

*August 11, 1914.*—Long telegram from Department this morning, one announcing the impending arrival of one Michael Francis Doyle, sailing as soon as possible to assist in repatriating Americans. The news made us all sick, not that we dislike Doyle—of whom none of us have ever heard—but we have so much and such hard work to do that the care of a stranger would be but one more burden, for no stranger could now find his way about in this mad Brussels, and so I wired the Department that unless Doyle

could speak French and Flemish, and knew the Belgian world, he could be of no service.

In the course of the morning, Dr. E. J. Dillon, famous English war correspondent, called. A little man in grey tweeds, with large inlaid walking stick; incessantly smoking cigarettes, simple, wise, apparently efficient and seems to know everybody worth knowing in Europe. Speaks familiarly, at all events, of every notability on the Continent. He spoke of the secrecy now enshrouding the movements of the French and English troops, and thinks the Allied armies may be nearer than we think. A great battle is imminent, he says, here on Belgian soil, and within two days stupendous, historic events may begin to unroll themselves.

After luncheon Klobukowski called, serene, smiling, and voluble, in his hurriedly articulated French. Klobukowski showed no signs of strain; his face is dark and ruddy, his white pompadour bristles, and his words sputter rapidly from his thick red lips, through his white moustache as of yore. Again we had the discussion of taking over the French interests, but he expressed his unwillingness to embarrass me. Inasmuch as he has already arranged with Villalobar to take over his interests, this is all superfluous and is but a purely diplomatic way of informing me that he does not wish to entrust French interests to me if I am to be charged with the care of German affairs. I am sorry, too, for I do love the French; they are so charming, so intelligent, so artistic, so eminently civilized. France—and of course England—are the only two nations for which I feel any sentimental attachment, any personal desire to serve. We gossiped a long time.