

*Sunday, October 24, 1920.*—This morning, according to an arrangement of a week ago, I picked up Mr. Balfour at the Palace Hotel, and we drove to Ravenstein for a round of golf. The weather was ideal, warm and sunny, with a little—just a little—autumn haze.

Unfortunately we had time for only nine holes, for Mr. Balfour had a session of the Council of the League of Nations this afternoon, and an engagement for luncheon, so that we had to come in at one. However, it was all very delightful; we had a lot of splendid talk, too much, as a matter of fact, for good golf, though I didn't play half badly. The picture I retain in mind of Mr. Balfour is one already familiar from the photographs and cartoons—the white hair, the low, broad white collar, the long legs, the tall distinguished figure stooped over the ball. He plays a good game, is vigorous and alert—at seventy-two! He was indeed like a boy out of school, after a whole week shut up in close, fusty rooms with that Council. Yesterday they held a long wrangling session in the rooms of M. Léon Bourgeois,<sup>1</sup> who was suffering from a chill. He appeared, said Mr. Balfour, wrapped up in a great ulster, with a great scarf muffling his neck, and, with what Mr. Balfour called the over-elaborate politeness of the French, asked him if he might put on his hat! Mr. Balfour said that he was tempted to reply, "Yes, if you don't mind my taking off my coat." The discussion yesterday was over the language to be used in the international court. The French, still smarting because the Treaty of Versailles was written in English and French, are determined that French shall be the only language used before the court; Mr. Balfour had combated the idea on behalf of England and because of America, and hopes to win the point.

This week has been crowded with official functions, in honour of the League of Nations, and though we have no representative, Nell and I have been asked to all of them save Delacroix's dinner last night. Delacroix is quite literal; no representative, no dinner. It is all most fatiguing; Mr. Balfour was speaking today of the difficulty of lunching and dining out daily, and of working meanwhile. I told him my experience, years ago, with Harry Lauder, who came to Toledo when I was mayor, and brought his band of Highland pipers to the town hall to play for me. The local Burns club, wishing to give a dinner in Harry Lauder's honour, and having asked me to let them invite him while he was at the Town Hall, duly sent a committee. They arrived while the pipers were playing, and stood solemnly and somewhat disconsolately in a corner, a rather sorry little group, wearing the old moth-eaten Glengarry

<sup>1</sup> M. Léon Bourgeois of France was President of the League, whose Council held ten meetings during 1920. The Assembly was to meet for the first time at Geneva on November 15, 1920.

bonnets they had brought out for the occasion. I explained their presence to Harry Lauder, who was standing apart at the other end of the room—and took occasion to remark that it must be fatiguing to him to accept social invitations while traveling and giving two performances a day. Harry Lauder looked solemnly to where they stood in their Glengarry bonnets, and then said, as seriously as only a Scotsman can say anything, and with utter conviction, in his broad Scotch:

“Aye, bu’ still, of coorse ye understan’, it’s a grreat day for *them*.”

Mr. Balfour laid down his club and threw back his head in hearty laughter, and kept laughing at it for the rest of the round.