

November 30, 1916.—Thanksgiving Day, raw and cold; no turkey, no pumpkin pie, no football game.

Van Holder here at nine o'clock; has been promised a passport but not one to return. Wished me to advise him. I told him to go, and when he is cured, that we would arrange for his return.

Then drove with Nell to Ravenstein where many of the C.R.B. were gathered, Gregory having offered a little silver cup, and arranged a little competition. It was stinging cold—too cold to play. But we played....

Émile Verhaeren, the Belgian poet, is dead at Rouen, killed by a train he was trying to board. He was a great poet—the greatest of Belgium's great poets—a sort of Walt Whitman.

Hear that the Germans will begin to seize the unemployed at Brussels next week. I dread the experience.

Bulle (the Mexican Minister) has a new joke.

“I represent,” he says, “a country without a government at the capital of a government without a country.”