

November 23, 1917.—Took my walk in the Tuileries, and, having read in morning papers that ——— arrived last night, telephoned over to the Crillon for appointment, and was told to come at five.

Walked to Spaldings, and as I was coming back there was ——— himself! He had Gordon Auchincloss...with him, and an officer; was most cordial, took my arm, said "let's take a walk" and we did. He wished to know about my book; said Gerard had sold his outright for \$100,000. Said I should have had twice that. We went to the Crillon, where the mission is installed, the American flag flying from the roof—and there we talked for an hour—so that I had literally to run back to the Meurice and dress like a lightning-change artist to get to Edith Wharton's for luncheon, and there I was I am afraid to set down how many minutes late. Mrs. Bernard Berenson there.

Went to call on the Blisses and the Willards. Not in—so Madame Bliss said.

Went to keep my appointment with ---- ----¹ We had a long and pleasant talk. He was down on Gibson, said he was not loyal to me; which was no news to me and made no difference anyhow. He was even harder on Hoover; asked about him particularly; said he had got it into his head to be Republican candidate for President. I told him that that meant nothing, that in America, the moment a man had his first political success, even though he had just been elected to the Legislature, his friends instantly spoke of him as a presidential candidate. "I was spoken of for President the first time I was elected mayor," I said. But he said that the C.R.B. was being made into a machine, that the members kept the incense pot swinging, and that Hoover, if successful, would be a candidate; if unsuccessful would throw the onus on the President. I told him that while Hoover had had so much praise that some of it had undoubtedly gone to his head, I did not consider him capable of any such treachery.

Had met Colby in the morning; met Colonel Boyd in the afternoon, and Frederick Palmer. Asked Boyd about Colby—he said that there was nothing against Colby's honour, character, or ability as a soldier, that he was doubtless a good officer, but that Pershing didn't like him, that was all, and that therefore he couldn't be in the army. In other words, now as always, no one but West Pointers need apply. Most of our regular officers that I have seen over here, in comparison with the English and French officers, so far as mere manners go, are what Bern Daily used to call "rough-necks." They are somewhat out of place in Paris with their manners of the Southwestern border. "It is a pity," as Woog said, "that anything so serious as the war has to be conducted by military men."...

I had hoped to go back to Havre tomorrow, for I have been away too long; Paris tires and bores me, and the prices are ruinous (I long for a quiet place in the country), but ---- ---- asked me to wait over another day....

Palmer had asked us to dine with him tonight at some restaurant in the rue Richelieu, but I evidently did not catch the name as he pronounced it; he speaks English as though his mouth were crammed with mush, and when he essays French it is beyond the power of mortal ear to comprehend. We hunted up and down rue Richelieu, Nell and I; no such place, as he pronounced it, to be found, so wearily and wisely back here for dinner.

¹ A prominent political figure in America.