

*August 7, 1917.*—Swift back from London; brought the copies I wanted of the *Shropshire Lad*—I have that anyway—and, of course, many blessings besides, I know. Cable from Department asking for a full report on the German atrocities in Belgium. So I wired Langhorne and Petherick to send me my papers. Gerard has his book out and going strong, divulging state secrets right and left, astounding and appalling the world and paralyzing mankind. I've been hanging back, from a feeling, outworn in these times, that a diplomatist should not go about like a peddler of sensations, nor make money by patriotic officiousness—and now, the Depart-

ment wants my story, and will give it to the newspapers, and maybe kill it for me. But no, that is gratuitous bitterness; that is best which wears best in the long run, after all. So let Gerard record the secrets the Kaiser told him, and prove the Kaiser a liar, and so on; which he is, of course, for his empire is founded on a lie. But the persistent, morbid interest in America in the German atrocities is saddening, because it shows how pitifully small and feeble imagination is, and how little conception there is of principles. As though the justice of our cause depended on whether Germans killed babies in Belgium, or not.