

February 22, 1916.—Washington's Birthday, and numerous calls, the aldermen of Brussels coming to sign the book. Lemonnier came, and stayed an hour; much interesting gossip—after he made his little formal speech of felicitation and sat down. He spoke of the increasing suffering on the part of the population of the city; the children in school, it is noted by the teachers, cannot pay as strict attention as is their wont, because they are often hungry; working-men are growing thin; the soup is not so nourishing. There is no butter, no potatoes, and so on. Lemonnier was led by me to talk rather freely of Max. He will say nothing against him, but it is plain that he feels the slights and the criticism from which he constantly suffers, and the incessant praise of Max. I tried to comfort him. He says Max, who is now at Celle Schloss, about fifty kilometres from Hanover, is purposely quartered with his guards in order not to have his martyrdom dimmed by soft treatment. Von der Lancken did allow that to escape him. Von Sauberzweig treats Lemonnier with crass insolence and brutality; in writing him does not even observe the common forms of civility, and is forever complaining that the policemen do not properly salute German officers in the streets, do not click their heels together in the German fashion, do not raise their hand to their képis four steps before leaving the office, nor keep it there until they have taken four steps past him, and so on. Lemonnier talked too of the big offensives the Germans are about to undertake; he said a letter from a German officer refers to it as the "*letzste Schlag*."