

*Sunday, April 15, 1917.*—We are off to Paris tonight. The white clouds rolling along the blue surface of the lake are trailing away west, leaving the mountains clear and blue. And there is the sun!—And Swift wishes to lock up the pouch, and I wish to put the journal in. One never knows!

At Paris. Left Lausanne at five, at Geneva at six something, the ride along the Lake beautiful, though Mont Blanc, alone of all the peaks, reticent, revealing, like Jehovah, only his hinder parts. Dinner at Beau Rivage, and at 8:20 the sleeping car—ironical phrase!—was attached to the train. Haskell, our consul at Geneva, came down to see us off; said the French Government had refused

to give other foreign diplomats such an honour as that of a sleeping car put through to Geneva, until I came along. We appreciated the compliment. The car was an ancient one, with two compartments "de luxe," each with three beds, covered like a dentist's chair—and not as comfortable—and in them we passed an awful night, over roads as rocky as that to Dublin—O! At Bellegarde, first station in France, we saw the French flag—which filled us with joy. No examination; every one extremely polite.