

Civil Guard is discussing the policy of the Government with deep earnestness. But his face is full of joy as he speaks. "The Government did their duty," he says, "and Liège has proved it. The German bubble"—that is the word he uses again and again—"has burst. The War Machine moves so smoothly that a single grain of grit in the wheels works disaster." He brings his fist down upon the table then with a bang which causes many heads to be turned in his direction. He raises his glass and drinks. It is damnation to the Germans which he is toasting. He has already drunk a good deal and his mind is not so clear as might be ; but his hatred burns with a good, steady flame. After a few moments he rises to his feet and begins to speak in a loud, slightly thick voice. Cheers greet his words ; he is encouraged, he speaks louder, he shouts, and still the cheers approve him. Suddenly he sits down again as if a little surprised at his enthusiasm, and another man thrusts himself upon public attention.

The heat in the place is suffocating, and the smell of beer and spirits and food—the curious penetrating smell of ham—cause a feeling of revulsion. The room is ablaze with light, and the roof is full of tobacco smoke which hangs like a pall over the company. Men and women come and go—the same kind of men and the same types of women. The talk continues in an unceasing flood, the same talk of victory and violence. Women clench their little hands and utter words of hate in jubilant voices ; they are more patriotic than the men, these women of doubtful reputation, and much more bloodthirsty. Sometimes they seem like wolves in their bitter fury. But at other moments they are a sorrowful spectacle because one does not expect honest