

meant to keep it in the family, and would have waited patiently for quite a seemly interval for her old slippers—waited in fact until they threatened through the footling superannuated dame's neglect to fall to pieces too much for their obvious destiny in the divine plan of the universe of being refitted by the master cobbler's Imperial hand into a pair of Prussian jack-boots to kick her finally into the decent grave and which she had occupied with one foot so long! Grandmother England to join Russia against Deutschland, Deutschland, über alles! "Es war zum rasen." The mob of patriots gathered round the English legation breathing fire and slaughter, and threatening to leave not one stone upon another of that hated house. Meantime the German ambassador was leaving London in perfect peace, amid regretful leave takings and *Aufwiedersehens* with a flower in his button-hole and boxes of chocolate and cigarettes, the parting gifts of his English friends. But if his people, who had imagined a vain thing, now raged, as their kaiser in that serious strain of somewhat supererogatory truculence so like him, with which he chastened his apology for them, bade the too unobservant English Ambassador remark and tremble—what was the storm of lacerated feelings which tore that monarch's own mighty heart! He had often shed the light of his royal smiles upon the people of England; he had dissembled his scorn at reviews of their dwarfish army, and magnificently kept their trains waiting for him, eaten their bread and even with a rueful smile of guest-friendship done violence to his German gorge with their terrific Bass's Beer, and so prepared their weak eyes against the full dawn of the Hohenzollern effulgence over them. And now they had raised the mulish heel against him, just when he thought he was sure of a drugged and dazed benevolence of fatuous inaction. No wonder he tore the English orders from his swelling breast, and trampled the gold-braid of his English uniforms in the dust, bidding the cowering Ambassador tell his master that that was what the kaiser thought of him. Little William is a born play-actor and cannot resist the histrionic possibilities of such a situation. But he is a prophet, too, and I have no doubt he took an English hussar-jacket and tore it