

*April 9, 1919.*—The King sent word that he would receive the Congressmen and the members of the Chamber of Commerce of Cleveland at twelve. At noon, then, to the Palace, where we lined up the statesmen along the wall of one of the great halls of reception overlooking the park, with the fifty members of the C. of C. and the King and I passed down the line, I presenting them. The Congressmen, of course, were for the most part impossible, no manner and no manners, mostly dressed with a native ill-taste, without distinction, and yet full of pomposity and vanity. One of them, before the King entered, importuned me and finally Guy d'Oultremont to arrange to have the King pose with them for a photograph. I refused, and the fellow insisted—and I kept on refusing, until he at last desisted. After the Congressmen had been presented and as I was beginning on the long line of Clevelanders, one of the Congressmen, Ashbrooke of my State, said to me, "I suppose we can go now?" I said, "Certainly not." "But do we have to wait until he shakes hands with all these fellows?" "Certainly," I said. "But we have engagements," he said. "You haven't any engagement more important than this." And all this while I was trying to conduct the presentations. The Congressman became obstreperous, and I said, "Look here, Ashbrooke, you're from Ohio, and so am I. Let us not disgrace our native State." He said, "But we're not accustomed to knee-breeches." "Then let us pretend that we are," I replied. The King was speaking to a little Belgian who was attached to the party, standing there, red-faced and rigid, answering the King's questions, "Yes, Sire!" "Yes, Sire!" and yet happy at seeing his sovereign. The King was in khaki, tall and

rugged, and in good form this morning, with an intelligent word for each—after I had told him in French what each did. To one, a paper manufacturer, he spoke about the rarity and the high cost of paper; the next man was a banker, and to him the King said:

“You are the only ones who give us plentiful cheap paper nowadays!”

If the Congressmen were all impossible, the Cleveland businessmen were a rather fine-looking body; for the most part better dressed, with good manners and more intelligent than the statesmen.

This afternoon we had them all—more than sixty—here to tea. This evening we dined with the Congressmen at the Chamber, with after-dinner speeches, and I suddenly called upon to translate into French a stump-speech that the Honorable Mr. Summers of Texas had just delivered. I did it, then there was a roar, and more speeches and I had to translate them. So endeth a hard, hard day!