

July 4, 1917.—I write this at Ste.-Adresse;¹ there was no time at Paris, in the midst of all that hurly-burly and confusion. And it will be a task to catch up, a task to remember and set down all. Strangely enough, I had none of the emotions or thrills I expected, though seen in retrospect it is apparent that I assisted at historic, memorable scenes. What a day! For me, of hard work, a splitting headache, mad confusion, evidences of human weakness, vanity, pettiness—and of disappointments. The ceremonies began with some sort of reception, a presentation of colours and I know not what, at the Invalides at eight o'clock or half past. I wasn't there; the Embassy sent my ticket to me at 10:20, two hours after the show was over; no matter, I shouldn't have gone anyway. I arose at that hour—with a severe headache. Topping's copies of my speech were

¹ Ste.-Adresse, temporary seat of the Belgian Government, was a suburb of Havre, northwest of the city and at the foot of the headland which guards the entrance to the harbor. A promoter who hoped to make the place a fashionable ocean resort had put up several hotels and a large number of villas here. The Belgian Ministers lived at one hotel perched high on the rocks, the *Hôtellerie*. A larger hotel at the water's edge, to which Whitlock pays his sarcastic respects, the *Hôtel des Regates*, was used by various diplomats.

illegible and I had to hunt up a stenographer, a pretty French girl, to make new French copies. A letter from a Mr. Howland received the night before had told me that he would call at ten that morning, ten sharp the letter said, with his motor to take me to Picpus.¹ Was ready at ten; no Howland; 10:05—10:10—10:15—10:20—no Howland. At 10:25 Nell and I went downstairs, got a taxi, and away we dashed.

But I anticipate. At 9:30 Nell, hearing a brass band play, rushed out. The hotel was in confusion; the King of Montenegro was there, with a balcony to review the parade. But I was struggling with that detestable speech; and yet I heard the band, it was playing "Marching Through Georgia!" I could not withstand that! And so downstairs, and out into the rue de Rivoli bareheaded. There was the crowd sweeping along the street below the great iron fence of the Tuileries, from curb to curb, with no order, men, women, children trotting along, hot, excited, trying to keep up with the slender column of our khaki-clad regulars, who marched briskly along. French soldiers in their light blue trotted beside them, as closely as they could get, looking at them with almost childish interest and wonder, as boys trot hurrying beside a circus parade. Our soldiers were covered with flowers—and always the steady roar of the crowd and now and then cries of *Vive l'Amérique!* Then there was the flag! Our beautiful flag! My throat closed! One moment of that emotion, of the blur and mist of tears—then I went back. After all, the confusion detracted; it would have been more impressive if it had been more orderly, though there was tremendous enthusiasm.

Back then upstairs to wait for Howland and his motor, at ten sharp. And, as I said, 10:20 came, and no sign of him. Then downstairs and into a taxi and off through those crowded streets toward the place de la Bastille. I had no idea where Picpus Cemetery was and I began to think the taxi-driver had as little; it is not well known. I remember that we went bouncing past the place before the Hôtel de Ville, and some sort of ceremony was going on there; the streets were filled with the Paris crowd, which is not different from our American crowd on any day of fête or circus. The whole city, of course, was hung with flags; we had observed them the night before as we drove from the station to our hotel. The charming city was *en fête*. There was not that senseless, ugly mass of tossing bunting, so common and so commonplace with us when we "deco-

¹ The cemetery in which Lafayette is buried.

rate" our cities, but only the trophies of flags on the fine façades, the flags of all the Allies, but for the most part the flags of France, England, and America—which was as it should have been. But the flags of the two republics predominated—and that too was as it should be.

We bounced along and I was in a stew, what with my aching head and the heat and heavy atmosphere; it was getting grey and lowering. But at length my cabby turned into la rue Picpus—the name was reassuring, and then I knew we were drawing near our destination, because the numerous squads of policemen began to stop us. I had nothing to show them, unless it were the copy of my speech in my pocket, not even a card of admission. But they were Frenchmen and all I had to say, when they demanded my credentials, "Monsieur has his card, his ticket?" was "No, Monsieur, unfortunately, but if you will permit me to explain—" Then, salutes, and "Certainly, monsieur"—and we went through the line. Three or four times I explained thus, and at last, there was a wall and an open gate, and that was the Picpus Cemetery. We got in, even if we had no cards, and there we were—a paved courtyard, old walls, a cloister, and somewhere, in the confusion, a nun, fat and rosy and all in white. And I saw Frazer, of the Embassy, and one of the secretaries and felt safer. We strolled on, through a quiet garden, old, redolent of the past. They say that is the convent Victor Hugo describes in *Les Misérables*; it is as serene as that one was, at any rate, and as inviting. Only its memories are disturbing, for there somewhere is the ditch in which they threw the bodies of the victims of the guillotine after they were removed from the place de la Revolution, now become instead the place de la Concorde. Lafayette's mother-in-law was among them. I should like to visit the spot another time, but I never shall.

