

*November 25, 1918.*—This morning who but Francqui should arrive to see me. "How glad I am to see you," he cried. He is now at Spa, on a financial mission, with the representatives of the Allies and the Germans who are carrying out the terms of the armistice. Gave me in his clever way a picture of the scene in the hall of a vast hotel—American, British, French, Belgian generals, laughing, smoking, talking; General von Winterfeldt and the German delegation arrive, bow, salute; their salutes are returned—and that's all. No one will speak to them or shake hands with them.

“The reply is, no!” is the curt reply to every request they make. Villalobar came while Francqui was here—it seemed like old times!