

*January 19, 1917.*—Very cold, and snow, such winter weather as I have not known in Belgium.... The air is somehow filled with a sense of horror, brooding, foreboding, and alarm. They begin taking the men at Brussels tomorrow morning; even women have received the fatal yellow cards. And this morning there is a sickening placard on the walls, explaining that the purposes of the Germans are wholly benevolent—a piece of nauseating hypocrisy.