

December 5, 1918.—No word from Hoover, and everybody anxious. Sent telegram to Sharp to ask if he had received my telegram.

Villalobar tells me that von Moltke is here, in the German Legation, across the street with three other Germans in civilian clothes. They come as a commission with French passports, to meet a commission of French and Belgians to dispose of a question raised by some property now in Villalobar's hands, left here by Prince Rupprecht when he fled. The property consists of money stolen from banks in Belgium and the North of France, with barrels of stolen jewels, *objets d'art*, and so forth. The Prince couldn't take it with him. Villalobar laid the matter before the French and Belgian Governments, and the commissions were ap-

pointed to settle it. And so von Moltke is here, but the other commission did not arrive.

Villalobar says von Moltke is terribly cast down and depressed; says his country is prostrate; and begs the Americans to send food; if not, he says, they will have Bolshevism there. He wished Villalobar to ask me to do what I can. Villalobar asked if I wished to see him. I said no, not under any circumstances.