Fifth Division, who looked us all over to see if we were all right, then we started for Monfrenet, which is fifteen kilometres from Châlons, arriving there just in time for luncheon, which we took with the Infirmière Majeure and twelve other nurses. The hospital is too wonderful, and consists of barracks with fifty beds in them and in all room for about three thousand *blessés*. There were two operating-rooms and they were making a third. A Boche *avion* flew over our heads and we saw them shooting at him. We also saw the *saucisses* everywhere taking observations and a man coming down from one in a parachute. We heard the mitrailleuses and the cannon, and saw all sorts of convoys, aviation camps, wagons of carrier pigeons. Wounded were brought in from the front; in fact, the whole mechanism of war; it was very wonderful. Dr. Poutrain is the head of the hospital and has organized it all. We motored back to Châlons about five, saw the new American Red Cross canteen with Mrs. Francis and Miss Stanton helping, took the train at 6.45, and got home about 11 P.M. A truly wonderful day.

*Sept. 26.* The papers were allowed to announce the disappearance of Guynemer, over ten days ago, with long and glorious notices. He was only twenty-two and had brought down fifty German aeroplanes. More air raids over England are reported.

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*Sept. 27.* The English are still progressing on this side of Ypres, but no one else is accomplishing anything just now. The *Espagne* has arrived, and on her, Constance Cunningham, who reported that the *Chicago* is still in the river, so all four steamers of the Company are now in Bordeaux and the story is that bigger guns are being mounted on them. (This was true.) The packers carried off the rest of our china, and left nothing but the silver, which we will take with us. At tea-time came to our dismantled home about twenty uninvited guests. You can imagine the effect on our depleted sugar rations. Isabel Anderson also came over on the *Espagne* as a Red Cross canteener.

*Sept. 28.* During the last week or so, a very unpleasant strike has been going on among the war workers in the aviation supply factories. The papers have been shut up absolutely tight on the subject, but we were told today that the authorities had arranged the matter and work has been resumed; upon what terms, we do not know. Mr. B., the greatest blackguard in the Chamber of Deputies, made a violent attack on the United States for sending over engineers to build roads, so as to release Frenchmen to do the fighting for us. This, of course, has been kept quiet.

*Oct. 1, 1917.* It is the season of the full moon, the harvest moon, which may possibly account for the fact that there have been five air raids over Eng-

land in the last seven nights. On the other hand, to cheer them a bit, the English have won quite a victory in the Bagdad region. As for the French, they are devoting most of their attention to the misdoings of Messrs. Turmel, Bolo Pacha, and other traitors, spies, and politicians, not really worth wasting much time over.

*Oct. 3.* We lunched with Grasty at the Ritz. He thinks that three divisions of troops have now arrived in France, one at the start and two recently; this means about 60,000 men, and seems plausible. H. took me to the Val de Grace Hospital, where she went to say good-bye. There was an innovation in that German prisoners are now working about the grounds. It was not very full; it is said that the Paris hospitals have again been emptied to prepare for an emergency, but we have heard that before.

*Oct. 4.* It was quite showery in the afternoon, almost the first rain for five or six weeks, and, of course, this was the day on which the English began another big offensive, the details of which we do not know, but it is said to be progressing as it should.

Hammy and Campbell have at last received their commissions, and they came today in the new glory of their officers' uniforms to H.'s last tea, in our home in Paris.<sup>†</sup>

<sup>†</sup> Lieutenant Hamilton Coolidge was shot to death in his burning plane about a week before the signing of the Armistice. He had a record of six hostile *avions* in a few months at the front.

*Oct. 5.* Reports of the English offensive in the Ypres region announce that they have penetrated about a mile deep on a seven-mile front, have taken about four thousand prisoners, and captured all their objectives without very heavy loss. As usual, the weather went wrong, for there was rain and a very strong wind which greatly interfered with aviation. M. Ernest Daudet has written to President Poincaré, formally accusing M. Malvy of the highest kind of treason and of communicating everything to Germany. The letter was read in the Chamber yesterday and there were all sorts of ructions. I do not believe that it is true, but I think that M. Daudet does, for he is wholly without balance.

