

March 17, 1919.—Tea at Mme. d'Arschot's. Met there the Princess Maria de Cröy, a frail little woman, very . . . pleasant. Shows effects of her confinement in Germany. Talked much and with nervous excitement, her cheeks flushing, rather prettily, about her experiences. Was full of admiration for Miss Cavell. But I am to see

her again—and get the story from her standpoint. What she told me today is rather confused—there was such clattering of tea cups. But I remember that she said that finding that they were suspected, she said to Miss Cavell, “We had better stop.” She replied, “Are there any more?” “Yes.” “Then,” said Miss Cavell, “we can’t stop.” Then, Miss Cavell’s attitude during the trial, how she took something or other—there, stupidly, I am vague; I didn’t quite catch it and in passing by her, the Princess said, “Bravo!”—and how the guard scowled. Then the attitude of the judges, all four hardening when any patriotic thing was said, as when Miss Cavell said, “I am English!” And the bloodthirsty prosecutor, coming to the cell to read the judgment, “to death, to death,” and so on, down the long tragic list—then asking her if she wished to make any requests for mercy—and for whom!

She had denied knowing the others, and now, on her asking for mercy for all of them—the prosecutor said, “Then you *did* know them?” “Yes.” He told her to hurry and she did. She said, “Will not tomorrow do?” “No, it will be too late.” So that he knew. The Princess said that it had been decided in Germany, two weeks before, to kill a Belgian, a Frenchman, or woman, and an Englishwoman, that the military had decided it and that nothing could help it. They wished to catch her brother, who had escaped; asked her if she wished to take the place of the condemned—Steuben asked her—a trap she thought to lure her brother back into Belgium. She spoke too of a boy who had betrayed Baucq, a lad, worn down by sweating—she greatly admired Baucq. . . . I must see her again, and obtain the whole story.

Villalobar is back—came in at the luncheon hour. Says that the French are detestable, proud, offensive, and above every one—English, Belgians and Americans. Reports King Alfonso as interested in me, and wishes to give me the Grand Cordon de Carlos III. He gave it to Villalobar, and is going to make him a Duke. He says that he is to have an Embassy later, perhaps Washington. Told a dreadful, shocking story of the French ambassador at Madrid.