

December 1, 1916.—The day for the courier and again he came bringing us no pouch either from London or Washington. It has been now two weeks since we have heard from either place, save through the C.R.B. and of course by wire. But then the London Embassy, with its customary contempt for everything not English and of London, no doubt has no thought for us. It wouldn't be a bad idea to establish an American Embassy at London.

We had the usual bi-weekly meeting at my Legation this afternoon. Villalobar and Janssen absent. The usual monthly unemployed and seizing of cattle—and men—a little more aggravated each time. The Germans have seized nearly two hundred men provided with C.R.B. cards, despite their promise to respect them. Their promises!

Mme. Franz Wittouck came to call, very pretty in her furs. "I want nothing," she said, "just to see how you are!" A very pretty and kindly compliment.

For we here seem so depressed—the horror of the situation is beyond words—every one discouraged, every one blue, the iron hand of oppression bearing down harder every day—no end in sight, no possibility either of victory or peace—and a dark and terrible winter coming on. The physical suffering is great—and every home in Belgium is darkened by the latest shadow, a real terror exists. . . .

As one goes through the Forêt these days, one sees wagons filled with Christmas trees, which the Germans are gathering to celebrate the nativity of the Prince of Peace. And in the Bois this morning we saw a platoon of German soldiers playing pussy-wants-a-corner. How touching!