

*Sunday, January 7, 1917.*—After luncheon Nell and I went for a walk toward Droghenbusch with the dogs, returned for tea; and just then Kellogg arrived, to our joy. He stayed an hour, full of news and gossip. He had been to France, Paris and Havre—was all enthusiastic over the state of things at Paris, and all admiration for the wonderful French. Paris, calm, sober, in a highly incandescent spiritual state; however, very determined and serious, no gaiety at Paris, simplicity, dignity everywhere, in striking contrast to London, where the world is for stepping and laughing. Lloyd George now a full-fledged Tory; he, too, with me, regarded that manœuvre as a bit of the dirtiest politics that had ever been played.

He confirmed the good news Levit brought. Says that Francqui and Hoover have settled their differences, and that all will now go on smoothly, he thinks. Francqui, whose pass read only for France, had made a secret trip to London to see Hoover—was there four hours, Savoy Hotel, incognito, mysterious. Hoover had had the satisfaction of having his own way, and had gone, or goes today to America to arrange a loan.

Best of all, he thinks we shall have peace before another winter! It seems impossible that such joy should ever be in the world again....

Lane has offered Hoover a position as First Assistant-Secretary of the Interior.