

November 22, 1917.—I do enjoy my morning with my little dogs in the Tuileries, and so do they. It is about all I do enjoy in Paris—these ancient glories of France, these beauties of the Tuileries, the long vista from the Louvre to the Arch, Versailles and all that, the memories of other days and of books, the literature of France, these, and the language, are the best of a nation that has many glaring faults, and is the most conceited, the most self-centered, selfish, stingy, dirty, and immoral on earth. Paris is changed; the same reckless gaiety, the same *je m'en fichism*, the same love of scandal—the Bolos and others occupy more space in the newspapers, they and their mistresses, than the war. The city is full of *embusqués*; it wastes prodigiously, goes about its feverish pleasure as ever—one wonders why those men, those very brave men in the trenches, endure it. Yesterday—or was it the day before?

—Clemenceau made his début in the Chamber. I should like to have been there, but would not ask Sharp for a ticket. He has not even left a card on me.

The English are better, the best ordered of all. I was quite right when I said to Romain Rolland, last spring at Villeneuve, when he asked me why we Americans loved Frenchmen so and disliked Englishmen, "it is because we do not know the French." And that is true! Americans pretend to hate the English and to love the French; and the better they know the English the more they like them; the better they know the French, the less they like them. When this war ends, if it ever does, which seems unlikely, the Americans and French will detest each other. This morning—which was what I set out to say—the newspapers announce the splendid victory of the English at Cambrai, under General Byng.<sup>1</sup> What will not the American paragraphers and funny men do with that name!

The cafés are full of Americans—"opening," as they would say, champagne. And the streets are full of Red Cross "officers" in uniforms as much like the English as possible.

<sup>1</sup> Late in November, at the surprise battle of Cambrai, the British attacked for the first time with a whole fleet of tanks, and won a tremendous success. It was unfortunately largely nullified a few days later by a magnificent German counter-attack.