*Oct. 7.* The papers are filled in a great measure with the Malvy, Turmel, and Bolo scandals, though the censorship is beginning to put some restraint on them. A very sudden strike of the motor-bus drivers was sprung on the public today. Ham and Campbell are off tomorrow to the new flying school at Issoudun, which is nearly ready. (P.S. Ham's job there proved to be trying out defective planes.)

*Oct. 8.* We had at lunch today Isabel (Mrs. Larz) Anderson, Mary Scott, Grasty, and Walter Abbott. Isabel is going to Épernay to do canteen work for an indefinite time. The Belgians invited her to go to their district, but it seemed better not. Grasty is always interesting and patriotic if un-

convincing. He says now that, thanks to the Americans, the submarine situation is much less alarming. Astounding telegrams from the United States were published today about Bolo, who seems to have received huge sums from the Germans, *via* Bernstorff, for corruption in France, and it looks a little as if he had used them for his own purposes, thus playing false to both sides. H. went to her last directors' meeting of the *Œuvre de Mon Soldat*, with which she has been closely identified almost from the beginning of our stay in Paris.

*Oct. 9.* Yesterday I went to the Foreign Office and said good-bye to our friend William Martin, and received from him in return a note to all the authorities at Bordeaux to let us out free and without examination, I should judge, although it does not say so.

*Oct. 10.* The Voyages Duchemin people were to send a cart for the trunks to take them down our five flights of stairs, transport them to the station, have them weighed and booked, and paid for, so that when we arrived at the station I should have nothing to do but settle with them and all would be well. They said that the cart would arrive any time after ten and that our fifteen trunks must be ready; so they were, but the wretched van did not come till near five, and then it was too full to take them. It finally returned toward eight o'clock, and we found everything all right when we went to the train next morning. H. was very much

harassed by the long wait and the increasing uncertainty of the situation, and she nearly accepted an offer of some Red Cross friends to bring an ambulance or a hand-cart and take the things wherever we wanted, at any hour of day or night.

In the afternoon we made a number of good-bye calls, ending with the Embassy. The Ambassador was ill, so I went up to his quarters, and we had a very friendly talk; he asked me to do some little services for him when I reached home. Mrs. Sharp was receiving in a room full of people, but she found time to be friendly, too; then we hurried back to see whether the trunks were still there. They were. Friends had come to say good-bye in the afternoon, and we dined our last night with the Charley Scotts, who were so pleasant and cheery that it did us good.

*Oct. 11.* Today everything went on wheels; the car came at 7.30, and poor Frazier came to the station to see us off, on behalf of the Embassy. We reached Bordeaux on time at 6.08 and made our way to the hotel with our voluminous baggage, where we found good rooms and a good dinner awaiting, as the place was full of Americans, mostly officers of the cruder sort.

*Oct. 12.* I went early to see our Consul Bucklin, with whom I had made friends in 1915. He told me that he considered sailing from Bordeaux safer now than a year ago, for the efforts of the submarines were mainly directed against the Brest



and St. Nazaire regions, where the transports and troops were arriving. He also said that there was a whole regiment of engineers working on the docks here, and service organizations of every kind except fighting men. He is tremendously overworked in the passport *viséing* department, where his responsibility is very great. This evening we went on to Pau to pass the time while the Espagne was having her new guns mounted, and making other preparations for the voyage.

*Oct. 15.* A most alarming rumor was circulated this afternoon, that England had declared war on the Netherlands. There is certainly great strain in their relations, and direct communication is suspended for the present, but I cannot believe that it is for the interest of any one, except Germany, that Holland should be drawn into the war at this time.

*Bordeaux, Oct. 18.* The Bucklins came to see us after dinner and brought the Vice-Consul Young, late of Damascus and Aleppo. He has been six years in Turkey, beginning as a student interpreter, and has been through a great deal. He said that the Germans did not really trust Djemal, and they have sidetracked him safely now in Jerusalem, for an expedition against Bagdad, which he thinks they will undertake this winter.

