

Japanese War in February 1904; and the Hull outrage last October. In the eighteen months interval between the first and last events, M. Joseph Prudhomme has entirely reconstructed his philosophy of the *haute politique*. It is as all-embracing and final as ever, but the solutions of every problem in European politics which it propounds could not have been suggested in 1902 without stirring it to that patriotic emotion which transposes a serene philosophy into a generous fury. The portentous dogmatisms with which the air of political Paris cafés is thick to-day are utterly different to the dogmatisms which permeated the atmosphere of two years ago. That is the great change which has come over French public opinion. We experience similar transformations in England, though our "man in the street" talks less large, using fewer Latin derivatives. In France, where everybody talks as a leader-writer writes, there has been not more significant metamorphosis of opinion for a quarter of a century than within these last nineteen months. Every Englishman who was in Paris before King Edward's visit wonders, when he recalls the *haute politique* of those days. We never told you in England the actual state of affairs, as it was better to keep a cheerful face, and to hope. Now we can hardly believe our own recollections. Were we really hooted in the streets? Was a well-known Frenchman who happens to have taken in personal appearance after his English mother derided for an "Angliche" until he turned on his pursuers and slanged them in choice faubourien dialect? Were stones really shied at Englishwomen in the streets of Paris? It seems so far off, now that we are *gratissimi* millionaires, as we, of course, all are abroad. The street urchin then was only supporting by practical gesture the political philosophy of M. Joseph Prudhomme. When King Edward's visit was announced, there is no harm now—on the contrary—in saying that the first feeling of Englishmen in Paris was funk. It seemed such a risky thing to try. What would happen? One feared the worst, and never dreamt of hoping for the best, which actually did occur. It was to the eleventh hour a touch