Diary of William H. Dennis

Wed.,Jan. 1, 1919

Wea- R Ther. Mild

New Year's day is not celebrated in England. London transacted business as usual to-day except that everybody got up late after celebrating until nearly morning. All the hotel and other cafes were crowded with diners. Admission to the Savoy hotel in the evening was by ticket only. Hansen and I walked to Ludgate hill after 11 p.m. to see the vast crowds of soldiers, girls and miscellaneous women dancing in the street either without music or to bag pipes. They danced with the utmost good humor. All liquor shops closed at 9:30. To-day I visited Sir Harry Britten, one of the founders of the Pilgrims' club and a great advocate of a broad empire and of close Anglo-American relations. He lives in a beautiful old 17th century house in a beautiful little old street back of Westminster abbey. You approach it through Dean's Yard. He was cordial but too skillful to say anything on English politics. Sir Harry has just been elected to parliament from a labor constituency, defeating a labor candidate. He and Lady Britten are delighted and he is swamped with congratulatory messages. He is, of course, a member of the Lloyd George coalition majority. A dear limbed, enthusiastic yorkshireman, a little over 40, his policy of drawing the dominions close to the mother country has had much to do with the loyal support given by the former in the war. He showed me his old Jacobean dining table with sliding leaves and his ancient, carved oak chairs from his estate in Yorkshire. A valuable man to Britain as a builder of empire on lines of sociability.

Fair – Thurs, Jan 2 – Mild

This afternoon I went to the London Times office to meet Geoffry Dawson, the editor, Mr. Bell having made an appointment for me. The hour was 5 but the daily meeting of department heads delayed Mr. Dawson a few minutes. Then I went up and he was very cordial. A dark intense man who impressed me most favorably. He showed me through the editorial rooms, then turned me over to his assistant and to the foreman of the composing room. The latter took me through the plant and explained some of the mechanisms that help to make the Times such a superlatively well printed newspaper. I was particularly impressed with the cleanliness everywhere and the high ceilings and general airiness of the white walled work rooms. The foreman told me that throughout the war the skilled workmen not only of the Times but of all the printing establishments and other plants of London worked four extra hours each day making shells after their regular work was done. This gives an idea of the fine spirit shown throughout England during the years of war. Thus the skilled workmen were engaged in daily tasks for twelve hours.

Mr. Bell took me to lunch to-day in the American Officers' Club, which occupies the town house of a noble lord in Chesterfield Gardens, Curzon street, in the very heart of exclusive Belgravia. Sir Harry Brittain had given me a card to this club, which I did not use. Sir Harry induced the owner of the great mansion to

donate its use and other Britons provided the money to run the club. Here American army and navy officers have had a splendid dining and meeting place in vast, luxurious rooms. Sir Harry is preparing to close the club with a children's party, where hundreds of English children will be entertained along with the American officers.

Wea. Sunny – Jan 3, 1919 – Ther. Warm

This afternoon at 4:30 Mr. Hansen and I took a train at Waterloo station for France, arriving in due time at Southampton where all persons bound for France were passed through a cumbersome investigation of passports, food cards, etc. We finally reached the channel boat and went to bed in our stateroom, which had no linen, so that we slept between thick, matlike fiber blankets. We were given an abundant meal of cold beef, butter and bread, cheese and coffee, with real sugar, which one does not get now in English hotels or restaurants.

Wea. Rainy – Sat., Jan. 4, 1919, Ther. Mild

We were awakened at 6 this morning as the channel steamer was approaching Havre, had bacon and eggs and coffee and went ashore to have our passports examined by French officials. Then we caught the train for Paris, leaving at 9:30 and reached our destination at 1:17. Messrs Mowrer and Bass met us in Noel's battered army motor car and drove us to the great Hotel du Palais D'Orsay, where Mr. Mowrer had engaged excellent rooms for us. This hotel is built over the Gare D'Orsay railway station. The walk through it to our rooms seems almost a quarter of a mile. In the afternoon I went to the office, met Messrs Noel, Rockwell and Miss Murphy and was so engrossed that I failed to get a letter written to Ruth. I went back to my hotel to write it after keeping Mr. Mowrer after his dinner hour and then could get no stamp to mail it – a clumsy affair all around. Our heavy baggage failed to get through to-day, so I have only the things in my handbag. It was necessary to send the big valises in the goods van because of the great scramble in embarking and disembarking under the herding by government officials, besides, there was no room for the valises in the crowded compartments.

(Note at top of page: Henry P. Davison Chair R.C. war council)

Rain – Sun., Jan 5 – Mild

We got up so late this morning that the cafes were closed for breakfast and Mr. Mowrer had called to take us for a ride in the rain in the office car. We stopped for coffee at a boulevard café, nothing else being permissible at that hour. However, the restrictions on the cafes are to be lessened henceforth. After a drive through the Bois de Boulogne and some of the streets, during which I got some stamps and posted a letter to Ruth, we went to Mowrers for luncheon. They live on the Rue du Bac, near our hotel, in a beautiful old apartment in the conventional Paris court. Mrs. Mowrer told us much of her experiences during the German air raids and under

the fire of the German long distance cannon. She told of seeing a street near her home where a German airplane came down and attacked with a machine gun a group of firemen who were fighting a blaze caused a few minutes before by a German bomb. This is, I think, the only instance reported of such a bold performance during an air attack so far inland in a great city. Mrs. Mowrer says that she did not believe the story at first but that it was fully confirmed. This afternoon our baggage arrived at the hotel with the assistance of the chief porter.

Fair – Mon., Jan. 6 – Colder

I have been trying to-day to get into touch with peace conference and office affairs with the help of Messrs Mowrer and Bass. I am more and more impressed with their efficiency and with the hard and fruitful work done by Mr. Mowrer. Am glad to find Mr. Noel taking an interest in conference matters and to have special lines of sympathy with the Japanese. This promises to give us help in an unexpected quarter. I devoted a part of the day to trying to get a bread card and to making arrangements with the police to that end. Discovering that five photographs of myself were demanded I had to get half a dozen more taken. To-morrow I hope to close up this particular business. The Seine is still very high and more rain seems to threaten.

Tuesday, Jan. 7

With the help of our assiduous French woman office assistant, Miss Boumé (I spell her name by ear) Mr. Hansen and I succeeded in registering with the police to-day, I having taken the necessary measures to arouse the interest of the factotem in the police registration department. This being accomplished we were ushered in ahead of waiting throngs and were thoroughly questions about our past lives, our ancestry and many other subjects before we got the proper certificates of registration. Then the bread cards came easy. My new photographs are even worse than those taken in Chicago for passport purposes, but they are easily surpassed in their look of confirmed villany by another photograph taken of me to-day by an army photographer to adorn my pass granting me admission to the Hotel de Crillion, the official headquarters of the American peace delegation and its staff. Ray Stannard Baker is here in charge of the press correspondents on behalf of the delegation and is generally recognized as peculiarly efficient in that service. He invited me to lunch at the Hotel de Crillion with him and we had a very interesting talk. Another old friend here is Walter Rogers, in charge of the government press-cable service – equally efficient in his field.

Wednesday, Jan. 8

Went to see Gen. Charles Dawes to-day in his offices in the army supply department. He has made a fine success, rising from lieutenant-colonel of a regiment of engineers to brigadier-general. Gen Dawes, Chicago banker, ex-comptroller of the currency, etc., looks every inch a soldier in his uniform but he expresses a strong desire to get

back to Chicago and civil life. He is enthusiastic in his praise of French and British co-operation in his work of purchasing supplies for American forces in France. He says his report will show that of the 14,000,000 tons of supplies purchased by him 10,000,000 tons were secured in Europe and 60 percent of this amount was furnished by France. This country, he says, is in good condition everything considered and will make a rapid recovery from the strain of war owing to the thrift of the people and their sources of production. Gen. Dawes is regarded by others as too optimistic on this score.

Thursday, Jan. 9.

Took Walter Rogers to lunch to-day and he told me much about his work to secure lower cable rates for the American press, particularly from South America. He is arranging to help the American correspondents in Paris by turning over to them his government wireless equipment for the sending of a fixed number of words daily, this number to be divided equitably among the American newspapers represented here, a committee of the correspondents themselves attending to the details. This is the best and fastest service out of Paris and this benefit is typical of Rogers' practical helpfulness.

Friday, Jan. 10

Junius Wood is in Paris and I am arranging to go back with him to Coblenz next week. Meanwhile I am preparing to go to Angers to-morrow to see Ruth and also to start Monday morning for a trip of two days with Mr. Mowrer and a French army officer to Rheims by train and thence by automobile through a considerable part of the devastated region of France. The Seine is still rising and the rain still falling. Because of the high water the Gare d'Orsay, under my hotel, is closed to trains, so I will have to take a long ride by taxi early to-morrow morning to Gare d'Austerlitz to get my train to Angers. I am warned to arrive an hour early in order to get a seat on the train as no reservations are now made and the late comers will have to stand in any corner of the train they may be able to wedge themselves into.

Saturday, Jan. 11

I got up before daylight and started without my breakfast to the Gare d'Austerlitz in a taxi arriving about an hour before train time. With the help of a guard I got a seat on the train. The late comers were not so fortunate, particularly the 2d and 3d class passengers. In our 1st class car the corridor was filled with standing passengers, including two American officers bound for Tours, the American headquarters for the S.O.S. (service of supply) divisions. The French passengers in my section ate things much of the time and slept between eating. Many American soldiers got off at Tours so the train became less crowded. The country was beautifully green and there were fields of vegetables growing under the January rains. All the low country along the Loire was flooded. We finally reached Angers in the rain. I got off and paddled through the mud to the Hotel de France which was near the station, secured a room

and left my satchel, which was filled mainly with Ruth's Christmas presents. Then I started out to find Ruth. Two American soldiers in a side car motor cycle gave me general directions to the artillery camp when I told them for whom I was looking. I had not known until they told me that there were other YMCA huts in and around Angers besides the one in which Ruth was. It seemed a long way to go as they described it. I was to take a tram car on the other side of the street, ride to a certain public square, change cars, go to the end of the line and then walk straight down a street for two miles or so. It was not as hard as it sounded, particularly as there were American soldiers everywhere from whom I could secure directions. The soldiers themselves were streaming back to camp from the city, so I followed the crowd, crossing the Loire, winding through old French streets to the end of the car line and then wading mud down a long street to the camp. When I arrived I found French barracks occupied partly by French and partly by American soldiers, with both French and American guards at the entrance. I was admitted when I told my errand, found the Y.M.C.A. hut and learned from the soldiers in charge that Ruth had gone to Angers that afternoon, but that she might now be at her room, but they did not know where that was except that they had seen her turn down a certain street. I went out and turned down the street and stared in at the windows of the little houses, but could make nothing of them. It was now the middle of the afternoon and I had had nothing to eat since the day before, so I began to hunt for a place to dine. I was directed to a little house where I found a back room with two American officers in it. I found that they were getting tea and bread and cheese, I got the same and then repeated the order and sat talking with the officers. More officers came in till there were about half a dozen. They were "casuals" – officers without assignments who were waiting to be sent back to America. The wait was very slow for them and they expressed humorous disgust with everything, particularly the mud and the constant rain. I found, however, that none of the party had been there more than ten days. They were good fellows and told many humorous stories of army life. As I was about to leave a soldier brought me a note from Miss Mason, Ruth's chum, who said she had just learned I was at the little eating place and asking me to come to the YMCA hut, I had forgotten her name and so had not asked for her when I was there before. I went to the hut and met Miss Mason and in a few minutes Ruth came in. We sat in the kitchen, where great kettles of chocolate were boiling on a little stove that did not look capable of accomplishing very much. Two or three nice young soldiers were doing most of the work leaving to Ruth, Miss Mason and Mrs. McKelvey, their new associate, the general direction of things. Mrs. McKelvey had been at the hut two or three weeks and appeared to be a good and competent woman. Ruth and Miss Mason were anxiously waiting for another YMCA young woman to arrive so they might go to Paris and get ready for their promised holiday on the Riviera. I asked Ruth and Miss Mason to go to Angers to dinner but Miss Mason thought she could not be spared from the task of serving chocolate to the men, so Ruth and I started out in the rain, not being able to get a cab. Ruth protested that she enjoyed walking and I was so wet by this time that I also enjoyed the warm rain and did not greatly object to the mud. Ruth took me to the best hotel in Angers but we were too late to reserve a table and so we should have had to wait till 8 o'clock for a chance to dine there. Consequently we went on to the Hotel de France,

where we got a decent meal and where I filled Ruth's hand satchel with her Christmas presents. Then we started back, riding on the street car as far as it would take us and walking the rest of the way after I had vainly searched Angers for a cab. It proved that the only cabs in the city are drawn by horses and the cabmen are certain of more passengers that they can carry, so they are engaged far ahead and they are kept busy dodging passengers instead of looking for custom. When we got back to camp Ruth asked the military police man at the entrance to let her know when a cab arrived with a load of officers so that I might engage it to take me back to Angers. About 10 o'clock he gave notice that a cab was there. I hurried out and found the cabman drunkenly debating with two merry young officers whom he ha driven to the camp entrance. I asked him to take me to the Hotel de France. He opened the cab door and waved me to get in, then he reeled across the street to a wineshop. I waited ten or fifteen minutes to see what condition he would be in when he came back, but he did not come back, rather to my relief, since I wanted to walk anyway after I saw how drunk he was. By that time the street cars had stopped running, so I paddled back in the rain to the Hotel de France, took off my soaked clothing and went to bed and had a fine sleep.

Sunday, Jan. 12

This morning it was still raining, but not much and later it cleared up. I went out to the camp and Ruth took me to her room as she had done yesterday. It was in one of the little houses that I had stared at when I went down the side street before Ruth came back from Angers. The house is modern and certainly much more sanitary and healthful than the old stone, mossy and picturesque houses that surround it. The French madame, a smiling and garrulous woman, told me volubly in her own tongue what a good girl Ruth was and Ruth returned the compliments. She also introduced me to madame's husband, a recently demobilized soldier of one of the older classes, who was busy in his garden. The couple have a soldier son still in the French army. On returning to the Y.M.C.A. hut I met the secretary in charge and one or two other YMCA men and also some of the army officers, including the major commanding the post, and was invited to ride down to the train after luncheon in an army automobile that was taking a young soldier who was to carry official reports to Toul. That gave me time to eat luncheon with the officers' mess, where the girls take their meals. We had an excellent meal and the officers sitting by me were very courteous. Capt. Smith, the camp humorist, made a lot of good fun, joking with Ruth and Miss Mason. So then Ruth and I rode down to the station in good time, paid my hotel bill, got my valise and was waiting for the train when it arrived. I got a seat without difficulty and so arrived in Paris and the Gare d'Austerlitz fairly early in the evening. I had expected a message from Mr. Mowrer about our trip to the devastated region to-morrow morning but no word had been left. Later Mr. Mowrer called at my room after having been assured by the hotel management that I was no longer stopping there. Mr. Hansen had left, going to the Grand Hotel and I discovered that the management had marked me as the departed one instead of Hansen, so it is arranged that we start early to-morrow.

Monday, Jan. 13

I got up before daylight, dressed and went to Mr. Mowrer's for breakfast. We had delicious hot bread, butter and coffee and started out in the dawn, taking the Metro (the Paris underground) for the railway station. There we found the nice young French lieutenant of artillery who had been detailed to conduct us through the devastated region. He had our railway tickets to Reims but was in dispair because there were no seats left for us in the train. I did what I could to console him, but he remained much cast down. However, I really preferred to stand, for we were to pass through Chateau Thierry and for miles along the Marne in full sight of that historic stream, passing the various crossings where the German troops forced their landings on the south bank in their last offensive July 15. We had a fair view of the wreckage at Chateau Thierry and here a number of returning French refugees got off and a whole troop of American soldiers, sailors and Red Cross nurses got on, so that the corridors were jammed. Meanwhile our alert lieutenant had seized upon a seat for me but I almost broke his heart by declining to sit in it, being far to interested in the sights from the car windows. Sighing deeply, he seated himself with the heroic purpose of keeping the seat for me in case I should want it. All the rest of the way to Reims he periodically implored me to take the seat. Indeed, out of sheer pity for his distress, I did sit in the seat twice for brief periods, but I could not persuade myself to sit very long as we were passing through a region of extreme interest. During one of the seated periods I talked with a merry Red Cross nurse whom I had seen get on at Chateau Thierry, with the assistance of two muscular American soldiers whose help she needed because she was so loaded down with souvenirs. In addition to these she carried in he pockets and elsewhere about her person she proved to be the proud proprietor of a bag almost as big as a small feather bed that helped to block the crowded corridor of the car. It seemed to be stuffed with German helmets and all manner of battlefield debris. The seatless passengers tried to sit on it but it was too bumpy. It ought to have been searched for hand grenades and other perilous things, for that nurse was having the time of her young life and was taking all sorts of chances. It seemed that she and two or three other nurses from an army hospital in southern France had secured their first leave after about a year and a half of service. They had gone to Paris and from there had penetrated into the battle gone with no particular authority but with the connivance of all the good natured American soldiers they met. They had stormed Chateau Thierry, Belleau wood and other points of interest, had walked for miles along the Marne, had hunted souvenirs in all corners and were now headed for Reims. The nurse said she was pretty sure that if arrested she would not be shot at sunrise for the reason that there was no sun in France. Her fellow nurses were cooped up in the corridor enjoying life as much as was my talkative friend. Later to-day I saw them in Reims taking in the cathedral from every possible and impossible angle. My train conversation was ended by my return to the train corridor to get a better view of the country. We passed through Epernay, the city that the Germans had sought to capture in their last offensive in order to broaden the apex of their salient and cut the French line of communication with Reims. There we turned northward and quickly reached the champagne country and the famous mountain of Reims which

the French had held against all German assaults throughout the war. Most of this great hill is wooded and in its forests were huge military camps hidden from German bombing planes. At Rilly-au-Montagne the hill begins to slope toward Reims and soon we came in sight of the great cathedral. The nearer we came to this city the more excited the French passengers became, many of them being refugees returning to their shattered homes. All the houses we passed seemed to be partially or wholly roofless, there were no windows and broken walls were plentiful. At the station we were met by a French army automobile and soldier chauffeur and driven to Reims cathedral. However, it was the verger's luncheon hour and the cathedral was closed, to the intense distress of our young artillery officer. We skirted the cathedral looking for some mode of entrance and presently we discerned a small boy letting himself through a gate at the farther side of the inclosure flanking the great structure. The lieutenant pounced upon him and partly by a bribe but mainly by intimidation secured our entrance in the face of the boys' hysterical protests. Then the lieutenant assailed the verger's quarters and dragged him reluctantly from his midday meal with a suitable number of francs and in the name of the French Republic. The verger let us into the cathedral and showed us all about. The interior is pitifully shattered, the stained glass windows are gone, though two or three were taken out by the French and removed to a place of safety, and the beautiful arched roof is sadly pierced and broken. Fortunately the interior columns are little injured and every one of their carved capitals escaped without a flaw. Hundreds of great shells struck the cathedral and it is fearfully mauled outside and in, but its beauty and majesty remain in large measure, Mr. Mowrer, who had seen it at various periods since the war began, says that the last bombardments of the Germans during the offensives of 1918 wrought a large part of the damage, as if they had tried to make an end of that wonderful historic monument when they had found they could not capture it. One immense shell, almost as tall as a man, remained unexploded in the cathedral. The verger said it had fallen within a few meters of him. "If it had exploded," he said with a shrug, "that would have been a different story." Presently we let the verger, a big upstanding, vigorous, elderly man, go back to his interrupted meal and returned to our automobile. We drove for a while through the ruins of Reims and then went to the French military garage to get a more suitable automobile. After a little delay we started off again up toward Berry-au-Bac along a great high road that had seen much desperate fighting. The road was lined with old trenches, dugouts, fox holes, barbed wire entanglements and shell craters. The driver seemed to hit all the stones in the road, he went like the wind and in the midst of the general hurly burly of our tumultuous progress we ate our lunch! I managed to get away with two supposedly hard boiled eggs, which, however, showered me with part of their semi liquid contents, but I stuck to the job and being properly hungry I consumed an abundance of bread and potted meat and ham and other delicacies provided by our excellent young lieutenant. So finally we came to the tragic city of Berry-au-Bac, sitting at an important crossing of the Aisne – lying prostrate, rather for its houses, where formerly dwelt 4,000 people, are now mere heaps of broken bricks and rubbish and under these flattened ruins are profound abris and tunnels and dugouts, so that the very site of the dead city is unfit to build upon. Beyond the Aisne at a little distance rises a great hill of mud – Hill