*Oct. 19.* I went to the steamship office and had my tickets finally OK'd. The luggage must be sent to the dock between eight and eleven to-

morrow morning, the passengers must go on board at four, and will not be admitted till that hour. Next day we did as we were told, except that I went early to the dock, armed with the magic talisman of the Foreign Office, and saw all of our twenty-seven pieces, large and small, put on board without examination. The exportation of gold was absolutely forbidden and they kept a very close watch lest some go out. When we arrived at four, there was some delay, as only half a dozen passengers were admitted to the ship at a time, because of the slow process of verifying their papers, which was done by a row of four or five officials at a table on deck, near the end of the gangplank; we again waved the magic talisman and had not long to wait. The Paris contingent arrived about seven and brought hardly any one that we knew, except one poor lady whose papers were found to lack the *visé* of the Paris Prefecture. She might have been turned back had not Vice-Consul Young and I put in a good word for her.

*Oct. 21.* We were off by eight in the morning and slipped down the river for a couple of hours, below Paulliac, then settled quietly on a mud bank, whether unexpectedly or not will never be known, and, as the tide was running out, we saw that we need be in no hurry about preparing for any emergency. The mud released us late in the afternoon. We went down a few miles more and anchored for the night. There was a boat drill in

the afternoon, so that every one may know where to go if the ship has to be abandoned. I am afraid that it will not matter very much.

*Oct. 22.* It was announced that the new guns would be tested at 8.30, and a few shots were fired, but later a regular target practice of the two bow guns was held. They shot at a float some twenty feet long, with a small flag raised on it, about a mile away. Many of the shots fell near enough, I should judge, to sink a submarine anchored on that spot. We saw a certain amount of warlike activity. A dirigible came out, circled round and went back, and there were guard vessels and destroyers scouting about. We finally started on our journey through the danger zone at about three, passed the last guard net, and went to sea escorted by a small naval vessel on one side, and two scout chasers on the other, while a friendly aeroplane circled over our heads on the lookout for trouble. These stood by us till dark, when they sheered off and went home.

One curious and startling incident occurred soon after the start, when most of the passengers were on deck. I was leaning against the rail looking at the water, when I saw a small cigar-shaped object, apparently a little below the surface, pointing straight at the ship and approaching with great rapidity; just before it reached us I glanced upward and saw our friendly aviator passing over the ship, and realized that it was the shadow of

his plane that had caused our alarm. H. was on another part of the deck; she, too, saw the supposed torpedo, but not the plane, and thought that the torpedo must have passed under the boat. It was a very trying moment.

The weather was fine and clear and the moon, that was nearing the first quarter, was quite bright at first, but fortunately a small bank of clouds came up and veiled it for the last two or three hours. All windows and portholes were covered with iron shutters, and the lighting in the saloons and passages reduced to a minimum. We sat on deck in the thick darkness till about eleven, and H. discussed the perennial servant-girl dilemma with Mrs. Hermy Duryea, her only friend on board. We then went below, took off our boots and turned in, as directed by the ship authorities, with our life-preservers in easy reach, and, all things considered, slept fairly well. The same precautions were enjoined on us the next two nights, while we were still in possible range of prowling submarines.

*Oct. 24.* There are some interesting people on board, among them Abbé Cabanel, late Chaplain of the Chasseurs Alpains, who has been in the thick of the fighting in the Vosges, where he was gassed and put out of commission. He is now being sent to the United States to spread the right opinions about the return of Alsace and Lorraine, the absolute necessity of which the French Govern-

ment thinks is not fully realized in America; in fact, they are seriously alarmed, and in our last interview, William Martin asked me to take up this matter with our authorities at home. The journey was uneventful. Every day the alleged ship's run was posted at noon to alleviate the tedium of the smoking-room, but never the ship's position. Judging by the sun, it seemed to me that we steered a devious course, going farther south than usual, probably to keep clear of the transport lanes. Of course, we never could tell exactly where we were. On the last afternoon, somewhere off Nantucket, an American wireless report was picked up and filtered through to the passengers, to the effect that the Italians had been completely crumpled up by a German army, which suddenly appeared from nowhere, on the Piave. We also ran into a violent storm which came howling up the coast, and as by this time the ship was very light, having burnt up most of her coal supply, our erstwhile happy home soon was bobbing about like a cork in despair. So our twelfth and last night on board was by far the worst, but when we awoke next morning, the Espagne was lying quietly at anchor off Quarantine in New York Harbor. Our marvellous experience had come to an end.

THE END











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