

*September 21, 1917.*—Visit early this morning from Tuohy, London manager for the *New York World*, who came to get serial rights to my book of “revelations.” Took him on our walk, Kin and Tai and I, a good sort. Irish, full of interesting news about Ireland and the Sinn Feiners, and the treachery and treason of the miserable young priests who are the curse of Ireland and all in the Sinn Fein movement. Little hope for poor Ireland, what with priests, Sinn Feiners, and Dublin Castle.

Lewis and Swift to luncheon, then I worked—as I had all morning after Tuohy’s departure (without serial rights, since I intend putting the whole matter in Curtis Brown’s hands)—on atrocity report, which grows and grows.

Walked in bright sun to Ste.-Adresse and to Raymond Woog’s, painter, had tea in his studio with him and his pretty wife; and enjoyed immensely once more that congenial familiar atmosphere

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of art. He is doing a stunning portrait of Nicholson and wishes to do one of me.