

February 22, 1917.—Gregory in, with no news; projects his trip to Holland. Kellogg to arrive there Friday night possibly. Villalobar in; had seen von der Lancken who is back from Berlin, with no good news of any sort. Germans refuse to yield on the matter of route; will study the question of ships yet remaining in England; say that C.R.B. provisions now in England can be shipped to Holland by regular Dutch steamers—which could not transport it all in years! All in all, the jig seems to be about up.

I am either to see von der Lancken tomorrow, or have Villalobar see him to communicate the contents of the Washington telegram. I think I shall tell him that I shall go at once.

What days, what black hours to live through. I wonder if I have acted wisely! One is so weak—and I am so tired—tired beyond any rest! And yet I must add a word. Von der Lancken had brought back the reply as to the deportees; they are to be brought back, but—always the sinister Teutonic *but*—they must work here! Villalobar told von der Lancken they could never do anything right—never.

“They are very difficult, very!” he said, sadly shaking his head. “Von der Lancken’s a good fellow—but one never knows that one can be sure of what he says. One thinks it over afterwards, and wonders, as one does not when a gentleman says anything.”