108 – which had been so mined and so blown skyward that it had been mixed into a sort of conglomerate of earth and war material and dead men's bones. No more horrible bit of profaned earth, I thought, could be imagined – but I had not yet seen the height of the Aisne above Craonne. We next drove thither along a terrible roadway bordered by destroyed and deserted villages, which the French have lately named the Chemin de Wilson, they having cleared it of debris and put it in good repair in anticipation of President Wilson's much desired visit to the devastated districts. We found Craonne a pathetic heap of stones under the shoulder of the long, high, difficult range of hills called the heights of the Aisne, along which formerly ran the famous Chemin des Dames. Here we left the automobile and climbed the muddy, torn, grassless, shell-hole filled, rain channeled heights. About us everywhere were signs of the dreadful conflicts that had raged there for many months. In every sheltered nook were graves marked by little wooden crosses, tunnels extending into the earth, some running long distances and leading to ascents made by ladders from the depths. The tops of some of these ascents were capped by thick steel turrets rising only a few inches from the top of the hill and pierced by narrow slits to give an observer a view into the territory a few yards away held by the enemy. The earth itself was thickly strewn with metal fragments – shell splinters in amazing abundance, mainly small and ragged and capable of cutting jagged wounds in human flesh. There were also unexploded hand grenades lying all about, and long wing shafted rifle torpedoes and French and German rifle cartridges single and in clips and even in heaps. There were also French and German rifles, gas masks, helmets. We turned over a German trench helmet and found part of its wearer's head inside. Farther on we found a fleshless human skull and here and there were found fragments of skeletons. Evidently dead and buried soldiers had not been permitted to rest in their graves, for shells flung in succeeding bombardments had disinterred them. Mr. Mowrer gave me an explanation of the numerous inscriptions on wooden crosses reading "Here Lies a brave French Captain" or some similar words but without the name of the soldier. He said that doubtless these men had been killed between the hostile lines on that accursed hilltop and had lain unburied for months until their identity was lost and then had been recovered and buried. The French had fought for months to dislodge the Germans from this terrible range of hills, which they had occupied after the first battle of the Marne. The Germans under the crown prince had recovered the heights in a few hours during the May offensive last year which carried them back to the Marne. I was looking for a good German trench helmet to take from these heights when the soldier chauffeur found a splendidly camouflaged one and the lieutenant offered it to me. I was glad to have it and tried to give the soldier some money for it when the lieutenant was not looking but he declined the gift. Returning to our automobile we rode through Craonnelle and other ruined villages, crossing the Aisne and following a surviving remnant of the Chemin des Dames until we had to turn aside to a more practicable roadway. We began to have motor trouble and stopped to tinker the works in the midst of a jumble of ruins in a very thoroughly destroyed village. Suddenly I discovered a wreath of smoke coming through a low door set into the side of a little hill. It was the first sign of an inhabitant of the country that we had seen since leaving Reims, though we had passed through

several cities and scores of villages since then. We knocked on the door, then opened it and found a bearded old peasant and his wrinkled old wife sitting by a little stove in a windowless cellar, each with a knife in one hand and a hunk of bread in the other eating their dry loaf. The lieutenant questioned them. The peasant said the cellar was his own, that it extended under his own little orchard on the hill above. That his house had stood in front where now there were only a few bits of broken wall, that the Germans had been filled up his well and nine other wells in the village and that he and his wife were the only persons in the village, they having returned a few weeks before and set up housekeeping with some furniture that the French soldiers who were then in the village had helped them get together. The man said he owned a small farm in the vicinity. He had two soldier sons, one of whom had been a prisoner in Germany for several years and from him the parents had not heard for many months. Getting more and more interested in his story of the Boches – nobody calls the Germans by any other name in France – the old man, who was hale and ruddy and very deaf, came out of his cellar and went on talking and eating bread till the chauffeur finished his tinkering and we drove away. But we had proceeded only a few more miles when the motor refused to work and after a long struggle with it the chauffeur gave it up and we had to abandon it together with my camouflaged helmet. An old man and an old woman with a wheelbarrow load of personal effects which they were wheeling to their ruined home in some neighboring village directed us to a village about two miles to the left of the road which we had been following toward Fismes, where we had intended to stop for the night. This particular village had escaped with little damage and there were a number of people living there. We thought that we might reach a telephone there and so order another automobile. As it was now very dark we started slowly trudging along a crossroad toward the village, which showed its undamaged church steeple from the top of the hill that formed the dim horizon toward which we moved. Arriving at the foot of the hill we chose a white footpath straight up the side of it rather than follow the winding wagon road. We were nearing the outskirts of the little settlement when the clumping wooden shoes of a native sounded near at hand. Our alert lieutenant called to the native and learned that the Boches had destroyed all the telephone wires in the neighborhood but that in a neighboring village a little way beyond was stationed a little group of gendarmes who might be able to help us. Our friend the villager agreed to show us the way, so we descended the hill in his wake and convinced ourselves of the thoroughness with which the Boches had destroyed the wires by becoming entangled in the coils of loose wire strewn along the side of the road where the poles had been chopped down. We presently reached the village of the gendarmes and found them established in the chief house in the village. There were five of them including the cook and the commander – all good fellows, who received us cordially and gave us use of their stove to warm our canned stuff, upon, also contributing a huge loaf of bread to our supplies. We soon were eating heartily around the gendarmes' table and warming ourselves at the gendarmes' fire while the lieutenant discussed with our hosts the best course to pursue. It proved that there were no telephone wires, no automobiles and no horses in that whole region. War had swept away nearly everything, so it was decided by the lieutenant that he and the chauffeur would walk to Fismes

where he could telephone for another automobile with a better chauffeur while Mr. Mowrer and myself remained with the gendarmes for the night. It was a long walk, but the lieutenant insisted upon taking it and his distress over our misadventure evidently would be relieved in no other way. So after dinner he and the chauffeur set out almost immediately. Mowrer and I found our gendarmes very interesting. They were all hearty fellows, but one was suffering from a very bad cold and another had walked seventy kilometers that day, he said. That was about 45 miles, so I suspect he exaggerated a little. Anyway he was tired. The cook was a humorous old soldier who had been turned over to the gendarmes because they needed his culinary skill, but he was hoping soon to be demobilized. The officer in command was a fine big fellow who had served for a considerable period in a section of the country where there were American troops and he had picked up a number of English words which he repeated with considerable satisfaction. He pronounced ("whislly")* with special gusto! Meanwhile we watched the cook prepare dinner. He and one of the other men had arranged a great dish of mushrooms which the cook had gathered and which were now simmering on the stove along with other dishes. As a preliminary to the feast they brought out a huge demijohn of wine and a funnel and filled two quart bottles and a capacious carafe with wine. After that the five men sat down to the table on which lay a huge circular loaf of bread and the remnant of the loaf that they had contributed to our dinner. The cook served them with big plateful of soup into which they broke slices of bread and which they pronounced delicious being particularly delighted because it had lots of cheese in it. Then followed platefuls of boiled beef and potatoes and everybody had a second helping except the man with a cold. There followed the mushrooms and then the cook brought on a vast bowlful of salad which he said he had gathered by the roadside, as no doubt he had, for the whole country is green though it is mid-January. He had mixed the oil and the vinegar, the salt and the pepper with extreme care, smoking a cigarette the while, and the rapidity with which the salad disappeared gave one reason to think that the salad was properly dressed. By this time the two quart bottles and the carafe were empty, so the cook went aside, got down his coffee mill, ground coffee, put it into a can of hot water, put the can over his coffee pot to drip, got out a glass for everybody, including Mowrer and myself, and presently served us with delicious coffee, well sweetened with that scarce commodity, sugar. During the feast we self imposed guests sat at the side of the room and Mowrer translated their talk to me. He also asked them questions about the region. They had the guardianship of a wide area of devastated villages, only a comparative few of which had any inhabitants. It was part of their task to keep track of returning refugees and see that they got necessary food from the government distributing agencies. By the time dinner was over everybody was sleepy, so the gendarmes made up a bed for Mowrer and me on the floor of the office and we tumbled in among the blankets, which were pretty musty. The man with the bad cold slept in a bed in the room. There was also a bed in the kitchen and I think the commander slept upstairs.

*cannot make out spelling

Tuesday, Jan. 14

I was wakened this morning before daylight by the sound of an automobile horn and a few moments later a light had been struck and our lieutenant was in the room, smiling and triumphant. He had walked to Fismes the night before, arriving at 11 o'clock, had telephoned for another car, had got up at 1 o'clock to telephone again and then had got up at 4 o'clock to come for us in the car. He had also laid in a fresh stock of canned goods – chicken and green beans and tongue and other delicacies – and now we borrowed the gendarmes' stove again to warm up a breakfast. This was soon eaten, the soldier cook contributing excellent hot coffee. Our sick gendarme had coughed heavily during the night and that reminded me that I had my medicine case in my satchel. The gendarme gratefully accepted some calomel pills and quinine, saying that he had no medicines whatever and that there was no doctor within many kilometers. After presenting the cook with a twenty franc note for his hospitality, he said the gendarmes would us in drinking our healths. We set off in the dawn traversing old battlefield's full of trenches and shell holes and passing woods torn to splinters by shellfire. When well on the road to Fismes our chauffeur had to halt the car and tune it up in some manner, which gave Mowrer and me an opportunity to explore the trenches, the dugouts, foxholes and gun positions in the vicinity. Evidently the Germans had made a stand along this road in the course of their great retreat. There were boxes of hand grenades, piles of cartridges and rifle torpedoes, gas masks, trench helmets, rifles, odds and ends of many sorts. I picked up here a trench helmet, a cartridge belt, cartridges and the wooden handle of a grenade, which seemed to be about all I could hope to carry away. The gas masks were so muddy and generally unclean looking that I rejected them and the piles and windrows of shells and hand grenades were too dangerous to touch. Soon we were on our way again, reaching Fismes by a road that showed everywhere signs of the fighting that forced the Germans back. Here were proofs of the presence of American troops in the signs in English along the way. Fismes itself is a wreck in the main but a good many of its people had returned and were busily mending smashed roofs and replacing broken windows with the paper preparation that is universally employed in the absence of glass. We passed on to Soissons, viewed the badly mauled cathedral without entering it, rode through some of the streets of smashed houses and then proceeded northward into the celebrated region out of which Hindenburg made his great strategic retreat in the spring of 1917. Here the devastation was systematic. There was a constant succession of industrial cities and villages which had been smashed on order. The houses had all been gutted by fire, the German method being to smash a hold in each roof, pile the furniture in the middle of the room below, pour on a little benzine, set it alight and then go on to the next house. We would see a village a mile or so away sitting amid the fields of the peasant dwellers in the village. Everything would look fair and peaceful and we would think here at least the Boche had failed to destroy. Then we would dash into the village street and pass between blackened, windowless shells of houses, empty, uninhabited, mere wrecks in a great wilderness. There were no inhabitants, the fields were uncultivated. The fruit trees in the many orchards had been chopped down and lay dead or had disappeared as fuel for soldiers' fires. We penetrated to

St. Quentin which remained a German stronghold of the new Hindenburg line and which had been badly smashed by British gunfire. Here we entered the beautiful cathedral to inspect the preparations that the Germans had carefully made to blow up the structure. Without exception every column in the cathedral had been pierced by German chisels, a space capable of receiving about a bushel of explosive having been hollowed out. Each cavity was marked in black paint with a letter of the German alphabet. The lieutenant thought that thus was indicated the particular length of fuse to be employed there, the purpose being to make the wreck a well ordered thing, so that the cathedral in falling would wrench itself to pieces and so become a mere heap of stones. We had luncheon here in the headquarters of the French major in charge of clearing up St. Quentin. Many German prisoners, poilus and Annamites were engaged in digging rubble out of the streets, helping returning refugees to patch up their homes and otherwise bring the corpse of the city into a semblance of life. Our lieutenant had his canned goods heated on the stove of the cook of the headquarters mess and we had a hearty luncheon in a room before a blazing grate in one of the few little damaged structures in the city. At luncheon our lieutenant told us something of his work in the war. He had been in command of a battery of antiaircraft guns, had been at the front for many months and then had been transferred to Paris to help defend that city from aeroplane raids. He said it had been very difficult to hit an aeroplane, since it flew so high and so fast but that there was now being perfected a device which already had given very satisfactory results in determining the speed of an aeroplane. It consists, he says, of a contrivance for determining the heat produced by the friction of an appliance kept trained upon an aeroplane in flight. The amount of the heat gave an accurate measure of the aeroplane's speed, so that the anti-aircraft guns firing under this scientific guidance could be aimed with surprising accuracy. He also told us the story of an American horse of his battery which had become so fond of him that it would permit nobody but himself or his orderly to ride it. We had heard that there was an American Y.M.C.A. worker in the city and at the end of the luncheon she came in, having just finished her meal in the French officers' mess in the same building. She proved a very efficient looking woman, spoke French excellently and seemed to have her hands full looking after French soldiers and returned refugees. She said there were about 500 of the latter as nearly as the authorities could tell, but that many of the people would come back and go to living in the cellars of their former houses without announcing their return. Therefore they had to be searched out, fed and kept from freezing or falling ill in their wet and miserable quarters. Every roof in St. Quentin, she said, leaked except hers. She was from Philadelphia and she had applied for a transfer to the American army, but the need for her continued work in that dreary center of wreck and ruin was apparently great. We went from that city to Noyon, where we viewed another battered cathedral, the least interesting of the four that we saw in our trip. However, it was the worst damaged of the lot, for the Germans had used its interior as a shell dump and the allied shell fire had exploded this dump so that the walls, the roof and the buttresses were in perilous condition. Signs forbade anyone to enter the cathedral, but we took a chance and entered. Here our sight seeing trip was to have ended, but our chauffeur had proved so efficient that we were about two hours ahead of our schedule, so instead of asking

us to wait for the train which was to have taken us back to Paris the lieutenant agreed to take us back in the automobile provided we could get the necessary "essence", as automobile fuel is called in France. So we started off again, going to Compeigne, an important center of French military operations and long the headquarters of General Petain, commanding the French armies. This city had been badly bombed for months by German aeroplanes and the marks of these terrible missles could be seen in all directions. When an aeroplane bomb hits a building the building is blown to fragments. A high explosive shell from a cannon is far less destructive as a rule. Here we went to a great French military garage, obtained the necessary essence and proceeded on our way in the gathering dark. For miles we passed through the great forest of Compeigne. Nearer to Paris we went through the main street of Senlis, the city which the Germans half destroyed by fire just before the first battle of the Marne in 1914 by way of reprisal because they said their troops had been fired upon there by civilians. As we passed along the headlights of our automobile showed empty walls and gaping windows on either side. By this time our lieutenant was showing signs of his hard journey and lack of sleep the night before, for he was nodding in his seat by the side of the chauffeur. However, we were now nearing Paris and before very much longer I was getting out of the automobile in front of my hotel. After I had taken my satchel and my German war trophies to my room I returned to the hotel lobby to await word from Ruth, who was just about due to arrive in Paris at the Gare d'Austerlitz about four miles away. Expecting that I should not be back in time to meet her I had arranged for Miss Murphy of The Daily News office to do so. As I received no word during the two hours that I waited I concluded that Ruth had not been able to leave Angers as she intended. So I went to bed. I was asleep when the telephone in my room rang and Miss Murphy reported that the train had been late, that she waited for it and that Ruth had not got off with the other passengers. This confirmed my belief that Ruth had not come to Paris, so I told Miss Murphy that is was all right and that I was sorry to have caused her so much trouble for nothing.

