

February 10, 1919.—George Creel left this morning, going to The Hague by motor with the courier. We were sad to see him go. He is a dear soul, whom I know well—so witty, so bubbling with fun, but with a deep nature. On leaving, he said impulsively, “Oh damn it, come on home!” I should have recorded all the witty things that he said. Last night at dinner, for instance, we were talking of the sad fate that has overtaken the Franco-American alliance. “The armorial bearings of that alliance,” said George, “should be an American pocket with two hands in it.” The other day to my utter surprise he said that Howard Wheeler felt hurt that I had not written to him, and wondered if he had offended me. I exclaimed with astonishment, utterly unconscious of any feeling of having done anything to wound him. “Oh, well,” said George, “Wheeler’s like a wet dog; he can’t imagine why you don’t want him to sit in your lap all the time.”

This morning we witnessed a touching little tragedy. Last night we were talking of the President, whom Creel adores and has served so faithfully and yet he feels that there is some lack of appreciation on the President’s part, a certain high, frigid, and impassive impersonality—what one will. George felt it rather keenly; he has been in charge of the publicity work, and has made the President known everywhere the world over. This morning I read in the newspapers that the President had appointed William Allen White and George D. Herron to go to Prinkipo.² I came into the library, where before an open fire George was having his breakfast. Rutger and Nell were with him. I entered and read them the dispatch—attaching no importance to it in any way. But George looks as though hard hit. He was silent; then suddenly got up, and went hurriedly over to the window, turning his back and looking down into the street, struggling with some emotion. We were all silent.

He came back in a moment, himself again. Then he told us. He

² On January 22, 1919, the Council of Ten had proposed that representatives of the Western Powers should meet representatives of the Russian groups at Prinkipo in the Sea of Marmora; the hope being that the Russian Government might be brought to share in the resettlement of the world. The conference came to nothing.

has a friend, Joe Davis, of, I think, Wisconsin, who has toiled early and late for the President, spending his own fortune, doing everything, with a personal adoration for the President, and a great belief in his principles. George had wished the President in some way to recognize him, but the President had feared that he would be accused of employing political rewards. Davis wished to be placed on some commission or other connected with the Russian situation. "And now," said George, "he sends White, a good fellow, who is always for the President, except during the time of election, and George D. Herron." He could not get over it. When he had gone we all said that his little display of emotion, so quickly concealed, did great credit to his heart.

This morning I have a letter from the President who says that he will be unable to come to Brussels and asks me to see the King and present his regrets. It is too bad, too bad. Belgium, Brussels, will be greatly disappointed. I have asked an audience of His Majesty, which has been granted for tomorrow morning at 10:30.