

March 19, 1917.—The one event of which every one talks is the Russian revolution.² It is a splendid thing, sublime in its way, to see a people able, in the midst of the greatest war in history, to throw off the yoke of a wicked despotism, and quietly, in a few days, establish a constitutional government.

Gregory reports that Villalobar produced his four Spaniards, one of whom is a Cuban, and that they are impossible, that he will not appoint them. That in the meantime the seven Americans for whom he applied for passes are having to leave next week. They are to be quarantined for two weeks in Baden-Baden. I shall be deeply relieved when they are gone. Would that all the rest could go too, and their places be taken by Spaniards, good or bad, or Hottentots, for that matter!

The town is still filled with soldiers, and officers in their hideous uniforms, the crude strident colours, raw yellows, and reds, and greens that they all wear so proudly, so unconscious of their bad taste. Across the street, at the entrance to the government building, once a department of the Belgian Government railway system, every day at noon, an open landau drawn by two heavy and rather handsome coach horses, driven by a German soldier, punctually appears; sometimes there are two German soldiers on the box. Out of the building comes an officer, young, in grey uniform with bright yellow trimmings, he is tall, has a brutal face, all scarred; he stalks out, pompously examines the horses—"stolen horses," as Villalobar remarked the other day as we watched him from my window—pats them, mounts into the landau pompously, looks back importantly, and puffs at a big cigar—on his way home (stolen home, too), to luncheon.

² On March 15, 1917, the Czar, long under sinister influences, was driven from his throne by a revolution; and on March 21st, the American Government recognized the new Russian régime.