Wednesday, Jan. 15

I slept late this morning, being very tired after my two days' automobile trip, and when I got to The Daily News office there were Ruth and Miss Mason waiting for me. They had arrived from Angers the night before, Miss Mason having been able to come with Ruth because the long awaited new Y.M.C.A. worker had arrived. They had not got off at the Gare d'Austerlitz because the subsidence of the flooded Seine had permitted the train last evening for the first time in days to run into the Gare d'Orsay. Ruth had forgotten that I was to have somebody meet her at the Gare d'Austerlitz and she had also forgotten the name of my hotel, though it is part of the same structure as the Gare d'Orsay, so I had been waiting within a few hundred yards of her when she arrived. Fortunately there was an intelligent Y.M.C.A. worker there, a Mr. Bennett, of Chicago, brother of Commissioner of Public Works, Frank Bennett, recently appointed to an important state office by Governor Lowden. Mr. Bennett took the girls to a nice little hotel not far from the station and they had had a good sleep and a good breakfast and were feeling very comfortable. I was working

hard on a dispatch about our trip to the devastated regions and the girls were busy getting fixed out for their holiday trip to southern France, but we had luncheon and dinner together and I tried to get tickets to the opera and also to the Opera Comique, but everything was sold out. Mr. Mowrer invited the girls and me to take coffee at his house after our dinner, which we had at Poccardi's, a well known Italian restaurant. We had had luncheon at Vian, also a well known and choice restaurant. The Mowrers entertained us nicely. Mr. Mowrer told us very amusingly how Mrs. Mowrer and her woman friends now do their shopping in Paris in order to get real attention from the shop women. Instead of just going and asking to see certain kinds of goods in case they wish to have a dress made two them will go together and one will say that the other is planning to go out of Paris on a visit, say, next Thursday, that she greatly needs a new dress of a certain kind in order to make the visit properly and that she has insisted on coming and trying to get the dress in spite of the narrator's statement that she could never get it made in time. Then the one who wants the dress will chime in and tell in detail why she simply must have the dress and how terrible it would be if she did not get it. Thus the languor of the shopwoman is overcome, her personal interest is aroused, her sympathy is awakened and she vows that madame must and shall have the dress on time. So madame actually gets the dress on the day promised, whereas if she had not provided the preliminary setting and created a romantic situation the dress would not have been finished for weeks.

Thursday, Jan. 16.

I finished by dispatch on the devastated regions this morning and sent it off. Then the girls, Mr. Hansen and I went to lunch, after which the girls and I went to the Louvre, but found only a few halls of sculpture open, but we saw the Winged Victory, which well repaid us, though we were not greatly interested in the bewildering array of statues of Roman emperors. Then we went to Notre Dame and as it was the girls' first visit they were greatly impressed by both the exterior and the interior. We next walked back to their hotel along the quays, viewing the open air book stalls nearly all the way. I left them at their hotel. They are going to Cannes to-morrow, but I am leaving early this evening for Coblenz with Mr. Wood. The latter met me at my hotel and we caught our train for Metz at the Gare de l'Est. As we had engaged a compartment a week ago we are well provided for on a train that is indecently crowded everywhere except in the one sleeping car.

Friday, Jan. 17

We passed a comfortable night on the train and got up this morning to find we were hours behind our schedule. The train was very long and crowded in every inch except in our sleeping car. We were crawling through a beautiful hilly country where military camps and great shell dumps showed that the French had made full preparations against any German attack on the important Toul sector. Finally we arrived at Toul itself after an hour's delay in the outskirts. There Wood, Major Smith and I made a run for the refreshment booth in the railroad station, as neither Wood

nor I had had a mouthful to eat since luncheon yesterday and it was now 11 o'clock. The ham sandwich and glass of hot coffee we managed to get in the great throng of hungry people were very greatly appreciated. Major Smith is a fine young West Point officer whom Wood has known before. He is on his way to the Coblenz sector to rejoin the staff of Major-General McGlachlin, commanding the 1st division, after months of absence because of wounds. In the fighting in the Verdun sector last fall he was wounded by shell splinters in both hands and in the thigh. The thigh wound soon healed and made no trouble but both hands and one wrist were stiffened and numbed and required time and special treatment. Major Smith was in an American Army hospital for some weeks, then went to a French hospital in Pau where such wounds has his are treated by massage. He was much improved by a month's treatment, but his hands and wrist are still far from normal. He is talking of taking up typewriting with his staff work in the hope that the exercise will benefit his hands. We finally crawled away from Toul and on to Pont-á-Mousson, of which and its historic surroundings we secured an excellent view from the train. The city is badly wrecked as a result of the years of bombardment it suffered from the German guns posted on neighboring heights. As we got beyond Pont-a-Mousson and followed the windings of the Moselle a young officer who had joined our party grew more and more excited. He told us that he had been stationed in that neighborhood as part of the right flank of the American line at the battle of St. Mihiel and while the rest of the line had swung northward, taking large tracts of country from the Germans, their pivotal positions near Pont-a-Mousson had been steadily hammered for days by the German guns in front of Metz. He assured us that that part of the line had been very hot indeed. So finally we crawled into Metz and Wood, being in uniform, reported to the American military police and secured the highly valued written permit to buy a meal in the city. The French regulations here are absurdly strict. Every American officer who manages to get into Metz, has to get out as quickly as possible and cannot even get food at a restaurant except on a specially issued official order. Then we found that the American military automobile sent to meet us and take us to Coblenz had arrived, so our first act was to get ourselves driven to a restaurant, where we got a good meal that we greatly needed. At 3 o'clock we started going into Luxemburg, passing through Luxembourg city, a beautiful, well built and superbly situated, where the French army now holds sway, the Americans having been relegated to the smaller cities and villages of northern Luxemburg. It was growing late by now and we headed for Bisson, headquarters of the 123d artillery regiment, commanded by Colonel Foreman of Chicago. We found the regimental headquarters in the commodious residence of the burgomaster of Bisson. Colonel Foreman invited us to dinner and put us up for the night. He also telephoned to Colonel Abel Davis, also of Chicago, commanding the 132d infantry, to come over from his headquarters in the village of Junglinster to visit us. We had a good dinner and an interesting talk with these two Chicago Colonels, whose regiments had seen a lot of hard fighting, particularly during the advance north of Verdun. They had good quarters in Luxemburg and were keeping up the discipline of their men, having had a sham battle to-day. Colonel Davis has for a neighbor in Junglinster the president of the Luxemburg chamber of deputies and from him gets much political gossip about the affairs of the little grand duchy. The other day the

Grand Duchess Adelaide was deposed as being too pro-German and an effort was made to establish a republic. It is said that the French frowned on this effort but would not let the second sister of the deposed ruler succeed her because this sister is, or was, engaged to marry ex-Crown Prince Rapprecht of Bavaria. So the third of the four sisters, Charlotte, a girl in her teens, succeeded to the throne, such as it is. These girls go bicycling among the Luxemburg hills and apparently have no special love for the fuss and confusing politics that are so troublesome to young and inexperienced grand duchesses.

Saturday, Jan. 18.

After our breakfast with Colonel Foreman this morning the colonel showed us his fine new American horses of which he is proud. During the fighting the loss of horses was very great, the roads being terrible, the loads heavy and the pace a killing one, whereas is was almost impossible to get to the front the proper forage for the enormous number of horses required to run the army. Colonel Foreman said that the light bodied French horses died like flies at times. In battle the cannon had to be moved up in sections, all the available horses being hitched to only part of the guns at one time and then taken back to bring up the others. In some cases when the need was urgent men moved up cannon by hand through deep mud. We got a fair start on our journey saying good-by to the colonel and went on to the headquarters of the 33d division at Diekirch, where we had a talk with Major-General George Bell, commanding the division. He is very proud of its achievements but thinks it has not received proper recognition from the army high command. He told us that Colonel Sanborn, of Chicago, commanding the 131st infantry, is to be decorated on Monday with the medal awarded him by the British for the fine work of himself and his regiment with the British troops. He also said that Colonel Clinnin of Chicago, commanding the 130th infantry, was conceded to have the best horse transport in the whole American army. The regiments I have mentioned are all old Illinois militia regiments, Colonel Foreman's having been the 1st Illinois cavalry, Colonel Davis' the 2d Illinois infantry, Colonel Sanborn's the 1st Illinois infantry and Colonel Clinnin's I think the 3d Illinois infantry. When we entered the war Davis and Clinnin were majors under Colonel Sanborn, who is regarded as having made a wonderful record with his regiment. Colonel Sanborn is more than 60 years old but he has gone through the hard campaigning with the best of them. Then we went to Colonel Clinnin's headquarters and found him at work in a chateau built in the early part of the 18th century and occupied by an elderly count and countess whose two sons had been killed in the war as officers of the German army. We took luncheon with Colonel Clinnin and his staff and the count and countess who insisted on treating us as guests and were very courteous. The old dining room and hall and reception room were filled with family portraits extending back for many generations, with tall clocks, massive carved cabinets, deers' and boars' heads and other interesting articles, including a great crane of polished steel for hanging pots over an open fire. The upright steel bars of the crane had sawtooth edges, so that the pots might be raised or lowered by easy gradations, each tooth representing only an inch or so of space. From this hospitable chateau we departed very soon

after luncheon as we still had a long way to go as we wanted to visit Treves (the German name is Trier) to reserve a berth for me on next Wednesday's train for Paris. This detour led us through the beautiful valley of the Saar, a little river that furnishes innumerable charming views among its hills and well cultivated fields. All Luxemburg is a garden. The people have been making money at a great rate selling agricultural products, ores and timber to Germany during the period of the war and yet trying to show neutrality by printing their paper money in French on one side and in German on the other. Arriving in Treves we transacted our business as quickly as possible and then set out for Coblenz, taking no time to view this exceedingly interesting city with its Roman ruins which is the advanced headquarters of the American army and the scene of the armistice conferences between the Germans and the allies. After passing over some high cultivated hills we began to skirt the Moselle. The high, steep hills that wall in this beautiful river are planted from top to bottom with an unbroken line of vineyards where are grown the grapes from which is made famous Moselle wine. Treves is a great wine market and its wine experts are famous. But now it was rapidly growing dark and we had about seventy kilometers to go. Our chauffeur, a chubby soldier of Italian parentage from Massachusetts and rather celebrated in the army for his fast driving, catapulted us over the muddy, badly repaired road at high speed. I had become very cold and was ready to accept any speed provided it got us as quickly as possible to heat and shelter and Wood is famous for his nonchalance when there are chances to be taken, so we went roaring down the Moselle with the throttle wide open. The glimpses of cities, villages, river and hanging vineyards that I had as these sped by us were interesting enough but I was getting colder all the while in spite of the army blankets that we had to wrap up in. However we devoured those seventy kilometers in good time and so arrived at Coblenz and the Hotel Hahn, where the army correspondents are lodged. We were just too late to get dinner at the correspondents' mess, but the hotel restaurant provided us on short notice with a very good meal. From that we were invited into a room in the hotel which correspondents and army officers had transformed into a club under the name of the Raspberry club. There were distinguished guests present, for Charles Schwab, the steel manufacturer, had just arrived with two traveling companions and he was having a merry time. Later in the evening, I learned, he "sat in" a game of poker with some of the correspondents and cleaned out the crowd. I did not stay for the festivities, for I was tired and cold and so went to bed. Wood had a huge room with two beds in it and an immense bathroom adjoining. I occupied one of the beds. It had a feather bed above another below in the traditional German manner. I piled on my overcoat as well in an effort to get rid of the cold I had caught in my long ride.

Sunday, Jan. 19.

This morning I did not feel any specially bad effects from my cold. I ate a hearty breakfast at the correspondents' mess where the waiters were soldiers and the cooking left something to be desired, though there was plenty of everything, including very good porridge. I met some more correspondents besides those I met last night at the Raspberry club. Wood is a leader among them by virtue of his

ability, his outspokenness and the regard in which he is held by General Pershing, General Hines, General Nolan and other high officers. After breakfast we took an army automobile and crossed the Rhine on the bridge of pontoons in front of Coblenz and then drove to Montabour, the headquarters of the 1st division, one of the three divisions holding bridgehead on the east bank of the Rhine, all belonging to the 3d corps, commanded by Major-General Hines. This was election day throughout Germany, the delegates to the national assembly which is to frame the new constitution of the country being voted for by men and women alike. At the office of Major Gundenlach, intelligence officer of the 6th division, a courteous young lieutenant told us all he knew about the way the election was going. He said the clerical, or catholic or center, party was in the overwhelming majority, in the Coblenz district, its only serious opponent being the labor party. However, the public officials and the priests as well as other influential elements were working tooth and nail for the clerical ticket and it was bound to win but that there would be minority representation also under the system of election employed. He said that the clericals had control of the two public halls in Montabour and as military regulations would not permit meetings in the open air the labor party was at a disadvantage in that respect. Further, the burgomaster, who was required by the American military authorities to keep the streets cleaned and who accordingly requisitioned the labor of a certain number of citizens daily for that purpose had chosen to summon for labor on the streets to-day the leading members of the labor party, thus effectively keeping them from working to get out the vote. We went presently to call on General McGlachlin, commanding the 1st division. We found his headquarters in a handsome residence in Montabour, but the general was entertaining some high French and British officers at the moment. George Pattullo, the author, resides with the general and he entertained us till the distinguished visitors departed. Then General McGlachlin came in and talked entertainingly about the work of the army in the occupied region. We were invited to luncheon and after luncheon Major Gundenlach, a fine young Chicago business man, told us the story of the 1st division's advance on Sedan, there being a celebrated controversy between the 1st and the 42d divisions as to which of them was nearest Sedan when both were ordered to halt and permit the French, who demanded the privilege for sentimental reasons, to occupy that historic city. Then Major Gundenlach and a merry young captain rode with us to Molesberg, the picturesque advanced outpost of the American bridgehead position. It is an old chateau on a hill, the site of a far more ancient castle which has now disappeared but of which a small model is displayed in the chateau. From a rocky elevation at the eastern edge of the hill, where an American sentinel is constantly posted, one may command on an ordinarily clear day a remarkable view of a great valley and even of the city of Limburg, fifteen miles away, "smelling the cheese," as Major Gundenlach assured us. Unfortunately there was a thick woolly fog when we were there, so the view was completely hidden. The major conducted us to the chateau which is the home of an elderly countess and her three middle aged daughters. He said that when an American lieutenant came there to take command he brought along thirty men. The countesses complained that thirty men were too many to have about the place. Thereupon the lieutenant brought up five more men. The countesses continued their complaints and after

each complaint five new men were added to the garrison until it reached a total of 105. At this point the countesses changed their tactics, asserting that the number of men was quite satisfactory. Thereupon the garrison ceased to grow. We found that a new lieutenant was now in charge, a polite young man who speaks German and gets on well with his hostesses, though he and his assistants occupy a number of the sumptuously furnished rooms of the chateau. There seems to be an abundance of rooms for all, however, as we were shown through a succession of vast chambers filled with rare old furniture and provided with immense porcelain stoves to furnish heat. Among the show places of the chateau is a commodious private chapel with a pipe organ and having a high carved gallery with carved and cushioned chairs for the family and a general gathering place below for the servants and the villagers. There was also a great armory, the walls of which had been covered with all manner of ancient and modern weapons, but all alike had been confiscated under military orders, but the marks of them remained on the discolored walls. Various remarkable pieces of furniture were in this room, including a table with a multitude of leaves folding one upon another and made of beautifully fitted, matched and polished woods. As we were descending the stairs of the chateau we met the four countesses coming up and stood aside to let them pass. They politely said "Beg pardon" in English and went their way. They were a very plain and unassuming aggregation of nobility. We dropped our two officers at Montabour and motored back to Coblenz.

Monday, Jan. 20.

This morning we went to Nieu Wied to the headquarters of the 3d army corps, commanded by Major General Hines. The headquarters are in the palace of Prince Frederick of Wied, brother of Prince William of Wied, who had a short and stormy career as ruler of Albania after the second Balkan war and who was driven out by factions hostile to pro-Austrian, pro-German influences in that country. The palace is a huge and splendid affair with bedchambers as big as the drawing rooms of ordinary millionaires' mansions. The family portraits and other pictures, the silk and velvet hangings, the tapestries and the great carved and canopied beds all smack of magnificence. General Hines uses as his bedroom a great chamber in which the Kaiser is said to have slept more than once. We saw the prince walking through his grounds at a little distance. He seemed a slender, sprightly man of middle age. We also saw his son, a lad of twelve years or so. Major Shallenbarger of General Hines' staff, a son of ex-Governor Shallenbarger of Nebraska took us through the prince's stables, where there were some good horses, including one that was victor in a great race last year. The stables also held a number of excellent horses belonging to American officers at headquarters. We also went through the prince's carriage house, where were a great variety of handsome vehicles, including a number of richly ornamented sleighs. The offices of the American headquarters occupy an extensive guest house where the prince lodges hunting parties and similar assemblies. It is ornamented with an abundance of paintings, mounted boars' heads and deer's horns. We met General Hines and Brigadier-General King his chief of staff. General Hines invited us to stay to luncheon where his very special

guest was Major General Brewster, inspector general of the American army. A very courteous, capable, brave man, General Hines is universally admired and respected. Like General McGlachlin with whom we talked yesterday, he was a good deal annoyed by the talk in Washington to the effect that promotions and removals during the war had been the result of favoritism and prejudice rather than of merit. He said that no doubt he had received greater advancement that his merit justified, since he had come to Europe a major and was now a major-general, but that he knew of no other case where promotions had not come strictly on merit and he was equally sure that General Pershing had put aside some of his closest personal friends in his strict determination to give the army the best officers possible. Thus far my own observation leads me to think that remarkable discrimination has been used in making promotions, since all the officers I have met seem alert, efficient and of high character. Prince Frederick's palace windows look out upon the Rhine, which also flows by his extensive park, where long grassy vistas are visible through the wooded clumps when one looks through the windows of the great dining room.

Tuesday, Jan. 21.

