

April 5, 1917.—Reporters again—among them a nice little French chap named René Arcos who knows Romain Rolland. He is down at Villeneuve, and I'd rather see him than anything in Switzerland. M. Arcos promises to put us in communication.

Nell and I went out for a walk, for the weather is clear and there is a brilliant sun. The mountains, in their snow, are lovely. We went to the Cathedral, which dates from early in the fifteenth century. A verger in a red gown opened a little grating and pointed to the wall. "There is the cost, Monsieur." It costs, according to the tariff—well named!—twenty centimes to enter into the house of God. I went down into my pockets and hadn't a sou—nothing but German paper money brought out of Belgium. But here in German Switzerland they love everything German but German money, and won't take a cent of it, which in a way, in a cathedral,

certainly was a blasphemy, for if William the Hohenzollern's money isn't good for an entry in God's house, whose would be? It was the same everywhere—the little man who made the wooden toys was afraid of German money.... When the policeman on the bridge, who rebuked me for walking on the left side of the bridge, spoke to me in German I said, "Speak French, if you please."

There is nothing much to see in Berne; the arcades, the walls, the famous clock at the old city gate—the clock tower, and so on. We had to content ourselves with looking at the carvings in the portal of the cathedral, one scene in the tympanum, the Last Judgment, very naïve in the crude carvings and high coloring. There are carvings everywhere in wood, and the "sudden cuckoo" clock.

"For this was Tell a hero, for this did Gessler die."

After luncheon, terribly fatigued, I had a nap, a blessed experience, then at four went with Stovall to call on the Government. First, we called on Dumont, of the Political Department, a charming man—grandson, by the way, of Albert Gallatin, who was a Genevois. Then to see Dr. Hoffman, one of the Federal Council, a little, alert man, very clever and very pro-German. Stovall told me on going in to look out for Hoffman, who was strongly pro-German but afraid, of course, to say so and made a pretence of neutrality—had to, in fact. Hated Stovall and America generally. Then to the President, Dr. Schulthess, a heavy doctoral man, in black, also very pro-German, though otherwise very intelligent. We chatted a moment, then I saw his hand glide toward his water pot and I promptly arose and left. Very simple, very democratic, everybody and everything in the Federal Palace; very much like a city hall at home, in Milwaukee, for instance, everything free and easy, too much so. The buildings, impressive in their way, are not pleasing to me, so heavy, so German in taste, even if they are modeled on the Florentine style....

We hear that the Senate has voted for war with Germany, and much as I detest war, I welcome it in this instance because there seems to be no other way known to man to deal with a nation of stupid dolts and slaves, led by mad generals who are blindly idolized. It is a recompense for all the horrors we have witnessed in Belgium, to see our own country arrayed against barbarism, whose defeat is now assured.

I should write more in detail if I had the energy—I am so tired!—the impressions I have in being in a free land once more and

the emotions I feel in beholding my own country enter the lists for civilization, for humanity, for liberty. It feels good to be allied with noble, adorable France and with stubborn old mother England in this struggle for all one holds dear in the world, gives the heart an uplift and the soul a new sense of life, even of hope—so different from the long depression in Belgium, with never a bit of hope, with nothing but the continual sight of those brutal German soldiers. Here one sees occasionally an English soldier in his khaki uniform, hobbling on a cane, for there are many interned in Switzerland. One sees too, now and then, a French soldier, but not many; they are, so one is told, in French Switzerland. We shall see them in Lausanne, where we go tomorrow.