

*December 7, 1916.*—Down early to see Villalobar, found him as usual quarreling with that dark Spanish female secretary of his, who seems always to be so furious. What a household! Constantly, it would seem, in turmoil, with dark secrets and mysteries. Villalobar turned from her with his dark face suddenly becoming pleasant, but he was not so amicable when I spoke to him about me joining forces in this matter of the unemployed. Spain, in charge of Belgian interests, and so on, evidently very fearful of losing credit—again that detestable word! I, sick with despair, told him I didn't care about it except to get the Belgians back; that Van Vollenhoven was organizing a bureau, and everybody else organizing a bureau; that representations were being made in behalf of every one who had been taken and that consequently no one would come back; that all by working together might succeed in a measure, and so on. Finally, however, he seemed to come about to my way of thinking but was very grandiose, very patronizing, very much the Spanish grandee.