

June 7, 1920.—[Major] Todd [of the Red Cross] came to tea, as did Griswold Knox. We had a long talk about affairs at home—the conduct of Congress, the Irish agitation, Johnson's candidature for President, and so on, and the actions of the Irish-Americans, German-Americans, and other kinds of Americans. I suggested that we who had only English or Scotch blood in our blood, (I have 3-4 English, 1-4 Scotch, and no Irish or German, thank the lord) and would not qualify for membership in any of their organizations, and hence would have no influence at Washington or in Congress, and didn't belong to the Anti-Saloon League, should organize a

society of American-Americans, and try to command some respect at least. I remarked that I had seen in the *Times* the other day that twelve Americans had been naturalized as British citizens, and Knox said:

"I'd be afraid that they wouldn't have me."

He said, too, solemnly, that he was at last reduced to the point where he had to admit that he was ashamed of being an American.

If it is not quite that bad, it is indeed most disturbing. The dispatches from home are worse and worse. This wild man Johnson, "Hell-Roaring Hiram," they call him, with his bawling and flourishing and violent aggressiveness; De Valera and his ilk, the Senators, all of them, with their "investigations," their pompous arrogance, their Pussyfooters and their tyranny, and all the noise, fury, and sound in the land—all this presents America in a disreputable light. The New York *Herald* (Paris edition) today reports hundreds of Americans arriving in France full of disgust with their country. Their interviews are in the papers, and it is saddening to think in what a light all this presents us in Europe. . . .

Baron Coppée has been arrested and is confined to the St.-Gilles prison, charged with treason-trafficking with the boche.

We are in the depths of despair as to getting a house—there is literally nothing to be had in Brussels; and we don't know what to do, or where to turn. I am tempted to chuck the whole business!

June 8, 1920.—This is the twenty-fifth anniversary of our marriage, our silver wedding, and the sun has shone all day long, as indeed, in most ways it has for the most part shone all my married life. But we haven't been able to celebrate it as we should like to do, for General Peyton C. March is visiting Brussels today; and I have had to devote the day to him. . . .

Walker D. Hines was here, and then came March, with aides, and I have been with him since. We lunched with the King at the Palace; I on His Majesty's right, March on his left, the Duke of Brabant sitting across from the King, with Hines on his right. . . .

March makes at first a most unfavourable impression; a thin, gawky man of fifty-four, unsoldierly in appearance, and wearing an outlandish uniform. He will have none of the Sam Browne belt, which is so smart, but prefers a thin, narrow, cheap strap of light yellow. His tunic is tight, with stingy little pockets, and is very short, showing a great bag of trousers where they hang down behind.

It is, indeed, his taste or lack of it, and his prejudices and provincialism which are responsible for the total lack of style and smartness in the uniforms worn by our officers during the war....

But he is a pleasant and most intelligent man, and I enjoyed talking with him. We were in agreement on all points save uniforms, and I did not, of course, bring up that subject. He is a great admirer of Newton Baker, and has great loyalty, which is so rare, and I liked him for that. I told him that in ultimate history Baker would have the credit due him as a great war minister, and he thought the same.

He was very interesting and discouraging as to conditions at home. Prohibition fanatics are establishing a tyranny in the land. The agents of enforcement rummage through sleeping cars, going through the berths even in which the women are sleeping, and private grudges and vengeance are gratified by denunciations. It is almost what we had here under the German occupation. March leaves tomorrow for Coblenz.