

*December 15, 1916.*—Villalobar left this morning worried and wondering why he was called, but the story goes about that he has gone to make peace. I trust that he will succeed.

No pouch today, although the C.R.B. mail and Spanish Legation pouch comes from London.

Von Bissing is very ill, I hear; his wife has come in from Berlin to be at his bedside at Trois Fontaines.

The guns boom more loudly tonight than I have ever heard them—that incessant thud, thud, thud, there to the west. Yet what are they accomplishing?