

Sunday, April 29, 1917.—The 1000th day of the war.

Loafed most of the day—painting awhile this afternoon.

Tonight Sir Francis and Lady Villiers¹ gave a dinner here at the hotel—fourteen covers. Took out Mme. Ansel, a charming Frenchwoman, wife of Havre deputy. General Nicholson, commanding the British base here,² very handsome in his khaki, among the guests, and Admiral Didelot, Governor of Havre, a distinguished looking French naval officer, in uniform.

After dinner talking to van der Elst.³ He had never heard of my having refused the post at Petrograd; thought it *très chic*. Evident that much that America and Americans have done in Belgium has been kept from the King, and the Government here. ... A curious coincidence. We fell to talking of Caillaux. At the time of the Agadir incident, van der Elst had talked with Floto, the German minister to Brussels. Van der Elst had said, when Floto asked him what he thought of it, "It means war." "No," said

¹ Sir Francis Villiers, British Minister to the Belgian Government.

² The port of Havre had been turned over to the British as a base. Docks and warehouses were crowded with British supplies. A steady stream of British and Dominion troops poured in, and another steady stream of British wounded poured out.

³ Baron van der Elst of the Belgian Foreign Office.

Floto, bringing down his foot with a smart stamp. "When you wish to discuss something with a man it is well to draw his attention by first treading on his toes." Then of Caillaux: "We are in agreement," whispered Floto. I told van der Elst what von der Lancken told me one day at Brussels of his relations with Caillaux at the time of the Agadir incident. It was a striking piece of dovetailing of circumstantial evidence.