

*March 5, 1917.*—Cold again, winter, like the war, unending: deep snow. Meeting at eleven. Villalobar, Van Vollenhoven, Francqui, Lambert, Kellogg, Gregory, de Wouters, Ruddock, Swift, and so on. Kellogg told them what he pleased, saying nothing about the English unloading the ships, or of the Inter-Allied Commission. Dull hour—Villalobar with an awful cold, Francqui very blue, very much downcast, silent, sombre, whether the prospect of his approaching marriage or the hopelessness of the world situation, and so on, I don't know. Van Vollenhoven eager to get his fingers in, winking at Villalobar to broach the question, and Villalobar not noticing. An hour of boredom, then Lambert, in black kid gloves, said: "My dear Ministers, I have a feeling that some one should be the first to go, and I'll be the one." Then he went, and the others followed. Villalobar lingered, as usual; so did Gregory and Kellogg.

Kellogg thinks we'll be in the war in two weeks,<sup>1</sup> and all out of Belgium in that time. Inasmuch as Congress is no longer in session, I don't agree with that view. We may be in later; there will be plenty of time, for it is evident now that the war will last at least another two years.