We stood and gossiped a long time. Some one introduced Admiral Greaves to me; he brought over the troops... my head splitting... Then, noise, confusion, rushing under the low branches of the trees, and there was Ambassador Sharp, in a long frock coat and public smile, and Mrs. Sharp, and Pershing, and Joffre! I did have a thrill then! Presentations—Painlevé, minister of war, Viviani, who made the voyage to America. Pershing, a splendid, upstanding, solid man, and then—Joffre! They were forming a little procession to go on into the cemetery proper—we were then in a sort of a garden of the convent. Cox, the little man who had arranged the affair, was hopping about, with his comic face drawn, his long frock coat swaying, his starched white waistcoat much in evidence,

with an order of some sort hung about his neck—a yellow ribbon, I don't know what—hopping about like a clown, getting us into line, but that was difficult, for every one was looking out for himself and keeping an eager eye on the cameras. I seem, however, not to have done so badly myself, for I was walking beside Joffre, talking with him. He is a heavy, compact man, well set-up, with a goodly paunch, and a sanguine, calm, steady disposition, evidently amiable and well poised. Too fat, with white hair and white moustache that once was reddish, probably, soft, whitish flesh, not particularly distinguished, though to be marked and pointed out, in his boots, his kepi with much gold, a star on his breast, and on his sleeve the six stars of a Maréchal de France. The crowd was enthusiastic, frenzied, rushed at him, their eyes glowing, people put out hands to touch him, and all the while there were cries of "*Vive Joffre! Vive Joffre!*" ... "How much they love you!" I remarked. And he replied, simply, "Yes, indeed," as though it were only natural. How an Englishman or an American would have beamed and bowed had one made such a remark to him!

We were in the cemetery now, a little plot of ancient stones, almost hidden by the crowd. Near the wall, beside a crypt, with a grating before a flat stone railed about, on which was the word "Lafayette," a red tribune had been erected. Cox told me to speak in English. I had prepared in French but brought my English manuscript with me. Painlevé wished me to translate the other speeches into French.... All was confusion, terrible confusion; a restless crowd, interested principally in Joffre, no cohesion, no atmosphere, no expectancy, no interest in the speeches. Cox introduced Sharp, who spoke, evidently having had no preparation. (Coming along Mrs. Sharp had remarked to Nell that this event didn't really amount to anything.) Then Cox introduced me. I read my English version to an inattentive, uninterested crowd. Clouds were lowering, the weather had a chip on its shoulder. I was boring them fearfully and so hurried through a speech that I had worked over for a month, and that never should have been delivered. Draw a veil over that mistaken performance, and over the horrid memory of the agonies of that twenty minutes, draw it for evermore! It was to me the most painful experience of twenty-five years of public speaking, showing the utter folly and sad waste of time involved in any preparation. I wish I could forget it! I wish I could forget it! Draw the veil; draw the veil!

Colonel Stanton, a typical American army officer of the rough

variety, made a speech, or harangue, waving his arms, beating the tribune—annihilated the whole German race, Kaiser and all, in his fury, had a tremendous success, was wildly applauded.¹ Painlevé made a charming speech. Such beautiful diction, such lovely pellucid French. I was charmed, utterly, and saddened by my own wretched, mistaken performance. I shall not forget either speech, his or mine—I fear. I shall not, I know, forget that moment when he turned his dark, typically French face towards me, and said, his eyes flashing as with fire: “But the United States also knows that for three years the French Army has been like an army of security for civilization and that its blood, etc. *Et ils ne veulent pas, suivant le mot d’un de leurs penseurs, que la France soit comme un bûcher splendide qui illuminerait le monde en se consummant.*”

Pershing, though not expecting to speak, could not resist—he said he found the occasion overwhelming—and he said a few words, very simply, very quietly, very dignifiedly; precisely the right thing, in perfect taste.

