

*April 3, 1917.*—We have a special train, rolling rapidly, making excellent time. Von Falkenhausen is in charge, very polite and kindly. We all took enormous quantities of provisions, fearing we knew not what. We are about seventy-five persons. Of the Legation, besides Nell and me, there are Kin Kung and Tai Tai,<sup>1</sup> and Marie and Eugène; the Ruddocks and their two babies, their German nurse and German maid, weeping, poor things, because they must leave their masters and the babies in Switzerland, for it would not do to take Germans into France. The Ruddocks brought too their excellent chef, François, who prepares us fine meals en route, and his wife and daughter. They brought Alphonse also. Swift, the attaché, was with us of course. There are, too, Diederich and his wife—whom a score of years abroad have left untouched in his typical mid-westernism. (Diederich wears embroidered slippers on the train, each having a large dog's head worked in colors.) He

<sup>1</sup> Pekingese dogs belonging to the Whitlocks.

has his daughters and his staff, among them Sherman, vice consul, and his wife and little son—they are transferred to Queenstown—and Miss Adams, the English clerk. Then there is Johnson, consul at Ghent, transferred to Dundee—where my mother's family came from originally—and his Italian wife and a multitude of little children, so excited they can't sleep. Then there is Cruger, his mother and sister, and the little poodle I gave her; and Topping and his wife (weeping because she has never been away from Brussels before) and Mlle. Diefenthal and Cloots. There are about fifteen members of the Chinese Legation, occupying several compartments. Then there are Gregory and his son Don and about twenty-five members of the C.R.B., with Mrs. Carstairs and her young baby and an old nurse.

Nasmith and his wife went on Monday to Amsterdam. Mrs. Heingartner and her daughter remained in Liège at their own request, awaiting the arrival of the son from Vienna. Arrangements were made for them to go when they pleased. Gray remains of his own choice at Brussels as director of the C.R.B. Neville and two other accountants remain also, at Gregory's orders, to close up the books. Then they go to Rotterdam. There are six others of the C.R.B. who had to remain in Brussels to be held in "quarantine" for perhaps four weeks. They had been sent down into the *Etappen* and in consequence, in accordance with a military order that compels every one coming from the *Etappen* to remain for a period in the occupation zone before going out, they had to remain. Written assurances were given that they might leave at the expiration of their quarantine, and during that time they will help in the revictualing. If Gregory hadn't sent them down into the *Etappen* they would have come out with us.

We awoke in the Black Forest. The land drear and silent, few people in evidence, but those we see apparently well fed. At one station there are French prisoners in their red breeches, working. At another there are Russian prisoners. At one station German women in male attire (we passed through Metz and Strasbourg in the night).

At half past ten we arrive at Singen. After a long wait—some discussion between Falkenhausen and the German officers there, the latter, Ruddock says, demanded 4,000 marks in payment on the special train—the train runs backward again, a discouraging symptom for every one in the party is nervous, fearing the visit, the search and seizure....

Tuesday morning I visited every one on the train; despite all warnings many of them had letters, photographs, and so on. I had taken a dozen postcards from Sherman's little boy Monday night and had torn them up; I took from Mrs. Sherman a photograph of her son in the uniform of an English soldier and tore that up, and from Cruger photographs and patriotic souvenirs he had taken from men of the C.R.B.—since he can't say no. I tore them all up and threw them out the window onto the clean German landscape.

The train backed to a station called Gottenatling, or some such profane thing, where to our delight a Swiss special train was waiting for us. It was reassuring to see it, with its red crosses on the wagons. We had enormous quantities of baggage—Nell and I some fifteen trunks, the Ruddocks twenty, and we had besides two great diplomatic pouches, containing our records, and, most precious of all, the sacred Code, to say nothing of the manuscript of my novel. I had detailed Swift to watch the pouches, and not to let them out of our sight. But our Legation baggage was not inspected. We took our places at once in the Swiss train and waited while the Germans examined the baggage of the consuls and the C.R.B. The examination was not severe, save in the case of Don Gregory; him they stripped to the skin, why we do not know. Then suddenly von Falkenhausen came running, and hastily said good-bye. The train was going. We gave him a handshake and a bottle of wine to stay him on his trip back to Brussels—Moritz had brought excellent wine from his cellar—the train pulled out, and soon we rolled across the frontier into Switzerland, safe at last, with deep inward gratitude. I felt like Christian when his burden rolled off his back. The journey had been accomplished without incident, with perfect courtesy on the part of the Germans, in less than twenty hours....

It was afternoon and François was serving us a luncheon when the train drew into the station at Schaffhausen. There on the platform were two lines of Swiss soldiers, standing at present arms. I was greatly surprised, but presently three Swiss officers, very smart in their uniforms of grey, much handsomer than the German uniforms we have come to loathe, boarded the train. There they stood in the narrow corridor outside our compartment. It is difficult in such close quarters, with a hard-boiled egg in one hand and a sandwich in the other, to be dignified, but I did the best I could. There was the Commandant of the place at Schaff-

hausen, a General of Cavalry, and a Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel come on the part of the Swiss Government to welcome us. I thanked them, and we chatted. Finally the train left, the soldiers presenting arms again, and the Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel, in their white gloves, accompanied us to Zurich. We saw the Falls of the Rhine in passing, crossed that little tongue of German territory that thrusts itself down into Switzerland on this side of Schaffhausen—saw a German sentinel standing there, the last German soldier, we hope, that we shall ever see. (Not long ago some German soldiers escaped from the Fatherland, were interned; at Schaffhausen they expressed themselves freely about the Kaiser; in crossing this frontier strip of German soil the train was stopped, they were seized, taken off—and shot.)

But once again in Switzerland—adieu to Germany and to Germans I hope forever! Three years with them in Belgium has taught me what a terrible race they are, and what a calamity for this world it would be if they were to have any influence in it.

At Zurich our two Swiss officers bade us good-bye, and Stovall, our minister at Berne, came aboard, with Keene, the consul at Zurich, and half a dozen reporters—whom I dreaded to see, these latter! I would give them no interview. They wanted a “statement” regarding Belgium—as if one could make a “statement” regarding conditions in Belgium, to do justice to which a work of no less size than the *Encyclopædia Britannica* would be necessary!

The train sped on, the sun came out and there were the Alps—the Jungfrau, and finally at six o'clock Berne, and de Groot, the Belgian Minister, and the American consul and Campbell the secretary at Berne. We drove to the Bellevue—and from our windows feast our tired eyes on the everlasting hills, rosy in the Alpine glow as the sun went down. Ah! how tired! Dinner in our rooms, and then—bed, sleeping at last in a republic, breathing the air of liberty.