

*January 10, 1917.*—The pouch today brought letters from Hoover, one of which reported the settlement of the trouble with Francqui, the other asking my advice about accepting the position of First Assistant-Secretary of the Interior which Lane had offered him. He seems to me to be of Cabinet rank himself.

There was a telegram, mutilated in transmission, from the Department, saying that Hulse had reported to the Department the non-arrival of papers which he said I had agreed to forward for him; the Department sounds displeased, and concerned that I had—if I had—sent them in the pouch against the Department's regulations. The incident depresses me exceedingly tonight. I remember that Hulse, always a person of constant importunity, had asked me to forward some papers for him, and that I had probably let him think I would do so, because of his relation to the C.R.B. of which he was once secretary. I never saw his precious package, but Gustave says that he brought it in, and that he sent it out in a pouch. Possibly it was stopped by the superior intelligence at London. I wired both to The Hague and to London to inquire. Of course, there was a blunder, and it is all mine own. What a breeding spot for trouble the pouch has been.

The Nuncio has gone to The Hague, some say never more to return.

Francqui is back. Left his card on me today. Villalobar comes tonight; trouble will thereupon be resumed.