It was over. But no, a poor man, in shabby garments, with the flowing black cravat of the artist, mounted the tribune—we were turning away—and stood there. I can see his pale face, his white hair, his frayed collar, his poor, poor clothes (what tragedy there!), and holding a few bits of soiled paper in hands that trembled, he read some verses—ah me!

Then the mob rushed out. More confusion. A man was to drive me back to my hotel. I could not find him. I could not find Nell anywhere. Dr. Jones, consul at Lyons, offered me his seat in Mrs. Sharp’s automobile, but I refused. A Belgian officer came up and thanked me for what I had done for Belgium, and Howland came to apologize for not having come for me as agreed in his motor in the morning.

I was to speak then at the luncheon of the Chamber of Commerce, at the Hôtel Palais d’Orsay. I had been assured by Cox that a motor would be awaiting me. There was none. No cab, no taxi, nothing. After refusing a seat in Mrs. Sharp’s motor, I set out on foot—hot, angry, with a fearful headache, in that sultry Paris noon. No taxis, the city being in the throes of a strike of chauffeurs... on and on. Finally, near the place de la Bastille, I found an old fiacre. The driver was reluctant; we had a long discussion. Finally he agreed to take me, and we rattled on along streets that could not lose their

¹ Colonel Stanton, of course, made the inspired remark: “Lafayette, we are here!”

charm, even for an angry public speaker hastening from one failure to another. It was nearly half past when I arrived at the Palais d'Orsay, the luncheon well under way. Four hundred there, and a long, high table of honour with the whole French Government present—Joffre, Pershing and others. I sat next to Thomas, just back from his Russian mission. A bright, typical labor leader and agitator, one of those who mount on the shoulders of the poor they would aid. Very interesting and capable. Ribot, hands trembling, a fine old figure, read an excellent address. Sharp spoke; wholly inadequate to the occasion, but no more so than I, my speech was miserable. A day begun in disaster and not to be repaired. At the end Pershing arose and proposed the health of the French army, which we drank standing. There were cries for Viviani, but no response.

A nice young English officer drove me to my hotel in his motor. Then I went to Hill's, then on to the American Embassy for the reception. Came away at 10:30, the Hapgoods walking along with us under the arcades of the rue de Rivoli, Norman in his bare head. At the rue des Pyramides a crowd filled the street, mysterious there in the shadows, for Paris streets of course are all dark at night now. The crowd was singing, cheering, and we went forward and joined it to learn why. On a balcony overhead a half dozen young American army officers were gathered and they were singing popular American songs, but with order, with method. The Americans would sing a song, some ribald, popular song—and the French would listen respectfully. Then, the song finished, the French would politely applaud and at once return the compliment by singing a French song, usually "La Marseillaise," for they were evidently under the impression that the songs the Americans were singing were patriotic hymns. There were, perhaps, so far as the Americans could recall, patriotic hymns; they did sing "John Brown's Body," but they were for the most part such things as "My Wife's Gone to the Country." It was strange, large in its implications and charming, that dim crowd in the darkness, indistinct, impressionistic, the clear piping voices of children rising shrill above the voices of the older folk: "*Allons enfants de la patrie!*"

And the soldiers on the balcony, growing hoarse—waving their arms, shouting down their snatches of song.

Then some one cried *Vive Monsieur l'Ambassadeur!* and I realized that it was my tall hat, so conspicuous above the darkling mass, that had given me this unhappy distinction. "I beg of you!" I replied. They laughed, and were kind—the Paris crowd in its

amiable mood, far other than what those precincts have witnessed, may witness? But women beside me wished to know what the boys were singing and I translated some of the songs. The soldiers were tired and out of songs; they had got back to "My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean!" and now, with a flagging energy and a hoarseness that was even beyond the power of whistling, their leader, in shirt sleeves, was leaning over the balcony waving his arms and singing:

"Farewell, farewell, my own true love."

"What are they singing now?" asked the woman.

"They are singing a song of farewell," I said. "Farewell, farewell, my good friend!"

"But it is not yet time for that," she replied; "it is too early."

