

April 4, 1917.—Early this morning Campbell sent me a synopsis of the President's message, and I read it with tears, of a kind of joy, to see us at last—much as I hate war—ranged on the side of the right!

The reporters came promptly, then Gregory, whom I asked to dictate a statement regarding the C.R.B. I embodied it in the long dispatch I sent to the Department. I wrote them, indeed, a long one about the journey, one about Villalobar and the revictualing, in an effort to prevent Hoover's implacable hatred of Villalobar from interfering with the continuance of the work. Hoover is trying to exclude the Spaniards altogether, and Villalobar especially—and I am telling the Department that Berlin communicates with Mexico by wireless to Madrid, whence the German Ambassador forwards the dispatches by cable to Mexico. I thought the Government ought to know this—for what it may be worth. It was a task, dictating all those telegrams, and a little statement for the press, one in English and one in French, and it was nearly noon when Nell and I got out for a little stroll.

The day is beautiful, the sun clear, and the mountains presenting a wonderful view of themselves. We wandered through the streets—the old arcades, the old gates of the city, and so on, and back for lunch. The Swiss are an unsympathetic lot, heavy, ugly, German to the core. One is sick of the German signs, the German gutturals, the German taste—or lack of it. The Swiss are no doubt a worthy and a moral lot, but from all things German and from living in Berne good Lord deliver us!

Le Baron de Groot, Belgian minister at Berne, and the Baroness . . . called. Then the Comte d'Assche, after tea, remaining until dinner-time, and we had to hurry to get to Stovall's, he having invited us to dinner. Stovall is a good sort, good-looking and kind; he comes from Georgia or South Carolina. . . . Mrs. Stovall very

elegant, assiduously pronounces "diplomat" "diplomah" under the impression that that is the French pronunciation. Paul Beau, Ambassador of France at Berne—the French have an Ambassador here, I don't know why; there is a story in the fact, no doubt—a fine, big Gaulois, formerly in Cochin China, was the biggest vegetable, as they say at Brussels. The de Groots were there, and the Spanish Minister, a good little sort, who talked of Villalobar with a hidden, though nonetheless evident, hatred. Campbell and his wife, and the Ruddocks were there. After dinner a reception—a vast horde of diplomats who poured into the house, and for two hours in that jam I stood and received and talked. Particularly delighted with the Italian Minister. I had brought here from Heineman for him Desamblancx's splendidly, exquisitely bound copy of Frederick Locker-Lampson's *London Lyrics*—a book I had long coveted, and once nearly bought, but at two hundred and fifty francs it was beyond me. I told him I envied him so and hated to give up the book. I was delighted too with Sir Horace Rumbold, the new British Minister—a typical Englishman with a monocle screwed into a face that never changes expression, that never moves save to let the monocle fall, and the monocle deftly caught is instantly restored. We talked for half an hour—a good sort—excellent fellow and a clever man, who I hope and believe can keep these crafty pro-German little Swiss bargainers straight.

Back to the hotel at midnight with a mortal fatigue! I shall never be rested! I ache as though I had been maltreated and kicked by heavy boots!