To-day we have been giving our attention mainly to the Rhine. It is a wonderful river, bearing an immense traffic in peculiar long narrow boats of light draft. These boats are under the control of the American military police, who direct their movements in front of Coblenz from small river steamers. This morning we rode up to the fortress on the top of Ehrenbreitstein, towering above the Rhine opposite Coblenz, and looked at the extensive view in every direction. Coblenz lies in the angle made by the Moselle and the Rhine. At the point of land where the two rivers meet stands the gigantic equestrian statue of Emperor William I, grandfather of the ex-Kaiser. The barracks on Ehrenbreitstein are occupied by the 1st pioneers and these men were being exercised in the parade ground within the barracks. Along with the setting up exercises there were tugs of war, footraces and a sort of rough game of drop the handkerchief with variations. The men stood in a great ring and one of them ran around the outside of the ring with a piece of rope in his hand. The ring of men faced inward and each man had his hands clasped behind him. Presently the rope's end was placed in somebody's hands, whereupon he was privileged to lash with it the next man on his right. That man had to outrun his pursuer all around the ring to escape the beating. When he had dropped into the empty place the man with the rope's end placed it in the hands of somebody else and took his place in the ring while the new man chased the next man on his right. One of the officers of the regiment spoke proudly of the work his men had done and of their rapid march on foot to the Rhine. In the afternoon we rode up the Rhine to the great rock of the Loreley. We passed a number of ruined castles perched high on the great cliffs rising from the Rhine and miles of vineyards extending up every practicable slope. The Loreley rock is a huge promontory around which the Rhine makes a sharp bend where the current must have been a terror to boatmen of all centuries. We had started to Bingen armed with a pass through French territory - for the French hold nearly all the region hereabouts – but it was cold and I was doing a good deal of coughing and so I preferred to return to the hotel. Later I

walked about the city and tried to get some impressions of the people. They are quiet and docile and seem anxious to please. The prices are lower than in France in spite of the fact that the paper mark is greatly depreciated in value. I had a 100 franc note changed into marks yesterday and got 150 marks for it. The American soldiers are strictly forbidden to fraternize with the citizens and the order is strictly enforced. At Nieu Wied yesterday I called on Colonel Chiperfield, judge advocate of the 3d army corps, formerly congressman at large from Illinois. He told me that he was receiving the best possible co-operation from the German civil authorities in the occupied territory and he thought they were honestly trying to be good, knowing as they did that they would find it to their advantage to be so. I am starting back to Paris to-morrow morning, but not by train from Treves as I had expected. Captain Guy T. Visniskki, whom I have known as an officer of a newspaper syndicate for several years, is going to start to Chaumont, traveling by automobile, and he has invited me to go with him. Captain Visniskki was a censor of newspaper dispatches when American forces first went to France, but he conceived the idea of starting a soldiers newspaper. The idea was approved by General Pershing and his staff and so the Stars and Stripes came into existence. It has proved a great success under Captain Visniskki's editorship, but he has lately been succeeded by Captain Mark Watson, formerly of the Chicago Tribune. Because my cold still hangs on I have purchased a heavy trench coat to wear above my overcoat and I hope this will keep me warm during my coming long ride.

Wednesday, Jan. 22.

Captain Visniskki and I got an early breakfast at the correspondents' mess and made an early start for Treves. The automobile and chauffeur are the same that brought Wood and me from Metz last week. The day was cool, but my trench coat kept me fairly comfortable. Captain Visniskki is an excellent companion and the scenery was beautiful all the way. The vineyards along the sides of the hills overhanging the Moselle are extraordinarily well cultivated. Men were at work all along the way carrying manure up the steep slopes in specially constructed baskets fastened to their backs. It is altogether a backbreaking business to climb those long, difficult slopes. Arrived in Treves, Captain Visniskki took me to a Y.M.C.A. officers' club where we had luncheon. Then we called at American army headquarters, where Captain Visniskki wished to see a major of the intelligence department. While we waited for the major a captain who was his assistant expressed his resentment, which I find is widely felt by army men, at the passage of the prohibition amendment to the American Constitution in the absence of 2,000,000 American soldiers in Europe. They feel that this was almost a piece of bad faith. After the major had returned and Captain Visniskki was ready to go we took a look around Treves, visiting the old Roman gateway, the Caesars palace, the ruins of the ampatheater and the ruins of the Roman bath. It is remarkable that these relics of the days of the Caesars should have survived through the centuries in this northern city, which was a stronghold of the empire in its days of might. By the time we left Treves the afternoon was somewhat advanced, but we decided to reach Thionville (the Germans call it Diedenhofen) and stop there for the night. It was quite a run in

the dark, including the climbing of a tremendous hill, but we arrived fairly early in the evening. Our chauffeur had stopped here over night a few weeks before and he thought he could lead us to the good little German hotel that had housed him at that time. The streets were full of French soldiers and Thionville citizens. After a little searching the chauffeur found the hotel. It had a hot stove in the office and we basked in the heat while we ate a hearty supper. The proprietor was a German ex-soldier, but he had been shrewd enough to employ a French waiter and he was doing a good business with French officers. However, he confided to Captain Visniskki that he did not like the idea of becoming a French citizen now that Diedenhofen is doomed to become Thionville permanently.

Thursday, Jan. 23.

We had a good breakfast at a fairly early hour and prepared to start. A pert German madchen in the hotel, perhaps the proprietor's daughter, claimed acquaintance with our chauffeur and though he did not remember her she established acquaintanceship by reminding him that she had come upon him while he was fixing something about his automobile on his former trip through Thionville and had given him a drink. She now demanded a ride in his automobile by way of payment. We had to deny the modest request of the young lady because we wanted to start at once. However, when we left the hotel we found two American military policemen waiting to examine Captain Visniskki's papers. It seems that there are hundreds of American officers absent from their commands without leave and that the military police all over France have strict orders to arrest them. Having established his right to travel, the captain and I finally started for Metz. We had observed in Thionville and the neighboring villages of the recovered country of Lorraine that the French soldiers were busily fraternizing with the inhabitants in conspicuous contrast with the stern policy of non-intercourse enforced in the occupied portions of Germany. This is an important iron manufacturing region, not far from the famous Briey bason. We thought of turning aside to see that region but the day was so bleak that I decided against it. We came to the outskirts of Metz after a run of an hour or so, but when we attempted to enter the heart of the city we encountered an American military policeman who turned us aside and we were kept to a prescribed route that skirted the city by other military policemen stationed at the various cross streets. We noticed in Metz as we had in Thionville that the architecture in the new parts of the city was aggressively German being in strong contrast with the uniform white stone buildings of the period before the Franco-Prussian war. The care with which American soldiers are being kept out of Metz under the French regime is ludicrous and is rather keenly resented by the men of our army. However, I had had a rather good view of the city last week, but Captain Visniskki, who had never been in Metz, was disappointed and indignant. We congratulated ourselves on having decided to stop in Thionville last night instead of trying to enter the forbidden city that now turned us from its gates. The run to Pont-a-Mousson was very interesting as it was along a highway that had seen more that four years of fighting and that showed barbed wire entanglements, chevaux-de-frise, hanging camouflage, trenches and battered villages in abundance. The German camouflage is composed of netlike

fabric of woven strips of cloth about two inches wide and having meshes about two inches square. The French camouflage is mainly either a sort of cheesecloth or else is made of evergreen branches, pine or larch, hung side by side, stems up. Many miles of this camouflage is still in place along highways and railroad tracks in France. Reaching Pont-a-Mousson we rode through its streets of wrecked houses and then turned somewhat from our course to view the famous "quiet sector northwest of Toul" which was the first one occupied by American troops. We found the position a strong one, running along the crests of hills with long slopes up which the Germans would have had to charge in any attack. The trenches and dugouts and barbed wire entanglements were all in fair order. We passed along a road that had been under the enemy's fire but that had been of the utmost importance to the Americans in getting up supplies and moving troops at night. Captain Visniskki had had an exciting ride along this road under fire one day early in the period of American occupation. We followed it for several miles, coming to a deep valley which had been a great ammunition dump and supply depot. There a little railroad was in operation by American military engineers who were hauling broken stone from a quarry to use in mending the road. Farther along we turned down a side road across part of the battlefield in the engagement by which the Americans cleaned the Germans out of the Saint Mihiel sector. Through devastated farm villages and deserted farms we passed, reaching that powerful bastion of the Germans, Mont Sec. The fields in front of it were thickly pitted with shell holes and the village of Mont Sec on the hillside disclosed some of the most extraordinary defensive works that I had seen anywhere. The dugouts under the battered buildings were supported by great tree trunks and with walls of concrete several feet thick. Standing behind the machine gun positions here and observing how strongly the hill and the village was organized one could readily understand why the Germans thought they could not be turned out of such a stronghold. Of course the place could not have been captured by a frontal attack, but the flanking movement that captured the Saint Mihiel salient compelled the Germans to depart hastily from Mont Sec. Now we started for Nancy. We were in the region occupied by Americans and on the roads we encountered numerous working parties mending the roads. Along with American soldiers white and black were gangs of German prisoners, each dressed in German army uniform and showing on the back of his overcoat the painted letters "P.W." indicating that he was a prisoner of war. In the French army districts the German prisoners commonly wear bright green overcoats bearing on the backs the painted letters "P.G." for Prisonner de Guerre. These prisoners looked sturdy, ruddy and extremely well fed, being in marked contrast with the painfully haggard appearance of the German civilians I had seen in the Colbenz region.

(this section was crossed out but could be read so I am including it)
[It is clear that the Germans there have been shockingly underfed. They are thin and pale, their bread is black and their principal other food seems to be huge rutabagas that we saw the farmers digging out of pits in the fields where they had been buried in the fall. The children who swarm everywhere in German neighborhoods are thin and pale but sprightly and full of inquisitiveness. When Coblenz was occupied by the Americans large quantities of military supplies were found among them many

thousands of glittering polished helmets – I was told 60,000. The story went that these beautiful new helmets had been stored there ready for the use of the German cavalry on the occasion of the German emperor's triumphal entry into Paris. At first the Americans began to give away these glittering souvenirs to all applicants, but presently this was stopped by order of General Pershing, it having been decided to send the helmets to America to be distributed among subscribers to the fifth liberty loan. One of the correspondents in Coblenz gave me one of these helmets and I am bringing it back in my small satchel at the cost of considerable trouble as its tall spike will scarcely fit into the space without punching a hole through the enclosing leather.]

By rapid driving from Mont Sec we reached Nancy in time for a belated luncheon at a handsome Red Cross hotel situated on the Place Stanislaus. This decorated and much begilded little square has in its center a huge statue of Prince Stanislaus, the Polish son-in-law of one of the Louis of France who was given a little kingdom to rule by his father-in-law after he lost the throne of Poland. Nancy was his capital and he did much to beautify it. Nancy delights to call itself the Paris of eastern France. It is a gay, fashionable city, much given to music and the drama. We were delayed here for several hours while our chauffeur searched for a supply of essential "essence." Finally we got away, however, and made the comparatively short run to Neufchateau, long the headquarters of the American correspondents accredited to General Pershing's army. Captain Visniskki long had been stationed here in his capacity of military censor. We went to the press headquarters, situated in a handsome mansion on one of the principal streets of the small city and were cordially invited by the hospitable young officers in charge to put up there for the night. Neufchateau takes its name from a handsome old chateau at the top of the hill which forms the site of the city. This hill rises from the bottom of a sort of cup surrounded by higher hills and has been a stronghold in consequence since prehistoric times. Modern cannon have changed all this, however, since the city could soon be reduced to powder by shellfire from the surrounding hills. Captain Visniskki inquired at press headquarters after the French cook who had been there in his time. She owned a farm north of Verdun and had been driven out of it by the German advance. Her one son was a soldier in the French army so she took service in a well to do family in Verdun, having clung to them until the members were killed or dispersed by the long bombardment of the city. Then she had come to Neufchateau and had cooked for and mothered the young men at press headquarters, giving them dainties and prescribing horrible mixtures of herb stews for their colds. However, she was no longer there. She had gone back to Verdun with the intention of establishing herself once more on her farm. The young officers reported that their new cook was quite as much of a character as their old one and that nobody in the house now dared to confess to a cold, since madame would pursue them night and day with remedies, would tuck them in when they went to bed and would bring their breakfasts to them before they got up in the morning. Further, she was as good a cook as the other. We soon were called to an excellent dinner which served to establish the truth of their assertions in regard to her culinary ability. Later Captain Visniskki and I were shown to a suite of very

handsomely furnished bedchambers. My room was particularly magnificent, having an immense canopied bed which I was told was famous throughout the American army, having been slept in by many traveling officers. It had been named "the Pope's death bed" because of its solemn magnificence and because of the pictures of sacred subjects, the crucifixes and the priedieus in the suite.

Friday, Jan. 24.

We got an early breakfast in the kitchen, thanks to the kindness of the motherly cook, who fed us abundantly on bread and butter, chocolate and bacon and cheese. Unfortunately our chauffeur over slept and got up only when his passengers were all ready to start. While he was breakfasting and then tuning up his automobile the captain and I walked about the beautiful little city. In one small square we found what I think is the most beautiful statue of Joan of Arc that I have seen anywhere. An inscription shows that is was unveiled in 1852 in the presence of Emperor Napoleon III and many lesser notables. It represents Joan as a beautiful girl in a peasant's garb with a rapt expression on her face. There is no prancing charger and no waving sword. It is the Joan of the vision. As we were now near Joan's own village of Domremy we decided to go thither. The drive is five miles or so along a road much traveled by American troops, the road in fact that the first troops used in their advance to the "quiet sector northwest of Toul." Now American doughboys and their German prisoners are engaged in keeping the road in repair under the wheels of the many army camions that pass over it. Approaching the little stone village of the maid of Orleans one sees on the left the high meadow and sloping hillside which are pointed out as the place of Joan's vision. A modern and distinctly unimpressive church has been erected on what is supposed to be the exact spot where Joan had the vision. The home of Joan is a two story cottage, the first story being supposed to remain just as in Joan's day. It is constructed of great blocks of gray stone which look as if they would last forever. Of the three rooms on the ground floor that which is pointed out as Joan's is the most dismal. It is a mere stone cell with stone floor and one pitiful little window in the corner. Amid such bleak surroundings a modern girl would be likely to die of the horrors. The upper story is of flimsy construction, the original rooms having been destroyed by fire, and are devoted to the sale of singularly inartistic picture cards and similar souvenirs of no earthly interest. Just a few steps away is the little old stone church that Joan attended. It is full of interest, showing the pew of Joan's parents, the font with which she was christened and the spot where she kneeled to pray. The stained glass windows depict scenes in her life from her pious childhood to her burning at the stake by the English at Ronen. Returning through Neufchateau we started on the last leg of our automobile journey, Chaumont, the general headquarters of the American army in France. The villages through which we passed were familiar to Captain Visniskki, who told me numerous incidents attending the early occupation of that region by American troops. I give one example, "Here," said the captain as we entered one village, "is the village of the historic hog. When billets were being assigned to our soldiers the mayor of this village showed no disposition to co-operate in the work and consequently some of the boys were assigned to miserable

quarters. One citizen had a roomy shed which was occupied by a single pampered hog. He insisted that the animal must not be disturbed by the presence of soldiers. Without the co-operation of the mayor, who declined to interfere, the American billet officer could do nothing more than persuade the hog's owner to give up half the shed to soldiers uses. So the hog occupied one-half the shed and six soldiers occupied the other half. I was told the story and it made me mad. Within a few days I was notified that a party of French journalists were coming from Paris to write articles about the American troops. I saw a chance to do something about the mayor of this village and the hog, so I telephoned the American captain in command here that I should arrive about a certain hour that day with a party and asked him to be sure to have the six soldiers who were the pig's bedfellows in their quarters at that time. The programme was carried out. I showed the Paris journalists everything. In due time we reached the shed, saw the six soldiers and the hog and incidentally remarked upon the fact that the hog had the best of it. "These boys here," I said to the visitors,"would be much more comfortable if it were not for the hog, but the mayor declines to have the beast removed. The journalists began to talk excitedly among themselves, to wave their arms about and to take notes. I knew then that something was about to happen. The next day the leading Paris newspapers told the story of the hog and the six soldiers and indignantly demanded to know why the French authorities did not make an example of the mayor of that village who would not co-operate with the Americans who had come to fight for France. Well, the hog disappeared from the story about this point and the mayor of this village has been noticeably cordial in his dealings with the American military authorities ever since." There is a great American army hospital about midway between Neufchateau and Chaumont. Just a little beyond this wide cluster of long frame structures we came upon girls in the uniforms of army nurses plodding along the road. Captain Visniskki stopped the automobile and asked if they wanted to ride. They did. It was their day off and they had started to walk toward Chaumont, fully expecting to be picked up soon by some army vehicle or other. One nurse sat by the driver and another sat in the lap of the third on the back seat with the captain and me. Two were Massachusetts girls and the third was from Connecticut and they were delighted to learn that our driver was from Massachusetts. They were much interested in their hospital work and they told us that there had been a bad collision between a train carrying soldiers and another train a few miles away last night and that a number of injured soldiers had been brought to the hospital. Arriving at Chaumont, an attractive little city considerably larger than Neufchateau, we let the nurses out at a cross street leading to the shopping section and proceeded to general headquarters – "G.H.I." it is universally called. A large building has been occupied here by the general staff ever since the American forces have been in France. I saw nothing of the workings of any of the departments except the intelligence department – G-2 is the army name for it - of which General Nolan is the head. Captain Visniskki's service has all been with G-2 and he was reporting for orders after a period of illness in the army hospital at Coblenz. Our chauffeur also and even his automobile were reporting for orders to G-2. It seemed that they had been sent to Coblenz by mistake some weeks before, that they were not needed there, that the chauffeur could get no mess assignment there and could draw no pay,

so he was particularly anxious to have his status fixed. This was soon arranged and the chauffeur was made happy with a pocketful of back pay and with an assignment for service at G.H.I., his first duty in that capacity being to take me to the evening train and meet some officers arriving from Toul. At that hour Captain Visniskki was still waiting to have a talk with General Nolan about his future service. He and I, however, had lunched with the general and his staff at noon. The general walked with me from his office to the house where he is billeted. He asked me about my trip to Coblenz and I spoke with the enthusiasm I felt of the splendid shape the 3d army corps was in and of the many fine young officers I had met. He asked me whether I had been taken to Bonn to view the British forces in occupation of territory east of the Rhine and was much displeased when I told him I had not. He turned to his chief of staff and ordered him to telegraph the major in command of press affairs at Coblenz for an explanation. I hastened to say that nobody was to blame but myself, that I had gone where I particularly wanted to go, that it had been suggested to me at Coblenz that I go to Bonn but that I had chosen to go elsewhere. However, General Nolan insisted that the telegram be sent anyway, as there had been other instances of visitors not being taken to Bonn and that he was determined to put a stop to that sort of thing. I gathered that the general thought the contrast between our troops and the British troops was most illuminating. His attitude led me to place new importance in some things I had heard about the sorry way the British army had come through the months of fighting that led up to the armistice. At luncheon General Nolan talked much with me about the importance of the American nation's adopting a system of universal military training, he being an ardent advocate of that policy. Among many other things he said that as we had gone into the war for no annexations and no indemnities if we did not avail ourselves of the great lesson that we had learned namely, that the national defense required universal military service which was only available in times of national emergency through application of the policy of universal military training then we had lost the war. I told him that I believed the president favored such training joined with a system of universal education, manual and other, and at his request tried to outline the methods applied last fall to the young conscripts who had been put into uniform and sent to schools of their own or their parents' selection. General Nolan thought that such a system could be worked out and made highly effective. He promised to try to get an interview for me sometime soon with General Pershing on the subject of universal military training, of which the latter is an ardent advocate, but warned me that General Pershing would say nothing on the subject without the consent of President Wilson. As I had expressed my admiration of the system of promotion in the American army which had brought to places of high responsibility the many splendid young officers whom I had met in the last week General Nolan spoke of some of the difficulties attending the choice of officers for service of special importance. When he was sent to the front to command troops during the Argonne offensive, he said, he had regiments under his command with which he was not acquainted. At one time it was important that a certain battalion should advance to a certain point to cut off the retreat of a German force. The senior officer of the battalion did not impress him as a man of sufficient force to perform the movement successfully, but the captain ranking next had participated in a successful action a

