

April 6, 1917.—Lady Acton called, to inquire about the de Lignes. It is Good Friday, and raining; the mountains having withdrawn behind their veil of mist. Drove out to call on Mrs. Stovall at their house; her daughter, a vivacious little Southern girl, was with her, and a dear little white dog scratching at the low window-door to get in. Drove from there to the house of Sir Horace Rumbold. Lady Rumbold came in from church, a charming, pretty Englishwoman, with whom it would be easy to fall in love. Then to see the Spanish Minister. Back to luncheon (there is a large table of German and Austrian diplomats near us, one of the Germans being a von Bethmann-Hollweg, a young man! They are our enemies now and we mustn't look at them or pretend to see them; it seems so absurd! I had prepared to send von Falkenhausen and von Moltke little souvenirs of their kindness in arranging our departure, but Nell says it would not be safe!) The hotel is the headquarters of the staff officers of the Swiss army. There is always a large group of them, in their smart uniforms taking coffee in the hall after meals, and all posing striking attitudes, very fair ones it must be admitted. How impossible it is for soldiers to be anything but childish!

And we are in war—or nearly there! For the Senate has voted eighty-two to six for the declaration of war.

The French papers were never so interesting—and what a joy to see them once more the same day or the day after they are published. One has *Le Journal de Genève* too, about the best paper I know. I was reading the addresses in the French Chamber aloud to Nell and Mlle., and three times tried to read Deschanel's burst of poetic eloquence—and each time broke down when I came to

the words, "The French Republic...sends to the beloved sister, the American Republic, the laurels of the Marne, the Yser, of Verdun, and of the Somme...."

But the thought of the two republics united for the same holy cause is enough of itself to make me weep tears of joy, of a noble emotion of gratitude that such perfection can exist still in the world as that of France and America one!

Left Berne at two....Arrived in Lausanne at five and came here to the Hôtel Beau Rivage at Ouchy.