

July 22, 1919.—Pouring rain, this morning, and the streets black with tossing, shining umbrellas. At 9:30 to the Palace for the review. A red tribune for royalty and the presidential party, but for the diplomatic corps reserved places on the pavement near by, with no covering but high hats. We waited an hour—then the King and Marshal Foch arrived, with Poincaré. Foch warmly acclaimed, a distinguished grey man Foch, looking the part, as he saluted with his Marshal's baton. Then the review: first the Americans, a battalion having arrived from Coblenz at midnight, with General Allen, General Harts and other Generals. Before them were borne a dozen American battle flags, which turned out and took their places facing the reviewing stand. Then the French; then the British, their flags turning out, then Italians, Portuguese, Japanese, Chinese, Polish, Russians, Czechoslovaks, Siamese, Roumanians—all the tribes from the uttermost parts of the earth—and then the Belgian army, horse, foot, and dragoons, for an hour in the rain, until the flags of all the allied nations were massed there against the green of the Place Royal, and at the end coming forward to be lowered in salute—a beautiful spectacle.

At 2:30—reception at the Chamber. The same scenes, same protocol as when the President was here, but more emotion, more Latin sobbing and thrilling, as when Foch entered. Then the King and little Poincaré, who looks like a shopkeeper. He made a beautiful speech, such perfect French, though he said nothing.

At 7:15 reception at Palais de Bellevue to *corps diplomatique*;

presented to Poincaré and his wife. At eight gala dinner—very brilliant. Presented to Foch after dinner; throughout the dinner I had looked at him, that grey, serious face, that splendid, thoughtful head. I was much impressed.

After dinner Prince Léopold came up to me and talked a long while.

“Your soldiers looked splendid this morning,” he said, “I liked their formation.” (They were in massed column of platoons.)... Talked to him of Eton, and of the visit the King paid him the other day, surprising him by dropping down in an *aéroplane*.

Then the King came up, and speaking of my trip home, said: “I want to go to America.” I asked him when. “As soon as possible.” He was very much animated and smiling, leaning on a table and highly enthusiastic over the thought of going. Said he wanted to devote three days to official things, and then spend his time in studying our institutions, going to the Pacific coast, and so on, wished me to make arrangements to go with him, etc. Gave me *carte blanche* to arrange affairs.

I was quite delighted.

I have sent a dispatch to the President about raising this Legation to an Embassy, and calling his attention to the feeling that will be created if I am not first Ambassador—that is, hinting at it; I have many expressions of it. The Belgians are very touchy. All the three colleagues in their new grand cordons this evening.