few days before and some inquiries he made had brought favorable judgments of the man. Accordingly he relieved the senior officer of command and sent a staff officer with explicit instructions to the other captain to tell him precisely what to do and how to do it. When the staff officer returned General Nolan inquired anxiously how the captain had impressed him. "Well," replied the staff officer, "to tell the truth I was not favorably impressed. The captain asked me too many questions." Hours later, when the general was waiting for a report as to the result of the movement he received a message from the captain asking him whether he really wanted the movement. By that time the retreating Germans had slipped through the hole that the general had wanted to plug up and the movement was useless. He spoke to an officer of the regiment about the captain's non-fulfillment of orders and received the reply, "I am not surprised. That captain is no good. You would have done better to let the other captain perform the movement." General Nolan commented upon the manifest faults of a military system that permitted such an officer to exercise command of a company, he having come into the service from the state militia, as did the whole regiment. I told the general that I had learned of a movement among some former militia officers now in the army to organize a movement for the perpetuation of the militia system. Captain Visniskki then related the substance of conversations we had had in Treves with two intelligent officers who were anxious that a sort of nonpolitical organization of all men of the American expeditionary be formed for patriotic, social and benevolent purposes. He suggested that this organization might properly begin its patriotic service by urging the adoption of universal military training. General Nolan thought that the organization ought to be open to all who had been called to colors during the war, including the hundreds of thousands who had never got farther than the military camps of the United States. Our talk lasted several hours, the general's staff officers having gone back to their desks long before the general returned with us to headquarters. He impressed me as an able, frank, honorable soldier and I could well understand why he is so beloved and respected by his subordinates. Later in the afternoon the captain in command of an important branch of the intelligence service showed me their methods if collecting and disseminating all kinds of information likely to prove valuable to commanding officers. This includes the publication of a daily bulletin giving news and comment gathered from all quarters of Europe. He also told me that during active military operations, the department provided maps of every part of the country where advances might be made against the enemy minutely outlining roads and footpaths, steams and wells and springs, hills and valleys, fences and trees, so that every feature of every neighborhood might be known to the officers before their troops entered it. I was very sorry that the approach of the hour when I was to take a train to Paris forced me to cut short this interview. The train was an hour late but on its arrival Cyril Brown of the New York World, who had also been visiting G.H.I., and I were fortunate enough to obtain seats. Many other passengers were not so fortunate and the corridors were packed after a few more stops. One plump and elderly American colonel would put his head into our compartment, which was dark because the French occupants had turned out the light so they could sleep better, every little while to ask Brown whether there was a seat there for him. To add to Brown's embarrassment the colonel persisted in addressing him as

"lieutenant," he being in the prescribed khaki uniform of the correspondent accredited to the American army. Brown offered his own seat to the colonel several times but the colonel plaintively declined it and was still sitting on the floor of the corridor smoking the stub of a cigar between catnaps. When we arrived at the Gare de l'Est at midnight, I left Brown at the station still looking for something to eat, as he had been all the way from Chaumont, he having learned to his bitter disquiet that the trains which we thought an hour late was really nearly half a day late and that the train which we had intended to take and which had a dining car was pulling into the station at Chaumont just as we pulled out. He had missed his luncheon and his only hope of getting something to eat in Paris at midnight, where all French eating places are required to close at 9:30, rested on the rather slender possibility that the Red Cross canteen for soldiers was still open. I was not hungry, having made a good late luncheon, so I got a taxi and went to my hotel.

Saturday, Jan. 25

Returning to office after eight days' absence I found an accumulation of mail including an invitation to a dinner to-night at the Café Volney, where Chairman Hurley and others are to speak, and a letter from Sir Robert Borden, to whom Mr. Bell has written in my behalf. I should like to attend the dinner but my cold is troubling me and I am very tired after my trip so I have declined the invitation by telephone. I have written to Sir Robert apologizing for the delay in responding to his kind note and asking for an appointment. I have also applied for a room at the Grand hotel, where there is steam heat, something very scarce in Paris, and am promised one next Tuesday. I have remained thus long at the Hotel du Palais d'Orsay only because my trips out of Paris have succeeded one another so rapidly that I had no time to change to another hotel provided I should be so fortunate as to find a room elsewhere. Indeed, I tried for several days to get into the Hotel Louvois, where Mr. and Mrs. Bass are stopping, but failed before I started on my trip to Coblenz. My room where I am staying is very handsome and has a beautiful private bathroom, but there is no heat. Then there is the peculiar annoyance that the management insists on carrying me in is records as Hansen denying my own identity to me because it made the blunder days ago of checking my name off its list instead of Hansen's when Hansen departed. The management also has posted a sign to the effect that because 150 former guests have carried off 150 keys to as many rooms it cannot undertake to supply new keys. As some former occupant of my room has absconded with the key I have to apply at the office every time I wish to break in, then the office telephones into the upper stories of this cavernous hotel in search of the chambermaid or the bods who has a key. Usually neither of these functionaries are to be found, so a bellboy or a porter takes a passkey and goes with me for a quarter of a mile or so through the intermidable passages, unlocks my door, turns on the light and expects a tip for so doing. So I am going to move elsewhere as soon as possible.

Sunday, Jan. 26.

I have been working this afternoon in the cold office, being anxious to complete a dispatch on army matters, incorporating material gathered in my conversations with Generals Hines, King, McGlachlin, Nolan and other officers. Consequently I have contracted more cold and find myself with an acute catarrh in the head. The addition to my cough is not pleasant.

Monday, Jan. 27.

Ruth and Miss Mason appeared at the office this morning, they having returned to Paris yesterday and called at my hotel in the afternoon. There Ruth left a note for me which the hotel people promised to deliver and didn't. The girls report that they a good trip to Cannes and had a delightful rest there. I could not take luncheon with them because I had an engagement for luncheon at La Fayal, a clubhouse just opened to-day by the Cercle Francais de la Presse Etrangere at 80 Avenue des Champs Elysees. Here a great mansion built by the owner of a great department store who has since died has been turned by the French government into a dining and meeting place for visiting newspaper men. Mr. Mowrer and I went to the opening, which was attended by many French notables and a perfect army of correspondents of all nationalities. I was cordially greeted by Professor Dolliand, of the Jardeau commission, whom I had met soon after reaching Paris, and shown my place next to Stephen Lausanne, editor of Le Matin, whom I had met in America during his long service there as a representative of the French government while the war was in progress. Mr. Lausanne is very cordial and considerate and made a most admirable table companion, translating for me the striking parts of the various speeches in French made at the luncheon by André Jardeau and others and also talking entertainingly on a variety of subjects. The main dining hall is an immense room extending up through three or four stories of the great mansion, which is profusely decorated with gilded columns and marble goddesses of life size if goddesses come in ordinary women's sizes. The one speech in English was made by a witty Englishman who owns several provincial newspapers. He made particular mention of the splendor of the place and of the extraordinary number of garment-less ladies carved out of stone that met the eye on all sides as well as of the profusion of bathrooms supplied for the refreshment of weary journalists. The place shows at least that the French government is trying hard to make the visiting correspondents comfortable. Excellent meals are to be served here at moderate prices, which is much considering the very high cost of meals in Paris. Returning to the office I fond that Miss Beaumé had succeeded in getting three tickets for the opera to-night, so the girls are to have their wish. We had a very good dinner at a restaurant near the opera, but the service was slow and the opera began at 7:30, so we were a little late. The opera was Mona Vanna, very well presented and well sung. Our seats were excellent and the girls seemed to enjoy the performance. It was followed by a beautiful and merry ballet, so the evening was a success. When we left the opera we found ourselves in a heavy wet snowstorm with no taxi to be had, so we walked to the girls' hotel in the snow. I was notified by telephone to-day by Sir

Robert Borden's secretary that Sir Robert would see me to-morrow morning at 9:30 at his rooms in the Hotel Majestic.

Tuesday, Jan. 28.

I had no time for breakfast this morning, as the Hotel Majestic is out beyond the Arc de Triomph and the going by taxi was bad in the snow. I was a little late in getting to Sir Robert Borden's rooms in consequence, for the wheels of the taxi persisted in going around in the snow instead of rolling through it. Sir Robert received me graciously and I tried to draw him out on the league of nations plan. He talked freely enough but asked me not to quote him, saying he would prepare a statement on the subject and send it to me. His most striking remark was that the really serious question about the league of nations was whether the people of the United States were willing to accept the responsibilities that the league necessarily would place upon them. He said that Canada certainly longed for quiet and was not seeking further tasks in foreign fields but he was sure it would accept its responsibilities in a true league of nations formed and administered in the interest of world peace. He said that Canada had fully proved its willingness to serve humanity and that if the United States had done correspondingly well it would have sent 9,000,000 soldiers to fight in Europe. He spoke also of the very heavy losses of the Canadian forces and of their splendid achievements in battle, mentioning the case of one man who had lost six sons in the war and was himself a soldier in the Canadian army. When I got back to the office – having learned wisdom and taking the Metro instead of a taxi this time – I went to the Grand hotel to see whether a room had been allotted me. I was told that one would be given me this evening after a number of the guests had departed on the train for Nice and that I might have my baggage sent around and put in the keeping of the head porter. So I settled my bill at the Hotel du Palais D'Orsay and had my baggage sent to the Grand hotel. The girls and I then went to luncheon, for which I was quite ready as I had had no breakfast. This evening we had a particularly nice dinner at the Griffon. Then I took the girls to their hotel and said good-by, as they are leaving on the morning train for Angers. I am so full of cold that I am not going to see them off. I went back to the Grand hotel and found that I actually had a room there which was a relief, as I certainly needed the steam heat to help me combat my cold.

Wednesday, Jan. 29.

I went to bed early last night, having piled on all the available covers and wrapped my sore throat in the woolen sweater that Mildred knit for me. Consequently I felt a good deal better this morning. Mr. Mowrer, however, has become afraid that I am going to be ill, so without my knowledge he arranged with Mrs. Mowrer that I should come to their apartment, sit by the file and be nursed. Though very grateful for this display of kind thoughtfulness, I realize that I am better to-day and that my cold is merely troublesome and devoid of influenza symptoms, so I expressed my thanks and my desire not to make a burden of myself unnecessarily and promised to show further improvement tomorrow under my own treatment. Not only have I

faith in the efficacy of that treatment but here is my chance to show my faith also in Major Stanton's vaccination against the pneumococus.

Thursday, Jan. 30.

My cold is much better. I went to Cook's Agency to-day to see about engaging my return passage to New York. I was told that nothing could be had before March 19 at the earliest. I deposited 250 francs and told the agency to try to get me a berth on the Lapland of that date or on the Adriatic a week later. Before going to Cook's I went to the office of the Cunard line and the manager said the British government had requisitioned all their passenger ships so that they could book no passengers for an indefinite period. All the ships that can be secured in any quarter are engaged in carrying American soldiers back to the United States and civilians who wish to return thither are in a great flurry over the prospect that they will have to wait for weeks. I have written Mr. Bell to see what he can do in London in the matter of getting me a stateroom.

Friday, Jan. 31.

Walter Rogers told me to-day something about the report on communications that he is getting up for President Wilson. He insists that peace is based on the maintenance of a good understanding among the peoples of the various nations and this requires the freest and fullest possible communications. There must be more ocean cables, the cable companies must have land lines so that they may carry messages from interior points of one country and deliver them direct to interior points of other countries. There must be such low cable tolls that the cables will almost take the place of mails. There must be the greatest possible development of the wireless, which must not be permitted to get into the clutches of a monopoly. He told me of some of the hopeful developments tending to show that these important ends can be brought about. The need of cheap and abundant communications is particularly apparent, according to Mr. Rogers, in the prevalence of subsidized press agencies serving the ends of various governments engaged in spreading propaganda.

Saturday, Feb. 1.

I met John McCutcheon in front of the Hotel de Crillon. He asked me when I was going to the United States and I replied that I did not know as I was now trying to get a berth on some steamship sailing in March. He said he had a stateroom on the Adriatic, sailing February 26, and that he would sell it to me if I wanted it. When he got the stateroom the Adriatic was scheduled to sail Feb. 12 and now that the sailing had been postponed he was not willing to wait as he wanted to get back to the United States and take his family to his island in the West Indies. He thought he could get a passage on a transport or a battleship. So I agreed to buy the ticket on Monday and wrote to Mr. Bell not to mind about looking up a berth for me in London.

Sunday, Feb. 2.

Ray Stannard Baker took luncheon with me to-day at the Hotel Meurice. He talked very frankly about his worries in trying to furnish American news to correspondents when President Wilson would permit no news to be given out. He feared the League of Nations would fail because the American people were not being informed of the great need for the league in order that there might be a just and enduring peace. He related some of his efforts to get important information released to the press and the failure of those efforts. I agreed with his view that the situation was serious and asked whether he thought it would help for me to write him a letter expressing my views to that effect. He said he wished I would write such a letter as he thought he might be able to use it to advantage. So this afternoon I went to the office and wrote the letter, putting the matter as strongly as I thought the situation demanded and giving it as my opinion that a large majority of the members of congress as well as of the American people had now no conception of the need for a League of Nations and required to have the matter fully explained to them in a succession of interviews or statements from an official source near to the president if not from the president himself.

Monday, Feb. 3.

John McCutcheon came to the office to-day and we went to the office of the White Star line, where I bought his ticket for a stateroom on the Adriatic and it was transferred to me by the steamship agent. Then I learned that the Adriatic would probably sail from Brest with American troops instead of from Liverpool, since it had sailed from Brest on its latest voyage. I hope this arrangement will be carried out as it would save me the trouble of going back to England. Mr. Bell telegraphed me to-day that he could get me a berth on a steamer sailing March 3, so I have telegraphed him that I have a stateroom.

Tuesday, Feb. 4.

Sir Robert Borden sent me the promised statement to-day and I forwarded it by wireless.

Wednesday, Feb. 5.

I called on the Mowrers this evening to exhibit myself as cured of my cold and to thank Mrs. Mowrer for her kindness in offering to take me into her apartment when my cold was at its worst. They told me many interesting things about the little fishing village on the coast of Brittany where they go in summer. The Breton people are very religious and much given to processions on holy days, with the carrying about the streets of sacred images. In their pious fervor two women at times are seen fighting over the question of which shall next approach the confessional to tell about her sins. The Breton pancakes are famous, being large and baked very thin

and folded. They are given as presents and often are kept for considerable periods and then eaten cold, though they may be warmed up before eaten. The Bretons are Celtic and the old speech of the people is practically the same as the Welsh, the two peoples being of the same race and their traditions and superstitions being the same.

Thursday, Feb. 6.

Lorado Taft took luncheon with me to-day and spoke with enthusiasm about his work of delivering talks to American soldiers on the subject of French art as expressed in sculpture, paintings and architecture to which the soldiers have easy access. He is working also to arouse in the soldiers a desire for community service when they return to their homes so that they shall make themselves leaders in bettering conditions in their home communities. He is hopeful of securing good results in his work here.

Friday, Feb. 7.

Colonel Clinnin took luncheon with me to-day. He is on his way to Nice for his first vacation from army service in two years. He told me some of the plans for teaching the soldiers in schools where men of their own regiments having special knowledge will impart it to classes interested in those particular subjects. Agriculture and languages and the science of government are some of the subjects specially mentioned by Colonel Clinnin though a number of others will be taught.

Saturday, Feb. 8.

I received birthday letters from Nellie and Ruth to-day. Reading them constituted the only celebration of the day that I indulged in.

Sunday, Feb. 9.

There is much excitement here in Paris over the work of the League of Nations committee of which President Wilson is chairman. There is also excitement over the drafting of new armistice terms by the war council. In both bodies the American and the French representatives are at loggerheads and there are many rumors of an impending explosion. The French want an international standing army capable of enforcing the decrees of the League of Nations and to this the Americans will not consent. The French also desire to make the new armistice terms much more drastic than those now in effect and the Americans are trying to keep the terms within reason. There will be important developments this week as President Wilson must leave for the United States at the end of it and he greatly desires to carry with him a completed draft of a proposed constitution of a League of Nations.

Monday, Feb. 10.

The conditions of strain continue. The Americans are annoyed by the copious complaints of Marshal Foch about the nonfulfillment of the armistice terms by the Germans as the latter apparently are doing the best they can in these matters under peculiar and great difficulties. This afternoon M. Klotz, the French minister of finance, took up the time of the war council with an elaborate description of a book published in 1916 by the German general staff outlining methods of systematically crippling French industry. At the close of his address the whole matter was referred to the economic committee, to which it should have gone in the first place. Such time killing devices as these lead some suspicious people to fear that the French policy is to delay progress so long that the Americans will accept some sort of compromise on pending questions in order that definite results may be reached before the president sails for home a few days hence. The British, Italian and other delegates are reported to be in full accord with the Americans.

Tuesday, Feb. 11.

This morning the Paris edition of the New York Herald appeared with a great blank space on its first page, showing that the French censor had suppressed some article that the paper had intended to display very prominently. It was as article relating that an American peace delegate had said the conference might have to be removed from Paris in order that it might proceed in a less harmful atmosphere. The delegate in question was President Wilson and the remark was given out to the American correspondents on his special order. I was shown a confidential memorandum to the effect that Mr. Lloyd George had privately expressed his disgust at the French tactics respecting peace league and armistice matters and that Mr. Balfour had said it might have a good effect if the president's remark about moving the conference got as far as the French censor but that to let it get farther would probably be injurious. Now there is a lot of gloom and uncertainty and everybody is waiting to see just how good natured everybody else can manage to be in the face of so serious a disagreement.

