

*April 11, 1917.*—Brazil has entered the dance!

What a price Germany has paid for the folly of her generals! She has now the world arrayed against her because of her infatuation with submarines, her whole commercial fleet seized, her commerce ruined for fifty years—all she has gained lost. And all for the subserviency to a few mad leaders like Hindenburg and von Tirpitz. A nation of fools! She might have come out of the war better without her submarines. She has reached the point of diminished returns.

A lovely sunny day. We lunched at Dexter's, the American consular agent. His father and mother there—typical Americans with a wonderful hospitality, pressing us to eat, and eat, and eat of the rich dishes—mayonnaise and Bernaise sauce on everything—until we came away sick. Nell said she couldn't bear to look at the mountains. "They look like heaped up dessert!" she said.

Walked up with Nell to the Beau-Séjour, where we went to have tea with Lady Plunkett—*et me voila!*

Lady Plunkett says the English are terribly down on the Belgian "nobles," who have been sponging on them in England since the commencement of the war. And well they may be, for a more detestable lot of leeches never existed. And yet all those absorbent nobles, with their faces of brass, all look down on the Belgians who remained in their land. *They* would never endure the presence of the "boche." Not they!