

*Sunday, September 16, 1917.*—This morning Medill McCormick called en route from London to Paris, and thence to Italy on his important business of running the universe. Had much to say about the President, who it seems is not doing very well, about Baker and Daniels, ditto, about Sir Robert Borden in Canada, who is a complete failure, about Lloyd George, who isn't doing what he should, Bonar Law, who isn't all he is cracked up to be, and about the rulers at Paris, who are miserably inadequate to their task. Discovered, in short, that the only genuine specimen of your

true statesman extant is Medill McCormick himself. He must see King Albert; has a startling idea of having cinema pictures made of him and the King, and wishes me to go too. Happy prospect that, and so sensible, of going to the front to be taken for the movies!