Wednesday, Feb. 12

Conditions in peace conference circles are reported more hopeful to-day and progress is said to have been made all along the line, though there are important points still to be agreed upon. I got back my deposit form Cook's Agency to-day.

Thursday, Feb. 13.

There has been an agreement on armistice terms and it is confidently declared that the League of Nations covenant will be agreed upon and presented at a plenary session of the peace conference to-morrow. Mr. and Mrs. Mowrer took lunch with me to-day at Vian restaurant. We arranged to take a walk through certain parts of old Paris next Sunday.

Friday, Feb. 14.

Having been invited to luncheon to-day by Charles Crane, formerly of Chicago, I was waiting in the lobby of the Hotel de Crillon a little before 1 o'clock when Ray Stannard Baker came up and handed to me a printed copy of the proposed covenant of the League of Nations that had been finally approved by the committee this forenoon. Immediately after the committee adjourned President Wilson had talked confidentially to all the American correspondents who could be drummed up on short notice around the Hotel de Crillon. I had arrived just too late to be present but I was told by William Shepard, Smith of the Associated Press and others what the president had said. He was exceedingly happy in having secured a unanimous agreement on the proposed covenant in the committee and had urged the correspondents to be guarded in what they said about the French attitude, declaring that Britain, Italy, Japan and practically all the other nations were heartily with the United States in its stand and that France had resigned itself to the inevitable in the matter. He had discussed various features of the plan, had said that under a league of nations the question of the freedom of the seas in war time was eliminated, since there would be no neutral nations and generally had been informing and frank, all under the seal of confidence. Baker told me he is going to Brest in the president's party to-night and will sail with the president to-morrow on the George Washington, where he expected to discuss with him methods of presenting the League of Nations plan effectively to the American people. He had sent my letter to the president with a letter of his own as soon as he received it. The president had expressed interest in the points presented and had asked him to submit detailed plans of presenting debated and disputed questions to the American public. This Baker did, but the president's absorption in the work of the League of Nations committee and of the war council had prevented him from taking up the publicity subject again, but he had asked Baker to go back with him on the George Washington and presumably he will take up the subject at sea. Mr. Crane's luncheon called me away. The guest of honor was Mr. Francis, the American ambassador to Russia. There were also present the rugged old anti bolshevist governor of Archangel, two other Russians prominent in the antibolshevist movement, Mr. Crane, Walter Rogers, Shepard and Smith who have been much in Russia since the war began and myself. Ambassador Francis told us many interesting things about his official experiences in Russia, among them the story of the escape of Kerensky from Petrograd at the time the bolshevists were ready to seize the government. An attache of the American embassy had been stopped in the street by one of Kerensky's officials and was told that Kerensky needed his automobile immediately to use in a visit to the Russian troops at the front. The attache had protested but finally had yielded up possession when he was brought to realize that it was probably a matter of life or death for Kerensky. He asked why Kerensky did not use one of the government automobiles to effect his escape in if he was really about to flee from his enemies and was told that all the thirty or so automobiles about the palace had been "killed" the night before by bolshevists to prevent Kerensky's escape. Ambassador Francis on being told this story by the excited attache a few minutes later said, "I trust that at least you removed the American flag from the front of the car." The attache replied: "I

was going to remove it but Kerensky's officer begged so hard that it be permitted to remain that I let it stay." Realizing that there was nothing he could do about the matter the ambassador merely enjoined silence upon the attache. The wanderings of Kerensky after his flight have been related in various ways. Ambassador Francis claims the distinction of having "put Vologda on the map." When the British, French and other ambassadors announced their intention of leaving Russia after Lenin and Trotzky were in power they asked Mr. Francis to go along. He replied, "No, I am going to Vologda." The other ambassadors asked him, "What and where is Volgoda?" Mr. Francis replied, "I don't know, but that is where I am going." The other ambassadors said, "But nobody will do with you." Mr. Francis answered, "Oh, yes, the Japanese and Chinese ambassadors are going with me." The other ambassadors said, " But they are going there on their way home." "Which," said Mr. Francis in telling the story, "was true." However, he persuaded the official representatives of the allied nations to go with him to Vologda for a time. Mr. Francis and the Russians at the luncheon agreed that Lenin was a man of great ability who was also a fanatic ready to sacrifice anybody and anything to his idea of a government of the proletariat. They declared that the allied nations and the United States ought to help the Russian people in every possible way, aiding and encouraging them to form governments in opposition to bolshevism and guided by principles of humanity and justice. They insisted that the bolshevist government was based on terrorism and violence and supported itself by robbery of all classes and that criminals of many sorts, including great numbers of Chinese bandits, formed the basis of the bolshevists' strength. I had to leave the luncheon while Mr. Crane and most of his guests were still at the table in order to reach the meeting of the peace conference in time. Hastening to the office, I left my copy of the proposed covenant with Mr. Mowrer. Then I was driven to the French ministry of foreign affairs on the Quai d'Orsay and found delegates and correspondents already streaming into the building. There was a great swarm of correspondents gathered from the ends of the earth. We formed in line in front of our particular entrance, showed our credentials one at a time, signed our names in a book and then filed into a great anteroom and crowded about a closed door through which we were to gain access to another anteroom when the management permitted us to do so. After a wait of some minutes the door opened and the mob of correspondents scrambled through. They found the editors of the innumerable Paris newspapers all comfortably seated at desks in the wide archways connecting this room with the famous Hall of the Clock, where the peace conference delegates were assembled. Back of these favored editors were two rows of long pine tables at which the other journalists were supposed to seat themselves decorously, a majority of them quite out of sight of what went on and out of hearing of the speakers in the hall. Instead of doing anything so stupid the mob of charging journalists, men and women, proceeded to scramble to the tops of the tables, which thereupon began to crack under the weight. Not wishing to take any risks of that sort, I passed around the end of a table and got a place to stand just back of the chairs of the Paris editors. There I had an excellent view through the archway nearest the top of the Hall of the Clock. I could see perfectly about a third of the hall, with occasional glimpses through other archways of the back spaces. It was 3:30 o'clock by the gilded time-pence above the

president's chair, the clock from which the historic chamber takes its name. There was a long table extending across the hall. The delegates were standing talking together or moving about, Henry White of the American delegation being conspicuous in his handshaking progress from delegation to delegation. President Wilson came in and stood talking to Clemenceau who apparently was trying to induce him to take the great gilded chair of the president of the conference. Mr. Wilson, however, declined and seated himself on Clemenceau's right. On the president's right was Secretary Lansing, gray and small. Then towered Henry White. Next to him sat Colonel House, little and gray and slight, and just around the corner of the table sat the last of the American delegates, General Tasker Bliss, a grizzled and bulky soldier in khaki. In the order named, on the other side on of Clemenceau, sat Arthur J. Balfour, whose intellectual face looked ruddy with health; Lord Milner, a somewhat grim figure, who lately came to Paris to take the place of the prime minister, Lloyd George, called away to attend to British governmental affairs, Mr. Barnes, the representative of British labor on the delegation, having the look of a well fed and prosperous American business man, and a smooth faced, bashful looking little man whom I failed to identify. Just who this eminent Briton was I cannot say. He did nothing throughout the meeting but look modest. Farther around the table were seated the prime ministers of the various British dominions, including Sir Robert Borden of Canada and Mr. Hughes of Australia. At tables farther back sat the French, the Italian, the Japanese and other delegates, including those from the Kingdom of Hejaz in their extremely picturesque Arab costumes – long burnous, small white turban and embroidered white veil or neck covering. Among those who addressed the conference during the session were Lord Robert Cecil, Leon Bourgeois, Premiere Orlando of Italy, Premiere Venizelos of Greece, Mr. Barnes of Great Britain, Baron Makino of Japan, Dr. Wellington Koo of China. As soon as the aged but fiery eyed and strong voiced premiere of France had called the conference to order he introduced President Wilson, who rose and began to read the proposed covenant after a preliminary sentence or two. He was in good voice and entirely self possessed, but he looked a little pale as if he had need of sleep. In view of the strain he has been under for so long and of the difficult and fatiguing work he has performed, particularly in the last few weeks, he looked remarkably fit. The occasion was, of course, a great triumph for him and it was so recognized by all. He read the long covenant through, stopping once or twice to explain passages by an apt illustration, and then followed it with a thoroughly felicitous speech. Meanwhile Clemenceau sat deep in his great gilded chair, an almost shrunken figure, his eyes glowing under his bushy white eyebrows and his ragged white mustache hiding his mouth. His hands were encased, according to his custom, in gray gloves. On his left Balfour, who looked almost gigantic by contrast sat and gazed at the ceiling. It was hardly worth gazing at, though it had a sort of weird fascination, being ornamented with fat plaster cherubs in high relief and with a variety of great figures and scrolls in gilt. It also supported tow of three gigantic clusters of crystals and electric lights that extended far down and menaced the delegates with tons of glitter. Some sort of large, white, undressed goddess or other in high relief divided honors with the clock at the back of the president. Just why the great chamber is called the Hall of the Clock instead of the Hall of the Goddess might puzzle some

observers but I easily solved it when I saw that the clock marked the correct time, thus proving itself unique among all the horologues, great or small, in all France. Undraped statues of goddesses are abundant in Paris, but a clock that keeps correct time is rare indeed. This, however, has comparatively little to do with the historic meeting at which President Wilson gave to the world the peace covenant and made in support of it a great and eloquent speech. Lord Robert Cecil, Orlando, Venizelos and others spoke admirably in support of the document. Leon Bourgeois, Barnes, Baron Makino, a delegate from Hajez and Hughes either raised questions in regard to the adequacy of the measure or gave notice that they would have criticisms to offer at the proper time. The meeting was adjourned at 7 o'clock by Clemenceau with a brief clarifying statement to the effect that the covenant would lie on the table while it was studied and debated by the people of the various nations and then in due time it would be considered by the peace conference delegates. After each speech a facile official interpreter wearing the uniform of an officer of the British army, turned it into French if the delegate had spoken in English and into English if the delegate had spoken in French. These were the two languages used in the conference. Those who spoke in English were Wilson, Cecil, Barnes, Hughes, Makino and Wellington Koo. During the meeting I stood in my place with solid banks of correspondents about me, hearing everything and seeing most of the speakers. I was particularly sorry that the dense cluster of correspondents standing to my left prevented me from catching even a glimpse of Bourgeois, Orlando and Venizelos. In front of me was an uncouth Frenchman with bristling hair, who, like Balfour persisted in looking at the ceiling. This attitude caused his porcupine quills to assume a horizontal position every half minute or so and that projected the ends of them into my face, much as if I had been caressed by a shoe brush. Otherwise, however, he was a harmless monster. So I had a very good time, though I was well fatigued after three and a half hours of standing in a contracted space and was glad to get out into the pouring rain and the muddy Paris streets.

Saturday, Feb. 15.

A valentine from Mildred arrived to-day with illuminated hearts upon the envelope. Easily discerning the inflammatory nature of the missive the alert French censor had opened and inspected it. Concluding that is was not sufficiently incendiary to require confiscation he permitted it to be forwarded to me. This is the only censored communication that I have received thus far since coming to France.

Sunday, Feb. 16.

Though it was raining at 10 o'clock this morning Mr. and Mrs. Mowrer met me at the office as we arranged the other day and we started on a trip through the old part of Paris called the Marais or marsh, because the region was originally low and marshy. We went by motorbus to the Place de la Bastille and there began our walk, turning into the Rue du Pas de la Mule, which Mr. Mowrer translated into the Street of the Footstep of the Mule but which I suppose we should call the street of the Mule Track. This street led us past the Place des Vosges, a celebrated little square with a

quaint arcade and interesting little old shops which unfortunately were closed, though most shops of their kind are open on Sunday. The street also led us past the mansion of Madame de Sevigne, now a museum, which also was closed, though we obtained through the gates a peep into the fine old court of the mansion. A little farther along we found ourselves in a labyrinth of medieval streets, all very narrow, with houses that bellied out about the second story, so that they robbed even those dreadfully narrow streets of some light and air that might otherwise have been theirs. We saw where one or two ancient houses had been pulled down and so were able to observe that the walls were thick and solidly built and that the hanging fronts were also well bound to the rest of the structure by long and heavy iron rods. Apparently the medieval builders were careful about everything except sanitation, which they held in scorn. We passed through long streets scarcely more than six feet wide with the house walls bulging out above our heads and with shops on either hand scarcely larger than cupboards. There were drinking shops and butcher shops and bread shops, all most dismally dark, and in one place we looked into a cubbyhole that bore the sign "Hotel." A woman presiding over a little pit in the side of a house offered us coffee but we did not venture to taste the concoction she had for sale. In the ceaseless drizzle the region was dreadful enough. The municipal authorities are slowly and systematically trying to secure the widening of these streets by forbidding the repair of buildings on their present lines. In the course of years this policy doubtless will result in giving the district something like a reasonable amount of air and daylight. Among the ancient streets that we explored were some whose names, translated into English, may be thus set down: "Street of Simon the Free Man," "Street of the Armed Man," "Street of the King of Sicily," "Street of the White Cloaks," "Street of the Rose Bushes," "Street of Plaster" – these old houses retain their plaster fronts, "Street of the Small Loaf of Bread." On the other side of the Seine, which we crossed to visit the house in which the impecunious Napoleon Bonaparte lived as a young lieutenant of artillery, we came upon the narrow "Street of the Cat that Fishes." This street alone of all we saw retained the gutter in the center, which is said to have been a universal feature of Paris streets in medieval times. It had no sidewalks at all, though most of the other narrow old streets displayed on either hand the narrow stone shelf upon which foot passengers might perch in ancient days to escape being ridden down by the cavalcade of some grandee. The house whose attic once housed the man who a few years later made himself Napoleon I, emperor of the French, overlooks the Seine and the Pont Neuf, commanding an extensive and beautiful view. A tablet tells of its famous former tenant. This house, it is said, is soon to be pulled down, as has been the house that stood next to it. We visited also the Church of St. Gervais, which was struck by a shell from the German cannon that was then bombarding Paris from a distance of sixty-five miles or so during services on Good Friday last year. The many persons who were killed or injured were said to have suffered mainly from falling debris from the roof. A little section of the church is boarded in from floor to ceiling, but outside of this concealed space there is practically no damage. The boarded section, however, rises out of that part of the church where the mass of the congregation must have sat when the shell struck. We finished our excursion with a luncheon in a choice little café in a little old street back of the Halles. It is called "The Snail" and it

displays large gilded snails above its entrance. Though this admirably conducted place makes a specialty of snails and oysters we took neither, our luncheon consisting of hors d'oevres, delicious fish cooked in cheese, roast chicken, a marvelous chocolate soufflé, cheese and coffee. It continued to rain throughout our long tramp, but Mrs. Mowrer who like her husband is much given to long walks, insisted that she enjoyed it. We decided to take a similar walk next Sunday on the other side of the Seine in the district beyond the Boulevard St. Germain.

Monday, Feb. 17.

Mr. Bass has gone to Poland as a member of an official committee to investigate conditions there. It was decided by the American delegation that only one correspondent could go and Mr. Bass was chosen as that correspondent. This is an honor to him and to our service but is deprives us of a valuable man for peace conference work for three weeks or so. However, Mr. Bass wanted to go and I trust that the information gained by him during the trip will be of special advantage to us during the closing weeks of the peace conference. Mr. and Mrs. Bass are held in high esteem here in Paris. The peace delegation at the Hotel de Crillon value highly the judgment of Mr. Bass and the long and fruitful work of his wife for the French wounded has made her much beloved in French official circles. Now Mrs. Bass is going to Dalmatia as the guest of the Italian government, which is anxious that Americans should know more of conditions there before the Italo-JugoSlav controversy comes up for final settlement in the peace conference. Mrs. Bass and Mr. Bass were in Paris during the entire period of the bombardments, when more than a million Parisians fled to safer regions. Mrs. Bass says that she, her laundress, and the woman who keeps the bread shop were the only members of their sex who remained in her particular neighborhood and that they three still retain a special regard for one another. One evening she and her husband were on the street during an air raid and a bomb exploded so near them that the concussion threw her into an ash can and hurt her finger. She said she had told a French government official that since she had been wounded in the face of the enemy she ought to be awarded the Croix de Guerre. I had intended to entertain Mr. & Mrs. Bass at dinner as a slight return for their various kindnesses to me, but the departure of Mr. Bass prevented.

Tuesday, Feb. 18.

