

mans are a wonderful military people. They were fighting like giants whilst you in England were still slacking. But it is Germany herself, or rather her sons and friends, who have destroyed her chances for her. Fischer, for instance," he went on, fingering his wineglass. "I have always looked upon Oscar Fischer as a brilliant and far-seeing man. He was one of those who set themselves deliberately to win America for the Germans. A more idiotic bungle than he has made of things I could scarcely conceive. He has reproduced the diplomatic methods which have made Germany unpopular throughout the world. He has tried bullying, cajolery, and falsehood, and last of all he has plunged into crime. No German-American will henceforth ever have weight in the counsels of this country. I do not mind confessing," Mr. Hastings continued, as he himself filled his guest's glass and then his own, "that I myself was at one time powerfully attracted towards the Teuton cause. They are a nation wonderful in science, wonderful in warfare, with strong and admirable national characteristics. Yet they are going to lose this war through sheer lack of tact, for the want of that kindliness, that generosity of temperament, which exists and makes friends in nations as in individuals. The world for Germany, you know, and hell for her enemies! . . . But I am keeping you."

Lutchester drank his wine and rose to his feet.

"Pamela is sitting on the rocks there," Mr. Hastings observed. "I think that she wants to sail you over to Misery Island. We get some unearthly meal