But it wasn't too early for me. I was dead tired and we went to the hotel and to bed. But not to sleep. A party of American officers, in a room of the Meurice across the courtyard from us, were still celebrating the Glorious Fourth, with loud, coarse, drunken shouts and the silly talk of drunken men, in the vulgarest of vulgar American voices far, far into the night, and towards the morning.

July 5, 1917.—One thing that should have been in yesterday's record; in the newspapers for the Fourth there was announcement of awards of the Legion of Honour. Among others, and at the head of the list, Hoover has it, and deserves it fully; then Whitney Warren, who has made an ass of himself about Paris ever since the war began, criticizing anything American, especially President Wilson; and then—oh, ye gods!—of all the ironies!—Poland! "For having vigorously protested against the deportations!"... I read it with an amazement I still retain; protested! Somewhere in this journal, if I did not consider it too insignificant to set down, there is a record of how Poland went to the Grand Headquarters of the Germans last summer when Gerard was there, and made a break, mentioning at table the depredations at Lille—and we had to work a month to overcome the effects of his caprice and save the revictualing. And Poland has the Legion of Honour for that; while Kellogg, whom Hoover sent for to replace Poland, because of Poland's unnecessary *gaffe*—Kellogg, whose exquisite tact and patient, careful, intelligent, devoted work for more than a year kept going the relief that Poland nearly ruined—Kellogg's name isn't even mentioned. *Sunt lachrymæ rerum!*...¹

¹ But Mr. Poland's unselfish and laborious activities, as Whitlock made clear elsewhere, fully merited the honor which Belgium bestowed upon him.

Nell and I lunched with Edith Wharton at her apartment, 5, rue de Varenne. Walter Berry, Joseph Reinach, the "Polybe" of *le Figaro*, there, an immensely clever little Jew, very entertaining and alive; very intelligent too. Said: "Roosevelt should be very grateful to President Wilson for keeping him from becoming a Garibaldi, and giving him a chance to remain closer to Washington." . . .

The Chinese Minister came to tea with us, he and his wife, to thank me for getting his Legation out of Brussels. Will Irwin and his wife came, then Colby—all to tea. Will Irwin told a charming story about Paderewski playing for Joffre at the Metropolitan. Paderewski was playing when Joffe arrived; the audience rose to acclaim Joffe, forgetting Paderewski. Elsie de Wolfe, who feared Paderewski might be offended, spoke to him next day; he had been oblivious! "When I thought that I was playing for Joffre," said he, "playing for that great man, I played as I never have played before in my life!" And that playing lost in uproar! Irwin also told of Sharp's speech in Poincaré's presence. "I am glad to be here, in the presence of such people as President Poincaré and the lady who is now his wife." To those who know!

Cox came at six, or half past, and stayed an hour. Poor little man, I quite forgave him when I heard of all his troubles. He was in despair, half-distracted, before that performance at Picpus, because there is a mortal enmity between the two branches of the Lafayette family, the Marquis de Lafayette and the Chambruns. They are both anxious to be identified with Lafayette nowadays—a recrudescence of interest in a man and a hero of whom there is not a life in French literature—and both factions were there yesterday morning, ready to spring at each other's throats! Cox feared a duel; and Chambrun had nearly stopped the whole proceedings through governmental interference—because he feared the Marquis would be called on to respond!

It is typical of Paris these summer days. Such littleness, such petty spite and jealousy everywhere! The best of France seems dead—save the noble army, of course. There is always the memory of that glorious past, inseparable from the present, of course. But there is so much meanness. Walter Berry told me that he had asked Pershing to toast the French army, and Joffre to toast the American army; Pershing did so, Joffre was willing, but the Government would not permit him to do so; so jealous are they all of Joffre's popularity! Joseph Reinach said that at the *déjeuner* he had great pleasure in studying the faces of the Ministers, the various shades of

envy and jealousy. Those calls for Viviani, for instance—to which he did not dare respond! France has been, of course, terribly discouraged, though the coming of the Americans has buoyed them up. Still, these summer days of 1917, after three years of war, Paris is much the same—lovely, ah lovely! Nell and I had a charming stroll this evening down the rue de Rivoli and in the place de la Concorde in a silver twilight. The trees winding over the Champs Elysées—the façade of the Crillon—the memories—Louis XVI—ah me! How time, and art, and taste had worked well together to produce this city; the loveliest of the works of man, and there, a hundred kilometres away, the barbarous Germans who had scientific plans for destroying it!