

*January 20, 1917.*—A sad day in Brussels. This morning they took the men. Early, in the cold just after daylight, they came to the Gare du Midi, in groups of twenties, fifties, hundreds, those who had been notified. There was an immense mass of them; some warmly clad, with their bundles ready; others, poor fellows, without even overcoats, shivering in the cold. There were wives and children, come to say what may perhaps be the last good-bye. But the streets were all barred; there was a squadron of Uhlans, riding down the crowd now and then, brutal as Cossacks. No one, other than those who had been summoned, was allowed in or near the station. The men were taken into the station. After a while some came out. Those who had been released came out dancing with joy! . . .

Some weeks ago an old priest from Mons, Père Yoerman, old and sick, implored me to get him a pass to go to America. I did so, touched by his plight. The other day, at the frontier, the formality of searching revealed that he was upholstered, veritably, with letters! And I—I must take the blame!

But saddest of all is the fact that the Belgians now detest the Americans as much as anybody, because the United States does not go to war over the deportations! The most despicable feature of it is not the ingratitude of those whom we have fed for these years past, but that the critics are those who, being so strong in their duty to support the Allied cause, should have got across the frontier long ago and joined the army. This never seems to occur to them.