

ogists began to derive Belgium from Belial and Belphegor and other leading Lucifuges of the hierarchy of the Pit. King Cleopold, who was really a foolish kindly old gentleman with a taste in petticoats, the spit of a hundred *vieux marcheurs* in any Pall Mall club, was compared to all the Roman emperors from Caligula and Nero to Justinian and Diocletian. And now it is 'gallant little Belgium,' and '*les braves Belges*,' and enough about heroes and martyrs to make any decent man vomit!

"Anything the Belgians may have got they asked for. *Flagellum qui meruit ferat!*"

How different is the British view of France now from what it was before the war. Here is British opinion of France before and after the war:

"We thank God that we are not as other men. Humph! If the French are being beaten, they have only themselves to blame. Does one expect a Leonidas from France?"

"Outside the sacred Mount of Parnassus, where dwell Rodin and Anatole France and a few more, what names does one know but names of scandal? Eiffel, and Reinach, and Dreyfus, and Henry, and du Paty de Clam, and de Lesseps, and Meyer, and Mme. Humbert, and Mme. Steinheil, and Mme. Caillaux. Since 1870 the history of France is a history of mean and mostly unintelligible squabble, fringed with Jesuitry and pseudo-Mason intrigue, a viler, an obscurer money-grubbery than even that of Haussmann and the Second Empire. In all the labyrinth of French group-politics is there a name unsmirched by what in any other country would be felony?"

"What sort of an army is it whose officers conspire wholesale against the state and have to be bought over by a bourse-ridden republic whose chief magistrate can be smacked publicly in the face at a race-course and not dare to retaliate, the pretenders to whose throne can allow their conspirators to culminate and at the last moment fear to show themselves, so that all their followers are thrown into prison—when a single bold push would have set them on the throne?"

"Calmette, the *Bel-ami* journalist, who by trickery and treason makes himself the greatest power in French journalism, threatens to expose the master blackmailer, to unmask the 'impregnable' frontier fortresses that are still armed with the guns of 1872; he is murdered by a woman who in England would be considered as a doubtful starter in any concourse of moderately respectable demi-