

June 11, 1921.—This evening at ten, Nell and I, with Wadsworth and the Thomases, went to the Hôtel de Ville for the reception to the Crown Prince of Japan. The Prince had been dining at the Carton de Wiarts', and came in with his suite, accompanied by His Royal Highness, the Duke of Brabant, the Prime Minister and Mme. Carton de Wiart, and the Belgian officers attached to the person of His Royal Highness during his visit here. The party took

seats on a dais at one end of the Salle Gothique, the gilt chairs at the right being reserved for us of the diplomatic corps. The Nuncio and I were the only Ambassadors present. . . .

It was a charming scene of colour and movements; every one who had a uniform wore it, and under the Gothic ceilings there was the flash of decorations, of the women's jewels, and the colour of the ribbons and uniforms. The Japanese Prince sat there gazing stolidly out on a spectacle that must have appeared strange to his oriental eyes. He is a thin, stoop-shouldered, hollow-chested son of the sun, with a dark, lowering visage, small, squinting eyes behind great gold-rimmed spectacles, heavy black eyebrows, and a generally stupid expression. He wore a uniform of dark blue, with red and gold trimmings, and held in his hand a gilt képi with a tall white aigrette. When he stood, he seemed rather unsteady on his poor little spindle shanks, and presented a figure far other than that of our tall, smart, well set up and good looking Duke of Brabant. The Crown Prince of Japan had a numerous train, all in uniforms, several chamberlains in long coats. On his right sat his uncle. The Prince Kotohito Kan-in, who is a Field Marshal in the Japanese army, sat on his left, a dark, a strikingly handsome man, with a splendid head, sharp eyes, a smartly trimmed moustache, presenting a noble appearance seated, but losing somewhat when he stood, because he is so short. . . .

After sitting there and watching the dancers a while, the Imperial and Royal Highnesses rose and set out on the traditional tour of the Hôtel de Ville. We followed, and in one of the aldermen's rooms a buffet supper was set out. There I was presented to the Prince Imperial by Adatci. His Imperial Highness stood there, tottering on his legs, swaying back and forth, his head tilted back, and looked at me through those enormous spectacles, out of those narrow slits of eyes, making all the while strange, ugly, gurgling sounds in his throat, which Adatci translated, as I assumed, into French compliments for me. I responded in French compliments, making them as oriental in their exaggeration as I could, and Adatci put them into Japanese, the effect of which was to produce more compliments. Whether His Imperial Highness was the author of these charming expressions of opinion of me and my country, or whether Adatci was, I don't know. His Imperial Highness, at any rate, was a great admirer of America, was desolated because he could not visit it on this journey, was grieved because he could not return home via America, hoped some day to visit America, said

that only a hand's breadth of water separated America and Japan, that the bonds between the two nations must be more and more closely united, and so on. I redoubled all he said, and by way of a malicious little dig at Adatci, asked him to please say to his Imperial Highness that I had greatly appreciated the honour of representing and protecting the Japanese interests in Brussels during the war. I did this because, while giving Villalobar the grand order of the Rising Sun, the Japanese Government had never thanked me, and I did all the work—got Kimura out of prison, saved their money, and so on. Adatci was quite equal to the occasion, and had His Imperial Highness say that they were greatly pleased, and highly honoured, that they knew how courageously I had defended their interests.

There is a silly story going about to the effect that the Prince Hirohito cannot, is not allowed to, under Japanese law, to speak or to know any language but Japanese. When Nell was presented, however, he spoke French to her, and Adatci told me that the Prince knew both French and English, but that he made mistakes in speaking them, and hence felt a timidity in doing so. The fact is, no doubt, that they prefer to translate everything in order to prevent his making blunders; he is continually surrounded and hedged about by those courtiers headed by his uncle, with whom, by the way, I had a pleasant talk later. He speaks French well; had been in America, and so on. I also chatted with Count Chinda, whom I like.