

July 2, 1920.—This evening to the Palace to the dinner given by Their Majesties to the delegates who are here for the conference of the Supreme Council. There were present all the great, and near-great of the earth—Lloyd George, Lord Curzon, Millerand, Foch, and a host of others, their satellites and attendant secretaries, all the Belgian ministers, Max, and the Ambassadors and Ministers of the Allied powers at Brussels. It was a brilliant gathering, there in one of the long drawing-rooms of the Palace, all red curtains and gold in the style of the Empire, and nearly all the delegates brave in grand cordons and decorations. I had a moment's chat before we

went out to dinner with Lloyd George, who is most distinguished, with his fine head, long locks of white hair, ruddy, smiling Welsh face, and bright eyes, and short, twisted little grey moustache. He is very alert and capable, and quite charming in conversation. He thanked me for what I had done for England during the war, as did Curzon. He, Curzon, is lame, and walks with a cane; he asked me to sit down with him on a divan, saying that his leg hurt him, and we chatted there. He is a man of great dignity, but I did not notice any evidence of the conceit or hauteur that so many ascribe to him. I met too Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, a tall slender man, very pleasant, and full of humour, and Sir Reginald Tower, British High Commissioner at Danzig, who had been reading my book on Belgium and said nice things about it.

At the cry "*Le Roi!*" we took our places, and the King and the Queen came in with the Duke of Brabant, and their suite, the only women, besides Her Majesty, being Countess Elisabeth D'Oultremont. The royal party passed down the long line, with a word for each one of us. The King spoke to me of his recent trip to Savoy, where he had been mountain climbing, and the Queen said that she had been playing golf again, and I could tell her that Penell was enthusiastic about her progress. It was long and tedious, this ceremony, and we were late in going out to dinner. After dinner, when we had returned to the drawing-room, we stood about and drank our coffee—which was cold tea—and I talked with Sir Henry Wilson. He asked after the President, of whom he always spoke as "my cousin," and we got on the subject of generals. He said that there had been good generals in the late war—he named Pétain, Pershing and Haig, good soldiers, strong, courageous, enduring men; "but the greatest of all, the one great soldier, the man who did it, is that little fellow over there," and bending his tall form he pointed to Marshal Foch, who in his blue-grey uniform, with the seven stars on his sleeve, was talking to some one already.

And so we talked, he wondering why Pershing had not been a candidate for President; I could not tell him why, unless it was that he didn't care, and hadn't taken the pains to be a candidate. I told him that every war we had had, except this war, had produced a President, which surprised him. He spoke too of Leonard Wood, who, he thought, was indicated as one to come over for the war. He was most interesting in his discussion of the qualities that are necessary in a general, and speaking of the extreme difficulty

in choosing one, said: "And even if he has all the qualifications, one never knows whether or not the chap is able to sleep—that is a prime requisite."

Afterwards I had a chat with Marshal Foch, and then with Millerand, who is a "*bon-papa*," a fat little Frenchman who looks like a grocer. Near by the Queen was talking at length with Lloyd George, who looked at me, smiled, and presently, when Her Majesty turned away to speak with some one else, came toward me, and we had a long talk. He was much interested in the Presidential campaign; had seen Colonel House, and talked most intelligently of American politics. "Harding," he said, "is another McKinley."

He said that House had not seen the President since they were together at Paris; he talked of the President's isolation—"the wife and Grayson, the family doctor," he said. Somehow we got to talking about Golden Rule Jones, and I told him of the funeral, and of the incident of Jenny Bell's singing the Welsh hymn. "Why!" he said, "Jenny Bell! That was Jenny Williams! I know her well; she was of my little town! And when I get home I shall tell them of it!"

Some one called him away, and the King, standing alone, and as it were, stranded high and dry, half beckoned to me, and I joined him. . . .

And then he went over to talk to the Japs.

And so on, until the evening wore away, and as we were going out, Lloyd George joined us, and began humming the hymn that Jenny Williams Bell sang at Sam Jones's funeral.

We are not represented at the Conference, which is humiliating. I suppose that if the Government at Washington had known that I had been invited even to dinner, they would have instructed me to the effect that if I went, I was not to say anything.

The Conference has been wrangling all day over the question of the indemnities; that is, over the division of the spoils.