

*Sunday, February 11, 1917.*—Villalobar came this morning, with the note from von der Lancken, precisely like the summary of yesterday. I told him I should answer it tomorrow.

Van Vollenhoven called at tea-time. Gregory and Mr. and Mrs. Ruddock here. I had made up my mind as to my response to von der Lancken's note, which I shall write to Villalobar. They are trying to make a record, to put the onus on us if the revictualing ends. Gregory approved my idea. I hope to write the letter tomorrow. Ruddock and his wife have a youthful impatience with me because I do not get angry and do something striking, like going to the Governor-General, protesting, and so on. But, as I tell them, will that insure the feeding of the Belgians? Never mind my dignity, I said to them; that can take care of itself.

Not quite so cold today. We are all nearly packed, and all worn

by the nervous strain of this dreadful week. I can not write the emotions I have felt. I am far too tired. And what will tomorrow bring?

Herter left this morning at eight.

In the odd moments of those terrible wearing days I have been doing what, for twenty years, I have done in moments of tension, reading Sherlock Holmes. I have read those stories over a score of times, and forgotten them; they are always new and fascinating.