I was a member of a luncheon party given to-day at La Fayal by Stephen Lausanne. The other guests were Oscar Straus, Melville E. Stone and the first secretary of the French embassy at Washington, an interesting and courteous young man whose name I did not catch when I was introduced to him. He is in Paris on a holiday and he confided to me that he had hopes of early promotion in the diplomatic service. With so many new nations rising out of the debris of shattered empires I should think that similar hopes would agitate the bosoms of many ambitious young men in the various embassies and legations of the world. Though the trade of diplomacy received a terrible blow when its craftsmen failed to keep the nations out of war five years ago it seems to be pulling itself together again and preparing to administer the

fragments produced by the great conflict. One can only hope that the duly licensed diplomats, together with the sorry and battered world, will have better luck next time. Oscar Straus is an amiable and interesting old gossip. He was enthusiastic over the covenant of the League of Nations, declaring it to be one of the grandest developments in the entire history of the human race. As Henry White said of him the other day, he was "almost indecently enthusiastic" about the covenant. Then he told a story. "Last Tuesday," he said," I was told by a high authority that the League of Nations was on the rocks." "Were you told that by a very high authority?" asked Lausanne. "I was told so by the very highest authority," answered Straus. "I said to this high authority, 'Let me try?' Then I telephoned to Leon Bourgeois, who is an old acquaintance. We met and talked a long time, going over the ground very thoroughly. Well, at 10 o'clock that evening I was able to announce to President Wilson that the League of Nations was off the rocks." Mr. Straus commented upon the death of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, just announced in the dispatches and recalled that years ago as president of New York Chamber of Commerce he had invited Sir Wilfrid, then the Canadian prime minster, to attend an important dinner and make an address. Mr. Straus presided at the dinner with Sir Wilfrid on his right and William Windom, the secretary of the United States treasury, on his left. The first speech of the evening was made by Mr. Windom who dealt with a very important financial subject and who was listened to intently and vigorously applauded from time to time. He spoke for half an hour. When he resumed his seat his head immediately fell forward and he was dead. As the proceedings, of course, were immediately suspended, Sir Wilfrid, who was to have been the next speaker, went back to Ottawa without having delivered the speech. Mr. Straus also told of an odd experience of his son's. Young Straus, a captain in the intelligence department of the American army, was sent a few months ago to an interior city in Siberia, where he was warmly received by the anti-bolshevist governor of the district. On learning his name the governor asked Captain Straus: " Are you a relative of Mr. Straus who was formerly an American cabinet officer?" "He is my father," replied the captain. "Well," said the governor, "your father saved my life." Mr. Straus proceeded with the story! "The governor told the exact truth. I did save his life and the lives of a number of other Russian political fugitives who had fled to the United States. The czar's government endeavored to have them extradited and the American attorney general agreed that they should be sent back to Russia. He convinced the American secretary of state that this action must be taken under the law. As secretary of labor I had charge of immigration matters and the secretary of state came to me for necessary order, I said 'No, our laws are for our own protection, not for the benefit of foreign governments.' The secretary of state and the attorney general insisted that these men must be deported and finally they took the matter into a cabinet meeting. I stated my position to the president [President Roosevelt] and he instantly agreed with me. Another one of those fugitives is now the anti-bolshevist governor of Archangel." I met this sturdy old Russian the other day at Mr. Crane's luncheon. In a talk with Mr. Stone after we had left the table I congratulated him on the striking interview with Clemenceau which the Associated Press secured the other day. Mr. Stone smiled and said: "I wrote that interview without having talked with or otherwise consulted Clemenceau and sent it to him. Clemenceau changed

only three words and then sent it back with this note: 'My dear Stone: Here is your interview. It has already gone by cable to America.' "

Wednesday, Feb. 19

We had early information this morning of the attempt to assassinate Clemenceau, made by a young anarchist. A Y.M.C.A. worker brought the report to the office a few minutes after the premier was shot. Seeking verification, Mr. Mowrer telephoned to the French foreign office and got no response; then to the intelligence department of the American army, where the report had not been received; then to Professor Dolliard of the Jardeau commission, who confirmed the news. Mr. Hansen went out on the story, got the essential facts and sent them by wireless, so that our story must have been one of the first to reach the United States.

Thursday, Feb. 20

Decker in Prague is still trying to get word from the Paris office. His dispatches come through all right by the Czecho-Slovak lines of communication, but he gets none of our messages in response to his appeals for instruction. This is merely a mild sample of the amazing difficulties in the way of communication among the various parts of Europe. The other day we tried to send a telegram to Zangheri in Trieste and it would not be accepted in Paris, the explanation being made that there was no way of sending a telegram from this city to Trieste. We had to mail the message to Mr. Bell in London, who had no difficulty in sending it on by wire. Czarnecki's articles from Poland come through by courier along with dispatches for the American peace commission. The other day Major Shelby came to the office with some of Czarnecki's articles dealing with the situation in Lemberg and drew a little sketch for me of the remarkable military position of that beleagured city. The Ukrainian forces have surrounded it except that they are being held away from the railroad connecting Lemberg with Cracow, though at one point there is a gap of only four kilometers separating the two wings of the besiegers. Every train entering or leaving the city is subject to bombardment. The water supply, as well as the gas and electric current is cut off. The city has obtained its water for some weeks from a few wells and from rain and snow. The bombardment of the city continues daily unless it has stopped within the last few days.

Friday, Feb. 21.

At the White Star line office I learn to-day that the Adriatic's sailing has been postponed until March 1 and that I shall have to go aboard at Liverpool, as the vessel is no longer is carrying American troops, having passed into the hands of the Canadian government for troop transport purposes. Doubtless the ship will touch at Halifax on its way to New York. I shall have to begin at once to get ready to go to England.

Saturday, Feb. 22.

Washington's birthday has nearly closed up the Hotel de Crillon. Noel and I took lunch there to-day on our way to the prefecture of police after I had been to the American passport office to make a preliminary application for a visa. I shall have to call there again on Monday to complete the process. At the prefecture of police Noel and I ran into a huge mob of Belgians who are seeking permits to return to their own country. The mob proved absolutely impenetrable, so I left my passport and will go back at 9 o'clock Monday morning when the doors are opened in the hope of getting ahead of the mob. In the British permit office I was told that I could get a permit to go to England by way of Boulogne and Fokestone – which is a one-day trip whereas the Havre-Southampton route requires two days – so I bought my ticket to London at Cook's Agency and Noel got me a reservation on next Thursday's train, so I feel that I am making progress in unwinding the official red tape that obstructs travel in Europe. It is accepted here that one must devote at least two days to the task of getting ready to make a trip from any one country to any other. The reason obviously is that European governments, and the American government in a scarcely less degree, are systematically endeavoring to discourage travel of every sort and in any direction.

Sunday, Feb. 23.

For the first time since I have been in Paris the day was sunny and warm. After weeks of almost constant rain, occasionally broken by cold, raw and cloudy weather, this beautiful Sunday has been a real treat to the people of Paris. Unfortunately Mrs. Mowrer has the influenza, so I had to take my walk alone. I started at the Pont Neuf and walked through the Ile de la Cite, stopping again in the open air bird market which I had seen during various other walks. Here a great variety of birds are offered for sale, including little crested birds that I do not remember to have seen elsewhere. Many kinds of seeds and grains suitable for birds are also on sale. Passing to the side and rear of Notre Dame cathedral I crossed the bridge to the Ile St. Louis, where I had never been before. This small island is thickly covered with ancient houses, through the middle of it runs the narrow Rue St. Louis en l'Ile, bordered by ancient shops, with occasional gates through which one obtains glimpses of courtyards and dwellings, some of them of attractive architecture of former centuries. At the farther end of the island the bridge of the Boulevard Sully leads one to the Boulevard St. Germain and I had quickly plunged into the maze of streets beyond. In this region are many important institutions, including the Pantheon and the historic old church of Ste. Genevieve. I clung to the narrow streets, however, as I wished to see all I could of the life in this old quarter of Paris. Here as in the Marais on last Sunday I passed many small butcher shops where flayed carcasses of horses were exposed for sale. Indeed, horse meat and mutton alone seemed to be plentiful in these shops. Among the quaint names of ancient thoroughfares that I encountered were the Street of the Iron Pot, the Street of the Wooden Sword, the Street of the Abbé of the Sword, the Street of the Hermit's Well, the Street of Clovis, The Street of the Key and the Street of Sore Feet. This last

named thoroughfare I found to run up and over a considerable hill and to be paved with rough cobblestones, so that it seemed to be appropriately described by its name. In the Rue Mouffetard the open air merchants had full sway. I walked for a quarter of a mile or so among barrows filled with all manner of eatable and clothing and second hand utensils of every sort. Patched old shoes and shoes with wooden soles were on sale, as well as every sort of article of household use that one might mention. These open air markets are found in various quarters of Paris, as on the Boulevard de Sebastopol and the Rue St. Honoré. The most beautiful of them is, of course, the famous flower market at the Madelsine, this market has now become a delight with its enormous masses of violets and roses and many other kinds of blooms, including a little yellow flower, which seems to be abundant all winter, as I saw masses of it on a vine draping a broken wall in the shell shatter city of St. Quentin late in January. Though there is plenty of poverty on display in the quaint streets through which I walked to-day I did not gain from them any such impression of savage squalor as I did in some of the streets I saw during last Sunday's walk. However, the difference between to-day's brilliant sunshine and last Sunday's steady drizzle may have been reflected in my own mind.

Monday, Feb. 24.

Mr. Noel and I were at the prefecture of police bright and early this morning, where with comparatively little trouble and delay I secured the proper stamp on my passport, since we got ahead of the crowd and mine was in the nature of unfinished business left over form Saturday. Then we hastened to the British permit office and there I was authorized to travel to England by way of Boulogne in order to take ship at Liverpool after I had displayed my steamship ticket. This completes my list of official calls until I reach London, when I shall have to make some more.

Tuesday, Feb. 25.

Leland Summers, a Chicago engineer who has been in Paris for a year or more in charge of the work of apportioning supplies among the allied nations as the representative of Mr. Baruch, who has only recently come to France, told me to-day some of his experiences in settling controversies having vital bearing on the prosecution of the war. When he came to Paris, he said, there were four questions that particularly demanded his immediate attention. While the American government had granted to the British government the same prices for steel and other essential commodities that the American government itself was paying it could obtain no relief from paying enormous prices for Indian jute, Australian wool, tin from Singapore and certain commodities shipped from Archangel under British control. He had been instructed by Mr. Baruch to settle these matters quickly, the jute and wool questions being peculiarly acute. Jute is the cheapest of all commercial fibers and therefore is used for many kinds of bagging in which products of innumerable sorts are shipped. The United States was being required to pay seven times as much for jute as the commercial price before the war and four times as much as the British government was then paying. To his demands for relief

the British officials replied that they could not coerce the Indian government, which was free to do as it pleased in regard to Indian commodities. The same was true, they said, of Australian wool and Singapore tin, "Very well," replied Summers. "If you cannot coerce the Indian government we can and will. The United States has just supplied the Indian government with $125,000,000 in silver and it has been steadily co-operating with that government to maintain the rate of exchange. It will take other measures at once. Further, we must have jute and we must have Australian wool for the manufacture of uniforms for our soldiers, but if the British government will not help us to get these products at the same prices that it pays for them there is no reason why it should receive special privileges in American markets, so from to-day your government will pay the market prices for what it buys. If we must pay out $50,000,000 in overcharges on the goods we require you will have to pay $150,000,000 extra on American steel and the other purchases you make in the United States." Lord Reading sent for him and asked him whether he really intended to have the British government understand that he was in earnest. He replied that he had the necessary authority from Mr. Baruch to carry out the program he had announced and that it was already in effect. "That afternoon", said Summers, "there was a special meeting of the British cabinet and at that meeting the United States government was granted the special prices on jute and wool and tin and products from Archangel that it had asked." Mr. Summers takes a gloomy view of labor conditions in France, Great Britain and Italy, declaring that the employers of labor in those countries lack initiative, that their factory machinery is out of date and that they are not in a condition to compete in the world's markets now that they must pay higher wages and grant a shorter working day to their employees. He made the prediction that within five years every important corporation in the United States would have a representative of labor on its board of directors. He spoke with admiration of the ability and fairness of certain trade union leaders with whom he had been associated in his war work at Washington, though he said that in the past he had bitterly fought strikes in Cripple Creek and elsewhere because he believed that the strikers' demands were unjust.

Wednesday, Feb. 26.

There is a big fish store in the Rue Cambon which fascinates me by the displays in its show windows. There daily it has a new grouping of many varieties of fish, such as mullet, speckled trout, sole, turbot and many more. In another great show window it displays oysters large, small and medium, sea urchins (these spiny horrors are eaten in France) crabs, lobsters, snails, truffles (why truffles, since they grow on land?) and other objects more or less rare and more less good to eat. By the way, I discover that I have become sufficiently Parisian to stop frequently and stare with crowds of poilus, well dressed Frenchmen in frock coats and tall hats, workmen in blouses and stout women with baskets on their arms at any display of things to eat. It is a habit one gets in Paris, things to eat being so expensive. While staring one day at the display of fish I discovered that next door was a restaurant where the serving of bouillibase was a specialty. Also the serving of oysters. Having in mind Thackeray's poem about the bouillibase he used to eat in the Rue des Petits Champs

and having searched in that street and elsewhere in vain for the dish, I was keen to try it here. So Hansen and I came here for luncheon to-day. We found an admirably equipped restaurant and we had a good luncheon of which the main ingredients were a dish of eggs and truffles and bouillibase. The latter was served in a huge bowl from which we ladled all we could eat. The fish was in chunks almost as big as my fist and there were also immersed in the thick pot liquor an abundance of little black shellfish half as long as my thumb, shells and all being included. The morsel of meat which one plucked out of the gaping shells was toothsome and the fish which one picked to fragments with one's spoon was tender and delicious and the liquid in which it swam was full of flavor which I fancy came in large measure from the shellfish, but my uneducated taste may have deceived me in this respect. I was tempted again to try a dish of snails, but I resisted the temptation, having been assured my Mr. Mowrer that a snail is as tough as rubber and has no particular flavor though it is usually served in a delicious sauce. He told me of one American, however, who found snails exactly to his taste at the first trial and every day thereafter during his stay in Paris regularly ordered his half dozen snails for dinner by way of an appetizer. I like the French oysters and I think I could easily become very fond of them. One variety has a greenish look and a brassy taste which causes them to find favor with many persons. Three or four Americans, including Mrs. Bass and John McCutcheon, assured me that they distinctly preferred these brassy oysters to any that one can get in the United States. Another French dainty that McCutcheon confessed a special weakness for is a paste of chestnuts which is served much as one serves thick sweetened creams in the United States. It is really delicious and may be purchased in the shops where delicacies are sold.

Thursday, Feb. 27

This morning at 11 o'clock Mowrer and Noel helped me get away from the Gare du Nord for Boulogne on my way to London. For some reason the train was not much more than half filled. The only other occupant of my compartment was a pleasant youngish Englishman who told me that he resided in Paris eleven years and had missed only one of the air raids. He spoke of the unprogressiveness of the Frence in sanitary matters and of the great need of the laboring classes for proper housing. Outside of Paris, he said, there was little main drainage. His own house is in an especially good suburb of Paris, but when he put in a bathroom and running water there was nowhere for the waste water to run but down the street gutter. The examination of luggage and passports at Boulogne was a simple matter, we having reached that city in good time after passing through Amiens, which has been badly smashed by shellfire and aerial bombs. The boat to Fokestone was mainly filled by British officers. The channel was smooth though the wind was keen and cold. As we approached the pier at Fokestone some Englishman with an astonishingly clear and powerful voice shouted from it to the officers on board a long list of explicit directions as to what they should do and how they should do it in order that they might land with proper expedition. No such favor was shown to unfortunate aliens, who were left to discover when turned back fro the gangplank or in some other manner that their passports were subject to examination by a leisurely band of

British officials in the smoking room of the boat. By the time that formality had been attended to the British officers had departed for London on a train specially provided for them and the British civilians had departed on a second train. A third train awaited those lost sheep, the aliens. I got a seat in the dining car and procured a passable meal which I washed down with a glass of indifferent cider. I had had a much better luncheon on the train to Boulogne. There the passengers were served with system and expedition from hors d'oevres to dessert. The plates were dealt to each by an expert dealer. Then each course was served in turn by a skilled equilibrist passing down the aisle and dealing a suitable portion to everyone. If you did not like what you got, so much the worse for you. Fortunately for me, I liked what I got and so I ate it dutifully. But now we were on our way to Victoria station, where we arrived about 9 o'clock. By tipping a tall and impressive looking policeman I induced him to load my luggage on his truck and take it into the street within hailing distance of a cabstand. I told the porter that I wanted to go to the Savoy hotel, though realizing that the chance of my getting a room there was so small as to be nearly negligible. The porter lied handsomely, declaring that I had a room already engaged when the cabman declined to haul me otherwise, since he did not wish to be involved in an all night hunt over London for lodgings for a friendless stranger. Arrived at the Savoy I put on a bold front and asked to be shown to the room that a friend had engaged for me. A search of the records showed to my alleged surprise that no room awaited me. I pointed out that I had just arrived from Paris and that I had to sleep somewhere and that evidently somebody had made a mistake about that room. The clerk thought deeply. Then he announced that the hotel had one suite of bedroom, sitting room and bathroom that I might occupy that night if I would agree to vacate it early to-morrow without fail. How early? Well, say noon or possibly 1 o'clock. I took the suite eagerly and went back to my cabman, causing his cold eyes of suspicion to glow with happiness by telling him that he might unload my luggage. I had really hoped Mr. Bell had engaged a room for me at the Savoy as he did last December but the communications are so bad between London and Paris that my letter of last Monday and my telegram of last Tuesday may not yet have reached him. Anyway, I have lodgings for the night and they are luxurious lodgings at that and the night view of the Thames, the obelisk and the embankment from my windows is so beautiful that I have been standing and staring at it for the last ten minutes.

Friday, Feb. 28.

