

February 6, 1917.—Very cold and dismal here at the Legation, with packing boxes everywhere, and doors opening, and calls and cards.

Calls—Portellas, Cuban chargé, t'Kint, who wept when he thanked me for all that had been done for Belgium, Paul Hamoir, Van Vollenhoven (Holland calm and Van Vollenhoven furious with Villalobar), Thwaites; and then Harrach telephoned that there was a dispatch from Washington saying I might stay here if the Germans made no objection!

Though I can have no courier and no telegraph, von Moltke has kindly sent me my cipher telegrams. One was an instruction to C.R.B. men to remain at their posts; evidently Hoover is at Washington, for it is his style, and one can feel his tremendous will at work.

But the *one* telegram, the telegram of instructions for me, has not come. There is a telegram cipher, evidently referring to it, making a correction in certain groups. They were decoding it, Nell, Herter, Ruddock, and I standing by. They read, "You—will—turn—over—your—legation—and—archives—to—" Then Herter tossed up his pencil—it ended there! Curtain!

Lunched at de Beughem's.

Then more calls—Descheid, Dupont, Devreese, etc.; cards, cards, cards, notes, letters, and the Legation corridors crowded as they had not been since those exciting August days of 1914.

Harrach came to present the compliments of the Governor-General, who has just returned from Wiesbaden, still ill, and is now at Trois Fontaines. The Governor-General hopes that I can arrange to stay. I sent him compliments and thanks, and so on, saying I should do all I could to aid in keeping the revictualing in operation, but that I could say nothing definite until I received instructions—and that I could not stay with any diminution of privileges. Harrach said that it would be a calamity if the revictualing stopped, that in Germany they hadn't even enough to eat themselves.