Breakfast this morning at the Savoy presented the novelty of bread secured without a bread ticket, but there was a woeful lack of sweetening in my pot of chocolate. However, that is a minor sorrow. I am told by the clerk at the office that I am still doomed to be cast into the street at 1 o'clock, but if I wish to do so I may inquire again just before noon on the remote possibility that he can do something for me then. His tone of finality is so convincing that I go out into the streets of London and inquire for a room at other hotels. "Nothing before the twenty-seventh of March," is a typical answer. As I wanted the room for the twenty-eighth of February such answers did me no good. Going to The Daily News office I found Mr. Bell, who told

me that he had vainly toured the hotels in my behalf yesterday afternoon and then had ceased his search at train time to meet me at Victoria. He had seen the train of British officers come in, had searched for me among the civilians on the second train and then, having been told that there would be no more trains from Fokestone that night, had given me up and gone home. As he was ill with the influenza and had a good deal of fever I urged him to leave the office and go home and go to bed. I had brought him a Corona typewriter from Paris, which I knew he needed for his work while traveling, but I told him I would bring it around later. After a brief talk in which he expressed great anxiety about the British labor situation Mr. Bell went home and I walked through Cockspur street toward Piccadilly Circus and Regent street to visit the American consulate general in Cavendish square for the necessary visa on my passport. First, however, I called at the Savoy hotel and was graciously told that I could have my room one more night. Therefore I felt considerable relief and enjoyed my walk through the crescent of Regent street, stopping at Verrey's, a very good cafe, for a luncheon of sole and deviled kidneys and rolled pancakes. I got my visa with no difficulty. Then I went to Bow street to notify the police of my arrival and proposed departure, so that their record of my wanderings in Europe, begun as the result of my two necessary visits last December, might be complete. Having thus finished my enforced calls I took the underground to Euston station, purchased my ticket for to-morrow morning's boat train for Liverpool and then went back to the office. Henry Kitchell Webster was there working on an article. As there was no heat in his hotel and one can have a grate fire in one's hotel room only on a doctor's certificate, he comes to the office to do his writing. In the evening he took dinner with me at the Cheshire Cheese, Dr. Samuel Johnson's old inn in Fleet street, which preserves as fully possible its flavor of Johnsonian days and at the same time serves very good meals. From there we went to the Savoy hotel and sat talking for some time. Mr. Webster related his adventures in getting permanently settled in a hotel. The process required several weeks and was marked by several enforced changes of hotels before he got himself so adjusted to the British system that its Juggernaut ceased to roll over him. He told of two friends of his who were able to stay a week in London by routing themselves through four different hotels, one of the four a particularly undesirable hole. By careful investigation, Mr. Webster said, he had discovered that the methods of London hotel managers are not as insane as they seem to the harried and bewildered stranger. In the first place, a number of the largest hotels in the city were taken over by the British government for war uses and are still occupied by the government. These include the three huge hotels in Northumberland street formerly so popular with Americans. Thus a serious shortage of accommodations for guests has been created. Then the needs of British and dominion officers stopping in London must be supplied. Finally, the best and steadiest patrons of the London hotels are people all over the British isles who come to the city frequently or at least once a year, who return time after time to their favorite hotels of which they are therefore regular patrons and who commonly engage their quarter some days in advance. If, however, they come to the city unexpectedly they still hold the position of favored patrons. Thus it comes about that the chance American flitting through London has to put up with what he can get and has reason to be thankful when he gets it. While we were talking Mr. Gunlach of

Chicago whom I have known for years and who was a classmate of Mr. Webster's at Harvard, came in from the Savoy dining room and spoke to us. He has been in Great Britain for three weeks as a member of an American official commission to investigate labor conditions. He said that Mr. D. E. Felt, also of Chicago, another member of the commission, had learned from Mr. Bell that I was the Savoy and wanted to see me. Mr. Webster said good-by and departed and Mr. Gunlach took me up to the suite of rooms occupied by the members of the commission, where I talked with him and Mr. Felt for some time. Mr. Felt told me many things about their investigations into labor unrest in England and Scotland which apparently is acute as Lloyd George and other members of the government have publicly said many times of late. The efforts that are being made to improve matters by conferences between employers and workers seem to be regarded hopefully by English authorities on the subject. The need of greater frankness and a greater degree of trust on both sides is very apparent. The commission is now preparing its report. It expects to go to France within a day or two to continue its investigations there. Mr. Felt told me that he had in his pocket a clipping of the cable dispatch that I sent describing my trip through the devastated regions of France and that the members of the commission were trying to secure permission and facilities for making the same trip.

Saturday, March 1.

I reached Euston station in good time this morning, securing a seat in a first class compartment of the Liverpool boat train with my luggage around me at least half an hour before the strain started on the minute – 9:30 o'clock. The usual crowd of passengers and multitudes of friends were on the platform till the last warning call separated them. The ride was uneventful through a country only mildly interesting – Pastboard boxes containing a meager luncheon were sold on the train with ginger-beer or soda water to wash it down. The lunch baskets containing an excellent cold luncheon that I remember in other years has given way to an unpalatable mess consisting of two thin ham sandwiches, a cold and clammy fish cutlet, two crackers with a shaving of cheese between them and a small sour orange. This is rationing with a vengeance. I had a precisely similar luncheon out of a pasteboard box on the train that took me from Liverpool to London, so that I know the horrible fish cutlet was not an accident by a deliberate affront. War has brought into existence few greater horrors than that fish cutlet. We got to Liverpool and flitted aboard the Adriatic with no further formality than the perfunctory stamping of our passports on the pier. I found my stateroom comfortable. Then I went out on deck to watch the embarking of the Canadian soldiers who are going home on the ship. It was worth watching. They marched with rifles and full equipment along an elevated passageway in full view from the vessel, then down a long covered passageway to the pier and up the gang plank to their quarters. There are sections of two famous organizations, the Royal Canadian regiment and the Canadian Highlanders. The latter wear kilts and Tam O'Shanters with a little cockade of red feathers. Both have had very heavy losses of officers and men during the war. While they were embarking a band played lively music on the pier and the band of bagpipers and

drummers of the highlanders played part of the time. The embarking of passengers and the loading of baggage was completed by six o'clock and then the Adriatic started on her voyage to New York via Halifax.

Sunday, March 2.

The first class passengers are in the main officers of the Canadian army, but there is also a sprinkling of American business men and returning Y.M.C.A. and red cross workers and also Canadian and English civilians. There are comparatively few women on board. Everybody is a stranger to me. One very pleasant Y.M.C.A. young man with whom I have talked was in Germany for a number of months before the United States entered the war looking after allied prisoners. Later he was stationed in France and still later he has been at Eagle Hut in London. Another Y.M.C.A. man has been stationed for a good many months in Liverpool, helping to look after the swarms of American soldiers who have passed through that port. We were assigned to our permanent places at table to-day after breakfast. At my table are three young American business men, a young Englishman who is on his way to Australia and two other young men. The three Americans told me that they had had no bookings on the Adriatic but as they were very anxious to get home they had gone to Liverpool determined to get on board even if they had to go in the steerage and it so happened that three Canadian officers failed to appear so these three men got the berths thus unexpectedly left vacant.

Monday, March 3.

The weather is fairly mild and the sea smooth, so that the ship has run 388 miles in the last twenty-four hours. At luncheon to-day appeared for the first the occupant of the chair to my right at the table in the dining saloon. She proves to be a scared looking little woman from south Wales who is going to Seattle to join her husband. He went thither six years ago in bad health, is now well and his wife is now crossing the Atlantic for the first time to join him.

Tuesday, March 4.

The weather is pleasant though a bit cold. There was a dance on deck to-night, canvas having been stretched along the side of the ship. The music was furnished by a military band. This band also played at dinner to-night. One of the captains of the Royal Canadian regiment told me some of his experiences. In one charge he and two other officers were the only surviving officers of his battalion. He was also in the first German gas attack, where the French black colonials ran like scared deer and the Canadians saved the day at heavy cost to themselves. The captain was present at a parade of troops when a German aeroplane, very high up, dropped a bomb in the thick of the men and killed ninety, thus, as he said, greatly increasing his respect for German bombing planes. He also told a story of a number of Indian soldiers who having been gassed, were removed one night to cots in the chapel of a convenient monastery. The monks in this monastery wore long white robes and

when they went in a body next morning to chapel the frightened black soldiers leaped from their cots and fled in one direction while the equally startled monks fled in another.

Wednesday, March 5.

The Canadian soldiers have drills and setting up exercises on their deck every forenoon. Many of the exercises consist of hearty games in great variety, including much running and leapfrogging. One game which they call "cockalorum" consists of two soldiers mounted on the shoulders of two other soldiers trying to pull each other off. Another amusing game tests the men's quickness. A glove is laid on the deck and the two men approach from opposite sides, each trying to stoop and pick up the glove without being pushed over by the other. The men also form in two long rows facing each other with the hands of each couple firmly clasped in cat's cradle fashion. Then one of the soldiers flings himself on the clasped hands at one end of the line and is flung along to the other end if he looks sharp and keeps his head well up, otherwise he goes headfirst presently to the deck. There are also numerous tugs of war of various kinds. An American passenger on board who says he has crossed the ocean several times with American troops comments upon the close relations that seem to exist between Canadian officers and their men as compared with the aloofness of American officers. He was particularly struck by the fact that a lieutenant of the highlanders to-day flung himself upon the clasped hands of his men and permitted them to toss him along in a most undignified way. This particular lieutenant is extremely popular with the soldiers. One of the soldiers of the Royal Canadian regiment said to me,"We lost an awful lot of our officers. Men too," he added as an afterthought. There was a bit of a blow this afternoon and evening and the decks were drenched with spray, white the ship did a little pitching but not much compared with the pitching that almost any other ship would have done in such a strong headwind.

Thursday, March 6.

This morning the sea was quite calm again in spite of last night's headwind. I am told that the Canadian soldiers are greatly pleased and interested because of the Canadian governments plan of making grants of land to soldiers with grants of $1,500 to enable the soldier-farmers to get the land into cultivation. Apparently Canada is going to be able to escape having a serious problem because of its returned soldiers. The Y.M.C.A. young man who was in Germany during a considerable part of the war tells me that German employers of factory labor found that returned soldiers had deteriorated seriously as workers, so that their employment was by no means profitable. He said also that Eagle Hut in London had suffered from an enormous number of thefts by returned soldiers in recent months and that evidently the general unsettlement of men who had lived the unproductive, uneconomical life of camps and trenches for years was going to bring serious consequences in Europe. He thought that the comparatively short period of army service to which American boys had been subjected would not prove nearly so

demoralizing. I think myself that the general and intense homesickness of our soldiers in France is a good sign. The fact that they have such a longing to get back to the old surroundings and the old methods of life indicates that in memory at least the familiar home condition seem very good to them. However, there is bound to be a lot of unsettlement among individuals and therefore I thing everything possible should be done to get returned soldiers on to productive farms of their own provided they have an inclination in that direction. There is another dance on board ship this evening.

Friday, March 7.

Frequent blasts from the ship's steam whistle about daylight this morning notified everybody that we were in a fog. In an hour or so the fog lifted, but it would grow thick occasionally throughout the forenoon, so that the ship roared out a warning intermittently for hours with bright sunlight breaking through the fog every now and then. A little before 11 o'clock I noticed a peculiar rainbow in the fog on the north side of the ship. It rose in an arch from the water at the ship's very side and was tilted outward from the ship at an angle of 45 degrees. I had always thought of the end of the rainbow as something remote and unattainable but both ends of this rainbow were rubbing the ship's very side. I am sorrowfully compelled to record that there was no pot of gold at either end, for I particularly looked to see. Thus is exploded another fine old legend. A ship's officer told me that this special kind of rainbow is common in a fog at sea, so my landsman's interest in it merely exposed my ignorance. In the afternoon we ran well out of the fog and into the cold of the Labrador current, having by night the coldest weather experienced thus far on the voyage after two days of quite warm temperatures. We are running for Halifax on the extreme southern course in order to avoid ice which began coming south about six weeks earlier that usual. Thus we are running well south of the Grand Banks and passed to-day about 300 miles south of the point at which the Titanic met with disaster. There was a fancy dress ball to-night. Some of the passengers came to dinner in their ball costumes. Two young men were dressed as women and one woman was dressed as a man. We had pirates and Turks and a baseball team. One man was dressed as a bear, being completely encased in fur. The women seemed to have levied heavily upon the Canadian highlanders for articles of wearing apparel, including kilts, the women who wore these latter themselves contributing the bare knees.

Saturday, March 8.

This morning while a brisk young captain was drilling a body of Canadian highlanders on the deck I asked two of the soldiers of the regiment who were looking on the name of the officer, remarking at the same time that he was a fine, efficient young soldier. One of the soldiers replied "He is Captain _____ and he will be in a hospital a week from today?" I asked why. He answered: "He is too hard on the boys. They are disgusted with his constant drilling." I said the captain seemed to me to enter well into the spirit of the thing and to drill with the men as hard as he

made them drill. “It would be all right,” said the soldier, “if we were in camp, but here on the ship on the way home it makes the boys disgusted. Anyway, if he wants the boys to drill he might let the sergeant drill them.” This, I suppose is a typical bit of complaining on the part of a soldier. It seems to me that the brisk drills on shipboard are well calculated to return the men to their homes in fine physical condition, though doubtless men who are on the point of being discharged from the army after long and arduous service think it hard that they are made to drill up to the last moment. At luncheon to-day the young men at my table were appealing to one another to tell them what they did last night after they individually ceased to remember. It seems that liquid refreshments flowed freely in some of the staterooms in the closing hours of the fancy dress ball. The little woman from south Wales, who sat up and viewed the show, was the best authority but she wouldn’t tell. It is perhaps well to record here that I went to bed at 9:30 last night.

Sunday, March 9.

We steamed into Halifax harbor about sunrise this morning and sat around in the middle of that fine landlocked basin until nearly 10 o’clock before proceeding to a fine new government pier to unload our troops. Meanwhile Halifax woke up and began to send out delegations on seagoing tugs to greet us. Among the first to arrive was a delegation with a military band. Then came a delegation with a megaphone through which to sing to us. Then came a tug loaded with real Canadian girls who stood around and looked and waved their muffs. The girls made the biggest hit and the least noise. Finally when the waterfront had blossomed out with bunting the Adriatic started for its allotted pier and every steam whistle in Halifax began to scream. The population was all down at the water’s edge to wave little British flags and generally to register joy and hospitality. Everything about the welcome was warm except the weather and there was plenty of Nova Scotia sunshine just off the ice. The soldiers on shipboard and the soldiers on the wharf who had been sent home with arms or legs missing or otherwise in bad repair exchanged “hello-old-boys” across the intervening ribbon of salt water until the ship had been properly warped into place and the gang plank had been adjusted with all due ceremony. Then the soldiers of the Royal Canadian regiment, which seemed to be tremendously popular with the crowds on shore, began to straggle ashore. The men were in heavy marching order and wore their trench helmets and with their rifles, their dunnage bags, their haversacks and their other possessions dangling about them they had no easy time going down the gangplank without falling and breaking their necks. Two sick soldiers were carried ashore on stretchers. Then a lot of discharged sailors went ashore and then a bunch of cavalrymen with their spurs very much in evidence. It was all a sort of go as you please until it came time for the highlanders to make their exit. Then the regimental drummers and bagpipers formed on the pier, the man with the big drum and the leopard skin pinafore in the middle of the formation, and began to play the highlanders down the gangplank. They came in solid column of twos and made quick work of it, the bagpipes yelling at them and the man with the big drum beating it in time while performing impossible feats of jugglery with his padded drumsticks. Then the show was over

for us and at 1 o'clock the Adriatic quit the wharf and steamed away in the teeth an icy wind. Halifax, viewed from the harbor, is a well built city, with streets climbing from the water up to considerable hills a little distance inland. The harbor and the harbor entrance are excellent and promise to result in the city's becoming a great port. Stretching seaward from the city on each side of the harbor are frostbitten forests of evergreen that only sparsely cover the succession of low rounded hills which look like so many semi-bald heads submerged above the tips of the ears. In the crevices of the hills were visible scanty patches of snow. Much wonder was expressed by those who know the country then they saw that it was not buried in snow to the depth of three or four feet as it ordinarily is at this time of the year. At the end of luncheon we were just steaming out of the harbor mouth and all the passengers, men and women, who remain the ship after the Halifax exodus, came out in the bitter wind on deck to have a look. Most of the women came out smoking their after luncheon cigarettes. Though I had seen women smoking individually or in little groups in the lounge all through the voyage I had not realized before how general was the practice. Of course in the cafés and hotels of Paris and London it is almost as common to see women smoking cigarettes as it is to see men smoking them and the sight is no novelty in New York and Chicago, but I am beginning to think that women returning from Europe furnish the largest percentage of smokers to be found anywhere. In England, however, the school girls now seem to smoke cigarettes along with their mothers and grandmothers, so perhaps the consumption of tobacco by women on board ship is not much above the fixed European standard. While in Halifax harbor I looked in vain for signs of the great disaster caused a year and more ago to an outlying portion of the city when a munition ship exploded near by. There was an abundance of shore displaying scattered small houses, but I could discover nobody who could identify for me the locality where stood the houses that were smashed and then burned, causing so many deaths and so much suffering.

Monday, March 10.

This has been a day of brilliant sunshine and fresh breezes that have been cold but not so cold as were the Nova Scotia winds of yesterday. The flying spray gave us a profusion of broken rainbows and the big waves set the ship to rolling more than on any other day of the voyage. The deck outside my window has been strangely quiet, for it was the troop deck and the soldiers have now departed. The noises in my stateroom and about the ship generally – the squeaks of the timbers and the general quaking and cackling and shuffling and tramping which go with the motion of the vessel in a lively sea – were particularly vociferous. One wakes in the night and one's stateroom is full of persistent conversation, little apologetic squeaks trying to get in a word here and there among the big aggressive ill natured squeaks, with here and there a scraping of heels and a general changing of positions. Mr. Webster told me that the noises in his stateroom on the Mauretania going over were so loud that sometimes he could not sleep. The many and loquacious squeaks in my stateroom do not bother me. They are quaint and seem inclined to become peevish now and then, but usually they gabble away hour after hour because they have so many things to tell one another. In the main, so far as I can make out, it is not ill natured

gossip, either. About noon today a big vessel with four funnels crossed our bows and then walked away from us as if we were standing still instead of moving at a good pace. It was the Mt. Vernon, one of the big German liners seized by the United States government. Presumably it was bound from Brest to New York loaded with returning soldiers.

Tuesday, March 11.

We loafed past Sandy Hook about 8 o'clock this morning in a slight mist, crawled into the Narrows and cast anchor. It seems there is a strike on harbor tugs and so the Adriatic will have to proceed to her wharf under her own steam when the tide is right. The hour set for the adventure is 1:30 o'clock. The custom house officers are operating in the lounge, looking over passports, studying passengers' declarations of purchases made abroad and stamping landing cards. The voyage is over and the problem of getting off the ship without swimming ashore now rests with the moon, which seems to be responsible for the tides. As this diary of a trip abroad deals only with terrestrial affairs this seems to be the proper place to bring it to a close.

In the early pages of this book I recorded my impressions of Geoffry Dawson, editor of the London Times. A few days before I left Paris his resignation was announced. A disagreement with Lord Northcliffe as to policy was given as the reason.

In Paris Frederick W. Wile of the London Daily Mail called on me. I sent him to Europe about twenty years ago and he represented The Record in Berlin for several years until Lord Northcliffe hired him for the Daily Mail. I also met in Paris the editor of the Paris edition of the Daily Mail whose name I do not now recall. He told me that he began his newspaper career in Chicago on The Daily News about twenty-five years ago. Lord Northcliffe himself was not in Paris while I was there. He was at Cap Martin suffering from a bronchial affection, but I met him in Chicago a year or so ago.

The day before I left Paris J.M. Erwin called on me. I hired him out of Marshall Field & Co.'s wholesale store years ago to be the first reporter of bicycling in Chicago when the bicycling craze was reaching its height. Later he went to Paris to engage in the bicycle business. He has been in the Red Cross service for the last year. He tells me that he is married to a French wife, that he much prefers living in France to living in the United States and that he expects to remain there the rest of his life.

The Diary ends with a newspaper picture of Geoffrey Dawson and a newspaper article The Editorship of the "Times" on why Geoffrey Dawson left the Times. I made a copy attached.